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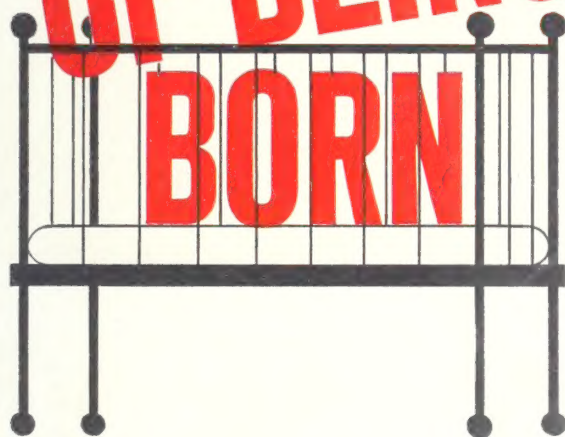
JAN 9 1964

JANUARY 1964 SIXTY-ONE

Harper's

magazine

REDUCING
THE HAZARDS
OF BEING
BORN



BY DR. ALLAN C. BARNES

PORT HOOD: SPARTA GOES SUBURBAN BY DAVID BOROFF
AN AFRICAN STUDENT IN RED CHINA BY EMMANUEL JOHN HEVI
MY POETIC CAREER IN VERMONT POLITICS BY WILLIAM JAY SMITH
COLUMBIA'S UNORTHODOX SEMINARS BY PAUL GOODMAN
WHAT IS A JEW? BY RABBI MORRIS ADLER
JOHN F. KENNEDY: PORTRAIT OF A PRESIDENT BY JOSEPH KRAFT



Here's a car built to support any population explosion. It's a 1964 Ford Country Squire looking young all over.

There's
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built into
cars by
Ford Motor
Company

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And more life is built into Ford Motor Company cars wherever you look. It's all part

of a plan to give you today's best-built cars. A plan where engineering designs the quality for the car. Manufacturing precision puts it there. And severe testing sees that it stays there. (Last year alone durability tests at Ford Motor Company added up to 14 million miles).

See the 1964 models at your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer's. Take a test ride.

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MOTOR COMPANY

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...r busy? Hang up. Your phone
...g when the line is free. Going
...ighbor's? Simply dial a code
...lls will be transferred—auto-
...ly. Dialing a frequently called
...r? With "Abbreviated Dialing"
...e two digits instead of ten.

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you see above being tested at
Western Electric can do all this —
and more. It can make a connection
in less than a second. And it can

"store" a multitude of facts about
your individual telephone needs.
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Western Electric for the Bell Tele-
phone System and will be first com-
mercially installed in Succasunna,
N. J., by mid-1965.

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System to meet tomorrow's tele-
phone needs. Working closely with
Bell Labs, Western Electric designed

the necessary machines and pro-
cesses to make many thousands of
individual parts and then assemble
them into a sophisticated communi-
cations system.

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magazine

January

1964

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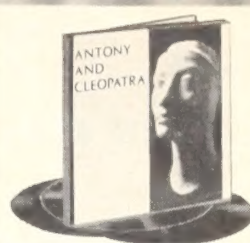
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LETTERS

To Escape the Slums

Most of the dedicated teachers and volunteers whom Inge Lederer Gibel would bring to the slum schools ["How *Not* to Integrate the Schools," November] are already working in the "better" middle-class schools, and will in all likelihood remain there. This fact alone justifies the civil-rights leaders' stand on bus integration. The release of slum children from the trap of the ghetto and their exposure to children of different background can and should be made fruitful by these same teachers and volunteers right in their own schools. . . .

For several years I taught in elementary schools in the predominately Negro slums of Washington, D.C. The children were unusually appreciative and responsive. . . . Many had fine intellectual potential. That such children should languish in neglect is to me a monstrous waste and a terrible burden on the American conscience.

FRANCES B. STONAKER
Trenton, N. J.

Mrs. Gibel's article should be read by every school board that is contemplating changes for integration's sake. . . . You cannot legislate acceptance. The neighborhood concept of schools is a way of life. To try to make our cities into big centralized districts is to invite delinquency and trouble for all the children. Just as beautiful new housing projects do not erase the problems of the slum areas they replace, so neither will the dispersing of children into a variety of districts bring integration. . . .

AMELIA NUGENT
Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Gibel expects from the school system that which it cannot give. Only the parents can guide a child toward education as a life goal. It is the parent who takes the card out at the library and reads to the child . . . corrects speech, teaches good manners. . . . Education today

is a twenty-four hour a day job. . . .

If I were a Negro I would organize a "Library Committee" on whatever block I lived. I would demand from every parent that he become a member. I would drag a group of ten children to the library at least once a week, and bully them until they read one book a week. I would require that they give a verbal report to the group on the book and that a written report be handed in, supervised by the parent. If the parent were unable to do this for his own child, then I would do it. After this pattern had been established, I would find the most intelligent members of my committee and force them to do the same thing in another building, or evangelize on another block. Parents who complain that they wish to rest after working would be given a tongue lashing. Parents who refuse to cooperate should have their names tacked up in a public place for all to see.

As for the never-ending stream of "hard-core families" that keep on reproducing themselves—the answer is Birth Control. Educate these people about their bodies and how to prevent unnecessary births, and the majority of these families will disappear. In our present-day society, the only children you should have are the ones you can feed and educate.

MRS. SONYA BRADLEY
New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Gibel repeats some vilifications about schools in low-income areas. . . . She states that the slum child's schools today "have a different, inferior curriculum compared to other schools . . . , poorer libraries, and fewer and older textbooks."

P.S. 175 in Central Harlem has approximately 871 children in 32 classes in Grades 1 through 6, or an average of 27.2 per class. P.S. 175 has eight additional teachers to provide special services, two guidance counselors, two reading teachers, one librarian, one music teacher, and two Higher Horizons teachers for academic enrichment work with small

groups of children. The library is now large enough to provide home circulation of books for children in the upper grades. All children have sets of new or usable recent textbooks appropriate to their grade level, including some of the latest textbooks available. Groups of children in the first and second grade are using the most recent reading textbooks—not yet "on the market" for other schools—on a demonstration basis in P.S. 175 and several other Harlem schools.

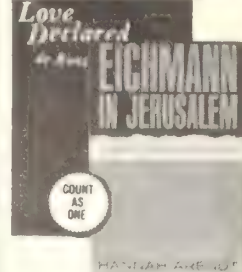
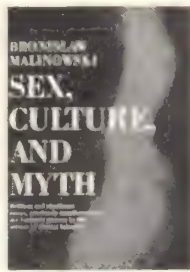
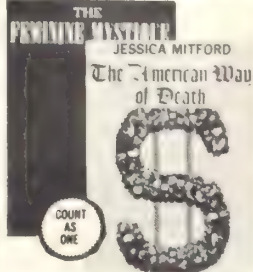
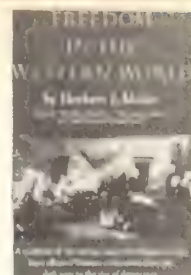
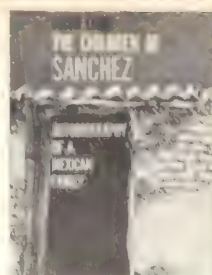
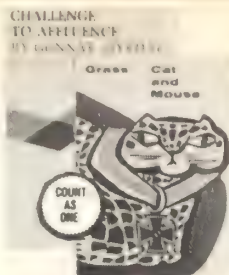
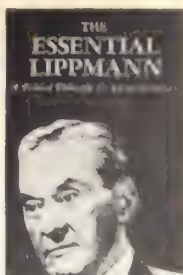
The curriculum in P.S. 175 is the same curriculum that is mandated by the Board of Education for all schools in New York City. High expectations and standards are set for the children by the teachers and the supervisors. . . . Children are encouraged to think in terms of careers, ten to fifteen years from now, when discriminatory barriers will have been destroyed. For example, last spring a large group of parents and children were taken on a tour of the IBM office to learn about employment and career opportunities. This trip was the last workshop in a series sponsored jointly by the Urban League and P.S. 175.

I co-sponsor, with the Afro-American Cultural Center, a course on "Africa Today and Its Past History." This course is given to teachers from P.S. 175 and neighboring schools. Thus the children are made aware of the rich cultural history of Africa and are encouraged to have pride in their heritage.

This school has a pre-kindergarten class for four-year-olds on an experimental basis to determine if an additional year of schooling will better prepare our children for learning how to read in the first grade. . . .

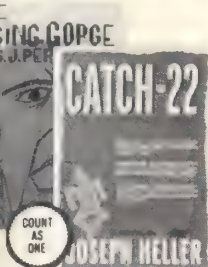
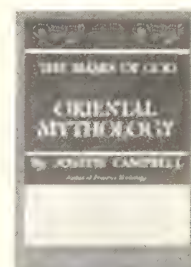
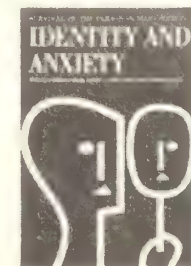
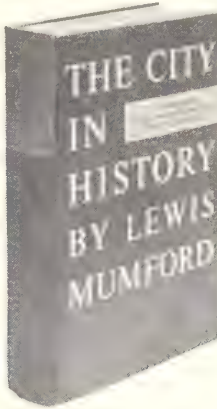
P.S. 175 is not atypical. I do not say that we know all of the answers, but we are putting forth our utmost effort to have children achieve at their optimum level and to solve the problems which beset us.

STANLEY R. LISSER
Principal, P. S. 175
New York, N. Y.



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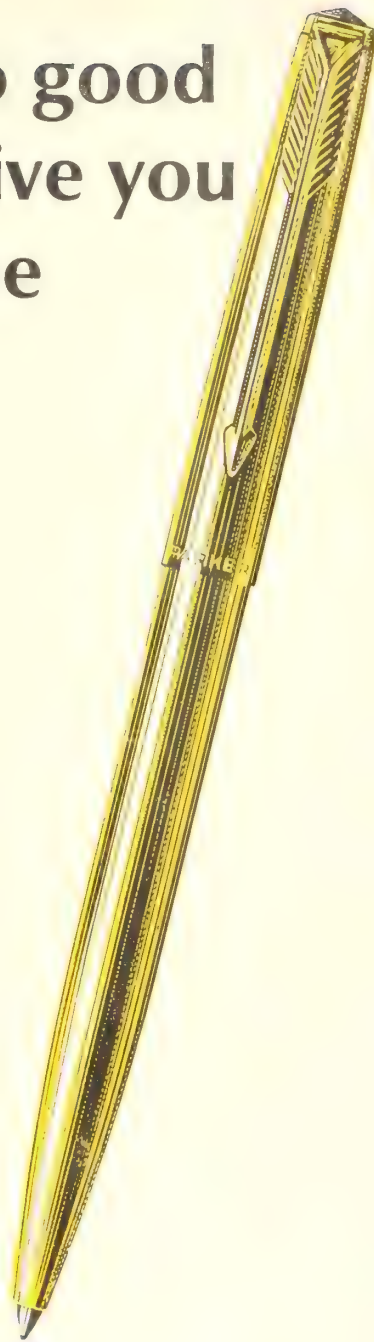
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LETTERS

Stand-pat Bosses

In spite of the fact that it was amusingly provocative, the article by David G. Wood ["How Businessmen Can Fight 'Big Government'—And Win," November] leaves me weary. We shall never get out of our current stagnation and impasse so far as the economy is concerned until businessmen transcend their ideological view of the government.

EVERETT M. KASSALOW

Dir. of Research

Industrial Union Dept., AFL-CIO

Washington, D. C.

Steel man David Wood's sparkling article candidly confesses a weakness of big business which is very real indeed. We much prefer crying about expanding government to analyzing and solving the problems that cause government to expand. Last year we enjoyed crying about the Administration's "anti-business" attitude (despite the promotion of the 7 per cent investment tax credit, more favorable depreciation guidelines, tax-rate reduction, and the Trade Expansion Act . . .). This is because we were asked to contribute something to solving society's problems—if not our time and energy, at least our tax dollars and cooperation in preventing inflation. . . . We have difficulty understanding how unemployment, poverty, and discrimination affect us. Some of us are learning to know our responsibilities in society, but many of us remain ineffective bores. Little businessmen are pretty much bores too.

JOHN T. PIPER

Tacoma, Wash.

City of Intellect?

Clark Kerr's analysis of "The Multiversity" [November] . . . deserves commendation. . . . What I object to is his assumption that the multiversity precludes the kind of plan that Eliot and Hutchins envisioned. . . . His portrait of a president appears to caricature those holders of the office who see themselves as something more than politicians and peacemakers by singling out men whose qualities for leadership were handicapped by inability to create support for their goals. President Kerr failed to mention Herman Wells

PHYSICIAN

He's an examiner . . . a consultant . . . an expert on injuries . . . a trouble-shooter when an employee's physical welfare is concerned. He's a dedicated man with a vital, demanding job . . . *the General Motors doctor*. Here he's checking an employee's blood pressure—part of a complete examination to determine this man's fitness for his job—and to evaluate his future work capability.

The prevention and control of *on-the-job* injuries are this doctor's prime concern. He deals mostly in remedial medicine rather than reparative medicine. Because injuries *away from work* are 12 times as numerous as those on the job, more than three out of four visits to the Medical Department are for *non-occupational* consultation and examination, but no attempt is made to take the place of the family doctor.

This doctor is one of 146 physicians and 638 nurses who make up the GM Medical Staff in plants throughout the United States and Canada. The GM Medical Department was established in 1915 as one of the pioneer programs of its kind. GM doctors and nurses work with the same ultra-modern equipment you'll find in the finest clinics and hospitals. As part of their accident-prevention work, they tie in closely with plant safety departments. The people in the Medical Departments—doctors and nurses—provide a very important service to General Motors. They're working to improve the physical welfare of people. And people, of course, are the number-one asset of General Motors.

GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE . . .

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Triassic Tuatara

Down New Zealand way, there are colonies of animals called tuataras that are said to be the only surviving link to the Triassic period. The question that fascinates us is not why does the ugly but peaceable tuatara survive at all after 155 to 190 million years but why didn't many *more* tuataras survive. For the tuatara has several notable assets, including a life span of more than a century and *three* eyes. Now if tuataras just had human intelligence, think how useful they might be in the world today. We'd be delighted to have a few of them in our Research Department, where they could keep one eye on the stock market's past, one on the present, and one on the future, all the while storing facts and figures in their long, long memories.

Seriously, we discovered long ago that in investment matters, three eyes may not be better than two, but two heads are better than one. That's why we have a Research Department with a staff of some 300 people who keep themselves and our account executives abreast of the market and help investors directly with *buy, sell, and hold* suggestions. You are welcome to call on our Researchers for their opinions at any time without charge. Write in detail and in confidence about your circumstances and your aims to—

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LETTERS

of Indiana and men of his caliber. Perhaps too he was too modest to mention his own achievements, first at Berkeley and then as president of the U. of California. . . .

The multiversity appears to have many souls. In my opinion the appearance is superficial. The tensions, the stresses, the varied identities are turmoils within a single soul and that fact alone has made the university the most enduring institution man has ever created to promote knowledge. I have no doubt at all about the value of saving that soul and none about its ultimate salvation.

JAMES M. POWELL
Milwaukee, Wis.

. . . In the still clean and clear air at Berkeley, where my daughter is a senior, the word "university" still serves to describe that community of students and faculty. . . . Is President Kerr trying to say "mega-university," or "hetero-university," or "super-university"—or in plain American talk "super-trade-school"?

ALLEN G. SIPLE
Beverly Hills, Calif.

First Lady

I hope the candle that Thomas L. Stix lighted in his delightful reminiscent tribute to Eleanor Roosevelt ["Mrs. Roosevelt Does a TV Commercial," November] will cast its beams a great distance beyond your subscription list. . . . Mr. Stix has conveyed the special flavor of one of the most effectively humane personages of the twentieth century.

HARRY SALPETER
New York, N. Y.

Gospels and Jazz

In his "Jazz Notes" ["Gospel," September] Eric Larrabee took the American public to task for its inability to distinguish between spirituals and blues. On the other hand, he may have been objecting to the irritating habit that gospel singers have of peddling their religious wares in a "secular" setting. . . . Gospel music, such as the songs sung by Mahalia Jackson, was once—and perhaps still is—a form of religious expression for those Negroes who needed a highly evangelical form of worship. When Miss Jackson sings

these songs she wears as bright a halo as ever was donned, even when she is accompanied by Duke Ellington at the Newport Jazz Festival. At the risk of being severely clobbered, I ask: Why does she wear a robe and lift her eyes and voice to Heaven at a jazz show when she *knows* that the audience receives the music as a secular art form? The other gospel singers are equally guilty.

It all reminds me of life as a small Negro child in a North Carolina town. I used to wonder why large numbers of white people would attend revival meetings in Negro Baptist churches, wearing picnic-type clothes and sitting apart in the choir gallery.

GWENDOLYN Z. JOHNSON
New York, N. Y.

Treading on Texas

I have seldom been so disgusted with any piece of writing as with Barbara Probst Solomon's opinionated "Days and Nights in Texas" [November]. How can she suppose that one year spent in small-town Austin can qualify her to write about the whole state? . . . El Paso is a booming metropolis with a four-year college, symphonies, drama, and a friendliness toward neighbors which I never saw in New York.

LOUIS A. BELMONT
El Paso, Tex.

Since I have lived in both New York and in Texas, I feel reassured to see that New Yorkers are still suffering from their favorite affliction, Myopia Americana. It is no wonder that Mrs. Solomon took a train to Texas. Most New Yorkers are convinced that Texas is located twenty miles west of Hoboken—since nothing beyond Hoboken matters anyway. . . .

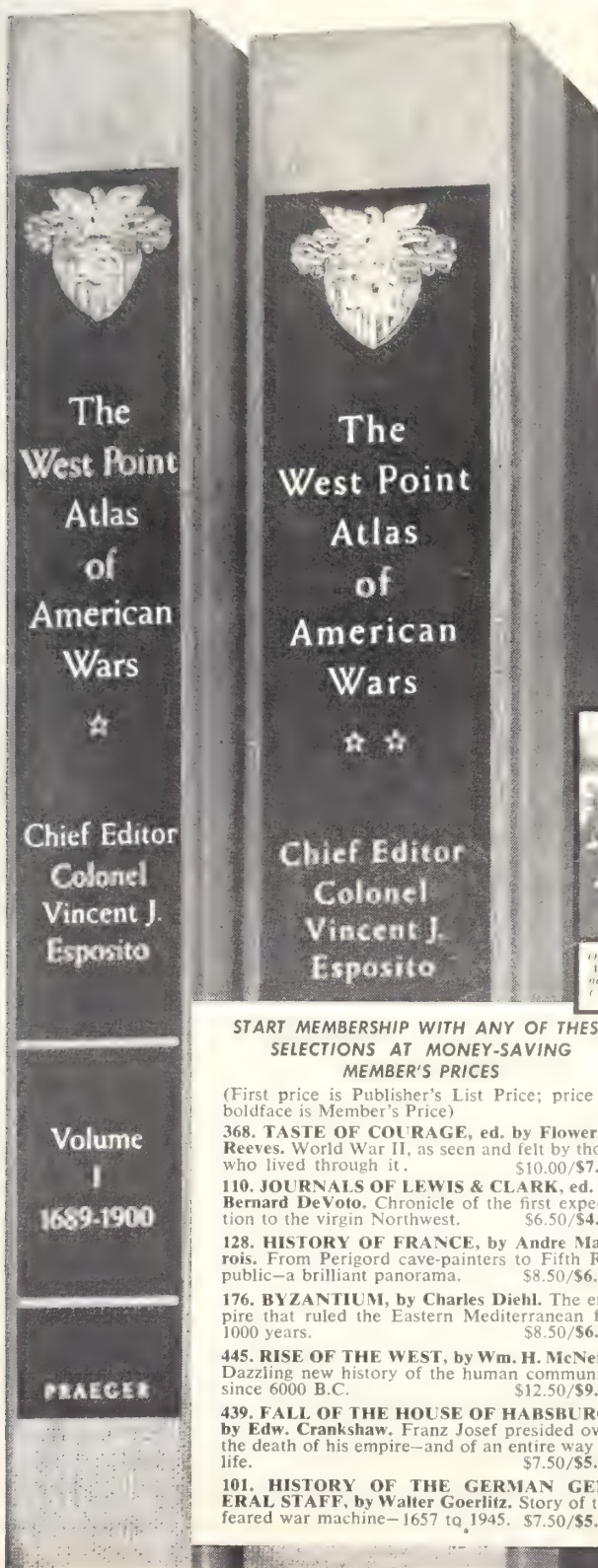
JOHN A. WANTA
Dallas, Tex.

Throughout her article, Barbara Solomon claims to be a liberal. A liberal what? In Texas we have several daily newspapers, such as the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, the San Angelo *Standard-Times*, the Odessa *American*, and the Dallas *Morning News*, which seem to do an able job reporting world news. I recommend

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Officer with battle-map briefly Gen. MacArthur and Ridgway (wearing hand-grenade) near Suwon, Jan. 1951 *The Korean War (1950-53)* is fully described in the *ATLAS*

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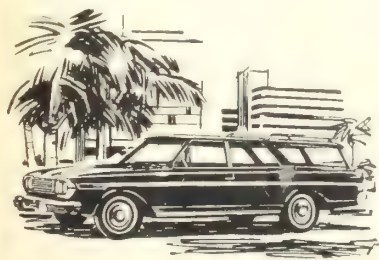
"Had my brakes looked at when the speedometer read 51,000 miles and was advised that there were still thousands of miles left on them. Radiator has never leaked a spoonful.

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LETTERS

that Mrs. Solomon read one of these papers the next time she is in Texas instead of waiting four days for the *New York Times*. . . .

MICHAEL MCLEAISH
Sul Ross State College
Alpine, Tex.

As a native Texan, University of Texas-ex, and long-time follower of the *Texas Observer*, I have yet to read a more sensitive and profound reflection on the ins and outs of Texas. . . . Mrs. Solomon has seen the great state both for what it is and is not.

BERT CLAYTON
Dallas, Tex.

As a faculty wife and a liberal who also has had a beer at Scholz's Beer Garten, I can only think of Barbara as a New York hick not unlike the Texas hick who wears his Stetson and boots to New York and complains because things ain't like they are in Amarillo. . . .

CAROLYN MALE
Norman, Okla.

Professor Menzel versus Other Scientists

Since Professor Donald H. Menzel's rejoinder to Eric Larrabee ["The Debate over Velikovsky," December] comments on my views and my hypothesis concerning the Sun's electric charge, I should like to make the following observations:

(1) I regard the letter to *Science* by Professors L. Motz and V. Bargmann as an unprejudiced appraisal of some of Velikovsky's work and recognition of its merits. I am surprised that Professor Menzel totally ignores the impressive testimony to the worth of Velikovsky's predictions contained in the recent letter of that outstanding scientist Professor H. H. Hess of Princeton.

(2) Menzel's attempt to prove that the Sun cannot carry a significant electric charge is unconvincing since it involves certain out-of-date views about the material contents of interplanetary space as well as the unproved assumption that the earthly laws of the electromagnetic field can be safely extrapolated to bodies such as the Sun of unearthly dimensions and temperatures.

(3) He ignores the fact that careful physicists like Drs. E. G. Bowen and

K. E. Bigg have been forced to consider the hypothesis that the Moon, Venus, Mercury, and Earth carry sufficiently large electric charges to deflect at large distances streams of charged particles from the Sun (and also charged meteoritic dust particles), thus periodically modulating four different terrestrial phenomena and the "blue clearings" of Mars.

(4) These important facts must compel critical scientists to adopt a cautious attitude toward the astronomical ideas on which they were reared until the powerful new methods of observation developed by space scientists have accumulated more knowledge.

(5) I have always advocated that experiment and observation provide the fundamental test for my hypothesis that the Sun carries a large negative charge. To this end I suggested in 1960 that observations with magnetometers on satellites be made which could test three predictions, about interplanetary magnetic fields, that were consequences of my hypothesis. It is gratifying to report that these predictions have been verified by Pioneer 5, Explorer 10, Mariner 2, and Explorer 12. (See my article in *Nature* for September 14, 1963, page 1029.) No alternative theory which explains these observations is known to exist.

(6) Menzel's specific criticisms of my hypothesis and its implications can be easily refuted but lack of space excludes this refutation.

There is room left, however, to point out that Professor Menzel's assertion that fields of about 4,000 volts per centimeter in the earth's neighborhood "could not possibly have escaped detection" is without value until the precise kind of field detectors used have been specified. Also his opinion that such fields would produce across the earth potential differences of almost 10^{13} volts is difficult to accept because the highly conducting sea-water and ionosphere on the earth's surface are likely to short-circuit the electromotive force of 10^{13} volts which would exist in the very slightly conducting interplanetary medium near the earth.

V. A. BAILEY
Emeritus Prof. of Physics
University of Sydney
Sydney, Australia



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"The happiest years of my life"

(Pablo Casals talks about his 6 years in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico)

AT THE AGE of 80, Pablo Casals decided to make his home in Puerto Rico.

Here is what he said at the time—on his first visit to this sunny Commonwealth in the Caribbean:

"The first time I was aware I was alive, I heard the sound of the sea. Before, I would have said that the most beautiful sea was the one I had in front of my house in Spain. But I must confess that the sea I am looking at now is even more beautiful. The natural thing that occurs to me is to make Puerto Rico my home and do for this country everything within my power."

Pablo Casals has done exactly that. Now—at 86—this world-famous cellist, conductor and composer is one of the Commonwealth's most energetic residents.

The Casals Festival, organized in 1957, has become an annual event in Puerto Rico.

The presence of Pablo Casals on the island led to the formation of the Puerto Rico Symphony Orchestra. He also helped establish the Commonwealth Conservatory of Music.

A man at peace with himself

Here's how Pablo Casals speaks of his six years in Puerto Rico.

"They have been the happiest years of my life. Living in this house by the sea, I am at peace. I devote myself to my work. The routine of my days is both pleasurable and constant. I get up at 7 o'clock in the morning for a walk on the beach. Walking on the beach, I look at the sea and sky and I am renewed in my feeling of awe and joy over the wonder of nature.

"Here in Puerto Rico, I sense a freedom of spirit, a respect for the dignity of man."

What of the future? Pablo Casals answers without hesitating. "I shall stay here in Puerto Rico and make music, which is my life."

This is one of a series of reports to U. S. industry on the economic and cultural development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: Write for "Puerto Rico '63," a report on productivity, profits and special incentives. The address: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 103H, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10019.

◀ Pablo Casals takes his regular morning stroll on the beach in front of his house in Puerto Rico. Photo by Tom Hollyman.

How to Save Money: An Open Letter to Congressman John J. Rooney

by Henry S. Villard



In more than thirty years in the U.S. Foreign Service, Mr. Villard had assignments on four continents. Most recently he was Ambassador Extraordinary to Senegal and to the Islamic Republic of Mauretania. Now a private citizen, he lives in Washington.

Dear Congressman Rooney:

Not long ago one of the striped-pants boys, as you call them, asked the House Subcommittee of which you are chairman for funds to provide a U. S. Consul General with a house instead of the apartment to which his rent allowance entitled him.

"That sounds like a nicety we cannot afford, with the highest debt in history," you said grandly. "So far as I am concerned it is out the window."

The metaphor you chose reminded me that, when you are representing your country abroad, one man's nicety is another man's necessity. I went to Senegal as Ambassador in 1960. There I discovered that my residence boasted picture windows in the bathroom. I appealed to the State Department for permission to install curtains or frosted glass and met with the time-worn response: "No funds." Finally I cabled that I had "a magnificent view of Dakar from my bathroom and vice versa." I got the curtains. But someone else in the Foreign Service undoubtedly went without a household necessity, for your hold on the purse strings is not only tight but incredibly detailed. Quite commonly, when your predictable budget ax falls, travel orders are canceled, home leaves given up, transfers suspended, taxicab fares

disallowed; to save money, reports have long since been mimeographed on both sides of the paper and erasers eliminated from pencils.

It is not unusual for an American Ambassador to make do with a secondhand sedan while the minister of a country chiefly supported by our economic aid rides in an air-conditioned Cadillac. Back in 1953, when I was our first envoy to Libya, I met Secretary Dulles and Mr. Harold Stassen at the airport and placed at their disposal the venerable official Chrysler limousine. Since I knew the transmission might fall out at any moment, I followed them in a borrowed car in case of a breakdown.

Now it doesn't seem to me that economies of this sort help our Foreign Service implement the nation's foreign policies. But before arguing this point further I want to assure you that I am heartily in favor of your avowed purpose of saving the taxpayers' money. In fact one of my main objectives in writing to you is to suggest just how your committee might go about it.

The place to start, I believe, is with that bureaucratic behemoth on the banks of the Potomac known as "our foreign-affairs complex." Someone must check its uninhibited reproductive processes, and you, Congressman Rooney, are surely the man for the job.

Let me illustrate the problem from my own experience. At the start of the last war, American policy toward Africa was—to invoke Lewis Carroll—"a perfect and absolute blank." With the exception of independent Liberia, for whom we served as

"next friend and attorney," we had no particular interest in that colonial region. Unexpectedly, I was asked one day to specialize in African affairs. Thus, the first primitive amoeba in the bureaucratic life cycle was born. As our concern with Africa heightened, the microcosm multiplied; a Desk became a Unit, a Unit became a Division, a Division soon became a full-fledged Bureau—with a separate Office for each segment of the continent. At a staff meeting I attended in the Bureau of African Affairs in 1960, I counted forty-seven top-layer officers ranged around the room. Subsidiary personnel now runs into the scores; and at last accounts the Offices were subdividing themselves into more Offices—their progeny apparently unlimited.

You remember, I am sure, that when Cordell Hull became Secretary of State in 1933, the entire foreign-affairs machine of the United States was housed on Pennsylvania Avenue next door to the White House; by the time General Marshall took over the old ornate building it could no longer contain the political divisions and their logistical supporters. So in 1947 the establishment was moved to Foggy Bottom. But, under the pressure of postwar expansion, the "New State" of Marshall, Acheson, Dulles, and Herter outgrew its quarters. So New New State was born. Dean Rusk inherited its thriving cousins AID (Agency for International Development) and ACDA (Arms Control and Disarmament Agency). Even this modern monstrosity—rivaling the Pentagon in size—is quite inadequate. Spilling over into nine



Warwick Castle was the fortress of Warwick the King Maker (see Shakespeare's *King Henry VI, Part II*). Admission is 56 cents.

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about two dollars. For \$3.50 you can enjoy a full-course dinner. Bus or train travel costs about 3 cents a mile. And seats at Stratford's Royal Shakespeare Theatre start at 56 cents.

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Meantime, you can be brushing up on your Shakespeare.

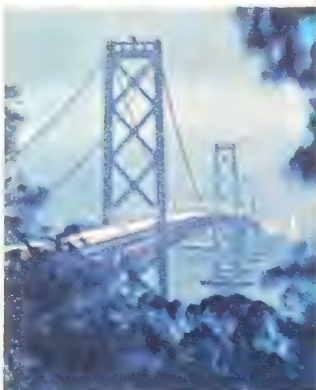
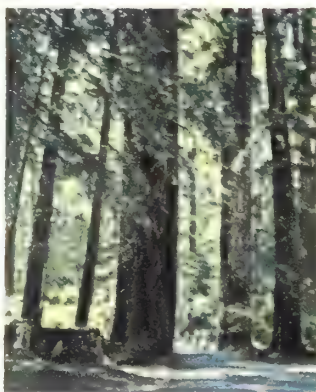


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buildings, using nearly 2.5 million square feet of space, the premises are already too small. Offices are overcrowded; tenants must double up; conference rooms must be lopped off, new outlets sought, and high priority assigned to a spacious annex for the not-distant future.

I don't suggest that Old State was ever a model of efficiency. Critics said that in 1914 the Department was about ready to cope with the Spanish-American War; that in 1939 it was prepared for World War I. The code room belonged to another era, correspondence then as now moved like molasses, and security-consciousness was nonexistent. Anyone could walk through the swinging doors and place a baby on somebody's desk—as did, quite literally, the housekeeper of a Near Eastern Legation who was abandoned by the departing chargé d'affaires and chose to present me with this small problem in international relations.

Yet, antiquated as the equipment was, the machinery of Old State—affectionately known as the stepchild of the Administration—turned over unencumbered by the procedures which now tend to smother an embryo policy before it has a chance to be born.

There was no multiple choice as to which pigeonhole a paper belonged

in. Solutions to problems came without endless conferences; no directory filled with cabalistic symbols was needed to find out who handled what. No chart was posted at the end of a corridor to tell you where you were and mark the spot where you wanted to go.

In today's labyrinthine Department, interminable interiors—fluorescent-lighted and soundproofed like a hospital—befuddle even the inmates; those on the inner core of this gargantuan rabbit warren have no windows to tell whether there is rain or shine outside. Organization men by the thousands slip into or out of cells behind a nightmare row of numbered doors—bureaucracy uncontrolled and, one fears, uncontrollable. It is also, of course, an indication of the distance we have traveled as the main bearer of the Free World's burden since hostilities ceased. It is foreign affairs become Big Business—without Big Business's acumen, streamlining, and expertise.

As everyone knows, the mushroom growth of government is a headache not confined to the State Department. But do we really need such a grotesquely outsize factory for foreign affairs?

Thirty years ago the Department's

entire staff could be assembled on the back steps for a photograph at lunchtime; career officers serving abroad totaled less than 700. Today there are nearly 3,700 career Foreign Service Officers. Counting all its employees at home and abroad, the State Department chalks up an overall figure of some 24,000 persons. Of this number, roughly 7,000 are serving within the continental United States while 17,000 are engaged in the conduct of our foreign affairs abroad (10,000 of the latter are "locals," that is, foreign nationals recruited on the scene).

One cannot quarrel with the need to support our forward lines with adequate facilities in the rear. But I believe the job could be done twice as well with half the present number. Now and then a sobering up takes place, followed by a RIF—reduction in force—but when no one is looking the spree is resumed.

To pick a few titles at random, we have the Deputy Assistant Secretary for Politico-Military Affairs, the Chief of the Administrative Management and Personnel Division in the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs, and the Officer-in-Charge of Development Policy and Finances in the Office of International Economic and Social Affairs. Picture a committee composed of the Chief of the British Commonwealth, Northern and Central Europe Division of the Office of Research and Analysis for Western Europe in the Bureau of Intelligence and Research, the Chief of Regulations and Procedures Staff in the Office of the Deputy Executive Director for Administration, and the Officer-in-Charge of Financial Operations in the Office of International Finance and Economic Analysis in the Bureau of Economic Affairs.

Alice in Wonderland was never confronted with such a bewildering array of place names. Undoubtedly she could have set up a functional unit of her own in this Washington dreamland, with the Mad Hatter and the Red Queen as Special Assistants, and never even have been noticed.

Despite efforts to discourage their growth, the Department—like a Hydra-headed monster—seems sprout two committees every time one is knocked off. Committees can-

First Award in Science—the Second Time

*American Association
for the Advancement of Science*

November 21, 1963

To the Editor in Chief
Harper's Magazine

... An article in *Harper's* has won the AAAS-Westinghouse Award for magazines for a second year in a row.* To win the award is in itself difficult, since the quality of the articles submitted for consideration is extremely high. To win the award for two consecutive years is remarkable. And to win the award for the only two years that you have participated is very, very exceptional.

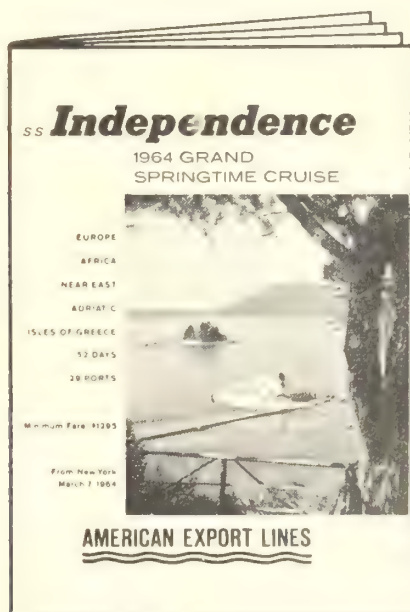
I should like to congratulate you and the *Harper's* staff ... and to say that I think that the event signifies that you are doing an outstanding job of selecting and editing the science writing in the magazine. Through this, you are making an important contribution toward the improved understanding of science of an important segment of the American public. ...

E. G. SHERBURNE, JR.
Administrator of Awards

* This \$1,000 prize was presented on December 27, 1963, to Dean E. Woolridge for "Man's Mysterious Memory Machine" (published June 1963). John L. Chapman won it in 1962 for "The Uncanny World of Plasma Physics" (October 1961).

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not flourish without untold man hours of meetings. Nothing can stall a decision, inhibit thought, or take the teeth out of a foreign policy faster than to refer a question to an interoffice conclave or a group of spokesmen from different agencies, each with an itchy finger in the policy-making pie.

A case in point is an incident which occurred during my service in Libya. The Prime Minister had resigned and flown off to Rome, his nerves frayed by the thankless task of guiding a newborn state. The King was ill, in seclusion; there was a rumor in the bazaars that he might abdicate. The whole government structure seemed about to collapse. I had just reached a vital point in negotiations for an air-base agreement. So when the Libyan cabinet asked me to fly to Italy and persuade the Prime Minister to return I cabled the Department urgently for permission to make the try.

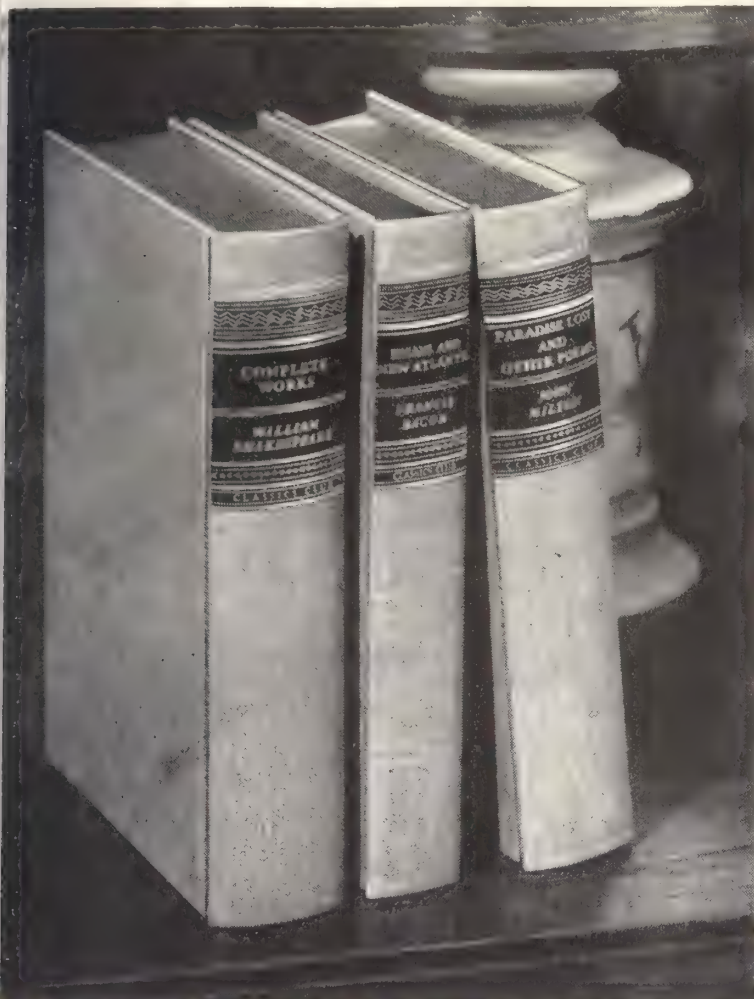
Time was of the essence, yet the hours ticked by without response. In Washington, the wheels ground methodically. Committee met with committee, weighing the pros and cons of my recommendation. The Pentagon had to be consulted. Policy factors had to be considered; so did tactics, in the light of progress to date on the air-base negotiations. Suggestions at a lower level had to be referred to a higher level for further discussion. I sent a second cable. No reply.

Finally, I decided to act on my own. I boarded the plane of my Air Attaché, flew to Rome, and called on the Prime Minister at his hotel. With all the eloquence I could muster, I urged him to come back and steer the ship of state through the storm, pointing out that the fate of his country—and our delicate negotiations—rested in his hands alone. He heard me in silence, still smarting from the political wounds which had caused him to resign. He would think it over; he would give me his answer that evening.

At eight o'clock I was again at the Prime Minister's door. His face was wreathed in smiles. He would do as I asked, and to mark the occasion he invited me to dine with him downstairs. With a load like lead off my mind, I was enjoying the

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repat when I spied an officer of our Rome Embassy discreetly waving a piece of paper from behind the potted palms. I made my excuses, rose, and went over to receive the message—a priority cable to Tripoli, repeated to Rome for information. At long last, Washington had moved. There were my orders. *Under no circumstances* was I to follow the Prime Minister to Rome, for that, the Department feared, might be interpreted as interference in the domestic affairs of a sovereign country.

The tyranny of committee clearances probably can't be done away with; but we could curtail it, and rely more on the judgment of the man on the ground. One way to do so would be to simplify procedures, to have fewer rather than more Desk men, to prune superfluous twigs and limbs from the spreading Departmental tree and give it a chance to breathe.

You might perform a real service to the nation, Mr. Rooney, if you would chop away some of this bureaucratic timber. Perhaps this exercise would induce you to stop nit-picking on the ways and means of running an Embassy along business-like lines in these fast-moving and demanding times.

Let's leave aside such mundane questions as supplies and maintenance, salary tables (notoriously low in comparison with industry), and housing grants (none at all for the cooky-pusher while he is assigned to Washington, although the Armed Services get theirs, all right). The item on which you gag most frequently is the "representation allowance"—jocularly referred to in the halls of Congress as the "whiskey fund" or "booze allowance." This appropriation for official entertaining, your committee finds as hard to swallow as a cup of hemlock.

That old American custom of promoting business by entertaining the clients with food and drink—not to speak of other forms of amusement—is ingrained and well understood, even by the Internal Revenue Service. But for a diplomat to transact government affairs over the lunch or dinner table—much less offer his opposite number a highball—is close to original sin in your flinty eyes.

Now surely you don't believe that

diplomacy is just fun and games in the giddy atmosphere of Paris, London, or Madrid. You have been around enough to know with what horror the seasoned Foreign Service Officer regards one more indigestible luncheon, boring banquet, or reception in honor of a visiting potentate. What constitutes "living it up abroad at the taxpayer's expense," in the view of many of your colleagues, is deadly serious work for the diplomat. Times haven't changed since 1784, when Abigail Adams complained of the meager allowances granted to her husband John, then Ambassador to France, and observed that "more can be accomplished at one party than at twenty serious conversations."

If the Foreign Service were asking for astronomical sums such as are granted to the military and space agencies, or our price supports for agriculture, then the practice of cut-rate diplomacy might be justified. But the fact is that even in the last few years when the total expenditure of the federal government was over \$100 billion, less than a million (\$950,000 to be precise) has been allocated for official entertaining, to be distributed among all our diplomatic missions and many consular offices throughout the world. Attempts to crack the million-dollar barrier have always failed. It seems to be a fixed idea of your committee, Mr. Rooney, that the prestige of the United States is not worth more. (Of the booze allowance, incidentally, 70 per cent goes for food and only 30 per cent for drink.)

The Foreign Service Officer, as you very well know, must draw upon his so-called whiskey fund whenever Congressmen on junkets descend on his post expecting to be wined and dined. Like a swarm of inquisitive bees, Members of Congress buzz off for foreign parts as soon as the gavel falls at the end of a session; that does not, of course, preclude special "surveys" or "studies" at other times of the year. They fly in planes supplied by the Air Force; they feast on counterpart funds—local currency that is made available to the U. S. in amounts equivalent to our dollar expenditures; and their wives, daughters, secretaries, and other free-loaders go along for the ride.

The slightest whim of these happy travelers is catered to with obsequious care; and the whims may include anything from a booze allowance for the men, in the form of a bottle or two from an Officer's private stock, to such luxuries in out-of-the-way places as Kleenex and soft toilet paper for the ladies.

Congress does not appropriate funds for its own entertainment. But woe to the career diplomat who fails to offer entertainment to Congressmen on the loose abroad. Often a Foreign Service Officer must dig into his own pocket to accommodate visiting firemen, to reciprocate official invitations, to foster good will and cement ties at the buffet or the bar, to celebrate his national holiday. Not infrequently, Officers' wives, to save expense, make the sandwiches themselves for an Embassy reception. The well-heeled amateur who, in our undemocratic fashion, becomes an Ambassador by virtue of his pocketbook, can pick up the tab and cheerfully pay for the privilege. But that is not so with the professional career man, who rarely has a bankroll of his own.

The British Ambassador to Washington gets roughly twice the amount in salary and allowances as the American Ambassador to London. Comparisons, however, have always left Congress cold. You may recall that when career officer G. Frederick Reinhardt was appointed Ambassador to Italy, he was asked by Senator Hickenlooper at a hearing of the Foreign Relations Committee how he proposed to make ends meet at the expensive Rome post. Reinhardt replied that he hoped Congress would be generous enough to grant him extra funds.

"Hope," observed Hickenlooper dryly, "springs eternal."

The question is whether this hope is justified. For five or six million dollars a year, the Foreign Service could hold up its head and carry out the duties of representation in the style to which other diplomats are accustomed. It should be possible to save that amount by calling a halt to the proliferation of personnel in Foggy Bottom and the ever-burgeoning committee system. I have an idea that if the situation were candidly and conscientiously explained to them, the American people would go along.

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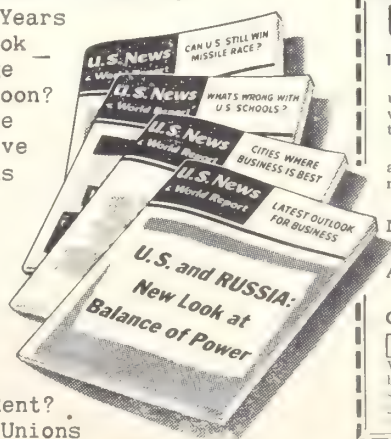
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After Hours

My Three Pubs

by Gabriel Fielding



Last spring Gabriel Fielding visited the United States at the time of the publication of his new novel, "The Birthday King"—which later won the W. H. Smith & Son Annual Literary Award. He is a doctor in Maidstone, Kent, and the author also of "In the Time of Greenbloom."

With everyone talking English, it was a great surprise to me to find that there were no English pubs in New York. All I could discover were bars; as noisy and hurried or as quiet and desperate as those in Soho. There was no halfway house, no neutral ground where a man might get into a precarious huddle with his fellows and cannily put himself and his dreams across or damn his dissatisfactions.

I'd been some days in Manhattan before I realized that since New Yorkers like talking, they'll do it anywhere; and that being socially segregated they don't need a ritual in order to get started. Though they seem, basically, to be angrier than most Londoners, they're a little less melancholy and, consequently, less aware of the dangers of conversation. They'll trot out an opinion anywhere, whereas we, in England, outside the home circle, must ease round to it cautiously: identifying it with the first glass, summing up the other man with the second, and expressing it with the third.

Talk, in London, is dangerous enough; but in the depths of the

country, in the little provincial pubs of the Home Counties, it's a tight-rope and requires a steep apprenticeship. In fact, I always feel warm and sorry for an American in an English country pub. He's usually so likable and eager that he alarms everyone from the start. He's either over-diffident and shy or else he's your long-lost brother with a problem, and we all know that sooner or later he's going to make the night difficult for everyone. So until, inevitably, he puts his foot in it with a joke about the weather or a remark about the last war, the Common Market, the art of muddling through, or Unilateralism, we treat him with decent reserve; and, after that, with the kind of reticence which as a family we keep for relatives.

Mind you, until recently, I'd never been a great one for pubs myself, because when I was twelve my mother made me sign the pledge. Until I was twenty-one I had to concentrate purely on machinery, tobacco, and love.

We lived in Wales in those days and my mother had a Victorian conscience about drink, aggravated by her attempts to rescue Fred, an old admirer, from its magic. Her own father, Herbert Fielding, had been "bouty" and she'd remembered the smell of the gin in his mouth with terror and fascination. Though she didn't mind Fred having some, she was determined to prevent him from becoming a soak, so I, between the

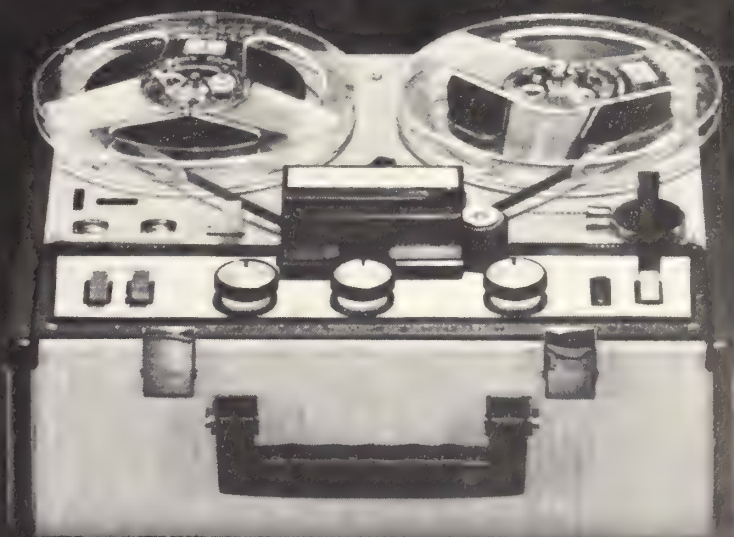
wars, was used as a kind of terrier to fetch him out of the dark Welsh pubs on shopping mornings or after an evening at the local cinema.

At these times I couldn't see what Fred's dim gaiety was about; indeed I wasn't sure that he and his friends were happy at all. Fred, in his Norfolk brown, with his little blue eyes over his blazing red cheeks, looked as sharp and malevolent as Punch. Whenever somebody spoke or ventured an opinion he would say only, "Newspaper talk!"—and change the subject. He got on best with another Great War veteran called Major Adams and I think he only liked him because his grunts were so well-timed and decisive. It was these two who set the tone by which boasters, bores, and round-counters were frozen out of the territory. Whenever they and their group were outnumbered, it was they—like old and seasoned birds—who led the flight to the new roosting place and took the "steadies" with them.

Now, twenty-five years later, in an English apprenticeship of only two years, I in my turn have become an elder of the three local "houses" I frequent. I've become that rare twelve-pointer of the herd who takes the enormous risk of ruling by talking rather than by silence. Amongst other things I've learned never to tell the same story twice in the same pub; never to hurt anybody's feelings deeply and then only with gusto and



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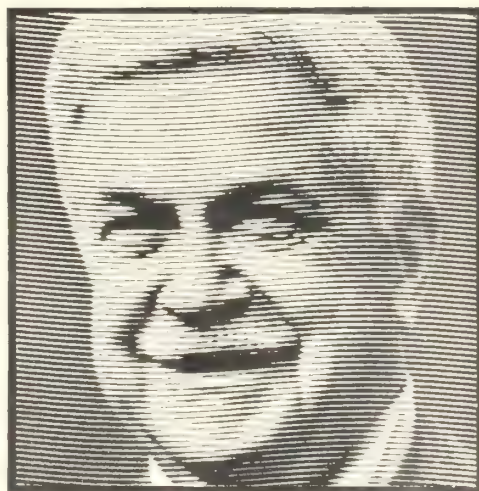
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AFTER HOURS

after three months. I know, too, how to talk about a dead man and how to shake hands with a living one. I make sure that everyone has an opportunity of hurting my feelings too and when they do I cover up well and wait five minutes before calling any other round. In fact I've learned neither to bury Caesar nor praise him overmuch; I've become that splendid twentieth-century dullard who "blow-eth neither hot nor cold"—and I'm popular.

Knowing why I drink, and why they do too, I steer a middle course between the boring general topic—which we use to hide our guilt and sorrow—and that indefinite, painful secret which each of us, like Fred and Major Adams of old, is longing to confess. Lastly, I know exactly when to nod and leave, and rarely, for some frivolous reason, when to stay on and help to get everybody, not exactly drunk, but at peace with their "middle-class upward-mobility drives" and other sociological impulses.

My first pub, the Jolly Gardeners, adjoins a beautiful cemetery full of Victorian marble and towering silent conifers whose foliage does not whisper even in a gale. And this is appropriate because the Gardeners induces, even in me, a kind of ruminative quietness which always in the end becomes mortally gay. Like St. Paul I can say of the four or five of us who nightly drink in there within a stone's throw of the heavy tombs, that we are "sad men who yet rejoice."

We talk of food, of the safer anxieties of marriage, money, and work. We mention other people's health in charity and make unkind jokes about our own. We allow no dirty stories and pay only lip service to sport, royalty, and Sir Winston Churchill. We criticize our fellows, in their absence, with such insight and kindness that if they were there they'd feel all the better for our attention—except when, in black moods, we speak the truth about them and then drink eagerly to drown it.

As nine o'clock wears on and each of our private alarms—set according to age and circumstance—approaches its term, we leave for home and the wives we rarely mention. By then our hands are full of cloudy certainties; we're astonished by the scale

To enjoy good health, children must learn to eat right—and parents must set the examples

IN MOST FAMILIES, what, as well as how, children eat is determined largely by the food habits and the supervision of the parents. Basic food habits are usually established by the time the child enters school, and these patterns for eating will be a very important factor in the measure of good health and happiness the individual achieves as a child, as a teen-ager, and as an adult.

Eating right—or following good nutrition practices—is one of the important ingredients in building and maintaining a healthy body from infancy through old age. How well young bodies are built and how well they are maintained through later years depends, to a very high degree, upon eating the right foods—right in both variety and quantity.

Far too many parents either do not realize or overlook the damage that can occur when children do not learn good eating habits. Some children do not achieve all that they might in school and in other activities simply because their bodies are not properly nourished, and this happens in high income homes as well as in low income homes.

CHILDREN NEED FIRM FOOD GUIDANCE

The same parents who will spare no effort nor expense to give their children the very best possible start in life often-times neglect some of the most basic needs of childhood. Parents will gladly pay for swimming and dancing lessons, to have crooked teeth straightened, to provide the child with an abundance of stylish clothing, to have immunization against measles and smallpox and other diseases. Parents usually want to do everything anyone suggests to help their children, but all too often they overlook the very basic responsibility of teaching their children to eat right. And in this failure they may be depriving their children of much of the good life they want the children to enjoy.

Some people believe that all that is necessary is to set a variety of foods before the children at mealtime and let the children select what they want. This theory that children will eat what their bodies require is discounted these days, and it has been clearly demonstrated that children must be taught, with a measure of parental firmness, to eat the right foods.

It is certainly true that eating food is not simply a matter of satisfying nutritional requirements, for the occasions when food is consumed often take on important social and psychological meanings. Mealtime can be a very pleasant occasion, and thereby encourage the young to eat what has been prepared for them. Or the meal may be a period of family discord, which makes the eating of food much less pleasant and associates the food with unhappy memories.

ADOPT AND FOLLOW A DEFINITE FAMILY FOOD PLAN

Since children do learn most of their basic food habits at the family table, it is extremely important for parents to keep in mind that *the most effective way to teach the young is to set a good example for them to follow*. Parents who eat right, who follow the very simple rules for consuming a well balanced diet, will find it much easier to convince their children to eat right.

The Daily Food Guide which nutritionists have developed should be important in meal planning in every home, and the whole family should be alert to the Guide so that meals and snacks eaten away from home are considered part of the daily food plan. The Guide is easy to follow and allows for very enjoyable eating. It suggests selecting foods from four major groups:

Milk and Dairy Foods: Children and teen-agers should have at least three glasses of milk each day (or its equivalent in such dairy foods as cheese and ice cream). Adults should have at least two glasses of milk each day. Milk is an important source of essential food nutrients required by all ages.

For example, two eight-ounce glasses of milk provide for an adult man 25% of his daily protein needs (and this is very high quality protein); 71% of the calcium (which adults need to keep bones strong even after growth stops, as well as for other vital processes); 15% of the vitamin A (which, among other things, helps to keep mucous membranes healthy and resistant to infection); 46% of the riboflavin (which aids cells in using oxygen and which helps keep the tongue, lips, and skin healthy); 10-12% of the thiamine (which helps keep the nervous system healthy and prevent irritability); 10-13% of the calories (which are essential, of course, and become undesirable only when we consume too many!).

Percentages for an adult woman are slightly higher in each case because the adult female has lower nutrient requirements than the man, but two glasses of whole milk still provide only 14-18% of the daily calorie needs for an adult woman. Calories in milk are often called "armored calories" because they provide so many essential food nutrients, unlike some foods with "naked calories" that add no other nutrients.

Meat, Fish, Poultry, Eggs: Two or more servings each day from this food group provide additional high quality protein, iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin.

Vegetables and Fruits: Four or more servings help assure adequate intake of vitamins and minerals. Selections should include a citrus fruit or vegetable rich in vitamin C and a dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable rich in vitamin A. To encourage children to learn to eat fruits and vegetables, try the many varieties available.

Breads and Cereals: Four or more servings each day from this group provide protein, iron, B-vitamins, and calories.

Following the Daily Food Guide is easy. Foods may be selected to satisfy a wide variety of tastes, and eating can be an enjoyable occasion for all. The Guide is an insurance that the whole family will be eating right. For your free copy of FAMILY FEEDING FOR FITNESS AND FUN, which includes a copy of the Daily Food Guide, write to the Public Information Department, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601.

a message from dairy farmer members of



american dairy association

of life and the magnitude of the day that's ending. When next we meet we don't resume where we left off, we start all over again—as if the intervening night and busy day had been a traveler's year. For it's understood that there's no monotony in our lives, that between dark and dark each of us may have had adventure behind the counter or recognition in the office. We are doers of such energy that we can afford to dream; we never suspect one another's potential.

When I was pub-young my dreams were of the future, and this may be why I never really get the scent or sense of those Welsh nights with Fred and Major Adams who:

Drank the dead years dry,
With half of Flanders in their eye.

I didn't know then, that long before old age and dozing catch us up, a drink or two can make what's done and been spring up again so greedily that the future's of no interest whatsoever.

We, at the Gardeners, grow content with what we were and, by that, with what we are. We may sometimes wonder what we *will* be; but we never touch on it; it isn't done. Instead, as lovingly as lovers, we ransack the stores of sparkling moments which are now living in the glass. Between the third drink and the final fourth or fifth we deliberately grow old before our time and like it. We know that by becoming really old at forty or fifty, octogenarians for whom youth is the only reality, we've cheated the years altogether; that during those few hours on the worn carpet beside the standing mahogany we've sampled eternity.

And this should be remembered by all who walk late into strange saloons in wintertime; they drink with gods and gods are touchy. While seeming neither to notice nor to care, they never miss a move. They note the brand of cigarettes you smoke, whether you offer the packet round, your accent, your counting of the change, your poses, and the polish on your shoes; for drink dims the self-perceptions but sharpens the external gaze.

It's dangerous in an unknown pub to take any particular place or chair without first finding out whose it is.

I know, for example, that the first two feet of the curve in the Gardeners adjacent to the Spastics Fund and the Liquorice Allsorts, belongs to Arthur. I know that if anyone stands there too long, Arthur will bounce round the bar like a billiard ball off the cushions and that he'll never get "into" his drink.

In the Rose, a mile or two up the road, where I drink in the public bar and play dice, they've a chair beside the fruit machine; it stands alone next to the counter. On the other side there are five exactly similar chairs and anyone may sit on them; but the solitary chair is reserved for interlopers because it's likely that whoever sits on it will be dead within a fortnight. We can't be sure of this, of course, where strangers are concerned, but we do know that James and Tom and young Rudolph, to say nothing of George the postman and Leonard and one or two others, all "went" within a fortnight of sitting there. People we like we mention this to—just as they're sitting down; people we don't like we don't notice until it's too late.

In the public bar of the Rose I change my approach. The working man is very reticent. To get on well with him you have to be more reserved about personal things than in a St. James's Street club. Old Etonians have nothing on a gas fitter, a tiler, or a carpenter when it comes to the decencies. I myself in a club close to the Ritz, heard an old Etonian being sentimental about his baby's hands to a friend; it was a poetic display of feeling. But at the Rose we would have counted him out. When the landlord brings in his little daughter, we either give her a sip of stout or put our faces close to hers and make bird noises. Sometimes we sit her beneath the dart board and feed her potato crisps; but generally we only use her prettiness in order to doubt her father's paternity.

At first, in the Rose, I made the mistake of being too interested in the customers; their jobs, incomes, their wives' cooking, and the sizes of their families. They soon showed me! They got out football coupons or read the sporting pages with absorption. I learned to throw the dice, to speak in short sentences, to boast by decrying myself, and to become popular by my silences.

At the Turkey I drink with the landlord. I'm a connoisseur of landlords and have often wanted to write to the brewers about them. I'd like to tell them how important it is that they should choose the right man. For in all I've said about drinking in pubs it should be remembered that the landlord's presence is both unavoidable and seminal. Whatever's happening and being said, he's a party to it and in some sense, responsible. We never forget his presence. Even in our most confidential moments, in the whispers over the echoing tankards, we hope somehow that he will understand and forgive. And in darker moods we vie with one another to catch him alone so that, for our soul's good, we may make those boasts and indulge in that black malice which group-feeling normally forbids. It's a triumph in a sober pub to get him a little indiscreet too. We like, by standing him treat, to propitiate him and prove his fallibility so that he may the better forgive our own.

But now I must confess that I've been forbidden by Arthur to go back to the cemetery pub at all. A month ago, in an inexcusable moment, he spoke of my future. He reminded me of his childlessness, of my large family; of his good health, of my delicate stomach; of his thirty years of sober drinking, of my own immoderate two. He said, "You know, Gabriel, this isn't your escape—it's mine. You've neither the character for it nor the constitution. It's unfair on your wife, your family, and on yourself." He smiled tearfully, "It's been wonderful knowing you; but it's time you got on with your life and let us in here get on with ours."

I knew that this was a real valediction. I knew that despite all my care and subterfuge, I was still not quite right. I was that fellow I've seen so often myself, the one who doesn't really qualify, the smug one who's listening to a different song; the one who's only pretending. So now, two or three nights a week, I'm a winter drinker only. At seven o'clock or ten past if it's frosty, you'll find me up at the Turkey before the commuters get in, drinking alone with the landlord who, because of a stroke, rarely bothers to speak at all and doesn't care whether you're genuine or not.

Believability—

A Unique Grip On Readers

Believability has another controlling effect upon GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. In many readers' minds there is an expectation not simply that they can believe what *is* offered in editorial and advertising content, but that very little will even appear which does *not* warrant serious attention, comprehension *and* belief. Humor, for example, makes some of our readers vaguely nervous, like a snicker in church; and our editorial research indicates that to these most-committed readers such things as stories about celebrities are only made meaningful through our superimposition of a theme or psychological value judgment which relates the subject's adventures to cause-and-effect experience as the reader herself has observed it.

Of course this means in turn that our editors do not regard themselves as free to utilize all the known techniques of maximum reader appeal in fullest measure, since protection of the first aspect of reader attachment has seemed to us a more important requirement than extension of the magazine's "reach" to a larger but less committed audience.

Summing up this point: Believability gives this magazine a unique grip on readers — but a grip on fewer of them than a more casual or entertaining medium might at least try to attract.

The above is an excerpt from an internal memorandum dated March 19, 1961, from Editor Wade Nichols to the editorial and advertising staffs of Good Housekeeping. Its purpose was to restate the basic editorial platform of the magazine. Good Housekeeping feels it provides an insight, possibly of public interest, into the magazine's continuing editorial policies and functions as interpreted by its editor.

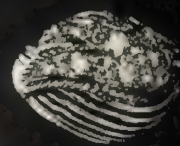
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magazine

Reducing the Hazards of Birth

By Allan C. Barnes, M.D.

A soldier in wartime has a better chance for survival than a baby during birth . . . yet much of the danger in these perilous hours of life could be avoided, if doctors, hospitals, and parents really tried.

The process of being born is one of the most hazardous of medical episodes in America today. Our peak incidence of death and damage, in fact, is in the four-week periods immediately preceding and following birth.

This is true even though the baby within its mother's uterus four weeks before term is generally a pretty good citizen. If delivered right then it would not have to go into an incubator, it could breathe, live, and function satisfactorily. Yet of every thousand babies to reach that point in development, thirty-five will die in the next eight weeks, thirty-five will be born with a damaged brain or nervous system, and roughly thirty-five will be found to have a hereditary defect. The

total loss—dead, damaged, and defective—is in the neighborhood of one hundred per thousand.*

A month before her due date, in other words, an expectant mother can face the cold statistic that during the next eight weeks there is a one-in-ten chance that she will not have a perfect baby. Few illnesses carry a comparable 10 per cent chance of death or damage. Until one reaches the seventies, no other birthday is as dangerous as is the day of birth and no period as dangerous as that crucial eight weeks. The mortality rate is 3.5 per cent, which can be compared, for example, with a death rate among our soldiers of 3.2 per cent during the last great war. Putting it another way, more Americans perished just before and after birth in the single decade from 1950 to 1960 than the total number of soldiers the United States has lost in all the wars it has ever fought, from Bunker Hill to the Yalu River. The citizens involved happened, of course, to be in the five-to-eight-pound class.

*In infant mortality rates, the United States slipped from 10th to 11th place among fifteen modern industrial countries in 1962.

To this death toll must be added the group of babies that sustain damage. Each year they add a heartbreaking 200,000 people most of whom will need institutional care and whose existence creates a deep family tragedy. To complete the picture, other thousands will be born with inherited stigmata. This group, to be sure, includes some insignificant genetic defects such as an extra finger, which is often amputated in the delivery room without distress to anyone. But within the range of genetic problems are gravely serious defects such as Mongolism that make normal life impossible.

It is difficult to translate health problems into a meaningful statistic. If all cancer were cured tomorrow, the average length of life in America would go up only two years and four months. If lung cancer were to vanish, the average life expectancy would increase by at most nine weeks. But the loss around the time of birth is not a matter of months added at the end of life; it involves the very beginning when there is a full life expectancy ahead.

Yet despite the relative magnitude of the health hazards, problems surrounding the day of nativity are relatively neglected. Why is this so? In part it is the result of a curious taboo. We speak in whispers, if at all, of the birth of a Mongoloid baby. We do not stage funerals for the stillborn or pay condolence calls on the parents. Only recently have we begun to consider the existence of defective children as one of the tragic events of life that can be mentioned openly rather than hidden away.

The Forgotten Fetus

In the area of public discussion, no one speaks for the fetus. When a TV star is stricken with carcinoma of the lung, he has a large audience to whom he can drop occasional, but effective, remarks. After a newspaper editor has cancer of the prostate, cancer is frequently mentioned in his column. But the fetus that quietly suffocates in its mother's birth canal has no television time, owns no newspaper.

Nor—though this may seem surprising—do most pregnant women concern themselves much about the fetuses they are carrying. Particularly in the past decade, the gospel of pregnancy and labor as a time of sweetness and light has been so widely preached that the hazards to the embryo are seldom mentioned. The American woman is likely to be more concerned with whether or not her husband can be in the delivery room than

with the fate of her baby. The birth of a baby, when all goes well, is a family milestone, to be sure. But we need scientific objectivity rather than sentimentality if we are to gain ground against the appalling rate of death and damage.

The prevailing attitude was summed up this way by the editor of a leading women's magazine: "I can carry an article on 'How I Was Mistreated in the Delivery Room' and we will receive sympathetic letters from all over the country recounting personal experiences. But if I run an article about death in the uterus nothing will happen. Newborn babies don't read my magazine; mothers do."

One might add that discussion of the damaged newborn runs into a major psychological block. The adult listening to such a discussion knows that of all the tribulations that may face him he can be sure, at least, that he will never again have to undergo the hazard of being a fetus. In contrast, when he hears about heart disease, cancer, or hardening of the arteries his subconscious mind says: "That might happen to me."

This need to identify with a danger influences Congressmen, medical-school deans, hospital administrators, and physicians as well as the general public. By and large, the medical profession itself is committed to the curious fallacy that to be interesting a patient must be an adult, fully developed, and preferably degenerating. As a consequence obstetrics today occupies a lowly position in the medical status hierarchy and it is hard to persuade a sufficient number of talented medical students to enter this specialty.

Within the hospital the same attitude is discernible. For example, the removal of a brain tumor calls for the presence in the operating room of a surgeon with two assistants, a scrub nurse and two circulating nurses, an anesthetist and his assistant. The hospital, in other words, makes a tremendous investment in a patient whose life expectancy is probably eighteen months. On the other hand, the birth of a new baby at 4:00 A.M. is generally attended by one weary physician, no scrub nurse, one circulating nurse, and inadequate or haphazard anesthesia

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coverage. Yet the combined life expectancy of the two patients involved is over a hundred years. Furthermore, in a crisis situation—such as a sudden cessation of the fetal heartbeat, an abrupt drop in the mother's blood pressure, or severe bleeding—the availability of first-rate operating-room emergency facilities may mean the difference between a live, healthy baby or a dead or irretrievably damaged one.

Physiologically, one might say, babies manage to be born just before they die. Reducing the fetal hazard inherent in the process of birth is not a one-person job, but calls for an adequately staffed hospital with appropriate supporting services.

In recent years much valuable information about the background of the congenitally defective child has come from the laboratories of geneticists and fetal physiologists and from studies which seek to correlate events of pregnancy and labor with the ultimate outcome of the child. Armed with this new knowledge, what can we do to prevent the birth of anomalous or defective children? It is fitting that a gynecologist-obstetrician (rather than some other medical specialist) should attempt to answer this question. He is the chief medical premarital counselor, a role he acquires when couples seek his advice on contraception. He is also the administrator of prenatal care, the pediatrician of the fetus, and the attendant at labor and delivery. Within his province is the responsibility for prevention of these tragedies. Unfortunately, the weapons at his command are meager. There is, sometimes, genetic counseling, which could take two forms: counseling on the choice of a marriage partner, or, for the married, counseling as to having babies. Unhappily, such advice is generally sought by couples only after they have already produced a defective child, and I see little hope that in our society there will soon be widespread acceptance of professional counseling about the choice of a marriage partner.

For example, when the problem of Rh incompatibility became a popular medical subject in the press and women's magazines, the obstetrician-gynecologists' offices were flooded by engaged couples anxious to have their Rh type determined. I have asked hundreds of such patients whether if the test revealed a potential incompatibility (with the resulting danger of destruction of the baby's red blood cells), the engagement would be dissolved and the marriage canceled. In every case, the answer was a horrified "No." The information was desired as a basis for worry, not as a basis for action.

I have been consulted only once by a young couple concerned about their consanguinity. Their interrelationship was actually quite complex. But before the pattern could be fully worked out, their engagement was publicly announced.

In a good many cases it is obvious that a marriage is genetically unwise. But one must also admit that our understanding of heredity is still far from complete. The scientists are not always fully agreed as to what is a "desirable" versus an "undesirable" trait.

For instance, the individual whose blood contains double genes for sickle hemoglobin (SS) is seriously sick. However, an individual with one S gene and one normal gene (SA) is healthy and relatively immune to malaria. If an SA individual marries another SA individual, one quarter of their children will be SS and seriously ailing. On the other hand if we encourage the SA individual to find an AA mate, we are simply spreading the S genes, of which he is a carrier, further through the population. In this situation we have more knowledge of genetic background than we have agreement as to what to do about it.

This is not the case, however, with counseling about other practical preventive measures whose use is sometimes obstructed by prevailing social attitudes. One of these is contraception. There is an established association between congenital defects and the age of the mother. The risks rise with age; the prospects of a normal eighth child, for example, are far lower than for a normal second child. Thus it would seem that after a family of a reasonable size has been produced, the intelligent use of contraceptives has much to offer in the prevention of defective babies. Yet the subject of contraception was conspicuously omitted from the report of the President's Panel on Mental Retardation made public last summer.

Where the Law Fails

Surgical sterilization is another important tool which is by no means used as widely and as sensibly as one might wish. It should certainly be considered in the case of persons with a history of such hereditary afflictions as pseudohypertrophic muscular dystrophy. The risk is very great that their offspring will live—often into adulthood—as cripples. If such a couple has had one or two normal children, the risk remains great and the partner who is the actual genetic carrier should be sterilized. Usually, however, is the wife (who may not be the carrier) who is sent to the doctor to discuss the matter.

On the surface there are few legal barriers to sterilization. I have the right, for example, to ask any surgeon if he will amputate my left hand. If there is nothing wrong with my hand, he will very likely refuse but, should he agree, both he and I have the legal right to proceed with the surgery. Similarly, anyone may sign away his fertility exactly as he may sign away his left hand—but again the surgeon often refuses to operate. The restrictions stem from the doctors themselves, singly or acting as hospital staffs or through their various organizations.

However, as I sign the papers to dispense with either my left hand or my fertility, the law would like to be assured that I am competent and in my right mind. In the case of sterilization this necessity often rules out the mentally defective. Thus the very people who genetically deserve it most are the ones least able to achieve surgical sterilization. To correct this situation, some states permit court-order sterilization of the defective. Unfortunately, however, the majority of states lack intelligent laws of this type.

There are instances where the best preventive measure available is artificial insemination. For example, an Rh negative woman married to an Rh positive husband may be severely sensitized by one or more pregnancies. Thereafter, if she wishes more children an Rh negative sperm donor should be employed.

There are, in general, no restrictive laws concerning artificial insemination, although there are pertinent court decisions. While most of them—in both the United States and the United Kingdom—are truly magnificent in their absurdity, the physician and his patient are not seriously restricted by prohibitive laws.

We face a very different problem with respect to abortion. In this country there is no hazard to the fetus which makes therapeutic abortion legal. All fifty states have laws which permit therapeutic abortion only for the safety of the mother.

Thus, suppose that a woman who is six weeks pregnant acquires a full-blown case of German measles. Whether there is a one-in-five or a one-in-a-hundred chance of a defective baby (opinion differs widely on the odds), in my opinion this is a risk few people should take. I am concerned not with the odds but with the stakes—in this case the possibility of a deficient offspring who must be institutionalized for life. Or let us consider the mother who consumes a large quantity of thalidomide. Since carrying this potentially damaged child to term will not risk *her* life, abortion is illegal.

Or let us say that at five or five and a half

months X-ray establishes that the fetus is an acranial monster—lacking most of the skull and brain—a frog baby. Again this pregnancy must, according to the various state laws, proceed to term. This monster, incidentally, has significant legal protection. An abortion performed in the first three months for a fetal indication is a felony usually calling for about seventeen years in prison; after four and a half months, in most states, it would become manslaughter punishable by ninety-nine years. Until the laws of this country recognize the right to be well born, we shall continue to waste reproductive time for the mother and condemn the damaged child to hopeless institutional care.

Clearly, contraception, abortion, sterilization, and artificial insemination can be useful weapons in preventing the conception and birth of defective children. But it is also apparent that our growing contemporary knowledge about congenital defects will not bear fruit so long as our present laws and irrational social attitudes persist.

Can Risks Be Eliminated?

What then can be done to minimize the risk of damage to the babies whose conception and birth we cannot or do not prevent? What can be accomplished, specifically, by prenatal care?

The President's Committee on Mental Retardation recently cited the finding that women who received prenatal care had children of generally higher IQ than did women who had no such care. The report then attributed this result to some mysterious element in prenatal care. This inference ignores the statistical hazards in such comparisons.

The patients who received absolutely no prenatal care in any such comparative study include women so mentally deficient that they do not recognize that they are pregnant and those recognizing their pregnancy but too unintelligent to make the necessary arrangements. Hence comparisons of the ultimate intelligence of the children may have nothing to do with the value of prenatal care. The seeking of prenatal care is a social phenomenon in this country, carrying overtones of faddism among the economically privileged. "The higher the income, the earlier in pregnancy prenatal care is obtained" is a reasonably accurate observation. And providing all women with obligatory prenatal care will not, in itself, eliminate mental retardation.

To be sure, there are many specific precautions

which could be taken during pregnancy to lessen the risk of congenital lesions and infant mortality. Unfortunately, many of these steps must be taken before the average woman consults her obstetrician and often before she is sure that she is pregnant. Best known are the damaging effects of diagnostic radiation. These are most pronounced between the second and sixth postconception weeks, a period when few women have sought obstetric care. On the basis of intensive studies in Denmark, Dr. Hammer-Jacobsen of the University of Copenhagen recommends that "in fertile women X-ray examination of the abdomen should be carried out only during the first ten days after a regular menstrual period of normal intensity and duration." To follow this rule, the X-ray requisition in our hospitals should always—except in emergencies—record the date of the patient's last menstrual period. Unfortunately, they almost never do.

A study by Dr. A. M. Thomson and Dr. W. Z. Billewicz of the University of Aberdeen indicated that a weight gain of one pound per week during the last half of pregnancy was associated with the most favorable fetal outcome. Either a higher or a lower weight increment was associated with an increased prematurity and mortality rate in the four weeks after birth. While such correlations can be debated statistically, nevertheless careful attention to weight gain is desirable, although not always successful.

A study by Dr. Todd Frazier, a Washington, D.C. statistician, of the relationship between cigarette smoking and lowered fetal weight also deserves consideration. The difference between a cigarette smoker and a non-cigarette smoker is, of course, far greater than simply the cigarette between the lips; there are dietary differences, differences in personality, differences in the degree of nervous tension. To force a thoroughly addicted cigarette smoker to cease would, in the first place, probably not work, and, in the second place, might create, from the increased tension and eating problems, increased fetal hazards. Often, however, a heavy smoker, motivated in pregnancy by the desire to protect her child, can be persuaded temporarily to reduce her cigarette consumption.

A more ominous threat perhaps results from the apparent belief of the American public that life is a reasonably serious illness which can be survived only with the aid of innumerable drugs. There are available today on the American market over a dozen drugs which definitely or presumably cause fetal injury. The list will undoubtedly extend as additional drugs are in-

troduced and our studies grow more perceptive.

Control of the problem is complicated by the fact that many people do not recognize that they are taking drugs. A woman who has put nose drops in each nostril nightly for two years will deny that she is "taking any pills." Yet a drug powerful enough to contract the blood vessels of the nose will also contract the blood vessels of the placenta and placental bed, reducing the oxygen and nutrition available to the fetus. The meticulous housewife who sprays her kitchen regularly with an insecticide is likewise not "taking any drugs" as she sees it.

Prenatal care obviously cannot prevent all such chemical risks. More hope would seem to lie in fostering an abstemious attitude toward drug consumption among physicians and the public. The ideal would seem to be for all females between the ages of fourteen and forty to practice therapeutic nihilism.

The Obstetrician's Role

In general, our grandmothers first went to a physician for a complete history and physical examination when they were from three to four months pregnant. They had probably had some superficial contacts with the medical profession during the course of the familiar childhood diseases. But the call on the obstetrician was customarily their first adult relationship with a doctor, and certainly the first examination of their reproductive organs. The school and college physical examinations of today were relatively unknown; premarital consultation with a gynecologist unheard of.

Aware that he was the first serious medical contact for a large portion of the population, the obstetrician made the most of his opportunity to explore for possibly unrecognized diseases. He took a complete medical history, conducted a thorough physical examination, and did the appropriate laboratory tests. These procedures soon made it apparent that the recognition of inherent maternal disease states is one of the great benefits which prenatal care affords the fetus.

The most traditional example, of course, is syphilis; its diagnosis and appropriate therapy saved many babies from death or deformity. The most recent example, perhaps, is the identification and care of the prediabetic state in the mother. But between the oldest and newest examples is a considerable list of maternal diseases which, unattended, may harm the fetus.

Under this heading one should include the

history of the woman's previous reproductive performance. The simple, time-honored obstetric procedure of obtaining this history carefully has tremendous value. The woman who has borne one cretin, for example, has an increased statistical chance of bearing another, and the administration of thyroid medicinally during pregnancy may well be of assistance.

The recognition and treatment of these and other maternal diseases can therefore contribute to the prevention of congenital difficulties. So one hopes that our granddaughters may accept preconception gynecologic consultation as our grandmothers did predelivery medical assistance.

As is well known, infections which strike the mother during pregnancy can affect the fetus adversely. The danger of German measles in the first eight weeks is perhaps the most familiar. There are, however, some ten other infections which are strongly associated with congenital abnormality, illness in the newborn child, or prematurity. When we can keep *all* people from contracting German measles, we can keep all pregnant women from contracting it, but no sooner. For those diseases which produce a life-long immunity, there might be some merit in deliberately infecting all little girls prior to the reproductive years. For the remainder, we can control these environmental hazards for the fetus only to the same extent that we can control them in the population in general.

Diseases such as diabetes, measles, or mumps occur in pregnancy simply by coincidence. There are, however, other diseases which exist only in pregnancy. Eclampsia—the convulsions of pregnancy—is the historic example, and the eclampsia-related toxemic states have been shown to have some correlation with damaged children. This statistical correlation is, however, beclouded by the fact that these babies are often premature, and the fact that these toxemic states occur more frequently in the poorer economic classes, with less promising opportunities for the child's mental development. Nevertheless, the frequency and severity of toxemias can be very significantly reduced by appropriate prenatal care.

Contrary to popular belief, prematurity is not always a misfortune. Delivery before term is sometimes a safety valve for the fetus being starved by an inadequate placenta. The human uterus has been sentimentally referred to as "the best incubator in the world"; on many occasions there is a far better incubator in the nursery, and all babies should not be condemned to continuing to calendrical term before delivery.

It has long been recognized that the transition

from intrauterine to extrauterine existence is hazardous because of the difficulties of traversing the birth canal, the forces of labor which must be applied, and the relatively vigorous alteration in the fetal condition which takes place in the process. There is also the risk of strangulation from compression of the umbilical cord or suffocation from premature detachment of the placenta, combined with the mechanical problem of fitting the maternal bony pelvis. These risks have long been the subject of concerted obstetric attack. As a result, fetal damage now should be rare in any adequately staffed hospital. As I have pointed out earlier, however, the appropriate supporting services are not always available. Indeed, the necessary financial arrangements for them are often lacking. This is apparent if one examines carefully one's health-insurance policy. Usually it provides for payment of \$250 to \$300 for the removal of a gall bladder, whereas for the delivery of a new baby \$75 may be allowed. If this ratio is carried over to payment of hospital bills, there is no doubt as to which of these medical episodes gets more protection. Providing protection for an erratic, unscheduled delivery is far more difficult than for regularly scheduled surgery. And the obstetrical precautions are actually more necessary, though this necessity is not always recognized.

Not by Money Alone

Dr. Richard L. Masland, Director of the National Institute of Neurologic Diseases and Blindness, has said: "We have the means to prevent many, if not most, of the cases of mental deficiency already at hand. The fundamental problem revolves around the fact that America does not take pregnancy, labor, and delivery seriously enough." There is a great deal of heartbreaking truth in this statement. The problem is not merely one of making effective use of the weapons at hand. Until we take this particular medical threat seriously there is little hope of its ultimate conquest. For it is a fact of history that *no disease has ever been cured until the public thought it was important.*

Poliomyelitis, for example, killed no more people per year than are struck by lightning (and incidentally yielded the benefit of an immune adult population). But the American public was alarmed by polio with a concern out of proportion to such cold statistics, and infantile paralysis is now largely preventable. Few, if any, topflight scientific workers will happily

go to the laboratory daily to work hard on a problem which they and all others in their society consider unimportant.

An Institute of Child Health and Human Development has recently been added to the National Institutes of Health. In signing the bill establishing it, President Kennedy said somewhat optimistically: "This legislation will encourage imaginative research into the complex processes of human development from conception to old age." Certainly this new institute will help. However, we must remind ourselves that money does not solve biological enigmas; men do. Pouring huge sums into laboratory support is bootless if the man at the laboratory bench is unimaginative or inadequately trained. The speed of light was measured (and a Nobel Prize won) with mirrors and equipment which are said to have cost less than \$750. Multiplying this sum a thousandfold would not have brought the answer any sooner nor changed the measurements one iota. The new Institute faces the long-range responsibility of making this area of research attractive to able workers, of ensuring adequate research training for those committed to the field, and of underwriting their research programs when trained. This will be possible only if Americans generally believe the program is important.

In building such public awareness the large private foundations have an important role to play. The United Cerebral Palsy Fund and the National Foundation (March of Dimes) are but

two of the many private organizations which are not only supporting medical research in this field, but are also preaching the importance of the topic. Such public education is no small task in a country which regards the concomitant changes of senility (arthritis, hardening of the arteries, cancer) as "diseases," but looks on human reproduction with its 10 per cent rate of dead, damaged, or defective babies as "physiology."

The nature of future research in this area cannot be foreseen in detail. There are encouraging, although remarkably diverse, portents on the horizon. The recent rapid advances in genetics, cell typing, and chromosome counting have opened new vistas. The genetic "code" is being broken, the genetic "alphabet" established. Once this is done, the workers in this area may turn from the individual letters to an interest in the message being sent from one cell to another.

Contemporary medical scientists hold in common one faith. No matter how hard-headed he may be, the medical researcher is guided by one tenet which has no shred of evidence to support it. That is the faith that for every disease there is somewhere a cure or a prevention. As we turn to look into the future, the light of this faith must illumine our crystal ball. The hazards of birth have already been reduced somewhat in the past thirty years; one could hope that the medical research of the next thirty years will lead to a still greater safety in the process of being born.

Great green ships
themselves, they ride
at anchor forever;
beneath the tide

huge roots of lava
hold them fast
in mid-Atlantic
to the past.

The tourists, thrilling
from the deck,
hail shrilly pretty
the hillsides flecked

with cottages
(confetti) and
sweet lozenges
of chocolate (land).

Azores

by John Updike

They marvel at
the dainty fields
and terraces
hand-tilled to yield

the modest fruits
of vines and trees
imported by
the Portuguese:

a rural landscape
set adrift
from centuries ago;
the rift

enlarges.
The ship proceeds.
Again the constant
music feeds

an emptiness astern,
Azores gone.
The void behind, the void
ahead are one.

A Living Doll

by

Robert Wallace

You must excuse the rambling quality of this letter, irksome as it may be to your legal mind. But you are my attorney; I may be in some kind of trouble. I would like to know exactly what sort of trouble it is, and what can be done about it.

Doubtless you recall my daughter. A few years ago, when you were in my apartment on 55th Street going over the details of my will, she bit you on the wrist. I will always recall your graceful attitude—it must have been a painful bite because she had already cut her twelve-year molars, but you merely whimpered. Today, at sixteen, she still has the distressing habit. Or at least I believe she has. As you will note from the postmark, I am out of the country and have not seen her for several weeks.

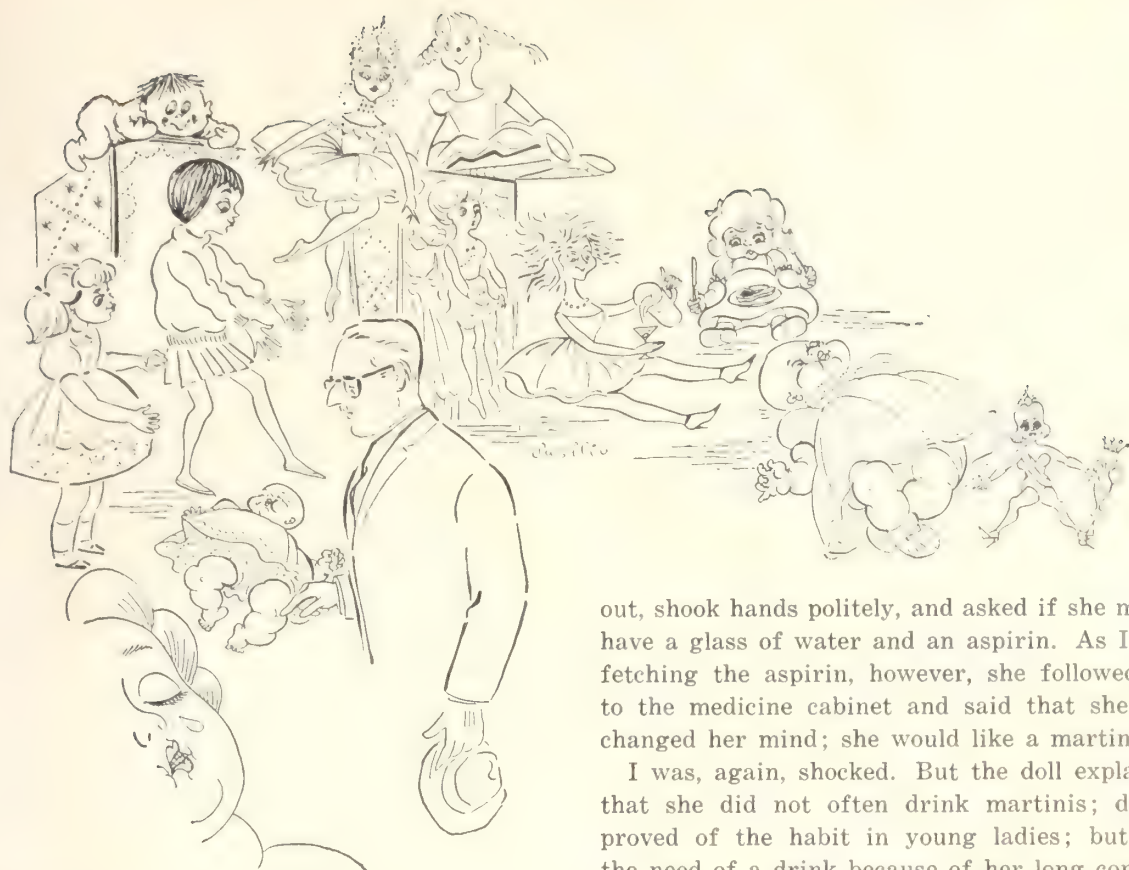
Early in December I went shopping for her Christmas presents. She wanted a book on voodoo and a large doll, as lifelike as possible. She also wanted a packet of needles and pins and a primitive drum from some Caribbean country, Haiti I believe, but in consideration of the neighbors I decided not to buy her one.

I had no difficulty in locating the needles and pins, and was much pleased with them. Today they make needles and pins exactly as they did when I was a boy. It is satisfying to find an

old-fashioned product still manufactured in the old-fashioned way, containing no plastic. As you know, I detest technological advance. The sight of Park Avenue, lined with those hideous steel and glass buildings, brings tears to my eyes. Indeed, prior to my departure I had formed a small committee with the object of changing the name of Park Avenue to Fourth Avenue North. But that is another matter.

You may not be familiar with the technological advances that have been made in dolls. I certainly was not. It had been a good many years since I had taken a close look at a doll, and when I went into the toy store I expected to find dolls of the classic clothespin type with china heads and glass eyes. I knew that some of these dolls could, when properly manipulated, open and close their eyes and say "Mama." However, I was totally unprepared for what I saw. When I located the doll counter I was shocked; more than shocked. It looked like the municipal morgue.

Many of the dolls were very large. I did not at that time pick one up and stand it upright, although I judged that in spiked heels it would have stood as high as my shoulder. The larger dolls were enclosed in clear plastic cases, to which were attached labels listing their abilities. Do you realize that many dolls can walk consid-



erable distances, eat, and talk? By "talk" I do not mean "Mama." I mean that they can make speeches of some length. Furthermore, they are no longer made of rubber or china, but of a flesh-like plastic that is positively indecent to touch. And some, as perhaps you have heard, have mechanical heartbeats.

As a lawyer, you may be interested in a printed notice which is attached to the cases of the most advanced dolls. It says, "Pending a ruling by the Supreme Court, the manufacturer is of the opinion that the sale and ownership of this doll in no way violates the 13th Amendment." Another legal question which you may find intriguing concerns the disposal of these dolls when they are worn out. Must they be buried?

I hesitated for some time before making my selection, but finally chose one which—or who—looked like a senior at Bryn Mawr. I chose her only partially because of her appearance; what clinched the selection was that I could clearly see her lips, through the soundproof plastic case, form the word, "Help!"

The doll was delivered to my apartment late on December twenty-fourth and I immediately hid her in a closet. After trimming the tree, sending my daughter to bed, and bandaging my wrist, I opened the plastic case. The doll stepped

out, shook hands politely, and asked if she might have a glass of water and an aspirin. As I was fetching the aspirin, however, she followed me to the medicine cabinet and said that she had changed her mind; she would like a martini.

I was, again, shocked. But the doll explained that she did not often drink martinis; disapproved of the habit in young ladies; but felt the need of a drink because of her long confinement and the buffeting she had received in the delivery truck. I understood, and directed her to the liquor cabinet where she mixed two cocktails, one for me. I have never in my life tasted a better martini.

After she had finished her drink I tried as diplomatically as I could to broach the matter of getting her back into the plastic case so that I could wrap her up. It was extremely embarrassing, the more so because of the interesting and adult conversation she carried on. One can scarcely interrupt a young lady and wrap her up in the midst of a discussion of the murals of Orozco and Rivera—she is fond of Mexican art and knows a good deal about it. Therefore I waited, hoping that she would grow tired and fall asleep, so that I could take the necessary action.

But she continued to talk brilliantly. Her opinions coincided with mine on many points, and

Robert Wallace, who has published scores of pieces of nonfiction, says that "A Living Doll" is only the second or third story he has written since 1955, and he has been working on a short novel for seven years. A Princeton graduate, Mr. Wallace joined "Life" magazine after four years in World War II. "Harper's" published his "Secret Weapon of Joe Smith"

when she commenced to discuss her hopes, her dreams, and her difficult lot in life, I was genuinely moved. We talked, as I recall, for several hours. Once or twice I felt obliged to tiptoe into my daughter's room to see whether we had awakened her—but there she lay, sound asleep, her face in its customary mask of surly confusion.

Christmas morning was somewhat of a disappointment to my daughter. I gave her only the needles and pins, plus a large, empty plastic container. I explained that I had bought it as a joke and as a test of skill. If my daughter could fit herself into the plastic case, I would give her \$100, with which she could do her own Christmas shopping. One of the conditions of the game was that before entering the case she must wash her face, comb her hair out of her eyes, put on a clean dress, and make herself as presentable as possible. This she did, and then popped herself into the case, which seemed to have been designed expressly to fit her. She was quite indignant when I would not let her out of it, or so I gathered from her facial expressions. She shouted, but no sound emerged.

On the day after Christmas I returned the case to the toy store. The place was full of parents and children making exchanges. One doll

was being returned because she could not, as advertised, speak French; only a rather vulgar Italian. Another had been sold with the guarantee that she could make a good sauce *béarnaise*, but evidently it was an inferior one. In the clamor and confusion I had no difficulty in placing my own case on the counter, and walked away unnoticed. I vividly recall the expression on my daughter's face at that moment and often, since then, I have tried to imagine what has happened to her. Someone, doubtless, purchased her and took her home. And doubtless the purchaser soon returned her to the store—who would want a doll who is obviously insane and keeps telling outrageous lies about some imaginary ogre?

The doll and I are now in Mexico City, where I have enrolled her in the Lycée. She is an endearing child, eager to learn; one whom any father would be delighted to have as a daughter. She fetches me my pipe and slippers, kisses my furrowed forehead when I am weary, and is the very model of filial affection.

As my lawyer, will you please inform me as to whether there are any legal difficulties to straighten out? If there are, will you attend to them? Thanks.



What Is a Jew?

by
Morris Adler

No other people worry so much about their identity as the Jews. To this new—and ancient—riddle a rabbi suggests some personal answers, which may have considerable meaning for members of other groups as well. This is the second article of a series on religion today.

No other group is so addicted to asking questions as are Jews. Often indeed they reply to questions with further questions. Thus when asked, "How do you feel?" a Jew is likely to answer, "How should I feel?" The most elaborate ritual of the Jewish religious year, the long Pass-over ceremony, is designed to stimulate the young to ask questions. Similarly, the entire Talmud, that great compendium of Jewish law and lore, opens with a question. Whether the reason be intellectual vigor, curiosity, or insecurity, Jews are notoriously given to interrogation.

One of the most persistent questions is: "What is a Jew?" It recurs almost as an automatic reflex, particularly on solemn occasions. It is dealt with in sermons and lectures, at forums, at ideological conferences, and at "dialogues" between American and Israeli Jews. It is implicit and sometimes explicit in the writings of Malamud, Bellow, Roth, and Kops. The gifted North African Jewish novelist, Albert Memmi, has recently written a searching, introspective odyssey, *Portrait of a Jew*, in the hope of finding a definition. David Ben-Gurion once invited scores of Jewish scholars to submit answers to this irrepressible question. Since none of the replies was made public, it is reasonable to deduce that none was satisfactory.

Intellectual and artistic Jews continue to confront themselves with this query, variously in

tones of anguish, resentment, and scorn. Why do they keep asking? Other groups do not make a problem of their identity. Americans and Englishmen seem untroubled about their background and role in the world. They sense that they are an integral part of a corporate personality and that's that.

But it is different with Jews. Their quest is sometimes regarded as a manifestation of a neuroticism which so often grips minorities that have been under attack. Or it is interpreted as a morbid, introspective inability to enter into completely wholesome relations with self, with others, and with life. The German-Jewish novelist, Jakob Wassermann, once said that when a Jew doesn't have worries, he invents them. Certainly the quest for selfhood has not ceased in our age when Jews enjoy a near-equality of opportunity.

This concern of Jews has not, however, been fabricated to fulfill their need to worry. George Bernard Shaw, who delivered himself on occasion of severe strictures upon Judaism, also said that a Jew is born civilized. He finds himself from birth suffused with love of learning, passion for justice, and compassion for the oppressed. But Shaw did not realize that this setting also contains unspoken anxieties and unexpressed apprehensions. For the Jew's cultural background was fashioned not only by patriarchs, prophets, and sages; great books, values, and disciplines; but

also by memories of a long and bitter encounter with the world. The Western Jew finds himself rooted in a civilization which has fostered and, in many subtle, subterranean ways, still preserves an image of him as somewhat alien. The modern Jew may find fulfillment in the academic community. He may enjoy status, security, and success in a profession, as an industrialist, a worker, a teacher, or public official. Although he seems indistinguishable from his non-Jewish colleagues he "receives"—so to speak—messages from his collective past. The happy present may have driven it underground but it has not been obliterated. He is of the minority and forever bound to it. In fact, the psychic uneasiness of a minority grows rather than diminishes as its integration in the majority culture proceeds.

Being at ease is a luxury reserved for majorities. They are at home in a world which is their world. The society about them reflects their image and its culture is their culture. Their superior numbers provide them with a massive stability and also, paradoxically, permit them to relax in a restful anonymity. Blending with their environment, they are not conspicuous or visible in their racial, religious, or cultural aspect. No outer force, no inner memory impels them to ask: "Who am I?"

But a minority is a breach in the wall of homogeneity, an "outsider," a deviant. The Western World is Christian, the Jew is not. Now he may not be a fervent follower of his tradition; he may even doubt its value or validity. But his birth has stamped him a Jew. Indeed he may become Unitarian or Protestant or Catholic and renounce his faith but, alas, he retains a sense of difference, for he is not native to his new creed. Overt and palpable exclusions strengthen his sense of difference; so too do the subtle diminutions of full acceptance he is bound to encounter. Hence he is driven to ask: "What is this thing called Jewishness which makes the difference?"

Should he go to his own tradition he will not find a direct and unambiguous answer. Judaism has never developed an official statement as to what one must believe to be accounted a Jew. There is no Jewish equivalent of the Nicene

Creed honored by Catholics, the Apostles' Creed of the Episcopalians, the Westminster Confession of the Presbyterians, or the Augsburg Confession of the Lutherans. The Jew is not taught any catechism and is not bound by an ironclad formula. The Talmud, whose interpretations, applications, and enlargements have shaped Jewish deeds and practices even more than the Bible, records the clashing views of differing schools and scholars, preserving minority opinions along with the binding majority dicta. Even the thirteen articles of faith drawn up by Maimonides in the twelfth century, which are still printed in traditional prayer books, have not gained universal acceptance and approval.

To be sure, profound affirmations are implicit in the tradition. But these have never been formalized as an authoritative creed. It is only a slight exaggeration to say that in Judaism the deed is the reflection of one's theology. "Believe and be saved" is the Christian approach; "Do and you will believe," the Jewish. Being the culture of a community rather than the faith of a church, Judaism never found it necessary to make uniformity of belief its central cohesion. So the modern Jew cannot easily extract a precise answer from his tradition. He must continue to live with the riddle.

Father Abraham in a Foxhole

The modern Jew is not only a riddle unto himself. He senses that he is a mystery to his Gentile neighbors, even though many Christian myths touching the Jew have been dissolved in our time. The Jew no longer dwells behind ghetto walls. He shares the culture, the mores, the pre-occupations and diversions of his non-Jewish neighbors, who are often his friends. Yet there remains something enigmatic in his relationship with Gentiles.

I recall, for example, my own experience when I was an Army Chaplain overseas during World War II. I was on most cordial terms with the other Chaplains, both Catholic and Protestant. We shared the same tents, went on the same maneuvers, jumped into the same foxholes. Our dislike of certain of our superiors was also shared. We thus had much in common.

Perhaps because it was contrary to Army regulations I decided one day to grow a beard. The consequences were surprising. My beard seemed to add a new dimension to my relationship with my fellow Chaplains. All undercurrents of strain vanished. They appeared more at ease in my

Rabbi Adler has served with Congregation Shaarey Zedek in Southfield, Michigan, since 1938—except for the wartime years, when he was a Chaplain in the Pacific and Japan. He is chairman of the UAW's Public Review Board and has edited and written books on the Torah and the Talmud. Born in Russia, he grew up in New York, and was ordained by the Jewish Theological Seminary.

presence and I became more relaxed. I think this was because my identity had suddenly become clearer and more intelligible. After all, the last Jew they really knew about was Jesus, who is always pictured with a beard. Between Jesus and the contemporary Jew there yawns a great abyss. Clean-shaven like the rest, wearing a uniform, I provided no continuity with this Jewish image of theirs. I bore the designation Jew, yet they were perplexed as to what kind of a being I really was. The name Jew was not a clarification but a mystification. My beard changed matters. I was now an incarnation of Father Abraham and no great mystery.

The modern Jew thinks of himself as an American, a doctor, a husband, a businessman, a citizen, a father—like other Americans. Then he discovers a puzzlement in the eyes of his neighbors—and the question mark quickly moves into his own mind. So he comes home and asks: "Who after all am I?"

Is It a "Subculture"?

Thoughtfully he combs his native tongue, indeed the only language he knows, English, for a descriptive term. Is he a member of a "race"? He knows enough of anthropology to realize that Jews are not a "race." Besides, the word has been so befouled in recent years that it should remain entombed in the dictionary and forgotten for several centuries. Well, if being a Jew is not a racial matter, does he belong to a Jewish nation? His American loyalty and pride both rise in anger. His nationality is American, indivisibly and unqualifiedly. His political allegiance is to America alone.

An eminent Jewish thinker tells him that Judaism is a civilization. But this definition is not satisfying either. It sounds as if he were somehow abstracted from the American scene, forming a complete civilization of his own. One does not collect civilizations like stamps or period furniture. The word "civilization" suggests both a completeness and an apartness which throws a shadow upon his full integration with America. He thinks of a hundred elements in his life as an American which he cherishes—citizenship, music, theatre, business, sports, science, education. Jewishness certainly does not contain *all* that is necessary for the complete life of the group and its members. So he rejects the "civilization" concept.

Then along come the sociologists, Jewish and non-Jewish, and tell him that he belongs to a

subculture. The term irritates him. Now it is his Jewish pride that rebels. Subculture somehow suggests that, after an experience of three thousand years or more, the Jewish group is on the threshold of becoming a culture. It is only a subculture—which sounds somehow subhuman, suggesting dependency, insufficiency, arrested development. He does not go deeply into the sociologists' use of the term, but rejects it out of hand as incompatible with his Jewish dignity.

Finally, he comes to the definition that has been proclaimed with increasing frequency of late. He is told that as a Jew he is an adherent of the Jewish religion. He thinks of the religious denominationalism which he sees all about him. Does Judaism really exhaust itself in a church and the activities that center about it? To be sure Judaism involves religion. Indeed religion may be at the very heart of it. But is Judaism only a religion? He does not ask this question disparagingly. He thinks of his son at college who just wrote him at great length about his current agnostic position. He remembers one of the noblest Jewish humanitarians he ever met who quietly remarked that he had not been in a synagogue for a half-century. He thinks of Freud, Brandeis, Einstein, who did not embrace religion in their world view and yet were among the outstanding Jews of the century. Is a definition which does not include such Jews adequate?

So he feels frustrated. The only language he has mastered fails to provide a definition of himself as a Jew. Indeed it seems to complicate the issue. His Jewishness and the English tongue are both native to him and yet in this crucial area do not seem to be on speaking terms with each other.

The Jew still asks: "What am I?" And perhaps in the process he has provided the best answer possible at present: "A Jew is a person who is always asking 'What am I?'" Certainly this definition is as authentic and comprehensive as any other. Accepting it, the real question now becomes: "How do Jews react to this sense of difference, of mystery, and of uncertainty about their own nature?"

Some, it must be said, still respond with apprehension, knowing that a minority always presents an exposed flank to a society beset by aggressions, fears, and insecurities. Perhaps the frustrations born of the most recent crisis will move into the historic groove of hostility to the Jew. If it be true that in America the Jew is the second minority (the Negro being the first) he is only somewhat farther back from the firing line. But is he really out of the danger zone? The

lessons of history and the highly explosive nature of our present condition often make the Jew uneasy. Despite his vast confidence in America, he cannot escape premonitions of peril in an age when a wild primeval Samson seems to be tugging at the very pillars upon which all civilization rests.

In their anxiety some Jews seek a shelter which will insulate them against the attack when the Jew becomes its target. Hoping to dim the phosphorescent conspicuousness of the minority in the darkest hours, they try to lose themselves tracelessly in the safe anonymity of the majority. Generally, however, they find it hard (though some have managed it) to make the complete turnabout through conversion to the more formal and basic Christian communions. It is painful to tear up roots and say good-bye to all your antecedents. So they seek out faiths that require a lesser renunciation on their part, that make less specific demands—like Unitarianism and Christian Science.

Heine said that in his time "the baptismal certificate was an admittance card to society" though he insisted that he himself had been "merely baptized, not converted"). Today, however, the Jew does not apply for membership in a Christian group so much to enter society as to throw off the "cross" of Judaism. Theology is not involved, nor is conscience or intellectual integrity. It is a search for a refuge. Recognizing that as a Jew he cannot attain invisibility, he hopes to find it in a new guise.

Other Jews escape into reform and social progress movements. They throw themselves with religious fervor and Jewish passion into humanitarian, secular movements striving to assure civil liberties, human dignity, economic security, and opportunity to all men. Obviously, many of these fine enterprises are consonant with the values and insights of Judaism. And certainly many Jews who live Jewishly with grace, likewise commit themselves to such programs. They do so, however, under the impact of their tradition's ethical imperatives and sensitivities. Their motivation is quite different from that of Jews who enlist in these high-minded endeavors (which I do not intend to derogate) as a substitute for their Jewishness and in liberation from it. Their motivation becomes apparent when they crusade for the victims of dictatorship in Latin America and apartheid in South Africa, the Negro in our own country, the poor in Puerto Rico, but utter never a word about the State of Israel and its human, social, and political problems. This is not a chance omission. In speaking out for Israel would they

not once again raise the specter of their own Jewishness?

Sometimes the Jew, busily running from his Jewishness, turns to modern art. The more esoteric, incomprehensible, far out it is, the more it seems to attract him. Why is it that Jews are so disproportionately numerous in avant-garde movements? Why are they among the first (frequently the very first) to take up a new "ism" in art, and to canonize a new name? It is an attempt to find a displacement for Judaism. It is a subtle way of escaping without an accompanying sense of guilt, without consciously and openly rejecting Judaism.

There are other individuals who would not in any explicit manner abandon or deny their Jewishness. But they too—perhaps subconsciously—try to mute the distinctiveness of their faith. They do this by stressing the universalism of Judaism. They reject those forms, symbols, and rituals which inevitably differentiate Judaism from other traditions. Ritual and symbol constitute the language of a religion. Though its ideals are universal, its language is distinctive. Now there are, I believe, ample reasons for the revision and even the elimination of some Jewish ritual practices. The purpose would be to remove the outworn and the irrelevant, so that Judaism might reveal itself more fully and brightly. But the Jews I am now describing do not want to improve or correct Judaism. They seek to muffle if not silence it. The symbols of Judaism are its personality even as its ideals are its soul. To destroy the former is ultimately to doom the latter.

The Tragic Fallacy

The methods of escape are diverse but the motivation is always a rebellion against Judaism, which seems to set the Jew apart, makes him an enigma to himself and to others, and saddles him with a vague and undefinable identity.

What really underlies the American Jew's uneasiness? A major cause is his ignorance of the forces that went into the making of the modern Jew. Out of this ignorance he has fashioned a false image of Jewish history as a morbid and tragic chronicle. It is the pathos of the contemporary Jew that he shares with his Christian neighbor a great blindness about the history which intervenes between the Scriptures and himself. If the last Jew with whom the Christian is familiar is Jesus, then the last ancestor whom the Jew pictures clearly is Moses or perhaps

Isaiah or at best Hillel. How, he asks, did he—urbane, sophisticated, cultured, determinedly modern—leap out of such a background?

A revered Jewish teacher has said that the good life requires that one know whence he came. The balanced individual likewise must know his origins, understand his background; appreciate the people, the historic processes, and the circumstances of which he is the contemporary projection.

But American Jews by and large are unaware of the long centuries, with their stresses and ferment, their conflicts and pressures, their dilemmas and solutions, their stumblings and achievements which preceded them. So the Jew feels himself orphaned, a foundling abandoned on the threshold of the modern world. For his parentage he goes back to a distant ancestry. But immediately behind him and stretching back a long way, there is nothing but a vast blank. The result—mystery. To find his identity the American Jew must diligently and consistently begin a program of self-education.

Mistakenly, he conceives of his history as unrelieved tragedy. Having come into his own in civil rights, opportunities, material substance, and general education, he cannot picture himself within the context of what one Jewish writer has called “a continual alert punctuated by ghastly catastrophes.” The greatest living Jewish historian, Professor Salo Baron, however, has spoken out against this lachrymose concept. Jewish history is not all compounded of massacres and martyrdom. Of a certainty there is a large tragic element, but if history is life can it be otherwise? Tragedy is not absent from any history. What is happening in our day in Oxford, Mississippi; Little Rock, Arkansas; and Birmingham, Alabama, is an enactment of the tragedy of American history. And if the tragic looms larger in Jewish history it is because the Jew has lived longer than any people in the West. As mankind’s supreme dissenter, he inevitably attracted the severest punishment for his non-conformity. And as the classic idol-shatterer of all time, he brought down on himself the wrath of all those whose beliefs or superstitions he dared to impugn. The bearer of a civilized system of ideas, moral checks, and disciplines, he aroused the uncontrolled hate of the sub-threshold primitivism of an as yet uncivilized world.

Jewish history is permeated with compassion for the stranger, born out of an ethical principle and fortified by the Jew’s experience as a slave and stranger in many lands, through many ages.

Love of learning led him to build his own Ox-fords and Harvards of higher education in ghettos, amid slums, poverty, and deprivation. The power and energy others poured into political, economic, and military activities and instruments, the Jew reserved for the school. In his society the heroic figures are not conquerors but sages, pietists, and students.

Years ago when I was a student, as a sorry kind of amusement, I drew up all of the charges that have ever been made against Jews. It was a long catalogue which started before Christianity. I discovered there is one charge that no anti-Semite ever made against Jews. Not Apion, the first of the anti-Semites, whose words we know through Josephus, and not Hitler. Nobody has ever said the Jews are stupid.

Perhaps this is one reason why the battering rams of persecution could not destroy the Jew’s resolve to live by the light of his conscience and his tradition. The Bible says of Mordecai, “But Mordecai neither knelt nor bowed.” This is the leitmotiv of Jewish history. The Jew refused to descend to the level of his fortunes. The promise of the prophet was literally fulfilled, “No weapon fashioned against thee shall prevail.” Both tradition and experience unite in supporting the conviction that God reveals Himself in human history no less than in nature. History, for all of its shadows and disasters, is not without meaning or direction.

Jewish history, thus viewed, represents a triumph of the human spirit. It can serve all mankind as a testament of courage and hope. What is to be feared above all else in the present global crisis? Not the insufficiency of the human mind nor the incapacity for love of the heart, but the tragic abdication of the human will, in the face of circumstances which appear to many to be so vast and so inexorable as to be insurmountable. If mankind destroys itself, it will be for the reason that Gilbert Murray has advanced for the disappearance of Greek civilization—“failure of nerve.” The history of the Jew can nerve flagging wills and inspirit the despairing of our time.

In a world teeming with coercions and compulsions man can assert sovereignty over the quality and destiny of human life. No people’s history offers greater proof of this truth than the Jew’s. When he recognizes this, the modern Jew will discover his identity.

Next month, this series on religion today will be continued, with “Second Thoughts on the Religious Revival,” by Herbert J. Muller.

Fort Hood:



Sparta Goes Suburban

by David Boroff

The PX is a department store and the first sergeant is more fatherly than he used to be, but the battle training is even deadlier than in 1943.

During World War II, the cherished fantasy of most enlisted men was that someday they would meet their officers under drastically transformed circumstances. The officers would be encountered in serf-like roles—as elevator operators or groveling salesmen—and the enlisted men, nature's noblemen, would behave toward their former oppressors with an elegant mixture of disdain and generosity. A corollary fantasy envisioned the enlisted man returning in triumph to his Army post, the scene of his degradation, and there redressing the humiliations of mess hall, training field, and barracks.

A good many enlisted men, upon their return to civilian life—myself included—wrote heated tracts about the heinousness of a military caste system in a democratic country and sent them off to magazines. (My piece, rejected like the rest, elicited the comment from a national magazine

that it was just fine, but they had received hundreds like it.) And then we all settled down to the ambiguous glories of civilian life.

It was vouchsafed to some, however, to return to the scenes of their military misadventures. I had such an experience last spring when on two separate occasions I visited Camp Hood, upgraded now to Fort Hood, where I had arrived twenty years earlier as a raw recruit. I had gone through thirteen weeks of tough basic training in the Tank Destroyers (“Seek—strike—destroy,” we chanted in cadence) and then served as cadre, training others, in North Camp Hood.

Camp Hood in Texas provided the classical Army experience for a big-city boy from the North. Central Texas seemed lonely and bleak and uninhabitable—a vast preserve, according to GI folklore, for hillbillies, cretins, and subliterate. (On jukebox and radio, all we seemed to hear was the idiot blare of “Lay That Pistol Down” and other country music.) The weather was volatile, shifting unpredictably from sunny midwinter days to stinging cold ones except in the summer, which was remorselessly hot. But worst of all we felt like aliens in the South, cut off from the life we knew, our freedom drastic-

ally abridged. And though many of us came in with high intentions, they could hardly survive the nightmare of KP, the tedious training, and the whining abuse of the cadre who seemed to have it in for big-city boys, especially if they had the bad grace to have gone to college.

In addition, we had spectacularly bad luck. Because of the prevalence of respiratory diseases in the winter of 1943, we were quarantined to our company area right through basic training, unable even to seize the small pleasures of going to the service club or movies on the post and deprived of the opportunity to go to town together for a rambunctious weekend where we could try (and fail) to make good our phallic boasting. We were so miserable that when an officer revealed that most of us would go overseas right after basic training as replacements in the North African campaign (at that time going badly) we felt almost relieved. Anything seemed like an improvement over Camp Hood.

Training culminated in three incredible days of something called the Battle Conditioning Course ("Killers' Course"), where we double-timed without respite and twice daily ran a rugged mile-long obstacle course. I dreaded the obstacle course but managed it, and after the three days were over felt a certain grim pride in having been through the experience. But things happened during those three days which even now seem macabre. One of our training group—a would-be actor inevitably called Shakespeare—simply refused to run the obstacle course. He was too tired, the course too tough. In full view of everybody, the cadre tied a stout manilla rope around his middle and hitched the other end to the bumper of a jeep. Then they pulled him (run or be dragged was his choice) from obstacle to obstacle, and burly noncoms lifted him to the top of landing nets and walls and threw him down if he declined to climb down. Shakespeare was pompous, patronizing, and a goof-off, and nobody much liked him (it was rumored that he was trying to get into Special Services), but this, we thought, was going too far. Another boy—a good one—violated some silly little rule (by taking a shortcut) and was forced to run the course five

times without stopping. We watched him—his chunky body leaning forward, his heavy legs pumping mechanically, his face vacant. Later he revealed that he had no recollection of the ordeal.

Camp Hood, in short, was Gehenna. There were persistent rumors of soldiers killed on the infiltration course as a result of live rounds falling short. In this operation, heavy strands of barbed wire lay on the ground—not above it—and we had to work our way through by lifting them with our rifle. Later when I was a cadreman myself the heat was so intense (1943 *was* a brutal summer) that some trainees actually died, and training was suspended during the worst of the afternoon. I can remember long lines of soldiers waiting to buy Cokes after training hours. And the small towns near the camp—Killeen and Belton and Gatesville and even Waco—offered little relief. The men on pass simply milled about the streets. (There were USO dances all the time, but the girls were spoiled, even the impossibly plain ones, and the best you could hope for was a brief turn on the floor and a few snatches of conversation before someone cut in.) Camp Hood was so bad, we heard, that even Walter Winchell was blasting it in his columns. And Texas, we all agreed, was the cloaca of the U.S., except that we phrased it differently.

But it really wasn't that bad. There was the comradeship, more intense than anything we



experienced before or after. And there was the marvelous safety valve of humor. We laughed at everything—ourselves, our officers, and especially the silly noncoms. Later, as a cadreman, I used to hitchhike around the state on weekends and found the towns and countryside engaging. (You had to know where to go: far from Army camps and Air Force bases.) I got drunk in Dallas, went to church and synagogue socials with fine impartiality, and fell in love with a pretty little girl in Waxahachie whom I met as she was going to Sunday vesper services.

David Boroff, now associate professor of English at New York University and editor of "Arts & Sciences," attended Brooklyn College before his Army service. In the postwar years he earned a Ph.D. while teaching and writing. His book, "Campus U.S.A.," grew out of a series of portraits of colleges for this magazine, and last year he followed it with articles on West Point, Annapolis, and the Air Academy.

I remember one wonderful moment in my cadre experience. I was assigned to a special training unit for submarginal and illiterate soldiers. (We taught them to read and write half the day and trained them in the field the other half.) Out in bivouac one afternoon, we encountered a huge snake in our campsite. While the officers and cadre—many with college degrees—buzzed about helplessly, an illiterate farm boy, one step ahead of a Section 8 discharge, picked up an entrenching tool and calmly decapitated the reptile.

After nine months at Camp Hood, I went on, like many other soldiers with good test scores, to the Army Specialized Training Program ("Mother, take the service star down"), studied Japanese at Yale University, and was one of the mildly guilt-ridden soldier-technicians with the soft deals. But as the years went by, Yale and the desk job in military intelligence receded, and only Camp Hood with its blazing sun and stony soil, and the careening weekends in strange towns seemed alive in my memory.

The Twenty-year Shocks

And so last spring I drove back to the place where, twenty years ago, after three days on a dirty day coach I had detrained at a railroad siding and had seen the unpaved streets of a small Texas town. Killeen had grown—grotesquely ("23,000 friends and neighbors," a sign in town proclaimed unconvincingly). In an obscene parody of urbanism, the main street, now paved, housed a neon stretch of loan companies, used-car lots, and pizza places.

Fort Hood, at first glance, seemed to have changed little, although it was no longer a Tank Destroyer center, and now contained the First Armored Division ("Old Ironsides") and the Second Armored Division ("Hell on Wheels," Patton's old outfit). The Second Armored is the division that was airlifted to West Germany in October to demonstrate the Army's battle-readiness. From a wartime peak of 80,000 men, the camp's population had dropped to 40,000—still a large post by any standards. There were the same wide sky and endless space and sharp wind whistling down from the Panhandle. The white two-story barracks I remembered from the old days gleamed in the morning sun. The gravel walks were immaculate. Here and there was a gentle bucolic touch: cattle belonging to local farmers grazed in the fields, and there is a joke in Killeen that you risk biting into a .30-cal.

bullet when you order a steak in a restaurant.

But this was the new "blackboot Army," and there were changes everywhere—the black paratroop boots which everyone wears, the green fatigues ("canvas pajamas") worn during duty hours by officers and men alike, and the new rakish baseball caps instead of the floppy fatigue hats we wore. And it was nice to see many classes being taught by tough, skillful Negro noncoms. (In my time, the Army was Jim Crow, and I can remember being sadly turned away from a Negro PX.) There has been much building at Fort Hood during the past twenty years, and in addition to the regular barracks, there are many cinder-block structures, some equipped with air-conditioners! And scattered through the post are real villages—each a little suburb—where married enlisted men and officers, separately, to be sure, live in trim ranch houses. At moments Fort Hood looks like the toy cities of one's childhood. Everything is there, miniature and uniform: banks and churches, schools and bowling alleys. Road signs everywhere, as in any public-spirited community, exhort people to drive carefully, and the camp newspaper is full of gossipy social notes and announcements of Cub Scout meetings. To be sure, the motor pools bristle with tanks and armament, and one can still see soldiers going out to the field, the road guards taking their rigid parade-rest position. Fort Hood, in short, seems like a bizarre blend of Sparta and suburbia.

Company facilities have also changed markedly in two decades, enough to make any old-timer gnash his teeth about the New Army. (It seemed ironic that *my* Army was now the Old Army when indeed in my time it was the prewar regular Army that was so regarded.) Each company dayroom has a TV room with comfortable chairs and a magazine rack (the girlie magazines sequestered under *Life* and *Look*). The company mess hall, promoted to a dining room, looked to me downright sybaritic—tables for four, and partitions with flower boxes breaking up the room into chatty alcoves, and dishes instead of trays.



Evenings, the men may come to dinner in civilian clothes, and on Sunday, in a burst of permissiveness, enlisted men may get up late, go to the dining room at any time, and order either breakfast or lunch.

The old primitive PXs are now lavish department stores, and there are refreshment centers everywhere in marked contrast to the long lines of soldiers sweating out Cokes in the hot sun or drawing stingily rationed water from Lister bags before the plumbing was ready at North Camp Hood. And in a final flourish of luxury, huge mobile PXs bring the comforts of suburban living to men in the field. This was clearly not *my* Camp Hood.

"We're Thinking Positive"

At play, Fort Hood is the American welfare state at its most indulgent—a country club for warriors. There are swimming pools (segregated by rank not by race), golf courses and tennis courts (unsegregated), and lavish service clubs. Sports cars and young men in Bermudas—as on a college campus—made me blink. The campus impression was heightened by the post's "little theatre," which, along with standard amateur fare, offers Albee and Ionesco. Theatre of the Absurd amid the guns!

There has been a softening of idiom as well as mores. The soldier-trainees are called "students" these days ("We're getting more dignified"), and the obstacle course has been elevated to a "confidence course" ("We're thinking positive"). You don't get lost in a compass exercise; you are "misoriented." And in a mortar crew, the one who aims the weapon is called "the assistant computer."

The first sergeant, that professional ogre, has undergone considerable housebreaking. Theoretically, at least, he may not abuse the men. Moreover, he tends to be a real professional with more than a passing acquaintance with principles of personnel management. (In the old days, he recruited some bright boy as company clerk to do the paper work, while he did the bellowing.) There are those who see the passing of the tough first sergeant as a calamitous decline. "They're Cub Scout leaders now," an old-timer snorted. "In the old days if a corporal told you to jump, you jumped. Now it takes a captain or a major." But the consensus, expressed by one noncom, is that "you have to be a fatherly type. And you've got to treat them like individuals."

Some things, of course, have not changed at

all. Soldiers still police the area ("If it doesn't move, pick it up, and if it does move, salute it"). After smoking, the men "field-strip" their cigarettes except for filter tips, which must be placed in their pockets. There is still the trauma of KP, but some professional coolies among the soldiers hire themselves for ten dollars a throw. And GI parties, those herculean housecleanings, persist. Enlisted men still sleep in their underwear (a mark of proletarian solidarity), hitchhike from town to town, and pull guard duty, though I was startled to see an instruction card pinned to a weekend guard making him look like a little boy running an errand for Mama. And there is still the same sorehead conviction that the Air Force is an incomparably better deal ("They run a string of Hilton Hotels around the world").

The rank system has hardly been mitigated. The wall between the officers and enlisted men seemed as insurmountable as ever. And there are even new barriers, relaxed during the war, between higher noncoms and lower ones. (They now have separate service clubs.) What one finds is a kind of tripartite ghetto—as among American religions—with officers, high-ranking enlisted men, and low-ranking enlisted men socializing separately. Throughout my visit, I was struck by the tense rigidity of officers around their superiors, and that of enlisted men around officers. How do they ever communicate? Only the generals seemed to relax.

I spent an evening with a young officer and his wife who had invited a college friend of theirs, an enlisted man. It wasn't until the evening was well along that the enlisted man felt free to address his old friend by his first name.

To be sure, the fact that military personnel no longer wear their uniforms off-duty makes a big difference. The rank system grinds to a halt after 5:00 P. M. Civilian clothes are a great equalizer, and saluting virtually ends after Retreat.

Some Grisly Overtones

But it is chiefly the training that provides an iron link to the past. The men fire the same weapons but more of them, and the technical demands are greater. In addition, they are prepared for unconventional kinds of warfare. When I arrived last spring at Fort Hood, I saw a training exercise that would have scared hell out of even the tough alumni of the Battle Conditioning Course. As part of their counter-insurgency training (guerrilla warfare), the men at Hood rappelled (swung down with ropes) a hundred-foot cliff. It



is well prepared and quite safe, but still a scary business to make that leap into space. Occasionally, men freeze at the rim, but ultimately they go. ("Once you go over the edge," a noncom explained, "there's no problem. There's only one way to go—down!") Training nowadays is elaborately worked out by specialists who sometimes stage little training dramas. At the cliff, for example, there was a short one-acter—most of it in midair—in which a cadreman, in the role of raw recruit, pantomimed terror, gross ineptitude, and finally dazzling triumph on the ropes.

The men also undergo survival training in their counter-insurgency course. This has some grisly overtones in our time of nuclear consciousness. With the clock of civilization deliberately turned back, they learn to kill with bow and arrow, stone hammer, and even with a pointed stick in a fashion chillingly reminiscent of *Lord of the Flies*. What we called Dirty Fighting—now called Judo—takes place in the Bear Pit, a comfortable, sandy amphitheater into which the men leap with a ritualistic roar. But the tussling is in earnest—they throw hard from the hip—and when we arrived a moaning boy was being carried away on a stretcher. Some of the boys whispered that his back was broken. "Probably pulled a muscle," a young West Point officer said reassuringly.

In the face of all this ruggedness, I asked an officer if the "Shakespeare" episode in my Camp Hood days could happen today. "If I did that," the officer said peremptorily, "I'd be out of the Army the next day."

A subsequent visit to Fort Hood provided me with some insights into what it is like to be a combat soldier at a time when neither peace prevails nor war has been declared. There was simu-

lated combat one night involving tanks, armored personnel carriers (almost as heavy as the tanks), and foot soldiers. The night had elements of high drama, even though it was all make-believe. There was the mystery of darkness, the faint tingle of danger, the eeriness of driving a jeep cross-country in total blackness (no parking lights, nothing) on high plateaus, knowing that cliffs were all around us. Every now and then, tanks and armored personnel carriers came crashing through the underbrush like huge prehistoric monsters. (A few years ago, a tank went off a cliff in a night exercise; all the men in it were killed.) The giant vehicles were hastily camouflaged; the men dismounted and stood around talking quietly and smoking. In a comic interplay between reality and fiction, a soldier—a role player in a previously worked out scenario—cried out for medics in mock pain. When company headquarters were notified, the officer who received the call thought it was in earnest and jumped into his jeep to give first aid. In the middle of the night, a tank officer brought his vehicle to a halt, climbed out of the turret, and reported with only a trace of self-consciousness:

"My men held the line."

"Hold at all costs," his superior officer commanded.

The next day, for the benefit of a group of military attachés from many countries (these included Israeli and Arab officers who politely ignored each other), there was a simulated armor and infantry attack with live ammunition and artillery fire. (The code name for the exercise was "Floor Show," and indeed it was.) The attachés were gathered on the top of Jack Mountain, a mesa-like hill, where they were briefed in formal fashion. Sitting in grandstands, they watched the panoramic action below.

I was invited to ride in one of the personnel carriers during the attack. (While waiting to move out, I noticed one of the gunners reading a paperback—comic books are now passé in the Army—entitled *Doomsday 1999*.) Despite the inescapable hurry-up-and-wait of the Army, there was a flurry of excitement among the men when we "cranked up" and rolled across the plain with live artillery shells arching overhead fired from a few miles behind us. ("I think you will agree," the briefing officer had said earlier, "that very few hastily prepared positions would stand up under that fire.") I could then understand the mystique of the tank soldiers. There is an exhilaration about sweeping across the plain in proud possession of the field, the armored vehicles lurching across ravines, crashing ahead irresistibly,

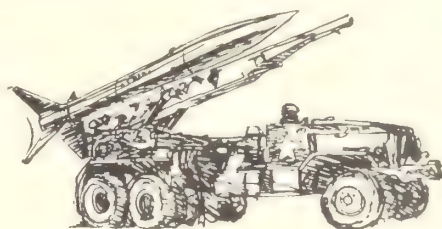
clanking and roaring with power. Then there was the moment, sedulously rehearsed earlier, when the personnel carriers ground to a halt, the men jumped down, crouched in the grass, and laid down a field of fire with rifles and automatic weapons. I carefully stayed behind them as they blazed away—especially one cocky little Mexican-American wielding a BAR almost as big as himself and shouting as he triggered his bursts, “Look! Just like John Wayne.”

“Give Me a Break”

This flare-up of drama underscores the problem of the Army in a twilight period. How does one maintain a sense of urgency when there are few outlets for action? How does one train men for something that probably will not and should not happen? Fort Hood is a vivid example of these problems. The two armored divisions at Hood constitute a STRAC Army corps—skilled, combat-ready, on the alert around the clock. But in their barracks, the men had the bored, sullen, listless quality of men doing time. Indeed, there are some arresting parallels with prison life. Soldiers near the end of their enlistment or draft period describe themselves as short-timers, an old prison term. (On the wall of a latrine I saw the inscription: “Fond du Lac, Wisconsin—127 days left.”) Like prison inmates, the enlisted men are full of self-pity. “Give me some headroom” or “give me a break” is their daily litany. They still complain about “chicken,” and the welfare-state ministrations of the new Army notwithstanding, they find little fun in anything under military sponsorship. “If the Army taught sex,” a young man said churlishly, “we would probably give it up. There would be no fun in it.” Despite the talk about “re-upping for bennies” (reenlisting for benefits), those who do are dismissed scornfully as “losers,” and even Regular Army men are reluctant to admit that they will go the whole twenty-year route. Unlike their counterparts in World War II, enlisted men take little pleasure in being soldiers. Everybody was in the same boat then, and that made all the difference. We hated the Army but couldn’t really imagine being out of it during the war. I can remember that when we went to swim at the local pools or at Barton Springs in Austin, we would never be parted from our dog tags; we wanted to be identified as soldiers. Today, enlisted men are abused by their friends if they don’t get out of uniform after duty hours.

Yet even in this Army of coddled moaners,

when soldiers get close to the real thing, morale stiffens. The men like to go out in the field; it’s a relief from garrison monotony, and “chicken” is curtailed. In combat exercises, opposing troops must keep at least fifty yards apart lest they get carried away and start to throw punches. At post theatres, enlisted men scoff at war movies—“they’re not tactical.” Despite their distaste for the Army, they are still professionals in their craft. But the best demonstration that the promise of combat heightens morale was during the Cuban crisis. As a crack outfit, the First Armored Division was shipped to Fort Stewart, Georgia, then to Florida, to meet the Soviet threat in Cuba. The AWOL rate dropped as the real thing drew close. Those who participated still remember the excitement—the crowds at the railhead, the bands playing, the men gripping their weapons. (One soldier carried a razor blade taped to his helmet with which to cut Castro’s beard off.) Tension was maintained in Florida, despite the postponement of the invasion of Cuba, by a series of amphibious landings. To be sure, there were some bizarre touches. The force bivouacked in a racetrack, some men sleeping under the ten-dollar window. The Catholic Chaplain heard confession in the track’s darkroom. And when gallantly landing on the Florida beach, the soldiers would find themselves surrounded by tourists gawking at them, with gaudy motels in the background. But for a while at least, they were heroes: people smiled and girls responded, and it was a far cry from Killeen, long saturated with the military.



However, Cuban crises cannot be pulled out of a hat to maintain the morale of soldiers, and the problem of boredom and dissatisfaction persists, especially with the brighter young men. A high-ranking officer was quite direct about it: “I don’t see how we can take a young man of twenty-two—out of college or on a job—and expect him to be a private in the Army. For the first eight weeks or so, he’ll be worse than the Regular Army man. Then he’ll do well; he wants high Brownie points. In most cases, he won’t stay in, but he’ll probably be sentimental about his Army experience in time to come.”

Though the literacy requirement is steeper

for the Regular Army than for draftees, the educational level of draftees seems to be somewhat higher. (The First Armored Division averages 11.4 years of schooling.) And draftees (called U.S. as against R.A.) tend to be more efficient soldiers with a lower AWOL rate and less tendency to get into mischief. It is significant that it was the First Armored Division—84 per cent draftees—that was tagged for the Cuban invasion. Nevertheless, draftee dissatisfaction festers. With so many eligibles slipping through the net (even more so now with blanket deferment of married men), they are inclined to ask aggrievedly, Why me? It might make more sense to require every able-bodied young man to serve, if only for a year.

No Permanent Privates

At Fort Hood, the Army's answer, in addition to hard training, ranges from bread and circuses to religious retreats. (During the day-long retreat, training is suspended, and men attend lectures given by chaplains and participate in religious discussion and contemplation.) General Ralph E. Haines, until recently the commander of the First Armored Division, makes it a point to attend religious observations of all the faiths ("I can get pretty interdenominational on occasion") and talked about the religious retreat with a mixture of piety and personnel-man cunning: "The AWOL rate hits its lowest point during the retreat. I'm sure that aside from its religious significance, it paid off in dollars and cents."

There is also a long-range effort to professionalize the Army even further. "Our objective," General Haines stated, "is to get able inductees up to the grade of sergeant and then induce them to stay." There is more esteem attached to non-coms than during wartime and also more ceremony. They attend NCO school and have formal graduation exercises with their wives in attendance to cut the festive cake. As a corollary to this increased professionalization, there is no place for that time-honored character—the permanent private. If a soldier is not promoted, he may not reenlist. "We have nowhere to put them," General Haines explained; "no supernumerary squad or bugle squad or stable squad." Nevertheless, despite exhortations to reenlist ("It pays to stay; reenlist today"), only 6 per cent of the draftees choose to stay. "Too much harassment," a soldier explained.

General Haines is a vivid epitome of the New

Army and is regarded by many as a man very likely to succeed, indeed as a hot possibility for Chief of Staff within ten years. He seems to have the ingredients that the Army requires these days. Tall, lean, hard-muscled, he has an excellent combat record and has commanded troops in every grade, which is rare. But he seems as adroit in the executive suite as in the field, and he is, in addition, an excellent public speaker. (His talks to the division, called with mock reverence "sermons on the mount," I found, were very popular.) Frank, open, friendly, Haines offered crisp, sensible explanations for military phenomena that have baffled many observers. For the maddening hurry-up-and-wait compulsion of the Army, he offered this explanation: "Each command person gives himself a certain cushion of time in following an order, and when you go through the whole chain of command, the cushion builds up. It gets down to this: Being one minute late is infinitely worse than being two hours early." I was struck by the fact that having built up the First Armored Division to peak efficiency, he was now on his way to a high staff position. "The ability to switch organizational loyalties," he explained, "is characteristic of the professional soldier." About the harassment of enlisted men by officers, he said firmly: "The hazing of men—for that is what it amounts to—is clearly a failure of leadership."

General Haines persuasively combines traditional military virtues with a new urbanity and sophistication. The officers at Fort Hood, however, seemed a mixed bag. Among them were career men in since World War II, a sprinkling of West Pointers, reserve officers discharging their obligation, and a surprisingly large number of officers who had been recalled during the Korean War and just didn't have the energy or will to start civilian life all over again. Some, with a certain catholicity of spirit, had made the rounds in their time of the Army, Navy, and Marines and settled down wherever they could get a good deal. West Point officers do not constitute a dis-



tinct bloc. However, if their zeal gets out of hand, they are likely to be called "damned West Pointers" by other officers.

The Way They Walk

Physically, the officers looked good, the middle-aged ones particularly, who, unlike their civilian counterparts, take pride in a flat stomach and good wind. But all too often they had the tight circumspection of minor civil servants. They were fine at briefing a visitor in their own limited area, but talk to them about larger military or political issues and they were lost. Nowhere have I encountered young men so concerned about retirement. (Most of them will retire in their forties.) One morning, as we were waiting for the tanks to make a mock attack, a group of officers were standing in the genial sunshine discussing what they would do after retirement. "If you can make it in the Army, you can make it in civilian life," one officer remarked sententiously. "That's what I always say." His companions nodded their heads in solemn agreement.

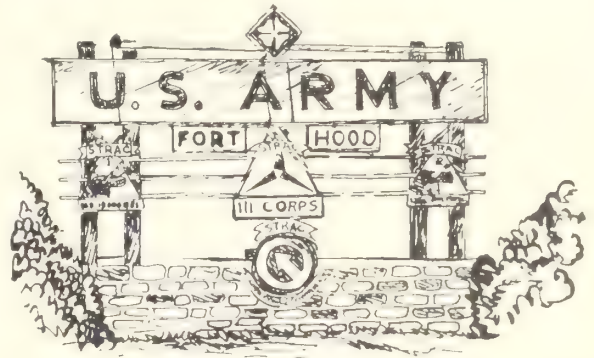
It was easy to tell who the real career officers were. "It's the way they walk and the way they smile," an enlisted man remarked. "They're real Frank Merriwells. The funny thing is that the men who make good officers are the guys I don't like."

Some are tough customers, nice to have on our side. "I love these things," a hard, leathery tank officer said patting the side of his vehicle. But if they are hardy centurions, they are also genial—hardly the warmongers of Soviet propaganda. In general, the officers struck me as decent people, their vision shuttered somewhat by their profession, but what profession is free of distortions?

There was one officer, a major with an excellent combat record, who embodied the contradictions of the American military class. He was a not unfamiliar mixture of decency and dangerous naïveté, toughness and sentimentality. He had left a Southwestern university just before World War II and stayed in the Army, later serving in the Korean War and being badly wounded. He had wanted to be a teacher, he confessed, but consoled himself with the thought that the Army is 90 per cent teaching anyway. However, he was sometimes distressed by the mission of the Army, which is ultimately destruction. Then the talk turned to his tours of duty, and it appeared that he had been for a time commandant of a military prison in Germany housing SS men awaiting

trial. "They were all right," the major said earnestly, "always doing physical training and keeping in shape. You want to know something? They were real nice fellows."

But the final absurdity was mine. I had returned to Fort Hood in quest of what I had left behind twenty years ago: the "hard" Army, the deprivations of an enlisted man, the very feel of those days. But all I found were poignant changes. North Camp Hood, where I had served as cadre, was now a ghost camp, stripped of its tar-paper barracks. (In the summer, National Guard units play soldier there.) And it was soon obvious that to most of the men I might as well have participated in the French and Indian War. I was no enlisted man to them, no secret sharer of their rage and resentment, but rather another middle-aging member of the Establishment that made the rules and pulled the inspections.



I was a coddled VIP now, which both pleased and disturbed me. There was one Chaplinesque moment when I arrived at the Dallas airport on my second visit, with the memory of my enlisted humiliations fresh in my mind. There waiting for me were a half-dozen officers and enlisted men, the crew of a huge helicopter sent to fetch me. When I spent a night in the field, still in pursuit of the austerities of two decades ago, I was provided with a cot—no hard ground for the visitor—and an aide-de-camp, a bright, articulate enlisted man.

The next day I ignominiously betrayed whatever enlisted man solidarity had survived this corrupting hospitality. We were watching a combat exercise, the enlisted man and I, when a colonel approached and announced that it was time for lunch. "Won't you join us?" he asked. "Sergeant," he said to my aide-de-camp, "you know where your mess is, don't you?" This was my chance to assert the old defiance which so often had gotten me "gigged" during my term of service. Alas, I muffed it. The enlisted shamefacedly went his way. Equally shamefaced, I walked to the officers' mess beside the colonel.

My Poetic Career in Vermont Politics



by William Jay Smith

When a poet sits in the Vermont State Legislature for a year, he sees and hears a lot of things—some of them wildly comic—which ordinary mortals usually miss.

When Robert Frost accepted the official designation of Poet Laureate of Vermont in 1961 at Stowe, he recited a quatrain written especially for the occasion:

*On Being Chosen Poet of Vermont**

Breathes there a bard who isn't moved
When he finds his verse is understood
And not entirely disapproved
By his country and his neighborhood?

*From *In the Clearing* by Robert Frost. Copyright © 1962 by Robert Frost. Reprinted by permission of Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.

Vermont is also my neighborhood although I have lived there only fifteen years to Mr. Frost's fifty. A joint resolution of the Vermont General Assembly early in 1961 stated that whereas Mr. Frost was well known as a poet and whereas he had made his home in Vermont for many years, he should be declared its official Poet Laureate. What the resolution did not say was that whereas he had received almost every literary award that a poet can receive in the world, just *barely* enough time had gone by for him to be duly recognized by Vermont. I personally have not been chosen Poet Laureate, but I was chosen as Representative from the town of Pownal to the Vermont House of Representatives. I am one of forty-six Democratic members of that body out of a total of 246. In the election of final officers of the 1961 session, I was elected Official Poet (there was no residence requirement, no opposition, and, I might add, no honorarium).

You may ask what a poet is doing in politics,

and I must say that I sometimes wonder myself.* Shortly after the election when I was in Seattle on a lecture tour, I was introduced at the University of Washington by my friend, the poet Léonie Adams. She said in her introduction that we have had poets in this country who have done a variety of other things besides write poetry. We have had a successful businessman, Wallace Stevens; we have had another, Dr. William Carlos Williams, a prominent physician; and now we have—and she paused—a poet who is also a politician. It sounded as if what she meant was: “Now at last we have a real *crook*.” I took her to task afterwards about this, saying that there had been many poets involved in one way or another in politics. William Butler Yeats, was, after all, a member of the Irish Senate. “Yes,” she said, “but that was in Ireland and that’s different.” And I said, “But this is in Vermont, and what makes you think that’s not different, too?”

How different it is I was soon to learn. I have no personal knowledge of other state legislatures. My observations are based solely on my experience in the Vermont General Assembly, but since I participated in the longest session—seven months—in the history of the state, I had ample time to observe what was going on, as well as what was not going on, and time to verify my conclusions. Legislatures, by their very nature, have a way of copying one another. Since Vermont has one of the largest legislatures anywhere in existence and since it has changed imperceptibly since the eighteenth century, a close look at it may throw some light on the legislative process in general, leading us on the one hand to marvel at the nature of democracy and on the other creating in us some serious concern about how we manage to govern ourselves at all.

A word about the make-up of the Vermont House of Representatives. According to the constitution, every town in the state has a representative; there are 246 towns and 246 representatives. To understand exactly what this means, one must realize that the total population of the state is 390,000, somewhat less than that of the city of Rochester, New York. When I went to Montpelier, I thought that coming from a

*I no longer do, since I have now withdrawn. This report on the Vermont legislature was written before the election last fall of Philip H. Hoff, my former seatmate in the House, as the first Democratic Governor in 109 years. Although I worked hard campaigning for the Governor, I did not run again myself. Even with this revolutionary change in the front office, the legislature has changed but little, and what I have to say of it here is just as true today.

town of some 1,500 people I would naturally be representing a small community. When I discovered that 60 per cent of the towns represented have populations of less than a thousand, I was aware that my constituency was not as meager as I thought. Next to me in the House sat Mr. Hoff, representing Burlington, Vermont’s only real city, with a population of 35,000. Behind us, and slightly to the right, sat Miss Eddy of Stratton, representing twenty-four people. Each of us, of course, had but one vote.

The League of Women Voters had recently conducted a statewide campaign to try to have legislation introduced to define what constitutes a town. The reaction to this campaign, which seemed to me in every way sensible, was on the part of the legislators one of supreme indifference; they could naturally not be interested in voting themselves out of office. This reaction was best summed up by the President Pro Tem of the Senate, Asa Bloomer of Rutland, who remarked that the ladies of the League, rather than interest themselves in the complications of legislation, would do better to stay at home, look after their children, and protect them from the onslaught of pornographic literature.

Remarkable for Wisdom

The 1961 session was remarkable in many ways: it was the longest, but also the youngest, in history. The average age of the members of the House was 59. Of 246 members over half, 132, were over sixty; 65 were between the ages of 50 and 60; 32 between the ages of 40 and 50; 15 between the ages of 30 and 40; 2 under the age of 30. The youngest member was the member from Shaftsbury, who was 24, affectionately known to many of his colleagues as Cornwallis because of the fact that he frequently appeared on the floor wearing a defiant red blazer. Since Vermont has a greater percentage of elderly people than almost any other state in the union, it is natural that the age of its legislators should be high. I do not wish in any way to attack the elderly: many of the young fogies, of which Cornwallis did not happen to be one, did more to prevent the enactment of sensible legislation than some of their older colleagues.

The constitution gives no age requirement for representatives; it says only that they shall be the persons in each town “most noted for wisdom and virtue.” (No such requirement exists for the Senate; apparently you can be a renegade and be elected Senator as long as you are over thirty.)

Since Vermont towns have always given the widest interpretation to the term "town" it is only natural perhaps that they should give an equally wide interpretation to the term "wisdom." If we are to believe the testimony of some legislators both past and present, wisdom has not always necessarily meant literacy. It has been said that in many of the small towns, the standard procedure over the years has been to take one of its older citizens who had been on town relief, buy him a suit of clothes, and send him up to Montpelier, where the state could look after him and keep him warm. Some of my fellow legislators swear that in the 1959 session there was one elderly gentleman who appeared daily wearing an antiquated sailor outfit until several members of the House decided that the dignity of the chamber required them to chip in and buy him a proper suit. The members of the 1961 session appeared on the whole particularly well groomed; and the added number of women legislators, more than there had ever been, may have had something to do with the fastidiousness of the male attire. I noted only one point of sartorial interest: Some of the gentlemen had a predilection for extremely broad and bright neckties that sometimes flashed across the room during debate with the full effulgence of diplomatic sashes.

I look up to my elders; and I found it often restful and reassuring to gaze out on the white and nodding heads that gave the chamber an appearance not unlike that of a wintry Vermont slope. There was only one moment when age impressed itself on me in a sudden and somewhat terrifying manner. One afternoon in the committee room upstairs in the State House, the education committee on which I served was meeting as it usually did from one until five o'clock. In the middle of the afternoon, the door was suddenly flung open and in stepped a man of great age; he had white hair that fell down to his shoulders, a wild and rolling eye; and he wore several layers of clothing of indeterminate age and dimension. He moved forward slowly into the room, leaning on a long and heavy wooden staff that reached above his head. Our chairman shouted at him and

asked him to identify himself. He said only that he came from Ryegate. The chairman said that we would not be getting to the problem of Ryegate that afternoon; would he care to return? He apparently heard nothing that was said, but sat down unconvinced, and waited. After ten minutes, he again rose, leaned on his staff, and he and the chairman went through the same exchange. This time he decided that he had had enough; he strode slowly back to the door, rested on his staff, and eyeing us wildly, lectured us for the next fifteen minutes on the causes of the Korean conflict. After his departure, we discovered that he had been for many years the member from the town of Ryegate, and that he had come over to Montpelier to be sure that there would be none of this new-fangled nonsense about a union or regional school in his bailiwick.

Early in the session I was impressed by the fact that not all the legislators present were aware of what was going on. At the opening of the session the newly elected speaker allows those members who have been reelected to take their same seats. Then he asks that the infirm, the lame, those who have difficulty with hearing and sight come into the chamber and occupy whichever seats they wish down in the well of the House. Those who are left remain outside until their names are picked from a hat. I had met and chatted with one of the members from the southern part of the state (which I soon discovered was always referred to in Montpelier as "The Banana Belt"). He and I had chosen two seats that we thought were reasonably accessible, and we planned to take them if they remained. We had both read that morning in the *Burlington Free Press* of a section of the chamber that is known as "Sleepy Hollow." Here some of the older members are supposed to have slept undisturbed for years. The *Free Press*, however, did not give the location or the composition of Sleepy Hollow; and naturally we were curious.

Our names were drawn for seats, and mine came up before that of my friend. When I went in, I was fortunate in being spotted by some of my Democratic colleagues, and hustled into the one remaining seat in a section to the right of the speaker that turned out to be the main Democratic pew. My friend was less successful; he took a seat up in the back in the central section of the House between two elderly members. He turned to one and then the other immediately and put the question that was on our minds: "Where is Sleepy Hollow?" Both of his seatmates answered: "Ain't never heard of it." When the seats had all been assigned and the Governor came in to make

William Jay Smith, who here recounts his career in Vermont politics, was born at Winnfield, Louisiana, next door to Huey Long. He is, on one side of his family, distantly related to Woodrow Wilson, and on the other, part Cherokee. The author of "Poems 1947-1957," "The Spectra Hoax," and other books, he is Poet in Residence at Williams College but actually resides over the border from it in Pownal, Vermont, with his wife, poet Barbara Howes, and two sons.

his inaugural address, my friend looked to the right and to the left and saw his companions snoring peacefully away, as they continued to do for the next seven months. He had settled down in the middle of Sleepy Hollow.

"I Will Say This"

Like many another novice in politics, I soon discovered that it is extremely important to know how to begin a speech. Conclusions are not so important because, if people know you at all, they probably know what you are going to say anyway; but it is important to startle them into attention. Certain openings have the approval of seasoned politicians. One is simply: "I will say this," followed by a long pause. If you open in this manner, you can go on to say absolutely anything because you have made it clear that you are a person of great importance and that you have something of great importance to say. You yourself may not be at all sure what is coming next, and in your heart of hearts you may be willing to admit that it is not very much; but in any case you have prepared your listener: "I will say this." This procedure, of course, came into prominence in the last Presidential campaign and was used by both candidates, although Mr. Nixon may at times have overworked it. It has filtered down to the local level.

Another opening is the self-abnegating one which, if properly used, can be completely disarming. In the Vermont House we often heard the classical beginning: "I haven't very much to say, but . . ." One of the prominent women members, a robust sandy-haired young lady, who was introduced to us early in the session by the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee as unaccountably the "raven-haired beauty of Waitsfield," has a political philosophy somewhat to the right of that of Mr. Welch of the John Birch Society. The member from Waitsfield—and, according to the rules, we refer to every member in this fashion, and never by his or her name—began a number of her speeches by saying: "I don't want to be a stinker, but . . ."

Another effective way of getting a point across is by saying two different things at once and saying them emphatically. One legislator, for example, frequently answered interrogation by: "Actually it is, and actually it isn't . . ." This tends to trap your hearer into a mood of total acquiescence and then you can get away with murder.

You can also make your point by not saying



In the section known as "Sleepy Hollow," some of the older members are supposed to have slept undisturbed for years.

anything at all, giving the impression that you know better than to open your mouth, or, if you do, that you are your own best listener. One day on the floor one member was interrogating another. A third member rose to request that the member answering the interrogation speak a little louder because he wasn't being heard. The Speaker pointed out that the member could not possibly speak any louder because he wasn't speaking at all. He was maintaining a respectful and awe-inspiring silence that suggested that he knew better than to be trapped into any answer. This reticence is in the tradition of Calvin Coolidge, who never used one word if he could convey his meaning with fewer; and there are many young Cal Coolidges—or "callow Coolidges," as one Montpelier reporter termed them—intent on perpetuating this tradition.

Mumbling, which is a middle ground, can also be effective. In this case, in reporting a bill you do not allow any words other than an occasional preposition to be heard, and this only to remind your listeners you are still talking. Occasionally some member will in exasperation, or just because he is tired of sitting, get up and request that you use the microphone. But the important thing to remember when you come down into the well of the House to use the mike is that you continue to mumble into it. The House will then

take to private conversation, correspondence, reading of newspapers, exchange of racing tips; and an hour later when the speaker puts the question to a vote, the members under the impression that they are voting for adjournment will all shout a resounding "Aye!"

Anyone who believes the myth that Vermonters are tight-lipped by nature would do well to attend a session of our General Assembly. The oratory is constant; it flows, to use a phrase of Cyril Connolly's, like a "steady stream of brackish water"; it even branches at times into clear and lucid pools. I myself have been eloquent on a number of occasions. I spoke with great fervor, for example, against the weakening of the union school law, against the publication of the names of people on relief rolls in towns, against the retention of the death penalty; I spoke equally fervently for reapportionment as voted by the Senate, for the abolition of the poll tax as a voting requirement, for the enactment of fair-employment-practices legislation. Something of the measure of my effectiveness as an orator is indicated by the fact that all the bills I spoke for were defeated and all those I opposed were passed. My only consolation lies in the fact that some of those I opposed, while passed in the House, were overwhelmingly defeated in the Senate.

For example, I was one of twenty-nine members who stood to oppose placing a bounty on coyotes. (The introducer of the bill confused everybody at first because he pronounced the name of the animal as *Kye-at*, leading some of us to suppose that he was referring to some kind of Alaskan boat.) My reasons for opposing the bill were simple: I could not see that we had much evidence that there are any coyotes in Vermont; and even if there are, there was no need to place a bounty on them since they would be shot anyway; and one could foresee the possibility of coyote ears being smuggled over the border from New York State; and the likelihood of the elimination of a good many dogs. When the twenty-nine of us stood up to oppose the bill, the rest of the House howled like coyotes; but in this instance we had the last howl when the bill went down to defeat in the Senate. The press on this particular occasion stated that Mr. Smith of Pownal had risen to speak in favor of the bill because he felt that the wolves in Vermont should be kept from our doors. What I had said was that I thought that Vermont—and it is rare indeed for anyone to refer simply to *Vermont*; it is always *the State of Vermont*—should concentrate on keeping the wolf from the door rather

than chasing nonexistent wolves in our woods. (One of the interesting aspects of political life for the writer is to see how his words and actions can be transformed by the press into pure fiction.)

My ability as an orator was such that frequently my friends, if they had a bill they especially wanted to get through, would come to me beforehand and plead with me *not* to speak in favor of it. I had been speaking so often that my Democratic seatmates threatened to hold me down by brute force. I agreed that I had perhaps been overdoing things. The next morning when we arrived in our seats there was spread out before us a detailed road map of the state. The reporter of the bill, which had to do with the construction of a section of highway, was an opponent of mine. He spoke for about half an hour explaining the measure in detail. At the conclusion of his speech, before my seatmates could grab me, I leaped to my feet. I could not resist pointing out that the number of the highway on the bill did not exist on the map. My remark brought a complete halt to the proceedings. The Speaker called the reporter to the rostrum, and after a lengthy conference, it was discovered that the bill, which had been studied in committee for well over a month and reported twice on the floor, was incorrectly worded; if we had passed it, we would have been voting money to improve a nonexistent highway. My seatmates decided after this that I did serve at least as a kind of corrective.

The Mystery of Political Metaphor

My oratorical ineffectiveness may be explained by the fact that I have not really mastered the political metaphor. I have been hampered, I find, by my feeling for poetic metaphor, which is an entirely different thing. An example of the type of political metaphor I have in mind I take from one of our Governor's addresses. "We must," he said, "either hang in suspension or move ahead." That seemed to me a very difficult and tenuous choice.

The following passage is taken from a few speeches delivered in the course of an hour. I have not dressed it up; it is verbatim. Most of it was spoken by a member known by the name given him by the President Pro Tem of the Senate—Diogenes. Diogenes was a tall imposing figure, a basso profundo, and when he spoke, the chamber shook to the deep rumble of his inan-

ities. Diogenes though had courage, and he sometimes came out with things that a man of less imagination would have shied away from. He once even dared use the word "socialism" without its attendant epithet of "creeping." Here is the passage from the debate; remember that it must be read with the proper bass and inflection: "Vermont farmers, let us not bury our head in the sand, and cut our throat. . . . This bill is a punch in the nose to every business on the Connecticut River. . . . We must stand on our own feet and paddle our own canoe. . . . The member from Glover has spoken the correct truth." The correct truth as opposed, of course, to the incorrect one. To appreciate the atmosphere that engenders such political metaphors, one must remember that the temperature of the Vermont House ranges in the winter months between eighty-five and one hundred degrees; there is never a shortage of hot air.

Plagued by all this prose over a seven-month period, I found it at times necessary and helpful to break into therapeutic verse. The first occasion arose when a bill had been introduced to make the Morgan horse the official state animal. This was a nonpartisan measure; members of both parties rushed to sign it and identify themselves to the folks back home as friends of the Morgan. When the bill was in the General Committee, various other animals were proposed—the porcupine, the goat, the catamount, the cow. But it was decided in the end that the Morgan horse was the most acceptable.

The cow has always been prominent in Vermont. There have always been more cows than people; and most of them vote, since our representation is, in effect, based on acreage. The towns were all laid out in neat geometrical six-square-mile areas; and as with old farms, the stone walls surrounding have remained, even though the population may have shifted. (The State Department of Agriculture has recently declared that there are now slightly more people than cows, but this unprecedented change may be due merely to the notorious discrepancies in the reports of the town listers.) The cow, in any event, was *out* for a number of reasons. For one thing, it already appears on the state seal, on which it is depicted in a field with a pine tree and mountains in the background. There has been a dispute for over a century as to which way the cow should face. It is usually shown moving toward some sheaves of grain. It was pointed out that it would be a moronic farmer who would put his cow out when harvesting his grain. This problem was solved for a while by

having the cow move in the opposite direction, away from the grain. But then that really did not seem satisfactory. So one artist put a river between the cow and the grain. Anyway, the cow was out, although when the House passed the bill and it went to the Senate, one Senator tried eloquently but unsuccessfully to promote the cow again.

It was reported on the floor that it was important for Vermont to claim the Morgan horse as its state animal immediately, because Massachusetts wanted it for its own. Mr. Morgan was from Springfield, Mass., but he had bred the Morgan in Vermont. Not mentioned was the fact that the University of Vermont owns a Morgan Horse Farm which has been losing money and that the designation of the animal was essential to the farm's survival. The reporter of the bill, the youngest member of the House, the twenty-four-year-old redcoat Cornwallis, suggested that I might comment on it before third reading. Vermont in 1960 voted by referendum to allow pari-mutuel betting in the state. (Previously it had been a little green island surrounded by race-tracks, but the attraction of green folding money proved too much even for Vermont integrity.) Cornwallis thought that since I came from a town that might have the first track in the state (as indeed it now has), I should speak on the subject of the Morgan horse—the little horse that Robert Frost has made famous in poetry—even though I personally had opposed pari-mutuel betting.

I agreed to speak, and on the third reading of the bill read:

A Minor Ode to the Morgan Horse

I may not incline
To the porcupine,
And I may be averse
To what is much worse:
The bear
That is rare,
The goat
That's remote,
The sheep, from which year after year
 you must remove the coat,
The catamount
That does not amount to that amount,
The cow
That somehow
We, as a human minority, cannot allow;
And although, as one of the Democratic minority
 I should, alas,
Far prefer the jackass,
I must—until a state animal can choose
 its own state—
Not hesitate
To vote, of course,
For the Morgan horse.

My ode was taken up by the Associated Press, and appeared in newspapers in various parts of the country; but unfortunately the teletype operator who transmitted it must have thought that every poem must end at the bottom of a page. In any case, when he came to the bottom of the page, he stopped—which meant stopping with the word “hesitate” and omitting the final lines, “To vote, of course/ For the Morgan horse.” The result was that friends of mine in Colorado wrote to inquire anxiously if Vermont reticence had begun to affect me mentally, since it did seem strange that I should compose an ode to a horse without even an indirect reference to that animal.

I wrote poems on other occasions as well: On St. Patrick’s Day I answered in skeltonics a challenge from the Irish of the Senate, composed by Senator Lefevre and addressed to the Irish in the House. Not all my pieces were read on the floor; some during the long debates made the rounds of the Chamber in the hands of the nine- and ten-year-old page boys, whose lightning efficiency made it possible to carry on conversations and to coordinate the threads of debate in a way that no telephone operators could possibly have facilitated. The page boys are remarkably alert and quick; some of them slow down later, however, when they grow up and become Governors and legislators.

There was no end of doggerel—odes, lyrics, limericks—that got written by many hands during the session and recited in the corridors of the statehouse or in the private sanctuaries of smoke-filled hotel rooms. But none of Montpelier’s versifiers ever equaled the Governor (F. Ray Keyser, Jr.) when, at the New England Music Festival at Rutland, he recited a short poem of his own devising. The *Rutland Herald* at the time commented: “Opinion in Rutland was that it is Calliope (the muse of epic poetry and eloquence) with whom Gov. Keyser consulted. His poem bore no title, although members of the audience had several private suggestions, ranging from ‘Textile Tango’ to ‘Ode for Insomnia.’” The poem went:

These two clean sheets
Between I lie
Have come from unknown lands
From unknown hands.
And somewhere they were spun
By the engine’s silent hum.
It feels so good to sleep—
Thanks for a world, and two clean sheets.

Such a clear and clean example of poetic abandon, if not poetic license, could not go unanswered by His Excellency’s loyal opposition. I composed a

shorter version of “Textile Tango” with the subtitle “On Being Chosen”:

These two clean sheets
Between I lie;
They elected me their Governor—Why?
They elected me their Governor—Why?

Our Benevolent Aristocracy

Vermont suffers from what I would call “Big House psychology.” This is something familiar in the South. Many Southerners grow up thinking that there is a big house somewhere in the family, to which they can later return; people will be there to look after them; they will be taken care of. As the years go by, however, and they grow more mature, they realize that if any such house existed it has diminished in size. They may even be willing to admit that it never really existed at all.

Some such thinking surely characterizes Vermont, for it is living up to an image of itself that is largely false. Vermont is a small, poor state. (*Business Week* reported recently that it has the second-lowest personal income rate in the country; only Alaska’s is lower. It should be remembered also that Vermont has the third-highest tax rate per capita of any state.) It is poor, but it has illusions of grandeur. How else explain how we can afford, how we can tolerate, some of the things we do? How else explain our House of Representatives except by “Big House psychology”? Larger and richer states have long ago made some attempt to reapportion their houses; but still we allow the state to be run by our small towns. What we have in Vermont is not just the struggle between rural and urban populations. What we have is not a rural dictatorship, but a rural aristocracy. Being in the Vermont House was for me like a journey back into the eighteenth century, when one had to own land to vote. Our representation is, in essence, based not on population but on acreage. The Vermont House is our House of Lords. Ours is a benevolent aristocracy; our small towns tell us they will be perfectly happy as long as their way is paid. They dislike any state control, but as long as they control the state and the state pays most of the bills (and those bills are, of course, paid by those other acres on which there are at least as many people as cows), they will be happy; that is, as long as they are taken care of and do not have to face reality.

A Vermont legislator is paid during the session \$70 a week; in addition, he is reimbursed for

one round trip to Montpelier, and for another round trip home for Town Meeting in March. For anyone who had to go 135 miles up and back every week—and there were a number of us who did—this was not enough even to cover our basic expenses. The 1961 session voted not to raise its own pay (that would look bad to the folks back home), but it also voted not to raise the pay of the next session. What is feared naturally is that if the pay is raised even slightly, legislators might be attracted to the office who could not afford this leisurely pace; and the Big House might have to go. What is feared also, on the other hand, is that if any real effort is made to decrease the length of the session, the same type of legislator might be voted in and he would immediately raise his pay, thereby becoming a professional and thus endangering the cherished amateur standing of the rural aristocrat.

Everything in Vermont government is the reverse of what one would normally expect: our Senate is our representational body—our House of Commons; it was added in 1836 for the purpose of eliminating the inequities already present in the lower chamber. The Senate consists of thirty members elected from the counties according to population, and the constitution guarantees each county at least one; it is to be reapportioned every ten years on the basis of each new census. It was not, however, reapportioned ten years ago and it was not reapportioned this time. The Senate did vote to reapportion itself, but the House refused to concur. The basic reason for this was that it would have added two Senators to Chittenden County which includes the city of Burlington, and is strongly Democratic.

Happy Hooligan Bills

The Senate is our liberal body, and it is amazing how much sensible legislation it has been able to get through over the years; but I could give examples of a few zany items that it tried to pass this time. The Senate functions in accordance with the principles of democracy; the people elect the Senators and they get the kind of legislation they ask for. I think of the Vermont General Assembly as an iceberg with the one-eighth representational part, the Senate, represented in full view; the seven-eighths, the nonrepresentational House, hidden lethally below the surface. Or I think of it as resembling, to use a lighter image, one of those Happy Hooligan dolls that we used to have as children, with a

weighted base so that the body when you touched it would fall away and then spring back into position, always giving the sense of getting nowhere fast.

I have given some examples of the Happy Hooligan type of legislation that kept us so long in session. Of deer-damage bills there seemed to be no end. On the question of whether or not to allow fishing by single line through the ice at Dog Pond I had no opinion, nor on the regulation of muskrat in Addison County. Fortunately I didn't have to in the end because, to its great credit, the 1961 session decided finally to turn over these questions to the Fish and Game Commission with the passage of the Omnibus Fish and Game Bill, a measure that had first been introduced over a decade ago.

We did, however, have the problem of the gores; specifically, Avery's Gore and Buel's Gore. When Vermont towns were surveyed and laid out in their six-square-mile segments, naturally because of the curvature of the earth sometimes little leftover parcels of land remained where the rectangles met. This is just as in dress-making when a little triangular piece of cloth, a gore, is left in cutting. Vermont has a number of gores, and nobody has been able to decide what to do about them. Almost nobody lives in them, they're not worth anything, but they're there, and you don't want to upset what's there. One woman legislator pointed out that her county had a great many gores, and she felt that they were a wonderful tourist attraction, simply because they didn't exist anywhere else. Gores, in any case, are certainly bores. We had Avery's Gore. The problem there was whether Avery's Gore should be annexed to the town of Montgomery or to the town of Bakersfield. The debate was unending. At one point, one of my fellow legislators was tempted to rise and move that the towns of Montgomery, Bakersfield, Enosburg, and Belvidere, all contiguous to the gore, be annexed to Avery's Gore. But he knew better than to attempt such consolidation.

We also had, as many sessions before us have had, the ban on the nonreturnable beer bottle. I thought that I was equipped to understand English, but during the debate on this question—and it was the longest of the seven-month period—I was not always sure. The nonreturnable beer bottle is a beer bottle that you cannot return; so what do you do with it? You throw it away. And where do you throw it? You throw it on a Vermont hillside; and what happens to it then? It is eaten by a cow. We were treated in public hearings to endless photographs of cow's



"These two clean sheets between I lie . . ."

testines, showing how the creatures did not particularly relish this diet of brown beer glass. We were also given interminable statistics on the number of tractor tires slashed by this lethal sweep of glass over the green hills. The effect of listening to all this is that one trembles even to contemplate holding a glass in one's hand, much less pouring anything into it. And this is just the effect desired by the sponsors of the bill, which always passes the House and then is defeated by the Senate. This is a measure directed against the makers and sellers of beer, a Prohibitionist bill backed by the Farm Bureau. We have few outside lobbies in Montpelier; they're all built right into the legislature.

One final example of Happy Hooliganism, House Bill 388, provided that no motor vehicle registered in Vermont, manufactured or assembled after January 1, 1962, could operate on the highways unless equipped with these safety devices:

(1) A convex front bumper extending six inches beyond the most forward part of the body mounted with a spring recoil mechanism on two parallel four-inch tubular steel frames, all capable of withstanding a fifteen-ton impact.

(2) A concave rear bumper extending six inches beyond the rearmost part of the body mounted with a spring recoil mechanism on two parallel four-inch tubular steel frames, all capable of withstanding a fifteen-ton impact.

(3) A three-inch tubular steel side bumper mounted in the area of the rocker panel on each side of the vehicle running the full length of the rocker panel and to within ten inches of the first rear wheels on any truck. Such bumper to be mounted in a manner so as to be capable of withstanding a fifteen-ton impact.

(4) The bumpers provided for in subdivision (1), (2), and (3) shall be mounted seventeen inches from center of bumper to road surface under normal operating load conditions.

(5) The front and rear bumpers shall have eight-inch-wide convex and concave surfaces.

(6) Hinged front seat backs triggered for quick foot release enabling safer impact against other vehicles, trees, utility poles, rocks, abutments, etc.

(7) All such equipment to be subject to the approval of the commissioner of motor vehicles.

The bill further provided that railroad locomotives could not operate in this state after January 1, 1962, unless the lead locomotive "is equipped with a car pickup wedge of such design as may be required by the commissioner of public service," and that the commissioner "shall take into consideration the design of side bumpers as required by Section 1 of this title, the size and design of motor vehicles most apt to come in contact with the wedge, and the impact forces most likely resulting from contact."

It is not difficult to understand why this was known as the Rubber Baby Buggy Bumper Bill, and why the Irish poet Padraic Colum, to whom I showed it, said he thought it a document that would have delighted his friend James Joyce. Nor is it difficult to understand furthermore why the bill was killed in committee (the Governor was, after all, trying to attract industry to the state, and this was clearly not the way to do it), and finally why we felt that we could, in the end, dispense with the mock session, which had always been the customary terminal frivolity.

A poet must always begin with the particular, and I have tried to give the look and feel of what it is like to be on the inside, in even a small way, of the Vermont lawmaking process. Katherine Anne Porter remarked some years ago that she had no doubt whatever that man would get to the moon, and that he probably would get there before he devised an adequate garbage-disposal system for the city of New York. Colonel Glenn and his associates may well be looking down on us before Vermont has amended its governmental ways. And yet since most of what I have described took place, reapportionment has in part occurred (thanks to the State Supreme Court, which now has before it a suit questioning the reapportionment of the House as well as the Senate), and there are signs of hope. Avery's Gore and the nonreturnable beer bottle may yet return, but perhaps a few more years of debate will uncover a solution.

An African Student in Red China

by Emmanuel John Hevi

A young idealist from Ghana discovers the disillusioning truth about Peking's medical schools, plumbing, segregation, and campus life.

My first contact with the People's Republic of China took place when the poorly heated and poorly pressurized Ilyushin plane which took us from Rangoon via Mandalay touched down in the provincial capital, Kunming. We arrived at about three o'clock on November 27, 1960. We had departed from Accra, Ghana, seven days earlier, three student companions and I, and were received at Kunming airport by two broadly smiling Chinese comrades, one representing the All-China Federation of Trade Unions, which had granted us scholarships, and the other representing the Chinese Tourist Agency.

The following day we continued our journey by the same plane to Peking, capital of the People's Republic of China. Here also there was a reception committee awaiting us, this time a very imposing affair consisting of high officials of the All-China Federation of Labor, and the dean of the Foreign Students' Department, and other staff of the Institute of Foreign Languages, together with an interpreter. We were received with all the outward signs of cordiality. After very casual immigration and customs formalities, we were taken, with hugs, handshakes, and backslaps, to a sumptuous banquet in the airport's restaurant. There were many speeches and toasts

to the eternal friendship of the African and the Chinese peoples.

The banquet over, we boarded an ancient and rickety bus. The drive to the Institute seemed to last an eternity. Despite our woolen clothes, we found the weather bitterly cold, and to us who had lived all our lives around the Equator it was veritable torture to be suddenly transplanted into that piercingly cold climate.

That first night, I lay awake a long time, turning over memories of the events that led me to China, of my wife and family, my parents and relatives, of all the friends I had left behind me thousands of miles away. And I thought of the seven years of hard work that lay ahead before I could qualify as a doctor. The warmth of the greeting we had received from the Chinese also held my attention for a long time that night; I noticed then and subsequently how especially cordial was the welcome given to students, like myself, from Ghana. At first, this pleased and impressed me. It was only later that I came to realize that there were special reasons for this special welcome given to Ghanaians, and that the Chinese reserve their most cordial greetings for people whose countries are known, or are expected, to be traveling along the same road as China—to communism.

As time went on, I became more and more uneasy at this singling out of the Ghanaian students for special consideration by the Chinese.

Life on a Chinese campus has some rather striking characteristics, the main one being that students are expected to live like Spartans. In the

Institute of Foreign Languages, overseas students lived separately from the Chinese, so foreigners did not really have a proper opportunity to learn about the life of Chinese students. It was only when I entered the Medical College that I got to know about university life in China. What I saw came as a pretty sharp shock.

Eight Chinese students occupy a room ten by twelve feet in size, sleeping in tiered bunks. Their personal belongings—boxes, bags, books, and clothing—are stacked higgledy-piggledy in any available corner. For lack of space, there are no tables, no chairs, no bookshelves. Students have to study in the lecture halls. The room has one door and one window. In winter, the window is sealed shut with wedges of newspaper; the door is always kept closed because of the cold. With eight people, those rooms get very stuffy! Each accommodation block has three floors; each floor, containing nearly 150 students, has one washroom and a lavatory with five cubicles. In some of the cubicles, the water system is permanently out of order. The result is rather hideous. On the floor where I lived (in Block 5-2, which was mainly occupied by foreign students: Nepalese, Indonesians, Albanians, Vietnamese, and myself, the lone African in the Peking Medical College) every student swept his own room and left the rubbish in the corridor. On Sundays when the comrade charwoman had her day off, the corridor got bestrewn with rubbish. I forbear to repeat the caustic comments of Sunday visitors, many of them diplomats; the best that can be said is that the living quarters of the Chinese students were a good deal more squalid.

The lecture halls were swept once a week, on Saturday afternoons. It is not easy to describe the squalor of those halls by Friday afternoon and Saturday morning. In winter, many of the students catch cold. Phlegm and sputum are spat on the floor indiscriminately during lectures. Offenders are never rebuked. Everybody seems to regard spitting as normal. There are about 5,000 students in the college (though the number may have increased since I was there), and all eat in

one dining hall, which also does duty as assembly hall, theatre, and indoor games room. Lecturers who are not Party members also eat here.

The teaching staff are a little better accommodated. Three or four bachelor professors and lecturers share a room. They sleep on camp beds and their room may have one or two small tables with matching chairs. There is not much else by way of amenities and certainly nothing which could be regarded as approaching comfort. The relationship between students and tutors is the closest thing to social equality I saw in socialist China. But the officials running educational institutions, Party members with hardly any exception, stand outside this relationship.

The whole college has only one bathhouse, which serves professors, technical assistants, and students alike. The bathhouse is divided into two compartments: a small section with six bathtubs for members of the staff, and a larger compartment containing twenty-six showers for the 5,000 students. The same bathhouse serves men and women alike, so an arrangement is worked out to avoid embarrassing clashes. On one day, men bathe between midday and two o'clock; women between five and seven-thirty in the evening. The following day the order is reversed: women in the afternoon, men in the evening. The college has about as many women as men. The mind boggles at the thought of what would happen if all 2,500 men decided to have their bath on the same day. Each person would have seventy-two seconds to undress, bathe, dry, dress, and get out. Many foreign students found the hygiene in this bathhouse so unimpressive that they refused to bathe there, preferring to go quite long distances to their respective embassies.

Do you think I'm being unduly critical? Well, of course it would be foolish to expect elaborate amenities in the universities of a country which is struggling to raise itself from the dust of backwardness. A life of austerity is concomitant with that struggle. And in China, which for centuries has known huge mass populations, overcrowding has to be accepted as a norm of life. Through long experience, the Chinese can adapt themselves to conditions which would daunt people of other countries. But the conditions I met with could easily have been remedied by a government more concerned with the welfare of its people and less with expenditure on aid to communist guerrillas in other countries and on military preparations for dominating and annexing weaker neighbors.

A Chinese girl student once said, quite bluntly, that Africa is universally known as the most

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backward continent on earth. I come from this "primitive backwater," and so far as accommodation for higher as well as lower institutions of learning is concerned, and in what relates to personal and general hygiene and the treatment of students as human beings, it is we Africans who must civilize the Chinese, not vice versa.

Lenin the Fountainhead

It is at the college and university level that Chinese students are formally introduced to Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Mao Tse-tung. Every student, no matter what course he is taking, has to attend four or five hours of compulsory political lectures each week. Students who get consistently low marks in political studies run the risk, no matter how good they are at their specialty, of expulsion to the collective farms. On the other hand, students who shine in the political course, however dim and backward in their formal studies, can be assured of high favor with their superiors.

School textbooks, and every other kind of book for that matter, all go through the censor's mill. All the textbooks have been rewritten to give them a Marxist bias. It is the same with fiction; everything an author writes must reflect the Party's attitude. If a writer is so foolhardy as to express opinions which run counter to what the Party says in any matter, two results will follow for certain: the book will never be published, of course; and the author will end up doing several years in labor and "political re-education" camps. If he is lucky enough to get out of these alive, and still wants to continue as a writer, then what you will get from him will be books praising the Chinese Communist Party to high heaven.

The thing goes so far that any new book you open seems to have the same theme as the one you have just closed. This is why I find it hard to work up much interest in novels published in mainland China.

There was a time when I went in for buying large numbers of little illustrated books: the sort of thing which in Africa or other parts of the world would be called comic books; only in China they cannot be called such because they contain no humor at all. They are simply bursting with politics, hidden or overt. One of these little books was telling me of a former soldier in the Liberation Army who after demobilization became a ragpicker for one of the state textile factories. This man, the little book said, was so expert in domestic economy that he made his shirt (he had

only one) last him ten solid years. The little book did not specify what material that shirt was made of, but I'll bet it must have been made of chain mail.

The fact is, of course, that clothing materials had become scarce and the people could not get any more than two feet of cloth per person per annum. So the Party adopted this method of conveying to them the sad fact that they had better make their shirts last longer, for they were not likely to get another one in the foreseeable future.

I remember the day my class in the Institute of Foreign Languages was issued copies of a new textbook for chemistry. The first chapter gave the definition of matter. It began: "Lenin said . . .," and there then followed something that Comrade Lenin considered to be the correct definition of matter. But this definition conflicted so violently with everything I had learned before that I promptly raised the point with the instructor. She explained to me very patiently that what our class was expected to do was to master some technical terms; we were not to worry about Lenin's definition of matter. And so I stopped worrying. But millions of high-school students all over China have really got something to worry about; that book is their foundation textbook in chemistry. Now, of course, Lenin is a very important political thinker. But did you know he was also a great physicist and chemist? You didn't? Well, the Chinese Communist Party says he is, and the Party must be right whatever the rest of the world says!

Chinese universities and colleges very rightly pay great attention to the natural sciences, medicine, agricultural science, and technology. These are particularly important to China in her efforts at socialist reconstruction. They concentrate on these studies. Any subject not directly connected with industrialization or food production is considered "useless." So if you are aiming at going to China to study economics, anthropology, sociology, or any of the liberal arts, you had better think again; for either these things are not catered to in Chinese education or they are narrowly treated from a doctrinaire Marxist viewpoint. The study of history is limited to the history of the Chinese Communist Party, while studies in politics won't take you further than Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Mao Tse-tung.

In just the same way as books are controlled, professors are subject to control in what they teach. I came across a striking example of this in the Peking Medical College. Our biology professor was lecturing to us on metabolism. There was every indication that she was an expert in

her subject (she had studied, I believe, in the United States before China's "liberation"). Yet she told us that, because proteins, fats, and carbohydrates are interconvertible during human metabolic processes, the people of China do not suffer any nutritional loss in consequence of their diet's deficiency in fats and proteins. This is as much as to say that all the advice doctors and experts in nutrition give us about the importance of mixed diets to our health is just flat nonsense. I did not blame her then, nor do I blame her now. She was not telling us what she knew to be a fact, but rather what she had been ordered to tell us as a political necessity. It's not surprising she could not look us in the face as she was telling us this tripe nor make what she said sound convincing.

All this is easily understood by those who know something of the situation in China. Faced with a super-acute shortage of protein foods (meat, eggs, milk) and fats, the Party declares that these things are no longer real necessities, but are luxuries which the Chinese people can well do without. The people accordingly must be persuaded to accept an all-carbohydrate and nutritionally useless roughage diet until an improvement in the food situation occurs.

This lecture on metabolism was one of the foundation stones on which I was expected to build my medical studies. Chinese doctors are safe from ridicule in their own country because everyone is taught to accept the same standard lie. But I should be hooted at with contempt if I voiced such an idea outside China. This distortion of what I knew to be scientific fact cropped up within my first days at the Medical School. I began to wonder how many more lay ahead and what use my studies there were going to be to me in the profession I wanted to follow.

The Seeds of Disillusion

One of several incidents that did much to shake my confidence in the teachers and the college happened when I went for the first time to the organic chemistry laboratory. That afternoon we were conducting an experiment to determine the melting point of some organic chemical.

Before we started, I had an argument with my partner about how the apparatus should be fixed for checking the accuracy of the thermometer. He stoutly maintained that, since we were taking the temperature of water, the bulb of the thermometer should be immersed in the boiling water. That, of course, would have been correct enough

if only approximate results were required. But we were supposed to be checking the scientific accuracy of our thermometer, and any factor which could give rise to an erroneous reading had to be carefully eliminated. The water we were using was ordinary tap water containing dissolved chemical impurities and our flask still had irremovable deposits in it from previous experiments. So I argued that the best method (as every student of elementary chemistry knows) was to keep the thermometer bulb well above the water, in the stream of escaping steam. He didn't look convinced, but he reluctantly allowed me to arrange the apparatus my own way. Shortly after, the supervising laboratory technician came round, took one look at our setup and told me the arrangement of my apparatus was dead wrong. I tried to explain, but she took the same line as my partner: the bulb must be immersed in the water. I was the only foreign student among all the Chinese in that laboratory group, and, as my Chinese was rather inadequate for scientific argument, I gave up.

But as soon as the class ended, I dashed to my room and feverishly examined four chemistry textbooks printed in English. All four books showed I was right. I took them straight to my Chinese laboratory partner in the experiment and showed him the authorities for my case. Would he do the same for his? He couldn't.

A fortnight later, another organic chemistry experimentation class came round. The technical instructor who had made the mistake was no longer there. I never saw her again till I left the college. There was another experiment on melting point that day. Her replacement took care to explain to us the right way to fix the thermometer and why. Everything she said was a repetition of the arguments I had previously put forward. I didn't expect apology or explanation, and none was offered.

By itself, this incident may not be of much consequence, and I do not cite it to boast a petty triumph. I refer to it because it was one of the links in the chain of events which eventually sent me packing home. Professors and technical instructors were people whose authority I had been taught to respect. Yet early on in my studies, I had been required to swallow statements that had no basis in scientific fact. If in such elementary things I had come across mistakes and deception, what was I to expect when it came to higher things about which I had no previous knowledge or easy means of checking? Would the medicine taught me by the Chinese be acceptable back home where I was to practice?

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The Chinese delight in saying that such and such a good thing was done "under the leadership of the Party." It is for the same reason that train crews, hospital staff, and the personnel of every conceivable institution have to be under the control of Party representatives. I remember reading in one of my language textbooks of a steelworker in Shanghai who was severely burned in an accident at work. As they rushed him to the hospital, he kept calling out in his coma: "I want to live, I want to live. Steel needs me, steel needs me." This sounded a bit improbable to me, but that was what the textbook said. While the patient waited, the Party's agent attached to the hospital thought it necessary first to call a meeting of all the doctors and staff. He gave them a long harangue which in substance amounted to this: under the leadership of the Party, this man has to be saved at all costs. The doctors were finally released from the meeting and went into action. After a series of operations, skin grafts, and blood transfusions and many months of anxiety, the man's life was saved.

In the opinion of some foreign doctors, the Chinese did a really brilliant job. The lesson we were to draw from this story was that in socialist countries doctors give disinterested service to their patients, whereas in capitalist countries they are only interested in money, and that without the Party's leadership the man's life would never have been saved. But I somehow doubt if a man's life can be saved, however inspiring the "leadership of the Party," if the doctor in the first place does not have the know-how. And I certainly question the wisdom of leaving a patient to await treatment to enable his doctors to listen to a long harangue from an official of the Party.

The medical course in the China I know leaves much to be desired. It is entirely wrong to judge Chinese doctors by the brilliant performances of a few of their number, such as in the case of the burned steelworker. Many of the old hands, trained in Japan, the United States, France, and other countries may be as good as doctors anywhere else in the world. The new crop of communist doctors, however, appears to be wanting in much. The incompetence of Chinese doctors was always a regular topic of discussion among foreign students. Most of us had had our individual experiences and no one ever appeared impressed by their performance. I knew a foreign student, a girl who was so seriously ill that we all feared for her, but who obstinately refused to go to the hospital. Because drugs were in rather

short supply, doctors gave the patient "*á-si-pí-li-ní*," alias aspirin, for almost every ailment. That girl did not care for more aspirin. Another girl who had lain in a solitary bed in the Third Medical Hospital (attached to my college) for several weeks, simply walked out on her doctors and into the full blast of Peking winter—in her pajamas. Rather a silly thing to do, but I am not sure I wouldn't have done the same thing under the circumstances.

How Qualified a Doctor?

Added to my growing concern over the quality of the instruction at the Peking Medical School was a certain uneasiness over the fact that Chinese universities do not grant degrees, only diplomas. The absence of degrees in China was one of the main grievances of the first batch of twelve African students who left China for home toward the end of 1960. I found this question loomed large in the complaints of the only Rhodesian student who arrived a year later to study medicine. The look of the Medical College did not inspire much confidence in him, and when he learned that he would not be awarded a degree at the end of his studies, he decided he was wasting his time in China, for without a degree there was little chance of his obtaining recognition at home as a qualified doctor. This is the case in most African countries. We may be rightly skeptical about paper qualifications, but how far can we afford to disregard the usages of the community in which we hope to live and work?

It is not easy for me to say whether the abolition of degrees is just a measure aimed at doing away with fancy academic titles and thus promoting greater social equality. The official explanation is that the non-award of degrees "is in consonance with the socialist educational policy of China."

I got an unofficial—and more convincing—explanation from a student friend in Peking. According to him, communist students in the early days of the regime were so busy watching over the socialist consciousness of their non-communist fellows that they had little time left for attending formal academic studies. The result was that the non-communist students, who asked only to be left alone with their studies, began to beat their communist comrades in examinations to such an extent as to alarm the Party. To prevent "loss of face," diplomas were substituted for degrees. As qualification for diplomas, the student's level of socialist consciousness is con-

ered even more important than his scholastic achievement. If, as it seemed after my first weeks in the college, it was questionable whether my training would match that of doctors trained in other countries, what then would be my fate on returning home? After seven years of grueling study, what if I were to arrive back in Ghana only to find that the government which gave a verbal promise to take me into its service on the strength of a diploma only had changed its policy in favor of medical graduates with degrees recognized by the world of medicine? As I pursued my studies in Peking, these anxieties were increased. They were not allayed by my ordinary day-to-day experiences as a student.

Toeing the Line for Fun

Chinese campuses do not have the multitude of different clubs and societies that enliven university life elsewhere. During my first weeks in the Language Institute, life was so unbearably dull that I asked the dean of the Foreign Students' Department to introduce us to some clubs we could join. He replied that we must wait until we knew Chinese. But when I had learned the language, I didn't trouble the dean with this question a second time; I had by then discovered that there were no student societies other than the Communist Youth League.

The two favorite sports in China are table tennis and basketball, but in many cases the basketball courts have been taken over for cultivation. Hunger has driven the students to convert almost all their playing fields into vegetable gardens. At no time during my stay in the country did I see or hear of intercollegiate sports competitions of any sort, and certainly I detected none of that friendly intercampus rivalry which puts so much healthy pep into college life. The students were obviously too busy growing cabbages to think of such frivolities.

Paradoxically, for all the emphasis on collective acting and thinking, I never got the impression of belonging to a corporate life. Even without sports activities or degree-giving assemblies, one would have thought there would have been occasions when the university gathered as a body to do something interesting, academically or socially. But the Chinese don't waste their time on convocation ceremonies. What comes closest is the assembly of a whole teaching institution on New Year's Eve. I was present at the one held in the Language Institute in 1961. The president mounted the platform in the hall that

does service also as dining and lecture hall, and amidst loud applause began his speech. It was what you would have expected from any run-of-the-mill Party secretary. He churned out all the stock statements of the Party. He told us that the East wind was prevailing over the West wind and how happy the Chinese people were under the leadership of the Party and all about the Great Leap Forward. We'd all heard this sort of thing time and time again. In a speech from the head of your college, you look for something relevant to your life as a student, something to set your brain working. But not if you are at a Chinese university. This president of ours, like his colleagues in other teaching institutions, was just a stalwart of the Party who had been rewarded with a job. He just stood there shouting: "Long live the people's communes!" The Party at that time had not officially condemned the commune idea, and I suppose that if he had dared to wish anything other than long life to the communes, he would have been reduced to the status of a peasant in one of them. He had to toe the Party line in order to retain his post as a fifteen-kilograms-of-meat-a-month president of a college.

Throughout our life in China there was a constant dearth of normal diversion and entertainment. Film shows were an important item of recreation during the earlier part of our sojourn. The films were usually either about their revolution or about the Korean War. The revolutionary films have an exasperating habit of ending on the same theme: while a gallant revolutionary hero lies wounded and dying, surrounded by anxious comrades, a young zealot comes running across the screen waving a voluminous red flag signifying the victory of the revolution. In China I never once saw a science-fiction film or any film that stirred your imagination.

Dance parties were held on the campuses, but these were rather peculiar affairs. In the beginning, music used to be provided by a Chinese student band. But it made no attempt whatever at real dance music. Chinese bands have three standard songs (one of them is "Socialism Is Good") they play over and over again till you are ready to burst your spleen in sheer boredom. In a year I never heard anything like a new hit. But what really knocked all interest out of their dances for us was that things began to grow rather awkward when an African boy danced with a Chinese girl. Immediately after you left the girl, some tutor or a Youth League activist was sure to go running to her to scrutinize her about the subject of your conversation during the dance. The girl was duty bound as a good social-

ist to confess as requested or else suffer the penalty of being "criticized."

There was another kind of "entertainment" we tried but with no marked success. This consisted in just making friends. During our early days many Chinese students, mainly boys, approached us with intent to make friends. We accepted them readily, but we gradually learned that these "friends" were people set upon us by the authorities to report on almost everything we did. They reported on the books we read, the people we met, the usual topics of our conversation, and every other matter that could help the authorities to determine our level of socialist consciousness. We grew very resentful when we made the discovery about the informers, particularly as students who had no specific instructions to spy on us were strictly warned against associating with us.

Sino-African relations were in no way improved by the fact that such girl friends as we were able to make were packed off to prison or to commune farms for hard labor almost as fast as we made them, their only crime being that they dared to make friends with Africans, contrary to the Party's orders.

Too Painful a Price

The Chinese have so long posed as defenders of the African and the persecuted races that it must really come as a shock to many people to hear that racial discrimination is practiced in China. Chinese racial discrimination is not of the kind that springs spontaneously from the people. It is a deliberate attempt by the Communist Party to assert and to make the African accept once and for all the idea of the superiority of Yellow over Black. But we made them understand in very unequivocal terms that we were not prepared to add the burden of Yellow superiority to that of White superiority under which we and our forebears have been groaning for more years than we cared to count.

Among our woes "manufactured" directly or indirectly by the Party, was the people's hostility toward us. Foreign students were many times better off than the Chinese students, workers, and peasants. We never did a thing to merit this privileged treatment. We understood all too clearly that the Chinese Communists only sought to ingratiate themselves with us and thus make us more pliable for pro-communist molding. Who would blame a Chinese worker for being hostile to African students when he who toils to contribute to their scholarship funds is left half-starv-

ing on evil-smelling cabbage while the foreigners can eat good food in almost unlimited quantities? Or when he is made to drink and smoke the worst concoctions and clothe himself in the poorest garments while the foreigners imported by the Party can have the best in the land? And how could Chinese students be expected to put up easily with the fact of being packed eight to a room with a monthly allowance of 10 yuan while foreigners in the same institution lived one or two in a room and had 100 yuan each per month? Could Chinese tutors put up kindly with the idea of being paid 40 yuan monthly, not even half as much as their foreign students got? And what of the dean of an institution who has to receive the same pay as his foreign students?

At the beginning of 1961, Chinese students were spending about 10 yuan (roughly \$4.20) on food each month. The food is very cheap; cabbage is never very costly anywhere in the world. But by the time I left Peking, in April 1962, students in the Medical College were spending an average of only 5 yuan each month on food. The situation had grown so bad that even rice had become unavailable. The Chinese students had not tasted rice for the three months preceding my departure.

Out of a total of 118 African students who studied in China during my time, ninety-six have actually left and a further ten had signified their intention to leave by the time I packed my bags. This means that approximately 90 per cent of the original number have found something wrong with China—something which made it impossible for them to stay longer.

In my view there were two causes of the student exodus: First, China failed us miserably by not offering a standard and quality of education acceptable to us. Second, *we were disenchanted with socialism when we discovered that the Chinese brand of socialism was not the material of our dreams*—nor the nostrum by which we dreamed to cure all the ills of Africa.

Africans have studied in foreign countries where, in the midst of plenty, they suffered many forms of privation. But, somehow or other, they got through it all and today they are among the foremost and most respected leaders of Africa. But for us there was lacking the sustaining hope of reaching the final goal—sound education. We were suffering to no purpose. This purposelessness more than anything else made the majority of us back out.

No matter what the future holds I, for my part, will never regret my decision that China and I must go separate ways.

Columbia's Unorthodox Seminars

by Paul Goodman

Obviously they should have failed, because they have no money, publicity, organization, or official status—but they continue to thrive and multiply like bacteria, until their infectious ideas have almost become an epidemic.

At Columbia University there is an institution, continually growing since being chartered twenty years ago, and now becoming a world-wide movement, yet entirely at variance with the way American institutions are supposed to succeed. Without money, publicity, or organization, and following a course pretty uncompromisingly irrelevant to the needs of the front office, the Columbia University Seminars have no other strength than that they are a good idea.

What are the Columbia Seminars? They are not teaching seminars, though they were intended to be. The majority of the members are no longer from Columbia, but from the whole region, and almost a third of them do not even have academic connections. They are permanent groups that have voluntarily created themselves

to cope in a scholarly way with various concrete "issues" or "areas" which transcend the usual academic departments and the conventional division between learning and the practical world.

At present there are thirty-one such groups, averaging between twenty-five and thirty members. Some of the groups have been meeting for twenty years. Each makes its own rules and agenda and invites its own members. These are likely to represent a curious variety of disciplines and walks of life. They are people more busy in the world than most, yet more than half of a group will always get to the biweekly or monthly meeting.

Let me give a single instance, a new seminar on The City, of which I am a member. It includes a professor of engineering economics, the director of a settlement house, an architect, the captain of a Harlem police precinct, a sociologist, an historian, a novelist, a public-school principal, a member of New York's housing administration. Needless to say, these experts do not share the same notion of the ideal city, but all their points of view are relevant.

From the official chartering in 1944, the University Seminars have been under the fostering guidance—one would not say "direction"—of Frank Tannenbaum, Professor Emeritus of History, the chief author of the idea. Frank is now seventy and I am writing this essay to praise him. To judge by his talk, he is most proud of the fact that Branch Rickey said he hired Jackie Robinson, the first Negro big-leaguer, after reading Frank's *Slave and Citizen*. Others think his fame is more likely to be grounded on *The Philosophy of Labor, Ten Keys to Latin America*, and other scholarly works—or maybe on the University Seminars. In any case, it has been his undeviating policy to keep these associations absolutely voluntary and independent. He gives his advice on how to get a seminar going, and if you need money for a member's train fare he tries to scrounge it; otherwise one hears very little from Frank.

From the Columbia administration, one hears nothing at all. The seminars are formally part of the university in that the trustees send each outsider a lovely piece of paper appointing him Seminar Associate with library privileges and his name on the register for forwarding mail.

Essential, perhaps, for freedom, is that the whole enterprise is run on a shoestring. The total expenses for 1962-63 came to \$27,000 for about 450 meetings of 31 groups of distinguished people, some of whom got train fare. The chief expense was \$11,500 for secretaries, mostly

graduate students who operated the tape recorders and took the minutes. Necessary printing came to \$4,000. Rental for a meeting room is \$7.50 or \$15; the members pay for their own dinners. Of the total, Columbia contributes \$10,000 a year plus a very plain office for Frank and his secretary. At the general meeting last year, the treasurer, Albert G. Redpath, an old friend of Frank's and one-time trustee of Columbia, gave the following succinct financial report: "We are always in the red, but some of our friends come to the rescue. We're in the red this year, and I'm sure we'll be in the red next year."

Some Big Names

In this style, the University Seminars have had a singularly pure and consistent history for a spiritual institution in modern America. As we shall see, they have sloughed off what did not suit their own inner logic and they have grown without major compromise. They have obviously been protected by complacent friends in the Columbia administration, but here is one of those beautiful and rare cases, like a fine little magazine or little theatre, where voluntary effort pours out and produces great results because nobody interferes and nobody has reservations. Unfortunately, success itself has its dangers; people now want to use you for your own good.

This anarchic institution has shown immense vitality. In 1945 there were five seminars (Peace, Rural Life, Religion and Health, State and Bureaucracy, the Renaissance). Now there are thirty-one, encompassing more and more of society's preoccupations (Technology and Social Change, Mathematical Methods in Behavioral Sciences, The City). At first, almost every member was from Columbia; now, of 800 members, 450 are outsiders, including 250 nonacademics. There are 85 foreigners.

Through its outsiders, the seminar idea is spreading in the United States and overseas. As I leaf perfunctorily through this year's correspondence in Frank's office, I find a letter from the UN about setting up seminars in Tokyo; another from the Weizmann Institute in Israel; another from the Academy of Arts and Sciences (the publishers of *Daedalus*) about seminars associated with Boston University; another from the Organization of American States; another from the Australian National University in Canberra. (Some of these letters cast a sad light on the conditions of modern intellectual life. A

professor wants to know how the finances are managed but says, "I realize this information is probably confidential." Another wants to know how secrecy is maintained when the meetings deal "with public and contentious issues.") At the Institute for Policy Studies, in Washington, there has just been organized a dialogue-seminar on Education strictly on the Columbia model.

Here is a big packet of minutes from a University of Florence seminar on Labor founded by Mino Vianello, who was in the Columbia seminar on Labor. Here is a letter appointing members of the Columbia seminar on the Renaissance to a kind of honorary citizenship in the University of Padua.

All kinds of Big Names turn up in the correspondence as active associates or frequent participants: Zafrrula Khan, recently President of the UN General Assembly; I. I. Rabi, the physicist; Paul Tillich, the theologian; Philip Jessup of the World Court; Kurt Goldstein, the psychiatrist, and Erich Fromm; Ashley Montague, the anthropologist, and Margaret Mead; James Mitchell when he was Secretary of Labor and Arthur Goldberg before he became Secretary of Labor. There are several dozens of stars. Such a list, of course, does not prove anything, yet one cannot but be struck by the richness of experience that is available at these colloquies if the seminar idea is working, if the members get to know one another well enough over the years to converse openly. Certainly when the different seminars come to publish their minutes, we shall have an extraordinary library of dialogue. We shall also have a document of historical interest, because I could show—if I had the space—that some of these people have been deeply influenced by their conversations with one another.

Here, however, I want to stick to a kind of constitutional question: What is the seminar movement as a new institution in the structure of American universities? What does it signify in modern intellectual life in general? Finally, there has increasingly become apparent in the movement a quiet but stubborn conflict of fundamental purpose, between the poverty-stricken spontaneity and independence that Frank Tan-

Paul Goodman's most recent book is "Making Do," a novel published last fall. Among his many other works—of poetry, fiction, and social analysis—are "Growing Up Absurd" and "The Community of Scholars." Mr. Goodman took a Ph.D. at the University of Chicago and taught there as well as Sarah Lawrence, Black Mountain, and New York University. He is now in Washington at the Institute for Policy Studies.

nenbaum has intuitively protected, and a more rational administrative approach aiming at power and effectiveness. What is the future of this?

A Spiritual Withdrawal

Since there are no professors or students, Frank Tannenbaum keeps suggesting that the name "Seminars" be changed to "*Collegia*," like "those clusters of colleges about which the English universities have grown. Ideally, each seminar is a body of lifelong 'fellows.'" If I am not mistaken, the Professor of History's history is here faulty. Oxford University did not grow from its colleges, it was *superseded* by them. After the troubles around Wyclif and with the growth of the New Learning, the medieval lectures became irrelevant and the young men did not bother to leave their residence halls to hear them. It was the university that lapsed; the dissociated colleges of fellows survived. Is there anything analogous at present that the seminars represent?

Certainly our American universities are not lapsing! Their population is galloping, their buildings are growing grander, and the funds from government, foundations, and corporations are rich indeed. Ph.D. theses fall like snow; there is a Knowledge Explosion. And far from staying in their residences, the bright young men compete madly to climb a university ladder which leads to jobs, money, and prestige.

Nevertheless there is something wrong with our universities as communities of scholars, and many serious professionals and scientists—and alas, many serious adolescents—think that the setup is increasingly irrelevant. A master of any craft has a need and duty to teach, but teaching is discouraged by the rigmarole of courses and credits, not to speak of the absurdly swollen classes. Some feel that they can teach better by devoting themselves to their own research with a few apprentices. The university stuffs the students with subjects and goads them with grading, but it fails to convey to them what the life of the intellect is about. And the masters no longer run the university; faculties have lost their autonomy to grandiose administrations and professors have become wage slaves and timeservers. An academic personality has emerged—isolated, socially insecure, clinging to a narrow expertise to save face, ridiculously arrogant and contemptuous of laymen.

The University Seminars were designed as a specific academic remedy for these ills. They

were dreamed up by professors and by a benevolent and worried wartime administration. The aim was to reestablish some kind of community, some means of integrated teaching, *within* the university. The seminars expressed the simple hunger of scholars to talk about what they care about—rather than suffering only the boredom of faculty parties (with spouses), or faculty meetings where nothing fundamental can be questioned, or mere shoptalk with colleagues—and to engage in free exchange without having to maintain a jealous departmental courtesy and the caution, if not pretension, of the classroom. But we see that 60 per cent of the associates are now not from Columbia; and "Oh mercy," said a famous historian in one of the seminars, "let's not invite students, to watch us flounder!"

Thus, instead of a reform of the university, the seminars seem to suggest a spiritual withdrawal from the university.

There is also a withdrawal from the students. Indeed, the seminars make one think, not of Frank Tannenbaum's *collegia*, but of the scientific and scholarly associations of the eighteenth century. The scholars of that time—Gibbon, Hume, Berkeley, Sam Johnson, William Jones, Lavoisier, Franklin, Voltaire, Leibniz, Lessing, Rousseau, Goethe—were not academics (the great exception was Kant). It has been an historical accident of the last 150 years that scholarship became attached to the tutelage of adolescents, and conversely that the universities became the centers of contemporary science. And interestingly, it is just during the boom period of American universities that the connection between Research and Teaching begins to look untenable again. There is plenty of money for Research and Development to be gotten without teaching, both outside and inside the universities. But in such a case the learned have to associate on another basis.

The association has to transcend the departmental disciplines. In the eighteenth-century academies, the learned were all natural philosophers or humanists or both; they communicated prior to departmentalization. At present, the departmentalization has gone so far that it is necessary to bring the specialists back into a dialogue just to make sense. Consider a typical example. The policy of a modern city is worked up by its highway engineer, its houser, its sociologist, its school superintendent, its tax expert, its political administrator, each in his expertness. When the whole is then put together, it comes to delinquency, traffic congestion, crashing civic ugliness, and these too are worked on

as special problems, with new levels of administration, *ad hoc* programs for dropouts, face-lifting, one-way streets, and—needless to say—new millions of dollars for the new experts. Nobody thinks about the *community*. To counteract this kind of scholasticism, our mid-twentieth-century academies must be places where learned specialists can temporarily suspend their beautiful methodic skills that necessarily define too accurately and exclude too much, and can confront again, jointly, the raw, the concrete, the ongoing institution, the area, the drift of change.

This has from the beginning been the seminal inspiration of the Columbia Seminar movement, with its oddly assorted collections of the competent and its lists of awkward and rather vague themes: Peace, Rural Life, Problems of Interpretation, the Roles of the Health Professions, Classical Civilization. One can envisage a lot of worried and puzzled people—Frank Tannenbaum speaks of “the splintered universe”—who are not at all certain what the boundaries of their problems are, but who are quite sure that these *are* the problems that must be faced.

The Essence Is Dialogue

Let me pick out a couple of homely instances to illustrate the seminar attitude of mind. Reporting in 1963 for the seminar on Organization and Management, Professor Robert Livingston said, “We studied a project here in Harlem where for forty blocks they have put together all the agencies taking care of the welfare, public health, etc. The management problem, when you put together people loaned from different agencies, with different goals, different salaries, can become a serious issue. But somebody pointed out that if you took the total budget that was spent and divided it by the number of families taken care of, and then gave every one of these families \$10,000 to get out of town, the city of New York would be saved a million a year.” In 1962, Dr. Molly Harrower, reporting for the Roles of the Health Professions, explained that after six years of life the seminar had read through its minutes to get its bearings, and it had suddenly discovered that it was necessary to think of the Patient, “who, in the words of one of our members, is the shock-absorber of all these administrative and professional failures.” They therefore devoted the year to verbatim scripts of hospital patients.

The history at Columbia, as we look back over the twenty years, has been extremely surprising. A modern American university claims to have the two functions of Teaching and Research. There is no doubt that the seminars were supposed to help fulfill these functions, but they have not; nevertheless the movement continues to grow.

In the original formal proposal of the professors to Frank Fackenthal, then acting president of Columbia, no fewer than half of their propositions concerned the recruitment and examination of students. The seminars were empowered to give academic credit. Yet by 1960 an astonishing report in the *Graduate Faculties Newsletter* said that “graduate students are excluded from the sessions, and only in exceptional circumstances has a doctoral candidate been invited to sit in.” The statement is an exaggeration; graduate students are not “excluded,” and there are always a few who follow their admired elders in and keep their mouths shut; but they are not sought—and, after a while, neither have they sought to come.

This, of course, is a pity. What an opportunity for a Ph.D. candidate preparing a thesis to present his idea to such a constellation of scholars and active professionals, for criticism, orientation, and bibliography! Yet this sort of thing occurred only in the first years. The movement has developed according to its own logic.

Frank Tannenbaum’s attitude on the students is characteristically ambiguous. On the one hand, ambitious for his project, he speaks of the seminars as the basis of a new university, and he toys with the idea of paying graduate students to accompany their professors from Syracuse or MIT. He claims that it is really a space problem; there is no place for auditors in the rooms in the Faculty Club where most of the seminars convene for dinner and discussion. On the other hand, he is quick to warn people that if they once begin to think in terms of credits and degrees, they are going to be tied up in administrative rules and regulations, and that will be the end of liberty.

Again, the tangible evidence for Research in the modern university is publication. It was certainly the original expectation that these learned associations would promptly pour forth essays and books, the papers presented, the conclusions reached, collaborative research, sponsored search. According to the proposal of 1944: “The seminar would in time, and the sooner the better, develop its own publication.”

Especially at first there was some of all

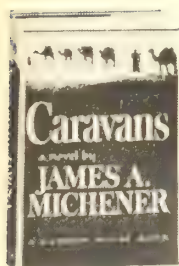


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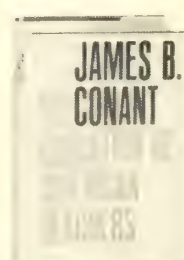
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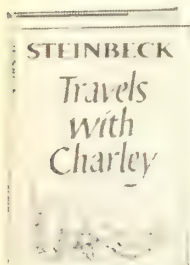
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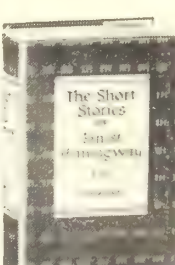
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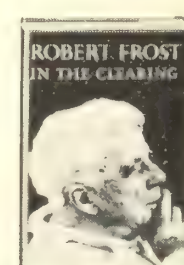
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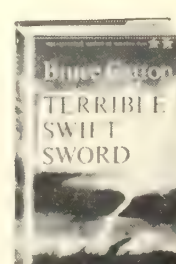
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and I could cite a respectable list of books, articles, and whole issues of magazines that flowed from a seminar, or were dedicated to a seminar, or were attributed by the author to a seminar. This kind of direct literary production, however, has tended to decrease. As members come to know one another, their papers become less formal or they speak extempore, for the essence is the dialogue. It is rediscovered that collaborative books are not such a good idea, not so good as individual work assisted, as Professor Lewis Leary has said, "by the recreation, reformation, testing, and sharpening" of the community of peers. As Frank puts it, "Publication is not an immediate test. When many men ponder the same issue, complexities come to the surface and the search for understanding may be more important than a publication." Bravo! But I guess that the nadir of interest in publication was reached by Professor Emmanuel Wallerstein of the seminar on Africa. When Frank complained that they had no minutes, Wallerstein explained that they refused to take any "because it would be a bureaucratization of the extended family relation among ourselves"!

"I have felt very lonely in this enterprise," grieved Frank—I am quoting from a letter of 1956 to Lawrence Chamberlain, then Dean of the College. "The entire thing is so irregular that it is not easy to fit it into the forms for which university funds are traditionally available. Unless I can secure some kind of support, this whole development may one day be nipped in the bud."

Conversely, however, some of the surprises in the history have been happy. Quite beyond expectation, Columbia is becoming the scholarly capital of the whole Eastern region and radiating through the world, as befits the big university of the greatest city in the West. For twenty years the seminars have been an unexpected friendly resource for foreign scholars, either displaced or visiting, who would otherwise never have gotten to talk to anybody. They have been a means, very rare in our universities, by which junior faculty and senior faculty can get to know one another. And nowadays, when there is so much moving from school to school, the seminars, just because they go beyond Columbia, have been a way of keeping in touch. Again, in the general speedup, they have been a place where emeriti can continue academic connections and do their work. How poignantly these benefits of the University Seminars reveal the conditions of modern life.

Here are some letters from nonacademic associates. A request from an ancient dairy farmer: Can he walk in the academic procession as he

has always wanted to do? A letter from Ashley Montague, the anthropologist: "As my only official connection with any institution, I boast a great deal of my associateship with the seminar on Genetics and the Evolution of Man." A letter from myself: "For a person who is no longer directly in academic life, it is a satisfying experience to take part in academic discussion of a high order. I cannot think of a better social arrangement for maintaining the attitude *sub specie aeternitatis*." A letter from Thomas Coffin of NBC: "I especially approve the mingling of people from the academic and the commercial worlds."

And a letter from Ruth Strang, when she was a professor of education at Columbia Teachers College: "It is certainly time, at my age, that I acquired patience and a less brusque manner. If the seminar does that for me, it should get a good rating."

And another remark of Professor Wallerstein: "Africa has become a fad, and during the UN session there are ten cocktail parties a week and five visiting presidents a month—and an incredible stream of State Department grants, Ford Foundation grants, University of London grants. It's a pleasure to come together under circumstances that make it possible to discuss anything seriously."

Salesmanship vs. Spontaneity

What, then, is the outlook for this irregular institution? It operates on a shoestring and exists anomalously in a university great and cosmopolitan enough to cherish it, but it does not really justify itself by tangible products of Teaching and Research. On the other hand, it continues to grow on such a worldwide scale because it uniquely fills a need of modern culture.

The rational recipe for such a case is obvious: if you have a good product, sell it, and make it shipshape to play an efficient role in American society so that it can get proper support. This has been exactly the line taken recently by Paul Lazarsfeld, the sociologist, and Edward Bernays, the prince of public relations. I cannot do better than to paraphrase their remarks. Professor Lazarsfeld loyally wants to sell the seminars as part of Columbia, whereas Mr. Bernays wants to sell the seminar movement to the country.

At the 1962 general meeting of the seminars, Professor Lazarsfeld said that he was troubled that the seminars were "not built into the academic and instructional functions of the

university." Not only was there a deplorable lack of graduate students, but at present there was an even more serious problem. There were more and more postdoctoral and foundation fellowships which could not really be supervised by the departments, but the seminars were not being used for that purpose. Even worse, he argued, there was a keen competition among the schools for these important post-Ph.D.s, and other schools often won out by offering more money. Obviously one way to attract these "important young scholars" was to make the resources at Columbia *visible*. Only Columbia had seminars on the Renaissance, on Organization, on Mathematical Sociology; but they were invisible.

For example, President Kennedy had just spoken of the need to bring researchers and teachers in the behavioral sciences up to date on the new techniques, especially the use of computer methods; but the President had no way of knowing that there was exactly such a University Seminar at Columbia. "It is not visible," said Professor Lazarsfeld, "because it is not integrated into the university. There is not enough integration with the graduate education, not enough organization, and not enough connection with the public-relations program."

Rising to answer, Frank Tannenbaum could only repeat his litany: "This is a voluntary movement. Neither the president nor the dean nor the chairmen of departments can run University Seminars; they run themselves. A seminar ought to be able to take on graduate students if it is prepared to and wants to. But if this were to become an administrative operation, the seminar movement would ultimately wither away. In other words, what we've got here is a spontaneous grass-roots development which is terribly precious to the university, to American education, and to the individual members who participate in it."

Professor Lazarsfeld rejoined, "I don't feel this admiration for seventeen years of spontaneity. Frank Tannenbaum should now have a staff of people, and a seminar that needs help shouldn't have to make him miserable because he doesn't have thirty dollars to pay a student's fare from Yale!" (In fact one-way fare from New Haven is \$3.77.)

At the 1963 general meeting, when the issue inevitably arose again—inevitably, because our society is centralized and bureaucratized and rich, and the seminars are decentralized and autonomous and poor—Frank's critical friend was Edward Bernays, a member of the seminar on Public Communications.

Bernays developed the theme that America has always suffered from the deep cleavage and mutual hostility between its men of thought and its men of practical affairs. "Here at Columbia," he said, "there has certainly been a growing body of proof that this dichotomy is obsolete." Therefore, the seminars should be "expanded to meet the needs of the entire country" and to become "more visible." He had five suggestions: organization of an American Committee for the Advancement of University Seminars; preparation of a memorandum to tell why University Seminars are vital; distribution of another manual of procedure based on the Columbia experience; sending a letter to the deans of faculty of the one thousand colleges and universities listed in the *World Almanac*; briefing the great media of the country about the seminars. Carried away, Bernays concluded by enthusiastically contributing \$1,000 to the Frank Tannenbaum Fund, to put these plans in action.

Frank confessed that he was flabbergasted, but managed to reply, "It's a question how a movement of this kind can be made available. . . . Obviously our experience on this campus has shown that it's been useful, or it wouldn't have survived nineteen years without outside support." Privately he said, "If a group of scholars don't know what they want, no dean can tell them."

Onward to Atlantic City

The issue is a sober one. If a movement that has started out in its own style is to grow and be a force in society, must it end up in the same style as everything else, even though this takes the heart out of it?

If Professor Lazarsfeld's suggestions for organization were carried out, there would soon be a majority of very different faces in the seminars. Those who come for "recreation" would leave—the difference between recreation and work has nothing to do with effort or earnestness, but it has a good deal to do with whether one does as one pleases. Men who are eager to share their knowledge would freeze and withdraw at the suspicion that they are competing for students or that they are being used. Some would be forced out because their contribution is "obstructive," or not constructive, to the preordained task that is not exactly their spontaneous choice. Professors who have not found a community in the regular American university would find they are still in the regular university. Outsiders who are invited would not be those profoundly es-

teemed as seminal spirits and companionable friends, or sometimes as strong contrasting colors, but those who have some skill for the task in hand, or prestige value to attract "important young scholars" or the attention of Washington.

Nevertheless, it *is* a waste that there aren't more students, when there is so much erudition and experience for them to learn from. I am surprised, however, that the students themselves do not nag more vehemently to be invited. Can it be that the vast majority, including important young scholars, are not interested in learning their bearings, but just in getting ahead? I doubt that many of the associates would refuse them, up to a certain number, if they minded their manners. (The number is an interesting question. At the Rockefeller Institute, which has a similar colloquium, they believe there is a kind of tipping point, say fifty youngsters among three hundred elders, below which the masters are human beings, above which they freeze into professors. My hunch is that *one* dean or chairman is sufficient.)

Maybe the young could be included with no thought of credits or degrees. I realize that for many "important young scholars" this proposal is ridiculous.

Mr. Bernays' style of publicity is less virulent than Professor Lazarsfeld's efficient allocation of resources. It should do no harm to the associates unless they lose their sense of humor and begin to think of themselves as models. And in provin-

cial places, which follow the lead of New York, to offer a description of the Columbia Seminars would be useful, putting into form what many professors and nonacademic people vaguely want but haven't thought through. Given Mr. Bernays' usual success, however, it is easy to foresee meetings of deans and chambers of commerce organizing spontaneous groups, while the trustees demand action in time for the new catalogue—and ultimately the National Convention of University Seminars in Atlantic City.

For twenty years now, Frank Tannenbaum has protected the seminar movement from interference, while it has developed according to its own logic and in response to a deep social need. The development has been surprising. It was not expected that the seminars would be so entirely free of administrative control. It is to the honor of Columbia that it has been a mansion for them.

It would be interesting to know by what arts Frank blunts criticism, forestalls helpful interference, and gets a modicum of support. I have not asked him. But I was curious how he gravitated to this enterprise that has become so much the lifework of his later years.

He explained that when he was a student at Brookings, there was a great deal of talking, and he was profoundly impressed by one incident: A visiting labor leader sat down to breakfast at the cafeteria and a few students came to his table; by lunch he was still there in the center of a small crowd; by dinner he was still there in the center of a large crowd.

Later, in Washington, Frank used to have Tuesday evenings at home, with beer and pretzels in front of the fireplace. He used to plan a set topic for discussion or have a star guest for people to pump. He was furious if people broke up into small conversations.

"Long before I went to college," says Frank, "I was enchanted with Plato's Socratic dialogues."

Frank is clearly a man with a vocation for University Seminars!

But he has another aspect which, in my opinion, is even more relevant to a grass-roots and decentralist movement. Frank fancies himself as a dirt farmer, and he is full of stories about people who think that milk grows in bottles and who can't make do and take care of themselves. When we organized our seminar on The City, we asked him to lead off as our first speaker. The subject that he obligingly chose was that all cities are a bad idea; real sense and independence always come from the country. This idea might not be the height of wisdom, but the man who can say it has stamina.

The Transient View

by Katie Louchheim

DEAR Cousin Jane keeps going round the world; round as her pearls and rich as they are rare, she packs the mountain top and folds the view, as all well ordered widows do, with care.

The patron saint of managers and guides, her luggage and largess are lobby sights; globe girdlers quote her ground rules with respect,

"Lock all your doors, and pay the asking price."

Her postcards are predictable, "Love, Jane"; in dark cathedrals she's been known to nod, she's tired of tours and lonely; if she could she'd be the first to take the trip to God.



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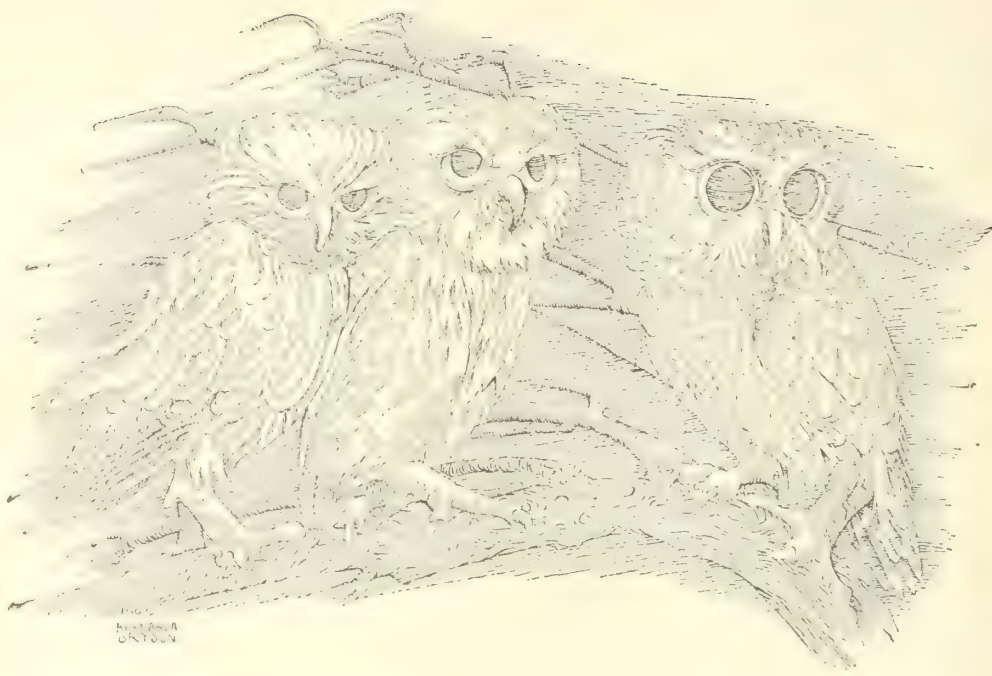


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Hunting for Hoot Owls

A story by Jessamyn West

I remember the exact hour at which George accomplished what he had set out to do two years before. We were living where we do now, in Saskatchewan. It was three-thirty on the afternoon of Thursday, October 28, 1958; in this latitude, at that hour, and in that month, almost night and nearly winter. There was still light, of course, but it slanted in like the indirect lighting of modern homes with nothing visible to proclaim its source. It was a clear cool light, compact, as if shrunk by the cold. There were still a few bleached leaves on the willows down by the lake; not many, and the few that were left were dropping fast. There was no wind and the leaves dropped straight down as if weighted with lead. It made me feel deaf to hear no sound when they landed.

I remember all this so distinctly, I suppose, because of what George said when he opened the door. I had been standing at the window of the living room (also bedroom, dining room and, at the far end, kitchen) watching George come up the path from the spring. The lake, at the upper end, was freezing over and, as it did so, more

and more small animals came down to the spring to drink. The spring too would soon freeze, but meanwhile George had gone up after lunch to box it in so that for the time it lasted it would be a little less soupy than what we had been drinking.

Even though I didn't then know what George was going to say when he came in, I had gazed at him like a mind reader with premonitions. I mean I had really looked at him. After thirty-five years of marriage a wife only occasionally sees her husband. This doesn't mean that he's on a par with the furniture any more than he's one with the stars. It does mean that most eyes, after a certain amount of husbands, furniture, and stars, are no longer very eager.

But I really saw George that afternoon, as he came up the pathway. It was the change of background that made him visible. In Southern California amidst other schoolmen, George didn't stand out—but here under the immense gloomy trees, with the black lake behind him, George looked terribly human, noble even. Walking and carrying tools, whistling *Annie Laurie* under a

sky with snow in it, ringed round by the un-speaking trees which nevertheless constantly watched us, he seemed accomplished, gay, and somehow daring.

George came in, put down saw, hammer, and the coffee can in which he was carrying nails. Then he took off his mackinaw and hung it on its peg beside the door. He went to the front window, folded his arms, and gazed out toward the lake.

"Agnes," he asked, "do you know what day this is?"

I knew. But I forestalled his saying the word I didn't want to hear. "Thursday, October 28, 1958," I told him.

George paid no attention to this. "Boxing-in the spring was the last special job I had in mind."

"Fine," I said and hurried on. "Before I forget it, the Clasbys called. They want you to call back."

We have few neighbors and the few are far away and mostly without phones. A phone call is an event.

George ignored the Clasby call. He turned away from the window and faced me; and he was bound, I knew then, to say the word I didn't want to hear.

"Agnes," George said, "what I set out to do two years ago is now done. I'm retired."

Now that's a simple word and I suppose it occurs at least once in every issue of every newspaper and magazine published in the United States. And I know too that there are plenty of wives who don't like the sound of that word for various reasons. Some don't want to live on less money. Others don't want to be excluded from the social rounds which hinge upon their husbands' jobs. And almost all, after being conditioned for forty years to their husbands' absence, are made nervous by the prospect of having to live with them again.

None of these fears bothered me about George's retirement. Since the death of George's mother, money has been no problem for us. The social rounds a schoolman's job demand of him are duties for his wife rather than pleasures. And a schoolman's wife is accustomed to having not only her husband, but PTA ladies, Junior

Rally Committees, Citizens' Advisory Councils, members of the Taxpayers' League, the Scholarship Society, the Latin Forum, and the winning basketball team around the house. So she, unlike other wives, is in no need of being rehabilitated for a life with others after forty years in solitary. She's well prepared for togetherness.

What she isn't prepared for—or what I wasn't prepared for, when George announced at the age of fifty-eight that he intended to give up his job at the end of the year—was the picture this called up of George's past life. George didn't have to retire; his contract had three years to run; a committee of representative citizens had waited upon him asking him *not* to retire. Still he was determined to give up his job.

"I will finish out this year only," George told them, "then retire."

To me it was as if he had said, "I will commit suicide in seven months." Not that life without work seems suicide to me. But to retire in your prime from your life's work? What does that say? It says that you haven't been with it, your life's work, that you've sold your life like a bag of groceries. That's why I didn't like to hear George say the word. Because it meant that George had suffered. It meant that he'd made a bad bargain, underestimated his powers, or misunderstood them, miscalculated our needs.

I suppose I should have been glad, this being so, to hear that, at long last, George was escaping, that he was throwing off his chains. Instead, I couldn't bear to hear that they had existed.

"Retirement," I said to George two years ago, "is death without burial."

"No," George said. "Retirement is resurrection after death."

Death! This gave me a sick feeling under the heart. George had complained on occasion. Who doesn't? I do, and I've loved my life as wife and housekeeper. But I had no idea that what he had been doing every day was something he longed to escape from.

I said, "George, wouldn't you feel downcast to discover that I've hated the housework, the cooking and cleaning and washing and bed-making I've done all my life?"

"Yes," he said, "I would."

"It's the same for me with you."

"No it isn't. Work's no curse for women."

"But it is for men?"

"Certainly. Didn't you ever read the Bible? Childbearing is women's curse. And they've got a built-in retirement clause. Men have to deal for themselves when they're through."

"Women are *sad* to be through."

Jessamyn West, whose novel and movie, "The Friendly Persuasion," are known to millions, has a distinguished reputation also as a story writer. She is a Quaker, born in Indiana and living in California, now at work on a new novel to be called (perhaps) "Leafy Rivers." Her husband is a school superintendent, not retired.

"Would you like to be pregnant now?"

"At my time of life . . ."

"Exactly the way I feel," George said, "at my time of life about a job."

We had had a vacation house on Lake McClintick for ten years and had spent at least a month there every summer. It was to this cabin George had planned to retire; and it was here, with the spring boxed in, that George declared himself, on October 28, 1958, to be, in fact, and according to plan, retired.

Now this was certainly something for which I had been prepared. What George said was scarcely news; nevertheless I felt shock, the same kind of shock I experienced when my mother, who had had a long sickness, finally died. I had expected her death for two years, but when she finally ceased to breathe I could not accept the change. Death, I knew all about; but not a world in which my own mother did not return me look for look. It was the same with George. After he said those words, though I was prepared for them, I felt as a woman might who sees her husband for the first time after he's entered a monastery. He looks the same, but he is not the same. He has renounced something. The man without a job was not the husband I had known.

I don't know what George felt that evening. I should have asked him. But the strangeness of his being without work embarrassed me. It didn't seem delicate to speak of it. Perhaps he expected a celebration of some kind, a ceremony even. He had refused the usual farewell retirement banquet at home. Perhaps this was the time for it. We had creamed chipped beef and hot soda biscuits that night for supper. Dessert was canned pears. Really a little less than I usually manage. We finished supper, did the usual chores, read a little, and went to bed. We forgot to call the Clasbys. That was the first night I imitated the hoot owls.

Since September these big

downy birds, more silent in movement than snow, had begun, in the deepening cold of the autumn nights, to call to each other from the treetops. Actually, I don't know whether they were in the tops of trees or not. I never saw one, except at dusk, when there is still as much green as black in the darkness, and then the owls were flying. You see them by chance when they glide overhead, noiseless as clouds. But in the night they make up for all this quiet evening gliding with a bombardment of hoots; and they *sound* then as if they were in the tops of trees. I don't know why they hoot; whether they are courting or complaining of the cold or simply conversing. They *are* conversing, whatever the subject. One owl calls, then waits for an answer before speaking again. The answer comes and so the conversation goes on. The sound they make is deep and hollow. It seems mixed with feathers.

I knew George wasn't asleep on that first night of his official retirement. We sleep in a double bed and he was too unmoving to be asleep. So I didn't have to worry about waking him. I hadn't

known that I had been wanting to imitate a hoot owl; but surely I must have wanted to do so for a long, long time; otherwise it wouldn't have seemed so absolutely necessary and natural to shape my throat and make an accurate owl call. Nor such a relief to do so.

My success amazed me. Could I, if I had attempted it, have been doing this all my life? Had I, from the beginning, this power? Not only was my imitation accurate but it had carrying power; for after the same wait owl gives owl, I was, miracle of miracles, answered. I didn't press my luck though. I was excited enough to have kept on hooting all night. But owls don't do that, I thought; and if I was going to imitate owls, I was determined to do it right.

Next morning, as if in recognition of all the night's other transformations, the earth itself was transformed. Snow had fallen and yesterday's world had vanished. We were in the midst of some-



thing new. In any case, with the new snow, with my excitement over the discovery of my unexpected ability, I didn't think as much as I had expected to about George's altered state. Also, while we were still at the breakfast table, the Clasbys called again. I answered, and Ed Clasby said they had intended running over to our place for a little advice, but since their car had broken down, could we come to their place? I wondered why we couldn't advise them on the phone but Ed urged "if it wasn't too much trouble" that we come over.

The Clasbys, Ed and Edie, were young people in their thirties with three stair-step children, one to five, and an older boy of nine. Ed worked at the motel at the other end of the lake, which put up sportsmen, mostly fishermen, during the season. The place closed the first of October, and I don't know what Ed had been accustomed to doing in the winter. It was about what he was going to do *this* winter that he wanted to see us.

I always had the feeling that the Clasbys should have lived somewhere where it was warmer, where it mattered less if the glass fell out of a window or a shoe sole wore through. They needed some hounds under the porch and a jug of corn likker to pass round. The Clasbys themselves appeared to feel no lack of hounds, window-panes, or jugs. No one could have been more hospitable. Everyone in Saskatchewan keeps a pot of coffee on the back of the stove all day long and puts a cup in your hand the minute you set foot inside the door. But in no other home do you have to step across, around, through, and over such a welter of misplaced articles. (I take it that *anything* on the floor except rugs, furniture, and feet is misplaced.) And the Clasbys really welcome you. There they stood in the midst of disaster, as any housekeeper judges disaster, able to concentrate on welcoming their guests. Ed Clasby put a cup in my hands before I could get my mittens off.

"It sure was good of you folks to make a trip on a morning like this. Don't think I don't appreciate it. Cletus, ram another stick of firewood in the cook stove." Cletus was the nine-year-old.

Ed and Edie looked alike; rather as if, not too far back in the pedigree of each, there had been a seal. The three stair-steps were the same. Only Cletus showed a lack of seal blood. He was built like an icicle—of skimmed milk, maybe. He had broomstraw hair and wore it jagged, like an Italian actress. He was perfectly silent, but completely present. Cletus, as it turned out, was the reason we were there.

Ed came right to the point. He had an offer from a brother-in-law to go in with him in an air-taxi service the brother-in-law was setting up. Not only would this be to Ed's financial advantage, but Ed considered himself a natural mechanic. I could see that this might be so, for as Ed talked, he was tinkering with something out of his car. His fingers knew it so well he could work and talk at the same time the way some women can knit and talk. What he was working on was the reason his car wouldn't run. Magneto, carburetor, distributor? I don't know. Anyway, something fair-sized and detachable. He had started working outside the night before and had had the car pretty well stripped down when dark came. Then, during the night, the snow-storm! He had left everything out there, as was his habit with engines, he said, in apple-pie order. It wasn't any trick locating his distributor, if that was what it was; but the smaller things were another story.

I'm making up the names of these small objects out there under the snow. The point is that most of them *were* still out there, and that when Ed wanted another he said, "Cletus, fetch me in a right-handed swivel bar." And Cletus would go out, and in a few minutes return with whatever it was that Ed had asked for. Or at least I judge so, for never once did Ed say, "Cletus, didn't you hear me say a *right-handed* swivel bar?" Ed just took whatever Cletus handed him and went on with his knitting. I didn't give any thought to what Cletus did outside, because while he was running and fetching, Edie was talking to me about their problem and telling me why it was they had asked us over.

But George interrupted our conversation. He was standing at a window, looking out into the yard. "Excuse me, Mrs. Clasby," he said, "but I want Agnes to see something."

I went to him and George said, "Look at that boy out there, Agnes."

The thermometer stood at twenty and there was no sun. But out there in the snow, with no coat on, Cletus was fishing around in the snow as calm as a boy on the seashore in midsummer. "Fish" is the wrong word. He wasn't fishing. First, he sized up the snow at his feet in a businesslike way, then he put his hand under it, made one or two delicate moves, and pulled up something. He never pulled up something and had a look at it. He looked, felt, pulled, and started for the house with what he had.

"He works like a surgeon, doesn't he?" George asked.

"More like a magician," I said, for I had my

doubts, for all his boasting, that Ed had left the car's innards in any very predictable pattern, kidneys opposite each other, stomach in the middle, and so on.

"In any case," George said, as Cletus brought up something the size of a darning needle, "that's a remarkable performance we're watching."

Nevertheless, when Ed and Edie got around to their formal request, George said he'd have to think it over. The request was that we take care of Cletus while Ed teamed up with his brother-in-law. There were no schools at Lucknow, where they were going, and it seemed a pity to take Cletus out of school. And there was an even more understandable reason. Cletus was no child of theirs. He was not even a relation. Ed's brother had married a divorced woman with a child, Cletus. The mother had run away from Ed's brother; and Ed's brother, who didn't care after that whether he lived or died, died.

I was horrified to hear this told before Cletus; but it was evidently an old story to him. Runaway mother. Runaway father, too, for all we knew. Stepfather dead. Cletus never turned a hair. His nonchalance was remarkable. I suppose if you were to survive with the Clasbys, you'd have to learn to be nonchalant about a number of things.

"The reason we turned to you folks," Ed Clasby said, "is because George is a schoolteacher and dedicated to learning. He wouldn't care to see a bright boy like Cletus done out of an education."

"George is retired," I said quickly. It surprised me how glib I could be with that word when I thought it was advantageous to use it.

There was no use trying to out-glib Ed Clasby. "You ain't retired, Agnes," he said. "And at Cletus' age, most of the looking-after him would fall on your shoulders."

This was, of course, God's truth. But it wasn't a very handy time to admit it. I didn't have to. George hasn't been an administrator for thirty years for nothing. He doesn't get maneuvered into a corner easily.

"We'll think it over, Ed, and let you know. When you planning on leaving?"

"A week, at the longest. Sooner if the weather moderates."

"Don't think we don't appreciate the confidence you've shown in us, Ed," George told him. "But this isn't anything to go into half-cocked."

So we left, leaving poor little Cletus like a parcel of goods put up for sale and not taken. I didn't feel any enthusiasm myself about taking on the care of a young magician who could find

needles in snowdrifts. But he was human and so was I. I tried not to catch his eye.

I could've told him that if he wanted to live with us, not to worry. George had already decided to take him in. When George intends to say "no," he says it. When he intends to say "yes," he postpones.

On the way home I said to George, "Where will he sleep?"

"The couch in the kitchen," George answered. "I'll fix up a screen to shut him off from us."

George didn't make the least pretense, with me, of needing time to think things over. "Clasby was right about one thing," he continued. "The bulk of the work will fall on you—or would, if I didn't do something about it. Which I will."

George began that very evening to do something about it. He washed the supper dishes. I couldn't have been more surprised if he had started knitting little booties. I didn't know that George *could* wash dishes. It wasn't that George had had any theories about "man's work" and "woman's work." It was simply that in former times he hadn't been around at dishwashing time. George, at the sink, made me feel that I was living in a topsy-turvy world.

I went to bed thinking about the day's changes and wondering about the changes that were bound to come. I didn't hear any hoot owls, let alone *my* hoot owl. I was more asleep than awake when George, who had stayed up puttering around in his newly assumed role of housekeeper, said, "Agnes, why don't you answer?"

"Answer what?" I asked.

"Listen," he said.

I listened. Somewhere very near, on tree, or roof-tree, an owl hooted.

"Your owl's come down for a little more talk," George said. "He's waiting for his nightly pillow-talk."

As George said this, the owl on treetop, or roof-tree, let loose with his long soft roll of sound. There was no reply from any other owl.

"He's talking to you, Agnes."

Now it's one thing, spontaneously and without forethought, to have imitated a hoot owl. It's another to do it the second time and at the bidding of a listening and waiting audience. You feel self-conscious. You feel you'll fail. You feel you'll make a laughingstock of yourself. It's one thing to call up spirits from the vasty deep—it's another to have them answer; and it's still another to be required to converse with them while your family listens. My voice stuck in my throat.

"Go on, Minerva," George said. "Hoot. You started this."

Minerva, goddess of wisdom, owl on her shoulder! That about silenced me. But then the owl, in the cold of the deep northern night, called again. No doubt I imagined it. Nevertheless, I thought there was a waiting note in the sound. And what can wait can be disappointed. I answered, and there was without the customary pause, an immediate answer. I was truly in touch with something. I forgot that George was listening. And to do him justice he never made another sound to remind me that he was. I talked to that bird as I'd never talked to a human. If you say, "Naturally; you never hooted to a human being, did you?" you miss the point. Certainly I never hooted to a human being. And certainly "hoot" is the name given to the sound I made. Nevertheless, and whatever name you give that sound, I was speaking. I was speaking to what was roofless and wild, to what lived in the night and saw in the dark and fed on the living. I was able to say what I had never been able to say back in the bridge parties and PTAs of Southern California. Nor to George himself, for that matter. George was listening now, but I wasn't speaking to him.

The conversation which I had started self-consciously ended naturally. When I had had my say, the owl had apparently had his. There was one distant call, then if he spoke again his voice was indistinguishable from that of the other night criers.

Before I went to sleep again I had a moment's misgiving about Cletus. What was he going to think of living in a house with a woman who talked to hoot owls? Because I knew I would want to continue my conversation the next night. It was a moment's misgiving only. I was asleep in a wink, and the next thing I knew I was awake, smelling frying bacon and listening to the cough of cookstove and heater, both drawing briskly. George, who ordinarily never put a foot out of bed until he smelled coffee, *was* making himself over. And I needn't have worried about Cletus and hoot owls, as I learned later.

He came to stay with us at the end of the week. George had required less time than usual to think things over; and the weather had moderated, so that the Clabys would be on their way earlier than they had anticipated. Cletus entered our lives like a daytime owl, blond, reflective, and outspoken. It was soon hard to believe that we had lived so much of our lives without him. He had only two disturbing habits. One we



could do nothing about. He was, as I said, outspoken. Well, he wasn't just outspoken. When he spoke out, he did so in words George and I never used. I don't mean that he was either saucy or dirty-minded. He said what he thought and he used the words he knew.

For example, one night when George was washing and Cletus drying the dishes, Cletus said, "Who had this job before you got me?"

This might have sounded, if you didn't know Cletus, as if he were saying, "How did you get along without me?" That wasn't Cletus' intent. Information was all he wanted—and George knew it.

"Agnes did the dishes before you came. Washed them *and* dried them."

"And worked at her job too?"

What Cletus called my "job" was a hobby. Before I was married, I had kept scrapbooks. Not the usual scrapbooks of a girl in her teens: football programs, party invitations, hotel matchbooks. I was never interested in things like that. Instead, I kept clippings from magazines and newspapers, pictures of celebrities, quotations

from speeches, reproductions of famous pictures. I know this sounds stuffy; and I probably was a stuffy girl. But that's the kind of scrapbook I kept. I really thought of them as providing a picture of my times, and myself as a kind of Samuel Pepys with a pastepot. Colossal egotist! But what young person isn't? Naturally, after I was married, I hadn't found time for my hobby. But I hadn't been able to resist collecting items, either. I put these, loose, into cartons, and through all our moving about, I hung onto the cartons. Now, with winter shutting down, with the housework taken over by George, I got out my scrapbooks again. Though I hadn't had time to fill them, I had never been able to resist buying a fine scrapbook when I saw one on sale; thus everything was at hand for the resumption of my hobby. I had George move the large workbench he no longer needed, now that he had finished his carpentry work, inside. It was a fine big table, large enough to hold two or three scrapbooks at a time. And to my surprise I found that I now wanted to write captions for my pictures, as well as to paste them in the books. I wanted to say what I *thought* about those pictures of people and past events. So there I would be, when Cletus got home from school, seated at my big table, busy with pen, scissors, and pastepot.

I suppose it did *look* like a job.

"She didn't work at her job before you came," George explained to Cletus. "She did all the housework."

"What was *your* job then?" Cletus asked.

"I was the head of some schools."

"Like Mrs. Longnecker?"

Mrs. Longnecker was the principal of the two-room school Cletus attended.

"Yes. Except I had a couple of dozen schools under me."

"Why did they fire you?"

"They didn't. I retired."

"Retired?" Cletus asked.

"I stopped working—permanently."

"You're working now," Cletus said. And George was, grunting away as he scoured a baking dish in which he had allowed the macaroni and cheese to burn. "And she's got the job," Cletus said, nodding toward me, writing at my big table.

"That's one way of looking at it," George agreed.

Cletus concluded that conversation. "Looks like you got me just in time."

This is an example of Cletus' outspokenness, but not of his vocabulary. It's not easy to give

an example of that, because words of that kind are not ordinarily written down; but what follows illustrates it to some degree.

George drives Cletus three miles, morning and evening, to catch the bus which takes him to school. One evening while Cletus was outside, getting an armload of wood, George said, "Mrs. Longnecker gave Cletus a whack across the hand with a ruler today. Left a considerable welt."

I was surprised. Cletus, according to his pals, was teacher's pet. "Why would she do a thing like that?"

George laughed a little. "She's nervous this week."

"Nervous this week?"

"Cletus says she's having the grannies this week."

"The grannies?" For a minute the word made no more sense than Chinese. Then I caught on, and I don't know whether I was the more surprised at the old-fashioned word or at Cletus' up-to-date knowledge.

"For heaven's sake," I said, "where did Cletus dig up a backwoods word like that?"

"He's a pretty backwoods boy," George said.

"Well, how does he happen to know so much about things like that, then?"

"Things like that happen even in the backwoods."

Cletus' vocabulary and outspokenness, we didn't try to do anything about. He'd got his bad words by copying people who used them. We decided he would get his good words in the same way. But his second habit, we did try to do something about. He had to get up every night. Now under ordinary circumstances that would have been of no consequence one way or another. But our bathroom was back of the house a hundred feet, and the temperatures were sinking toward zero. Not that Cletus minded this nightly trip. He made it without a word of complaint. George was the one who complained.

George valued his sleep. What with hoot owl conversations to listen to at bedtime, together with early morning rising, he didn't like being awakened just as he had fallen soundly asleep. Not that any of the noise was Cletus' fault. Cletus had to put on shoes. The floor was not carpeted. The door stuck, then squeaked, then had to be banged to get a tight close. All this was repeated in reverse order on the return trip, plus the rattling of the springs as Cletus, after his frosty journey, shook awhile before getting warmed up.

On the night George decided that there had to be a change, I, the usually sound sleeper, was

awakened by sounds I couldn't at first identify. They were outside the house, a muffled banging, an unending stomping and yelling.

I awakened George. "What's that noise?"

"Cletus," he said without a moment's pause. "It must be Cletus. I fell asleep before he came back." George leaped from the bed, raised the window, and shouted, "Cletus, Cletus, are you all right?"

The banging stopped. "Hell, no." The answer was faint, but firm.

"What's the trouble?"

"I'm locked in."

The privy had a wooden latch on the outside as well as the inside, and this had somehow fallen into place when Cletus entered. I don't know how long he had been up there. Thank God nothing was frostbitten.

But that decided George. "The boy has to have his own chamber pot," he said.

"There isn't much privacy," I reminded George.

"There's enough," George said. "Besides, we can sleep right through it. I'll drive you into town today and you can buy one."

We bought one, or I did; though such a thing wasn't, even in that backwoods country, easy to locate. I got one, finally, at a secondhand store, by pointing.

Anyway, George thought we would have a good night's sleep that night. No shoes, on or off. No floorboards squeaking. No bedsprings clattering. No doors banging. He had given Cletus a searchlight with a real lighthouse beam so that there would be no occasion for any stumbling about. But I was awakened after a few hours' sleep by cold air blowing under the covers. George was sitting bolt upright, a hand over his eyes to shield them from the crisscrossing beams of that blinding searchlight of Cletus.

"Cletus," he called, "in God's name what are you doing?"

"I'm just sitting here," Cletus answered in a surprised voice.

"What are you doing with that flashlight?"

"I'm hunting hoot owls."

"What?" George asked louder than necessary, irritated because he believed he couldn't have heard right.

"I'm hunting hoot owls." Cletus said again.

"There are no hoot owls in here."

"I'm hunting them outside, in the trees."

"You can't see them from inside," George told him.

"I can see their eyes," Cletus said. "They're looking down at us like tigers."

George, at that, lay down with a slap of his back against the mattress. He pulled the covers over his face, determined to sleep in spite of the searchlight. But Cletus turned it off at once and went back to bed himself.

Next morning he asked George if he should stop hunting hoot owls. "I was trying to be quiet," he said. "I didn't know the light would wake you up."

"No, you keep on," George said, sorry for the way he had yelled in the night. "I'll tie something over my eyes tonight."



That was three months ago. Since then George has sent off for a "sleep mask" which shuts out every iota of light and he sleeps right through Cletus' nighttime hunts.

Soon after Cletus started this pastime of his (after all he is only a little boy, alone in the night) I got caught up with my scrapbooks—every loose item pasted in, every caption written. But by then I had the habit of sitting at this table working at my "job" as Cletus calls it. And since, with George taking over the household chores, there is no earthly reason why I shouldn't, here I sit from midmorning until midafternoon, indulging myself. Write all day; and when dusk comes, have a chat with a hoot owl. And be awakened from my first sleep by a boy with elf locks, who sits on a chamber pot turning his flashlight hither and yon until the icicles on the eaves glitter like torches and he sees (he tells us) a circle of tiger eyes. What a life! Who on

God's earth could have foreseen it? If I could have foreseen it myself, two years ago, not the reality, which is fine, but that life described in the words, "keep scrapbooks, talk to hoot owls, take in a boy with leaky kidneys," why, I would never have set foot out of Orange County.

And if George could have foreseen *his* life? He's growing herbs! Herbs! In a box in the kitchen window. Thyme, sweet marjoram, parsley, chives. Rue and rosemary too, for all I know. He uses them in cooking. Why not? What I'm doing is queer enough.

Since I finished the scrapbooks I've been writing this account of our life here. It's the last of March now. Often at noonday the icicles are dripping. George said there were signs of life in the spring he boxed over five months ago—on the day he said he had retired.

That's the name I gave this account when I finished it. "Retired." I wrote that word at the top of the first page and handed the document, pages stapled together, to George. "Read it," I said.

I was as uneasy as could be while he read. For all I knew what I'd said about him might make him mad. Or worse still, might simply bore him. He took it all fine. He chuckled once or twice.

When he finished he said, "I've got just one suggestion. You've got the wrong title."

"What should it be?" I asked.

"Semi-Retired," he said.

I confess to feeling a little asperity when George said I had the wrong title. It would be a funny thing, wouldn't it, if I didn't know the right title for my own piece of writing? But "Semi-Retired" was actually nearer the facts.

I was about to tell George so, when Cletus spoke up. This all happened, I've forgotten to say, on a Saturday afternoon just after lunch. We were sitting around in the sunlight and drip, enjoying the letup school people feel, even after they've retired, on the weekend.

"I've got a better title," Cletus said.

I didn't know Cletus had read it. Obviously, there isn't much privacy around here and I hadn't put my pages away as I wrote.

But if I answered Cletus a little tartly, it wasn't because he'd read it; it was because he, like George, thought he could, with a snap of the fingers, produce the perfect title.

"What is your suggestion, Cletus?" I asked a little stiffly.

"Change of Life." Cletus said it fast, so proud of what he'd hit upon, he couldn't wait to have us hear it.

There was no use pretending Cletus didn't know that he was dealing in *double-entendre*. He did. That's why he was so proud of the title. Not just the change in our way of living: George at the sink instead of going to his office; me at my desk, instead of at the sink; but the other, too. One stone used and two birds dead, with that title. There was no more point in chiding Cletus about knowing about such things than there is in rebuking a third grader who happens to understand algebra. The third grader's caught on early to what he's bound (unless he's dim-witted) to learn in time, anyway. The same was true of Cletus.

So I spoke only of the practical aspects of such a title. "That might be a good title if I'd written only about George and me, Cletus. But you're in this story too. What's changed for you? Going to school, studying, life hasn't changed much for you."

"Yes, it has," Cletus said without a minute's thought. "There's one big change. Every night I hunt hoot owls. Hunting hoot owls! Last night I saw fifteen eyes, and me in the middle of the circle. That's a change for me. Hunting hoot owls." That hit a chord. It went too deep to talk about. I got up and started to clear the table which George, unusual for him, had let stand while he read.

"You two go on up and have a look at the spring," I said. "I want a vacation from my job. I want to wash dishes."

That night when Cletus sent his beam from window to window, I thought, "Hunting for Hoot Owls." But doesn't that leave George out? George, with his sleep mask on, and his herbs on the kitchen window, and calling me "Minerva" when I answer that first call at dusk? No, I thought, everything you search for doesn't have to hoot.

I got out of bed silently, and went carefully across the icy floor to Cletus. I knelt down so that I could follow the light as he flashed it from tree to tree. He was right. We were encircled. They were there, whether we hunted them or not; greater than stars, because they lived; because they looked back and had voices with which to answer us.

I tiptoed over to my desk, crossed out the old title, and wrote in the new. Naturally, in the dark, I made a big scrawl of it. But next morning the very size of the words seemed to be a part of their truth; and neither George nor Cletus, when they saw them, had any further suggestions to make.



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John F. Kennedy: Portrait of a President



CHRISTA ARMSTRO

John F. Kennedy was to the manner adjusted. The White House became him; and his true metier was to be President of the United States.

Nothing showed it better than the flowering of his wit. During the 1960 campaign, when I came to know him, he constantly bit back jests, or offered them tentatively as if people might not catch on. But in the White House the comic spirit gushed forth, in season and out, and usually in the form of some wry sally at his own expense. "This will make Capehart look like the Churchill of the 'sixties," he said after the missiles had been discovered in Cuba. When Britain dragged her heels on the project for a ship-based multilateral force, he said to a backer of the project: "How does it feel to be an admiral without a fleet?" When the two leading Republicans happened to visit Denmark in the space of a week, he sent to the American Ambassador there a note saying: "All I see of you is pictures with Eisenhower and Nixon. Do you know something I don't know?"

Most of his life he worked against the grain of the obvious. Of his chief political handicap—his religion—he made an asset. The profile of courage that emerges from his book is a profile of leaders at odds with colleagues and constituents. His most famous gesture—the short chop of the hand, close to the body—found its true meaning against the background of the expansive arm-waving native to the American politico. Out of the tension of opposites, he drew his force as a speaker: "Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate." He had

never made the Senate "club"; nor did he want to. As a candidate he said of the kind of speeches that he sought: "I need something distinctive. I just can't sound like any Senator." During his time as President the greatest advance came on an issue he did not force—civil rights. Even in the crazy circumstance that made him seem to be a victim of the extreme left, in the city of the extreme right, there was an inner logic.

•

His strength was in adversity. A bad back put him in pain, or on the threshold of it, for most of his last years. But he never showed it, or spoke of it. Above all things he hated what he called "whiners"—which is one reason he never established rapport with the liberal wing of the Democratic party. No one who saw him face the Protestant ministers in Houston during the campaign could forget the gallantry of his performance or his restraint under provocation. It is said, and perhaps rightly though I have a different preference, that his finest hour came when the two worlds were eyeball to eyeball in the Cuban missile crisis. He never kidded himself, or others, that things were rosy. Perhaps alone among American Presidents he insistently called attention to unsolved economic problems during a period of great boom. When his popularity rose after the Bay of Pigs, he said: "My God, it's worse than Eisenhower."

Perhaps because of the tension between what he was and what people expected him to be, he was a restless

man and impatient. At all times he was in motion, smoothing his hair, adjusting his tie, fiddling with his belt, clicking a pen against his teeth, slipping his hands in and out of his pockets. During press conferences he had visibly to restrain himself from answering questions before they were asked.

Connected with restlessness was an insatiable appetite for detail. There were large areas of national life with which he could bring himself to grapple only with great effort—agriculture, for instance, and almost anything to do with making money. But in areas that engaged his interest, he could never get enough of facts and figures. He fired questions as though he had only a minute to understand the whole universe. No matter was too small for his attention. He once called personally to check on the petty expenses incurred by an Under Secretary of State on a trip abroad. His continual repetition of slightly different phrases—"We shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe"—was equally an expression of restlessness: normally his mind moved so rapidly that for the sake of clarity he deliberately said the same thing many times over. Similarly with his frequent use of numbers and statistics: they were a way of making the point over and over in staccato bursts.

Otherwise, he was not in the slightest mathematical. As much as most men he was apt to mix up millions and billions. The order of things in their places, just so, was alien to his soul. His office and desk were rarely neat; his secretary used to have to

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By Thomas S. Szasz, M.D.

pick up behind him. His associates at the White House never held a formal staff meeting, and assignments fell into place rather than being parceled out. Speaking of the State Department, he once said that when everything was in perfect array, it meant that nothing much was going on. No one associated with the 1960 campaign could place credence in the stories of the well-oiled machine. In a deep sense, the Kennedy method was the method of disorder.

The characteristic approach was to fill the air with possibilities—or "options," as they came to be called—many of them different, and some even contradictory. To these, free rein would be given: indeed the President once sent the State Department a series of questions about relations with France, with a request that no one making an answer was to know the source of the questions. He would allow events to play off of possibilities, nudging the outlook now one way, now another. Then, just as events seemed about to force his hand, he would step in and make his move with a characteristic twist of his arm that, ideally anyway, left him master of the situation. That is what happened during the Cuba missile crisis—which is one reason why the Administration glowed in the success of the exercise. It seemed to be happening a few weeks later in the meeting with Macmillan at Nassau—which is why that conference was followed by a false afterglow. It happened preeminently in the spring of last year. On June 10, after a season of haverings that evoked from the President himself a reference to the "winter of our discontent," he set his hand simultaneously to the issues of civil rights and détente with the Soviet Union. That morning, at the American University, he delivered a speech on disarmament that opened the way to the test-ban treaty. Next evening, in a nationwide TV address he set out his civil-rights program. To my mind, that was his finest hour.

By nature, he was cautious. He made decisions at the margin, committing himself little, and leaving room for escape. He had par excellence the ability to separate out things—the analytic capacity. Politically,

he tended to court the opposition and ignore his friends. He gave high office to many Republicans, and always clothed soft-line sentiment in hard-line dress. His motto might have been: no enemies to the right. One of the things his advisers could never quite get through their heads was that he really believed in pinching pennies—both for himself and the government. Like most cautious men, he had his real difficulties not in saying Yes (which could always be tempered) but in saying No (which was final). The true explanation of the Bay of Pigs fiasco lies there. He was suspicious of the invasion project as soon as he came to know of it, and he whittled it down considerably; but he did not know how to dispose of it entirely, and he let it go through after assurances that if it failed it would be written off as a minor incident. Still, he learned the lesson, and applied it in Laos—and not in the sentimentally tough way supposed by the Realpolitikers. "If it hadn't been for Cuba," he told an aide in the summer of 1961, "we would be fighting in Laos today."

Politics was the only profession he ever practiced seriously. He was the son of an officeholder and the grandson of elected officials, and he was political to the core. He knew the workings of the wards, and his hunches were often better than his pollsters'. I once asked him why the Governor of Oklahoma was campaigning for him in the state of California. He said: "Read Steinbeck, and you'll discover that California is full of Okies. Besides, we're not going to take Oklahoma anyhow." Most of his adult life he lived in the nation's capital. In the sense that Truman's Administration came from Missouri, Roosevelt's from New York, and Harding's from Ohio, his was a Washington Administration. He cared for the city, which he worked to beautify, and if he could be said to represent any interest, it was the federal interest. It seems fit that he is buried, unlike other Presidents, across the river in the Arlington National Cemetery.

What was distinct in his approach to foreign policy was the political content. He was probably the first



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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

American President to understand that other countries do things prejudicial to the United States not because they have un-American ideals, but because they have domestic problems. His special affinity with Harold Macmillan was based on their fellowship as political animals. "With Uncle Harold," a White House staff member once said, "he can sit down and talk easily of what this silly game of running countries is all about." Because he understood their political problems he had personal rapport with most of the leaders of the Third World; and the harmony he established between American policy and their aspirations is one of the important achievements of his Administration.

Connected with his political bent was fascination with the press. He read all the papers—the news accounts, the editorials, and the columns. He paid them too much attention, and he knew it. Once he passed a self-denying ordinance against the reading of a certain column. Next day his staff came upon him reading the column. Perhaps he could not resist because of concern for his image, as some suppose. More likely, it was because he regarded the press as the essential means of political communication. It had power over him and he tried to manipulate it in the way dear to politicians. He saw in the papers not just accounts of what had happened, but stories written or planted for political purposes. Reporters were to him friends, and sometimes foes, but never neutral chroniclers of the passing scene. Editors and publishers, even as they preened themselves on having his attention, protested—or affected to protest—his meddling. In fact he knew their business far better than most of them. Had he outlived his time in the White House, it is probable that, in some way, he would have turned to journalism.

Because he masked his political purposes, the press picked out as his salient characteristic—style. The public was pleased to believe it. It is true that he had charm to burn, and was almost too good-looking to be believed: a veritable cover boy. There was taste in everything he

did, but not that artificial creature style. His enthusiasms were simple. He liked the sea and the sun, sailing, swimming, soup, steak, and Scotch whiskey. His friends were not complicated—swells from New York who abounded in gaiety, and few of the Boston Irish. Most of all, perhaps, he could relax with David Powers, a friend whom he made doorkeeper at the White House, and who once uttered a famous tribute to the ruler of Persia: "You're not a kind of Shah."

Of showiness he had a positive horror. "Not too spectacular," he said in assenting to a White House fireworks display for a foreign visitor who liked that kind of thing. Once at the British Embassy where he was about to bite into some fancy whitish dessert, Ambassador Ormsby Gore, who knew him well, warned him that it was not ice cream. The President pushed the dish away.

Distinction in many fields he recognized, and more than any past President he worked to foster it. The woman he chose as his wife was a living testament to excellence in a woman. He had a weakness for great men—even de Gaulle; and he peppered his talk as well as his formal speeches with their sayings. He brought to the service of the government, quite literally, the best mind of his generation.

It was said against him that he lacked heart, and emotional commitment. Perhaps. But his mission was to be an antidote to Eisenhowerism—to identify and meet problems that resisted sentimentality and required brain.

It was also said against him that he failed to stir the masses. Perhaps, though the millions who waited hours to mourn at his bier do not bear that witness. But he had an undoubted kinship with the best of this country has to offer—with men of high purpose and intelligence, public conscience, and true accomplishment. These will remember him long after his face has passed from the magazine covers, long after his initials are gone from the headlines, long after his name has ceased to cross the public lips. For them, he quickened aspirations into reality. He began to make dreams come true.



A Backward Glance:

Art Books, Books on Art, and Picture Books

by *Paul Pickrel*

not entirely to the discredit of human race that most of us will look for other people when we do not buy them for ourselves. If American publishing could not rely on parents to buy children's books for their offspring, on communities to buy textbooks for their younger members, and on holiday shoppers to buy "trade" books for their friends and relatives, it would almost certainly be extinct. All this may not stem from the purest generosity—cities and communities are subject to the coercion of various sorts, and a book that at any other time would look appallingly expensive may look a bargain at five-thirty on the afternoon of December 23.

Books exist in at least two very separate realms, magic and business. Magic, with which they have a longstanding and intimate connection, books are both revered and feared, and when a group of hatched ladies in Texas galvanize into action to get the immoral or leftist books out of the libraries, they are acting, however misguided, to the continuing potency of the magic of books. Perhaps it is their magical quality that makes us more comfortable in buying books for other people than for ourselves: they contain a power to work wonders or to bring us every that we cannot claim for ourselves without guilt.

As business, publishing is subject to the same distortions as any other branch of the economy in which the buyer is not the ultimate consumer. The fact that books and greeting cards are often sold in the same shop aptly points a parallel.) Children's books are designed to appeal to parents; textbooks are designed to ap-

peal to school boards; and a great many general books are designed to be given away. In this, as in some other matters, we are more reticent than the Victorians: you no longer come across a book that frankly announces itself as a "gift book" on the title page, but the object, if not the label, is still with us.

One Pattern in the Flood

Since the publishing business is so largely a branch of the gift business, during the past month not many new books have appeared: in December the trade concentrates on selling its accumulated stock rather than on increasing it. This momentary pause in the flood of new titles gives the reviewer a chance to look back at some of the books published during the autumn that he has previously overlooked, and to trace, if possible, some pattern in that inundation.

One pattern immediately apparent from even as much as a glance at the publishers' catalogues is that an extraordinarily large number of books on art have recently come out. Many of these are perfectly predictable, of course: they are the more or less standard collections of pretty pictures unabashedly aimed at the Christmas trade. But many are decidedly more substantial, and in their range and variety they testify to the intensity of interest in art in this country.

No more than a sample can be considered here, but, since most of the books about to be discussed are decidedly expensive, it may be worth pointing out one large and important category of art publications that has been omitted—the paperbacks. There

are wonderful things available at moderate prices in this form. Some are concerned with the intellectual problems of art, like Arnold Hauser's **The Philosophy of Art History**, (a reprint, Meridian Books, \$2.25) and two original anthologies, **Art and Psychoanalysis**, a collection of essays edited by William Phillips (Meridian Books, \$2.95), and **Art History: An Anthology of Modern Criticism**, edited, introduced, and largely translated by the indefatigable and apparently omniscient Wylie Sypher (Vintage, \$2.45). Others are collections of illustrations with commentary; even to list what is available in this group would take columns, but some idea of the range can be indicated by a mention of the most recent volumes in the Mentor-UNESCO series, which offers (at 95¢ apiece) beautiful little books on such exotic subjects as Byzantine frescoes from Yugoslav churches, early Buddhist paintings from the Ajanta caves in India, and Mexican wall paintings of the Maya and Aztec periods.

A Model

Nigerian Images (Praeger, \$17.50) is the outgrowth of two great exhibitions of sculpture arranged to celebrate Nigerian independence, and so might be expected to be an exercise in chauvinism, but instead it is a model of what an art book ought to be. The text by William Fagg, Deputy Keeper of the Department of Ethnography of the British Museum, is remarkably succinct, almost dense, but if it is read carefully, in conjunction with the plates to which it is keyed with admirable clarity, it con-

stitutes a fine introduction not only to the art it is meant to introduce but also to the whole field of what is called primitive art.

Fagg is so far from being a chauvinist that he even denies that there is such a thing as "Nigerian" art;

Introduced in Harper's

Sections or adaptations of the following 1963 books appeared in the magazine before book publication.

Washington Wife: The Journal of Ellen Maury Slayden, from 1897-1919. Introduction by Walter Prescott Webb (Harper).

Powers of Attorney, by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton Mifflin).

Guess Whose Hair I'm Wearing, by Hildegard Dolson (Random).

Stranger to the Ground, by Richard Bach (Harper).

The Machinery of the Brain, by Dean E. Wooldridge (McGraw-Hill).

The Elephant, by Slawomir Mrozek (Grove).

Looking Outward: Years of Crisis at the United Nations, by Adlai E. Stevenson (Harper).

Change, Hope, and the Bomb, by David E. Lilienthal (Princeton).

The Domesticated Americans, by Russell Lynes (Harper).

The Council in Action, by Hans Küng (Sheed and Ward).

Literature and Science, by Aldous Huxley (Harper).

Dorothy and Red, by Vincent Sheean (Houghton Mifflin).

Balanchine, by Bernard Taper (Harper).

The Uses of the University, by Clark Kerr (Harvard).

My Life in Jazz, by Max Kaminsky, with V. E. Hughes (Harper).

The McLandress Dimension, by Mark Epernay (Houghton Mifflin).

The Craft of Intelligence, by Allen Dulles (Harper).

My Eye Is in Love, by Frederick Franck (Macmillan).

there is only the art of the various tribes that constitute modern Nigeria. But it happens that those tribes have been so prolific and so skilled that the main outlines of African art history south of the Sahara can be traced in that one land. Fagg follows two lines of development based on the materials in which the sculptors have worked. The court artists used lasting materials, chiefly bronze (the Benin bronzes, the most famous works of art ever created in sub-Saharan Africa, were made in Nigeria), but also terra cotta and ivory (in the late sixteenth century Nigerian artists were fashioning marvelously improbable ivory salt-cellars portraying Portuguese navigators, for the royal tables of Europe). The earliest surviving works of the court artists are thousands of years old. The popular artists have worked, and continue to work, in wood, and since everything wooden in Nigeria is eaten by white ants in a few decades, no ancient examples survive. But at the same time, artists of recent years have not been strait-jacketed by the monuments of the past; since wooden sculpture has to be re-created by every generation, it remains inventive and flourishing.

The effect of *Nigerian Images* is to make the art it describes and portrays much less strange, much less "primitive," than it was once thought to be. Writers of D. H. Lawrence's generation liked to think that all African art was a kind of contact print of the collective unconscious. There was a lot of innocent condescension in such an attitude; it tended to deny the immense sophistication and skill of the best work, and it tended to see everything, from the subtlest piece of court statuary to the tawdriest bongo-bongo maiden hacked out for the tourist trade, as equally good. Fagg decisively corrects such a view; African artists have varied in their gifts and their technical attainments as much as the artists of any other region, and the work of the best bears the mark of individuality as unmistakably as the work of other great artists.

The great photographs of Herbert List contribute to a lessening of the exoticism of Nigerian sculpture. Many photographs of such works use dramatic lighting and bizarre backgrounds to emphasize the strangeness

of the subjects; List has used natural light and neutral (us very dark) backgrounds. The result is that the pieces speak for themselves, and what the best have to is as noble, and as touching, as sculpture in the world.

American Images

In *A Life of Photography* (Doubleday, \$19.50) Edward Steichen brought together a brief, straightforward autobiography and more than two hundred of his finest photographs.

My first reaction to this collection is a feeling of surprise that so many images of America in the last sixty years, images that have become part of the very furniture of our minds, were first caught by Steichen's camera. If, for example (and to paraphrase a famous remark about Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington), J. P. Morgan were to come alive today and not look like a great, arrogant, impatient, fiery-eyed old Renaissance buccaneer, he stares out at us from Steichen's photograph of him, he would be denounced as an imposter; and if Isadora Duncan came back from the grave to stand among the ruins of the Parthenon and lacked that infinite grace that Steichen preserved, she would hardly fare better.

The early pictures are the greatest. Too many of Steichen's mature years were spent in taking small photographs for smart magazine. Doubtless they are extremely resourceful pictures, but many of their devices could be and have been copied, some of them many times. As a young man Steichen was drawn to painting, and his early photographs have a poetic quality that owes something to painting and that is very beautiful. The 1903 photograph of the Brooklyn Bridge, for instance, owes something—a great deal—to Whistler's Nocturnes, but the indebtedness does not impoverish the picture, which is quite possibly finer than Whistler's. The 1901 portrait of George Frederick Watts in old age is arty in a way no photographer would now permit himself to be, but magnificent.

Two tiny criticisms of a fine book: (1) surely Steichen is mistaken in speaking of George Arliss as playing

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li in *Old English* (they were different plays); and (2) it is al to publish a book without numbers.

Self-images

Portraits (Appleton-Century, 1963) is a collection of about seventy well-produced self-portraits of great painters from the fifteenth century onward, with a text by Manassas. The subject is one that is communing with the *Zeitgeist* and consorting with the *Weltanschauung*, but Gasser, in spite of being German, largely escapes those notorious horrors of art history. He is interested in tracing changes in the position of the artist through the portrayals of themselves, a subject that is sometimes illuminating and sometimes inoffensive, though no one can possibly guess from the sad, undernourished figure that Henri Matisse saw in himself the position that he achieved in the world. Gasser gives in to current fashion in his tendency to see in self-portraits a "quest for identity." Earlier writers on the subject have offered the inexpensiveness of the model as an explanation of the frequency of self-portraits, but Gasser points out that many artists have continued to paint themselves after they could well have lived on a model's fees. Probably there is no simple or uniform explanation, but often an artist must paint himself because then he has only one model's vanity to cope with, which, to be sure, may be colossal, but is still easier to satisfy than the vanity of other men.

The only woman included is the fascinating Paula Modersohn-Becker (the modern Germans are generously represented). The prettiest face is in Dyck's, but since he made every-thing pretty, we may doubt that the golden-tressed, almost asexual face that smiles so winningly had much to do with reality. The finest figure of a man is Ingres, a portrait painted when the artist was only twenty-four, then revised and corrected in later age, so that it must represent an idealized self, even an idealized masculinity, as the same painter's great male nude, "The Source," similarly begun in youth and completed in age, represents an idealized femininity. The most startling self-portrait is

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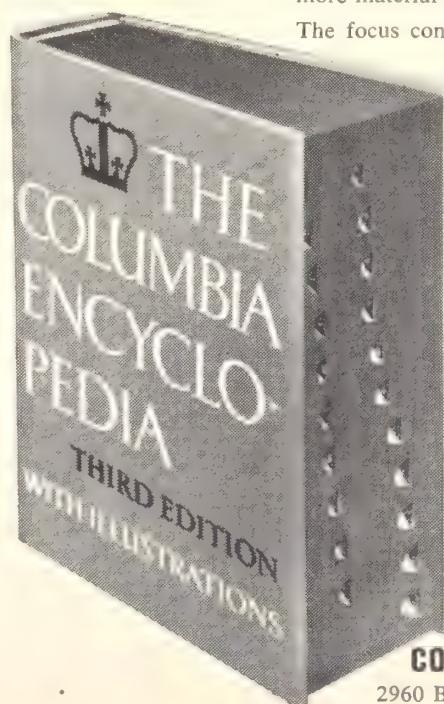
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Because interest has been necessarily directed to such regions as Africa and Asia, the new edition of the ENCYCLOPEDIA has greatly expanded coverage of those areas, with articles on new states and new leaders as well as more material on the older civilizations and their records.

The focus continues to be American. There are articles on all towns of the United States with a population of 1,000 or more and biographical entries for all figures of more than passing importance. Mexico and Canada also are treated in considerable detail, and Latin America has been given more emphasis than is usual in encyclopedias. There is an entry for every proper name in the Bible.

Here is an encyclopedia that is designed for everyone—"a colossal and well-turned volume."—LOREN EISELEY, *New York Times* \$49.50 at all bookstores.



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(Advertisement)

Editor-at-Large



A year or so ago, a first novel called "Learner's Permit" was published and received quite unusual acclaim. Most of the country's leading reviewers hailed the author, Laurence Lafore, for his remarkable combination of humor and storytelling ability.

All too often a first novel is followed by a disappointing second, perhaps a dismal third, and then sometimes silence. This is not, I am happy to report, the case with Laurence Lafore, whose brilliant second novel, "The Devil's Chapel," is just published.

The qualities that made Lafore's first book so good are present in this one, too. There is the same quietly deceptive story-telling—at first tranquil and faintly humorous, accelerating to a climax that is both funny and horrid, a difficult trick for any writer.

Unfortunately, it's impossible to give any plot synopsis of "The Devil's Chapel" without giving away the secret—one that is virtually guaranteed to stand the reader on his ear. All I can say without breaking the rules is that this novel's engaging hero is surrounded by the most fantastic collection of supporting characters I have ever encountered in fiction, and that includes "Alice in Wonderland."

In the world of books, where thousands of new titles are published each year, a worthy but slow writer can be too easily forgotten, which is one reason I'm happy that Laurence Lafore has written a new novel so soon. The primary reason for joy, though, is "The Devil's Chapel" itself.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Some acute readers may be familiar with this column, which has appeared in Another Magazine for some years. It will continue to run in that magazine, and will also appear each month in this space. It is sponsored by Doubleday & Company, Inc., publishers of "The Devil's Chapel" (\$4.50), by Laurence Lafore.

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Caravaggio's; he had the happy thought of painting his own face on the severed head of Goliath held aloft by the triumphant boy David. Michelangelo had a similarly pleasing notion; in the *Last Judgment* he portrayed himself as St. Bartholomew the Martyr flayed alive and carrying his own skin, but that jest is not reproduced in Gasser's book. The most charming self-portrait is Henri Rousseau's; he put an ascending balloon, the Eiffel tower, a bridge, a much-beflagged ship, the River Seine, and other marvels in the background, and then, in the very center of the picture, somewhere between his heart and his stomach, he holds a heart-shaped palette on which are painted, in an elegant Hogarthian curve and with fine impartiality, the names of his first and second wives.

The Perfect Tribute

A recent biography, *Florine Stettheimer* (Farrar, Strauss, \$15), by Parker Tyler, is about the American woman painter, with many reproductions of her work, or (as Tyler characteristically prefers to call it) her oeuvre.

Miss Stettheimer came from a rich New York family and had an international upbringing; her home was a salon for the most advanced artists of the 'twenties; she is best known for her sets and costumes for the Gertrude Stein-Virgil Thomson opera *Four Saints in Three Acts*. Yet she belongs to the tradition of the artistic provincial spinster, the gifted sister, all quivering sensibility, cocooned by her family—what those who remember their *Huck Finn* may be tempted to call the Emmeline Grangerford strain in American culture.

At least once, in Amherst, Massachusetts, that strain rose to genius in the figure of Emily Dickinson, and it would be pleasant to think that it might have produced a painter of similar stature, but my reluctant conclusion is that in Florine Stettheimer it did not. Her pictures have the kind of charm that you can find in the verses of the Sweet Singer of Saginaw City; they owe more to the Delineator Pattern Books of their time than to the currents of modern art represented by Miss Stettheimer's friends. Curators of our leading

museums take her work serious enough to hang it on their walls, but the artist herself may have been right in refusing to sell a painting. "Suppose," she shuddered, "it were to hang in the bedroom of some man!"

Tyler's method as a biographer is somewhat idiosyncratic. The book is largely a series of baroque free associations to a few facts of Miss Stettheimer's life and selected paintings. "In terms of physics," Tyler writes, "a typical bravura passage, 'the atomic weight in Florine's figures corresponds to the tenuous fragility found in Bosch's allegoric works, although she painted with more simplicity and flatness, and thus with a 'illusiveness' supplied not by them primarily, but sheer physical aspect. When a single sentence offers us so much, only a mean and grasping spirit would ask that it also yield up a meaning."

Miss Stettheimer's friends chose precisely the right man to write her biography. Tyler's prose catches the spirit of her work as no mere scholar could; even the dust jacket, with its acutely artistic lettering (like the cover of a family album) is exactly right. The book is absurd, but touchingly absurd; it is the perfect tribute not only to Miss Florine Stettheimer but to all those maiden ladies whose yearning after the pretty once brightened the parlor walls of America.

Meanwhile,
Back Among the Scholars

The antithesis of Tyler's book is *Patrons and Painters* by Francis Haskell (Knopf, \$15), the most substantial piece of scholarship to be discussed here and representative of the finest scholarship now being done in the busy field of art history.

Haskell's subject is sufficiently indicated by his subtitle—"a study in the relations between Italian art and society in the age of the baroque." His manner is ingratiously unassuming; he tells a complex story in a straightforward way, avoiding the grander speculations about art and society in favor of tracing out their intricate interplay in an era when neither was necessarily at its best but both were full of strong personalities and flamboyant talents.

Not everyone will care to read four

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hundred large pages on the subject; the book is addressed to specialists. And yet much of it is more entertaining than many a recent novel. In one section, for instance, Haskell shows the highly ambiguous positions of the religious orders as art patrons. The orders were vowed to poverty, but they were defenseless against the generosity of their friends. Some great ecclesiastical prince would decide to patronize one of their churches; he would make the most elaborate and expensive arrangements for its decorations, decorations in which the glories of God could be considerably assisted by the glories of himself and his family. When the great prince would die with the work half finished and half paid for; the poor order would have to ramble around for another patron to finish a job it had never wanted done in the first place, and of course a new patron when found would want to change things around, because in his view the glories of God had reached a uniquely elevated manifestation in the glories of *himself* and his family.

Haskell writes with quiet wit; he says of one patron, for example, that his two volumes of poetry in the style of Marino are respectfully mentioned and sometimes even quoted by the more indulgent literary historians." I cannot judge the scholarship but should be greatly surprised if it were anything less than first-rate; the index is excellent, and a man who takes trouble with an index will usually not shirk his labors elsewhere.

On Drawings

A book that falls somewhere between the picture book and the scholarly work is **Great Drawings of the Masters** (Putnam, \$25), edited by J. E. Schuler with text by Rolf H  nsler. There is an excellent brief introductory essay on the history of drawing and its collectors, pointing out that our increasing interest in art as process, as opposed to art as completed objects, has increased the appeal of drawings.

The notes on the individual plates are not very satisfactory. Significant facts are omitted (we are told that one drawing is executed in black and red chalk, although the woman rep-

resented has a brilliant blue bodice; we are not told the medium of the Degas drawing). Some of the comments are pedantic; others seem not to make much sense. For instance, H  nsler says of Greuze: "His work was strongly influenced by the bourgeois theatre of the day, and therefore has a rather critical flavor, appealing little to our modern taste because of its sentimental undertones." It may be that a drawing can have both a "critical flavor" and "sentimental undertones," but it seems unlikely; poor translation may be the trouble.

The plates, on the other hand, are superb, beautifully selected and beautifully reproduced. The fact that the reproductions are in full color rather than the usual black and white is a great advantage, because even in those drawings that do not use color a range of nuances is preserved that would otherwise be lost. To look at really fine reproductions of drawings like these opens the eyes to similarities and lines of development; there is a tree in a drawing by Cranach in this book that is drawn almost exactly the way Van Gogh was to draw trees several hundred years later.

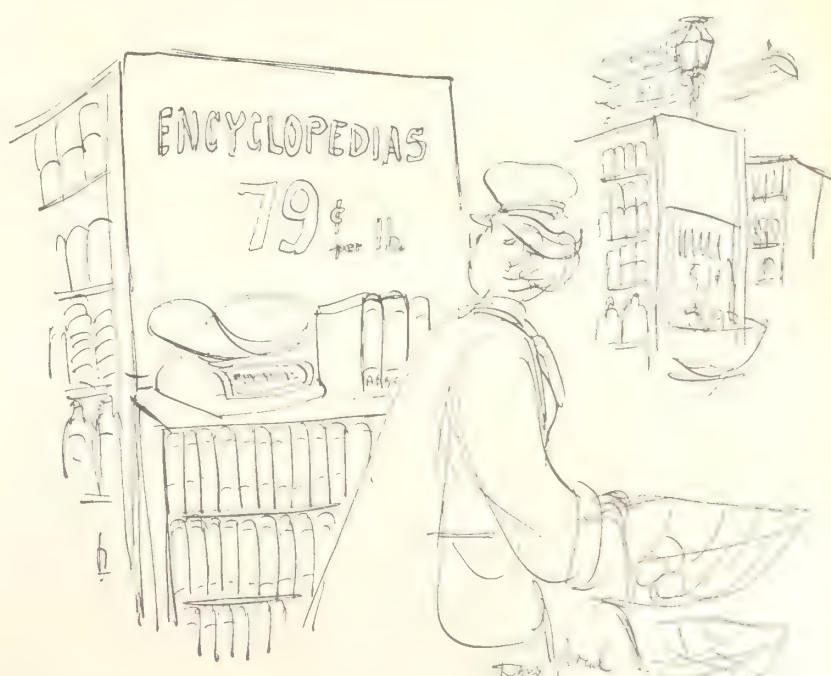
In spite of the uneven quality of the text, then, anyone who likes drawings and can afford so costly a book will certainly want *Great Drawings of the Masters*.

The Drawings of Edwin Dickinson (Yale Press, \$15) is a handsome volume concerned with the draftsmanship of a single contemporary American. It contains fifty-eight full-page reproductions of Dickinson's subtle, unemphatic drawings. They belong to no particular school and might have been made at any time in this century. They have a quality that is somehow American, a little like Eakins: tender, slightly withdrawn, and gently sad.

Reform Through Art

Life for Dead Spaces (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$12.50) is about equally divided between drawings by the architect Charles Goodman and the text by Wolf Von Eckardt, but it is not in any usual way an art book at all. Sponsored by the Lavanburg Foundation, an organization concerned with the improvement of urban life, it is a plea, rather in the manner of Jane Jacobs, for making the open spaces in the big public housing developments more useful and more lively; it is also a carefully worked out plan by Goodman for mass-producing small hexagonal pavilions which can be set up on free land in various arresting combinations to house shops and other community facilities.

The plea that public places should be more interesting has grown in-



creasingly common in the last few years, but it can hardly be made too often. Goodman's plan is more doubtful; his little pavilions look agreeable enough, but do we really want even those objects that are supposed to relieve the uniformity of modern cities mass-produced? One hears behind them the police whistle of the recreation director heartily commanding everyone to fall in line and have fun. Better a bad statue of a dubious ward healer who once actually stuffed the ballot box in this very neighborhood than a pavilion whose replica can be found a few blocks away in any direction.

Gift and Picture Books

The most sumptuous of this year's gift books is **Great Private Collections**, edited by Douglas Cooper (Macmillan, \$25). It represents, in lavish photographs, the treasures of more than twenty-five great modern collectors—one Swede (the king), three Englishmen, three Italians, two Swiss, ten Americans, six Frenchmen, and a couple who can hardly be assigned to a nation: Berenson, an American whose collection is in Italy, and Niarchos, a Greek whose collection is in Paris.

Each collector is the subject of an essay by an eminent authority on the field in which he collects, but tact rather than expertise seems to have been the writers' chief requirement. Some are embarrassingly adulatory; all seem to have been very much aware that they would like to be asked back. None reveals what we would really like to know: what kind of personality lies behind a great collection? Occasionally a small and nervous qualification appears, but the reader can only guess what it means. (Though when a writer says that "a few of Count X's holdings reflect a more personal taste," we may be fairly sure that there are some real eyesores on the premises.) The essay on Governor Rockefeller's collection is rather surprisingly by Goldwater, but criticism is minimal even here, since the author is Robert Goldwater, Director of the Museum of Primitive Art, of which Governor Rockefeller is President.

The pleasure of the book lies in the luxury of its format; the chance it opens up to associate, however

remotely, with splendor and opulence; and the brilliant, graceful introduction by Kenneth Clark.

Newport: Pleasures and Palaces (Viking, \$10) has a brief introduction by Louis Auchincloss and pictures and text by Nancy Sirkis. Newport is such a superb subject for a picture book that one is a little surprised it hasn't been done before (probably it has) and a little disappointed that it hasn't been done this time with a bit more style. The problem, presumably, is to find a style that unites the colonial town, the great society resort of the 'nineties, and such contemporary phenomena as the naval base, the jazz festival, debutante parties, and auctions. Miss Sirkis has settled for an effect somewhere between the album and the scrapbook. Still, she is straightforward in both her pictures and her prose, and from time to time the style of her subject imposes itself with splendid authority.

Style, on the other hand, is the very thing that **A Vision of Paris** (Macmillan, \$19.95) has. This is a collection of about two hundred photographs of Paris taken by Eugène Atget in that great Indian summer of France, the "beautiful epoch" that stretched from 1885 to the first world war. Most of the photographs are centered on the page, with luxuriously old-fashioned margins, and printed in sepia ink on delicately ivoryed paper. Nearly every facing page carries a quotation from Proust, neither a description nor an identification, but (as Proust himself would doubtless have liked to think) an evocation.

The photographs are full of a serene autumnal light. When people appear, as they do infrequently, they seem without haste, timeless as a bridge across the Seine or a cool Diana in a wooded park. There is an effect of enchantment, of distance, as in the plays that Maeterlinck was writing at the time or the music of Debussy. And yet these pictures are perfectly literal, and a reminder of how much that once seemed strange was literal in the painting of the School of Paris: some of Atget's photographs of mean Parisian streets seem familiar from the paintings of Utrillo.

An elegant book.

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Careful, He Might Hear You, by Sumner Locke Elliott.

This is one of those novels which a character already dead—lovely, gay, mercurially quixotic young mother who died in childbirth—is still a dominating force in the lives of all the many others who people a really extraordinary book. It is an exotic story about an Australian family's struggle for the custody of a small boy, the son of the dead woman. . . . If one of the major tests of a good novel is how well it shows the inevitable growth or change of character from a given beginning, or the failure to change and grow with a situation, Mr. Elliott racks up a practically perfect score with at least seven major characters and several minor ones as well. The story itself far exceeds any mere family saga. It is a wacky though entirely believable and lovable family to begin with, and the story is emotionally gripping from first to last with the final scenes a dramatically moving resolution of good and ill in humanly credible terms.

Harper & Row, \$4.50

Of Good and Evil, by Ernest K. Gann.

In a large city when anyone is murdered, raped, robbed; commits an act of sexual deviation, bigamy, or suicide, where will all such happenings be reported to set wheels in motion? In the headquarters of the local police, of course—the "Hall of Justice." Here is a story—or many stories—of what happens inside such a building in San Francisco when suddenly human emotions get out of control and explode into antisocial action. It makes for lively reading, for there are at least half a dozen narratives which are resolved—or not—and though the narrative keeps shifting from one to another in a distracting way, one gets involved enough to want to know the outcome. There are better and worse policemen, better and worse "criminals," so it's not all black and white on either side. One learns a lot about how the various departments in the

police force operate, but, compared, for instance, to the Gideon books about the inner workings of Scotland Yard, this seems to me episodic, the many threads sometimes hard to follow, the cops too sentimental about their jobs and each other, their characters, with one or two exceptions, not well enough realized. One does find interesting sidelights on various tickets, on "cronkies," on the loneliness of the policeman's job. But it isn't the Gilbert and Sullivan song that it pretty succinctly quite a while ago? By the author of *The High and the Mighty* and *Fate Is the Hunter*. Simon and Schuster, \$4.95

The Venetian Affair, by Helen MacInnes.

You have to be alert to enjoy Miss MacInnes' stories of international intrigue. Hers aren't the kind (*Above Suspicion*, *Decision at Delphi*, *North from Rome*, etc.) to read before falling asleep. Something subtle and exciting and essential to the plot happens on every page; ideas are important; and you have to keep up with her or you'll find you come panting in at the end, absorbed and happy but minus three essentials and any number of subtleties. In this tale most pleasantly and knowledgeably situated in Paris and Venice, the enemy is, as always, totalitarianism, both right and left. A bright young American journalist turned drama critic (and back to journalism) and a bright and pretty young widow turned—well, read it yourself to see how they work it out against a background of plot and history and geography carpentered in most skillful and minute detail. Harcourt, \$5.95

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, by John Le Carré.

John Le Carré is the pseudonym of a British civil servant in Whitehall, and his book has been heralded by Graham Greene as "the best spy story I have ever read." Men and women in Intelligence and Counter-intelligence have to "do disagreeable things so that ordinary people here and elsewhere can sleep safely in their beds at night." They have to live without sympathy, without talking to their nearest and dearest, sometimes have to become completely other people, have to "stay out in the cold" as long as they are in ac-

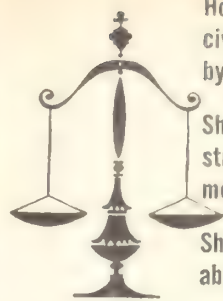
tive service. . . . This book is about a man in English Intelligence during and after the war. The story is of espionage on both sides of the Berlin Wall. And the things that Laemas, the spy, has to do are truly inhumanly difficult. It makes Miss MacInnes' Venetian tale seem like a romp and a picnic by comparison, for one is sure hers will turn out all right for all those nice people. In this one the reader is terrified all the way through. It is told from the inside. The setting, the job itself as it unrolls, are grim, grim, grim, and breathlessly exciting; the tone is as terse and as merciless as the Service itself. Only in showing the deadly seriousness of the world of espionage going on every minute of the day and night while the rest of us go our own ways, does this book resemble *The Venetian Affair*. It is real and there is no laughter. It is economical in the telling and completely clear in the end. Many readers will echo Graham Greene.

Coward-McCann, \$4.50

Nonfiction

Robert Frost and John Bartlett: the Record of a Friendship, by Margaret Bartlett Anderson.

I suppose this is only the second of what is bound to be a long series of Frost letters and reminiscences. This collection is in many ways as different from the Untermeyer group of Frost letters reviewed here last month as can be imagined. It deals with the story of Frost's friendship with a young couple who met and married while they were students of the young poet at Pinkerton Academy in New Hampshire. The friendship continued throughout their lives, though for a good part of the time they were separated by more than half a continent. Hence these letters—now edited by the daughter who, with the help of notes conscientiously kept by her parents of every talk with Frost, has added considerable family history to fill in the background and give the letters their necessary perspective. This is a simpler, more directly affectionate Robert Frost, who in the early days of the letters was often living almost a hermit's life; writing little poetry; being often ill. Later the same themes appear as in the Untermeyer



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25¢ mail costs.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

collection—his lectures, talk of work,
his and theirs (both John and Mar-
garet Bartlett were minor writers),
family catastrophes, and abiding af-
fection. All interested in Frost will
want to read "the letters I wrote you
and John in the simplicity of the
heart back there when none of us
was anybody."

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5

The Eternal Now, by Paul Tillich.

I had always assumed that Dr.
Tillich was beyond me, or certainly
beyond my pleasurable reading, until
the other day when I picked up this
new collection of sixteen sermons deliv-
ered over the past eight years. I
don't suggest that I understand
everything he means from one quick
reading; I have a notion one could
go back to these seemingly simple
and blessedly brief sermons (none
more than eleven small pages, many
even shorter) and find new meaning
and illumination each time, depend-
ing on the particular insight, experi-
ence, or need one brings to them.
They are divided into three cate-
gories; "The Human Predicament,"
"The Divine Reality," and "The
Challenge to Man." "The Divine
Reality" has least reality for me
though his exposition is exceedingly
clear, but when he writes of "Lone-
liness and Solitude," "Forgetting and
Being Forgotten," or "Do Not Be
Conformed," and other everyday
aspects of the human condition, even
to a non-churchgoer and a non-phil-
osophical mind he speaks with re-
markable directness and suggestiveness
in his precepts and perceptions.

Scribner, \$2.95

**With a Cast of Thousands: A Holly-
wood Childhood**, by Jill Schary Zim-
mer.

This is no rags-to-riches story. By
the time Jill, the oldest child, came
along, young scriptwriter Dore
Schary, though not yet head of
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was already
doing all right. The family of three,
the fragile, beautiful mother who
painted, the father, the daughter,
and two servants were established in
a "Mediterranean-style" house near
Wilshire Boulevard in Hollywood,
and Mr. Schary was moving "from
friendship with such young strug-
gling nobodies as Moss Hart, Edward
G. Robinson, Don Hartman, Spencer

Tracy—to friendship with such
world-famous figures as Moss Hart,
Edward G. Robinson, Don Hartman,
and Spencer Tracy." Danny Kay,
Marlon Brando, Elizabeth Taylor,
and Gene Kelly, among others, came
to weekly parties at her parent
house. She knew them all on a first
name, in-our-swimming-pool basis.
She was born, as it were, with a sil-
ver screen in her mouth. . . . She
went to school in a chauffeur-driven
limousine and envied children whose
mothers delivered them in station
wagons and slacks. But a lot of them
must have come in limousines too,
since her schoolfellows included the
children of the David Selznicks,
Laurence Oliviers, and Gary Coopers.
As she writes of them, hers was a
remarkable but affectionate family
who lived a strange and star-span-
gled life which it's hard to make
sound anything but fantastic no mat-
ter how cozily the author tries. After
reading her story no screen-struck
teen-ager will need to read another
movie magazine for a year. . . . Holly-
wood, they say, has changed, but Jill
Schary, now married to Jon Zimmer,
the TV producer, still lives there.

Stein and Day, \$4.95

Forecast

Works in Progress, 1964

With no dates and few titles yet
attached, publishers are already her-
alding important books still on the
back of the typewriter, so to speak.
In Paris, James Jones is at work
on a new novel which Scribner hopes
to publish in 1964; Dial and Dell
have contracted for the hard- and
soft-cover rights for Norman Mailer's
next; and Laura Hobson, who wrote
Gentleman's Agreement, is writing
a new one, *First Papers*, which Ran-
dom House will bring out in 1964.
In nonfiction Random House also
promises Truman Capote's *In Cold
Blood*, "the factual story of a mul-
tiple murder" on which he has been
working for two years. Max Freed-
man is starting (for Little, Brown)
a biography of the late Judge
Learned Hand in which he has the
full cooperation of the Learned Hand
Estate; and from Farrar, Straus and
Cudahy comes the news that Edmund
Wilson is editing for 1964 publica-
tion the first volume of the personal
journal he has kept since 1908.

MUSIC in the round

by *Discus*

Two Great Women Pianists

concert stage crowded with artists, they are the undisputed female royalty.

During the last half of the nineteenth century, women pianists existed on equal terms with men. No one could elbow them out of the way, there were too many and they were too good. Clara Schumann, Teresa Carreño, Annette Essipoff, Marie Menter, Arabella Goddard, Marie Janotha, Ilona Eibenschütz, Fanny Davies, Paula Szalit (said to have been the greatest child prodigy since Mozart)—the concert stage was crowded with them.

In a way, the concert stage is still crowded with women, but surprisingly few have made the kind of international impact that their forebears did. In our own decades there have been the incomparable Wanda Landowska, the harpsichordist, and Maria Hess, the reigning queen of pianists. Landowska died a few years ago, and Hess apparently has seen her last playing days. She was ill on her last American tour, and the chances are that she will never again subject herself to the rigors of platform life. She is, after all, seventy-three years old.

Which leaves, as the only female representative of Myra Hess's generation, Guiomar Novaes. And there is the younger Gina Bachauer, who

made a tremendous impact on America when she made her debut here in 1950 (Novaes had made hers in 1915). Between them, Novaes and Bachauer are the undisputed royalty on the female side, though their blood lines are entirely different. No woman pianist currently active in this country has been able to make an impression anywhere near comparable to those two, though the skillful Moura Lympany from England and the brilliant, powerful Jeanne-Marie Darré from France certainly deserve all the recognition they can get. In Germany the venerable Elly Ney still holds forth, and one can mention a few other names here and there—Annie Fischer, Monique Haas, Marina Mdivani. All are fine, serious artists. But none has captured the imagination as have Novaes and Bachauer. And, in all truth, none is as good.

Novaes was born in Brazil, Bachauer in Greece. Novaes went on to the Paris Conservatory to study with Isidor Philipp. Bachauer also ended up in Paris, working with Alfred Cortot. The playing of Novaes is warm, plastic, patrician. Quite different is Bachauer—powerful, impulsive, ultra-virtuosic.

The work of the two ladies can be studied on a recent pair of discs. Novaes, after many years with Vox records, has gone to Decca, and her first disc for that company contains

the Chopin Barcarolle, Debussy Les Collines d'Anacapri, Soirée dans Grenade, Poissons d'or and Minstrels, and Liszt's Forest Murmurs, Dance of the Gnomes, Liebestraube, Valse oubliée and Hungarian Rhapsody No. 10 (Decca DL 10074, mono; 710074, stereo). Bachauer plays Stravinsky's Three Scenes from Petrouchka, Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12 and Brahms' Variations on a Theme by Paganini, Book II (Mercury 50349, mono; 90349, stereo).

The choice of repertoire from both pianists is typical. Bachauer is one of the few women who plays like a man. She has an unusually brilliant technique and sonority to match. Thus she likes the bigger repertoire items. Novaes has never gone in for works demanding the utmost in endurance and sonority. Her playing is at all times refined and feminine, full of nuance. Bachauer apparently has a repertoire that takes in the entire field of piano music, from Bach and Scarlatti to Stravinsky. Novaes is primarily a romanticist with nowhere as big a repertoire, and she is most at home in the piano music of the nineteenth century.

Infallible Instincts

Both pianists are finished workmen (workladies?). Novaes has the easiest imaginable way of playing the piano. She is permanently relaxed, and notes ripple out effortlessly. She is capable of power—Novaes is anything but a lavender-and-old-lace pianist—but it is always a controlled power. Lucidity, proportion, glints of tone, and flawless finger work are characteristic of her style. That and extreme sensitivity. Novaes is anything but a scholar; but her instincts are infallible.

And she understands the pedal as do few living pianists. Her work in the Debussy pieces is supported by pedaling that lets the music breathe. Under the big arch of the melodic line is a knowledge of harmonic underpinning, and how to release it, that lifts the music from the keys and the sounding board. In the other pieces she is equally as interesting. Up to now she has recorded little Liszt, and this also appears to be her first recording of the Chopin Barcarolle. The Chopin Barcarolle

AND ALSO...

Libert and Sullivan: *Patience*. John Law, Trevor Anthony, George Baker, Isie Morison, John Cameron, Marjorie Thomas, etc.; Glyndebourne Festival Chorus and Pro Arte Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent (Angel 335, 2 discs, mono; S3635, stereo).

One of the most amusing and musically most sophisticated of the G&S operettas, beautifully sung and recorded.

Canteloube (arr.): *Songs of the Auvergne*, Vol. II. Netania Davrath, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Pierre de la Roche (Vanguard VRS 9120, mono; VSD 2132, stereo).

Now all five books of Canteloube's enchanting series of French folk songs have been recorded. Davrath sings clearly and sensitively, with considerable style.



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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

delicately tinted, pianistically elegant, musically flowing. Of the five Liszt pieces, only the Tenth Rhapsody demands a big approach; the others are *morceaux*. In the Rhapsody she never bangs, but nevertheless is able to encompass the bigness of the piece; and how gracefully she manages the glissando sections! She simply glides through them. The equivalent would be the loaded watercolor brush of a great painter sweeping over the paper.

Bachauer also plays a Liszt Rhapsody—the Twelfth. And she does it with grandeur of style, plus a muscular approach that is completely alien to the Novaes philosophy. But the unusual work on her record is Stravinsky's own arrangement of three scenes from *Petrouchka*.

This is a piano music of such inordinate difficulty that only a handful of pianists dare touch it. It demands power, endurance, an ability to maintain specific lines no matter how complicated the texture, and a twenty-finger technique. It also requires immense sonority. One looks at the printed page and shudders.

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

How can any human being read through such music, much less memorize it?

But this is the kind of music in which Bachauer glories. With extraordinary force and confidence, she sets about cutting *Petrouchka* down to size. Her playing here is a remarkable demonstration of a powerhouse technique coupled to musicality. For Bachauer does much more than merely resolve the notes. She makes music of them, unlike some pianists who have tackled the work, and who are so busy playing the notes that the musical values escape. Thus her interpretation of *Petrouchka* is not only a tour de force of technique. It is also an illustration of a fine and original mind (the composer's as well as the performer's).

The Near-impossible

Brahms' *Paganini Variations* are not kid stuff, either. They are recognized as one of the supreme tests of a pianist. They sound hard, and are even harder than they sound, for as in all of the Brahms piano music the layout is extremely awkward. Liszt or Chopin never would have begun to ask the pianist to do some of the things Brahms asks; they themselves were much too practical as pianists for that. They did not waste their effects, whereas only too often the audience is unaware of the near-impossible things Brahms is asking his performer to do. Anyway, Bachauer tosses off the second book of *Paganini Variations* as though there were never going to be a tomorrow.

There is a strain of impulsiveness in Bachauer's playing, and often she will rush a tempo or overpower a phrase. But there is at all times a quality of excitement to her work, of communication, of personality and originality. She is the fortunate kind of artist who can sweep criticism along. Much the same can be said of Novaes. For both of these women have so much to offer, and can offer it so convincingly, that criticism merely devolves into expressions of "perhaps this" or "perhaps that." All one can do is describe Novaes the poet, Bachauer the hero (not heroine; hero). These two are among the most important pianists of the century.

JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

Desmond & C

The effect of Paul Desmond on the Dave Brubeck Quartet is often to make the rest of its members (the leader included) sound like his accompanists. Desmond is the quartet's melodic voice; he comes on with a burst of springtime freshness, but colic but insistent, that can make his colleagues' best intentions appear labored and earthbound. Sometimes as in the quartet's latest album (noted first below), his alto sax seems to be trying to fight its way free from a puddle of music muck.

Part of the trouble with *Brandenburg Gate: Revisited* is that it played "with orchestra." That the Brubeck group doesn't *have* to sound this way is amply attested by the record—not least by the two records they produced last year after Carnegie Hall Concert on Washington's Birthday. Though many of their virtues are those of the ensemble, the degree of Desmond's merit has been acknowledged by a rival company in having him record as a single star. Here again (as in *Desmond Blue*) the temptation to fill the background with weeping geep-sax violins has not been entirely resisted, but we can remind ourselves that it overcame Bird and Pres, too, in their day. Pure Desmond remains pure gain.

Brubeck remarks in the Carnegie Hall album notes that Paul plays best when he is "slightly angry or feeling assertive," and this may well be true. In such an involuted enterprise as the Brubeck Quartet, perhaps it calls for a touch of temper to escape from technical preoccupations and break away into the effortless empyrean where Desmond floats alone, on wings of matched intelligence and grace.

Brandenburg Gate: Revisited. The Dave Brubeck Quartet. Columbia CS 8763. **The Dave Brubeck Quartet at Carnegie Hall.** Columbia C2S 826. **Desmond Blue.** Paul Desmond. RCA Victor LPM/LSP-2438. **Take Ten.** Paul Desmond. RCA Victor LPM-LSP-2569.

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PAUL MASSON'S 1964 CHESS TOURNEY!

This year: a whole evening of chess and brandy,
and 101 prizes...including Koltanowski's Ring!

Heretofore our competition has featured one problem by George Koltanowski, chess author and international blindfold champion. This year, however, Koltanowski has urged us to go to *three* games for humane and fiendish reasons. In the first place, he says, no one ever sits down to a sociable evening of chess and brandy and plays only *one* game. No, on these occasions three is about par.

Secondly, you are playing better chess than you used to; i.e., too many of you are beating the Master, and he is anxious to put a stop to *that*. Therefore he has made the second game tougher than the first and the third very tough indeed.

However, if the odds are greater, so are the rewards for your prowess.

This year, instead of the customary ten, there will be 101 prizes:

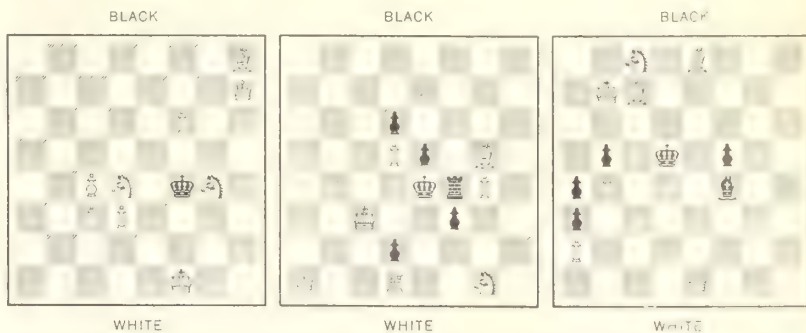
The Grand Prize will be an exact replica of Koltanowski's own intricate gold and enamel ring (presented to him at Caracas in 1947 by the Venezuelan Chess Federation) appropriately inscribed with your victory. Second through 101st Prizes will be personally autographed copies of his stirring "Adventures of a Chess Master."

Moreover, *all* entrants will receive the world's first Chess I.D. Card signed by Koltanowski with his "7 Rules For Better Chess."

So go to it: settle down with a bottle of Paul Masson's splendid Brandy and—since your opponent is *in absentia*—one glass. (We have shown three to give you a choice of drinks; so take your choice.)



One more thing. Each of these problems is white to move and mate in two moves. If you have never tackled chess problems before this means: A) White (bottom, moving up) makes a move; B) then Black (top, moving down) makes a move; C) then White moves and checkmates. However, *only send in the key move (A) for each problem.* Good Luck!



Dear Paul Masson, Dept. H-2, Saratoga, California

Here are my solutions: 1st game. _____

2nd game. _____ 3rd game. _____

I'll be pleased to receive Mr. Koltanowski's solutions and my Chess I.D. Card. I'll be even more pleased if my answer is among the first 101 checked after April 1, 1964 and I win a prize.

NAME _____

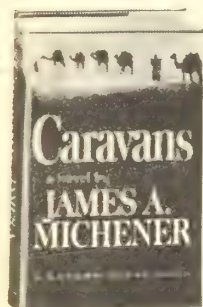
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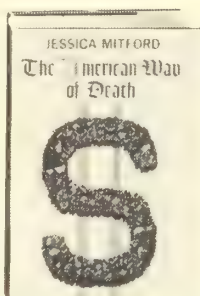
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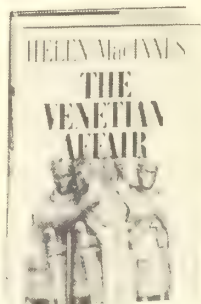
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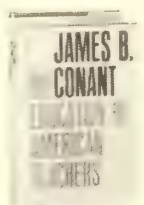
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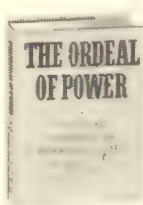
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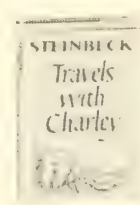
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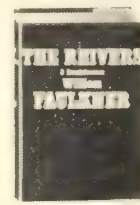
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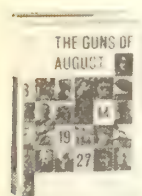
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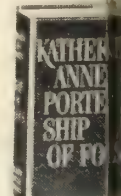
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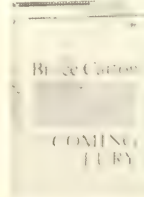
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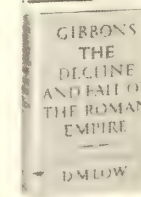
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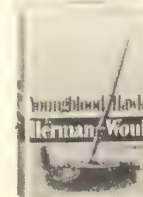
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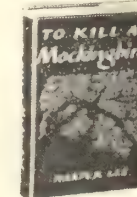
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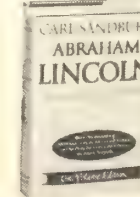
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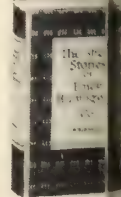
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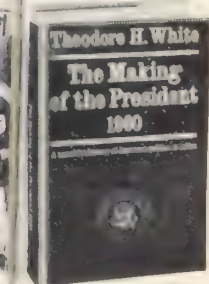
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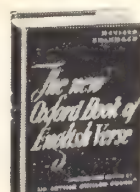
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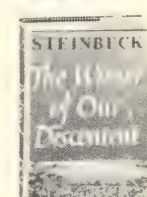
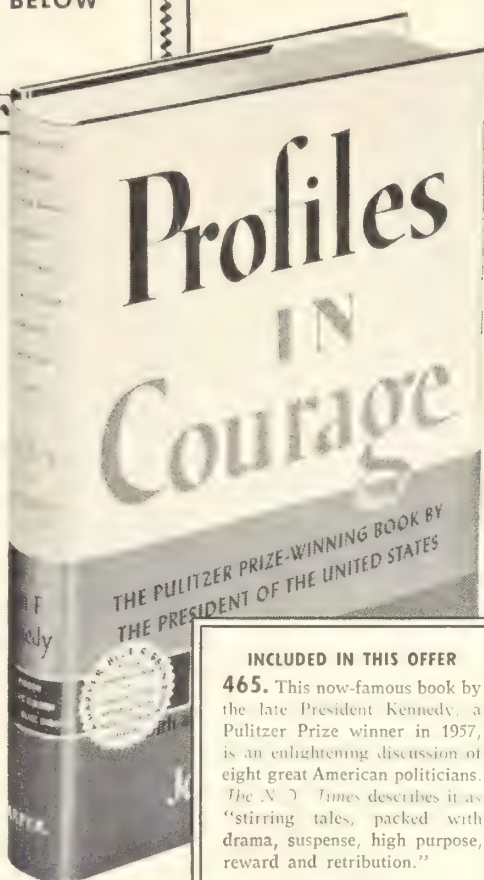
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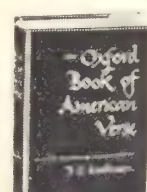
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LETTERS

Ferment in the Church

"Restraints on American Catholic Freedom" [Jon Victor, December] is shot through with presumptions that are not justified by the evidence offered. One such statement is that the authorities of Catholic University "hoped to keep the status quo for themselves, for their students, and for American Catholics at large." How ridiculous can you be? . . .

If the discussion of the use of the vernacular in the liturgy was suppressed then apparently the veto was of small consequence, since the San Francisco *Chronicle* of Dec. 7, 1963, headlines the returning archbishop with "Masses in English Here by Spring." . . .

If the University did veto a proposed symposium on evolution and Christian theology in 1959, perhaps its scientists were occupied in more meaningful researches. The Oakland *Tribune* recounts the discovery of neutrons by Catholic University physicist Clyde Cowan—"a key to the mystery of earth and stars." . . .

As to this censorship on reading, it may be that the works of Küng, Rynne, Kaiser were excluded from Roman bookshops but they are available in Catholic school libraries and bookstores. . . . After all, most Catholics use civic library services so that "muzzling" is a bit difficult. They may even read *Harper's* and find out about the restraints on American Catholic freedom!

SISTER MARGARET JEAN KELLY, Ph.D.
College of the Holy Names
Oakland, Calif.

As a Catholic, I admit and deplore the censorship and suppression of free discussion which has been practiced in the Catholic Church during my lifetime. . . .

BOB MASS
Cincinnati, O.

What has appalled me, as a Catholic college student, has been the defensive attitude that a few religious sister graduates of the Catholic Uni-

versity have taken toward the shocking repression of ideas in an educational institution. How can any scholar justify this?

NAME WITHHELD

Broadway Blues

Please thank Albert Bermel for standing this side of the footlights in "How to Treat the Broadway Malady of 1963" [December]. Generally, the poor, suffering audience is ignored. The economics and mechanics of theatregoing today, particularly for families with young children, are impossible. By the time we have bought ourselves a babysitter, gobbled dinner, wrestled with transportation problems, . . . squashed ourselves into expensive seats four rows from outer space—and all this on the night we have the flu (the tickets were bought three months in advance for any Tuesday)—we are in no mood for anything less exalted than Shakespeare. . . .

I go to the theatre—tragedy and comedy alike—for entertainment, and not for the moral or intellectual good of my soul, which has enough other problems to sustain it. If then I am a traitor to Culture, I am at least old enough no longer to feel guilty about it. Culture and Inspiration come in book form; coffee and comfortable seats come in movie houses; and the TV set doesn't care what I wear while I watch it. Until the theatre takes a few steps in my direction, I shall be sad, but shall nevertheless stay home and stay solvent.

JUDITH GROCH MINOWITZ
New York, N. Y.

Between clichés, Bermel made a few amusing points—in twice the space he really needed. But he didn't get beyond self-serving. Suppose the Broadway theatre died, just as the road died, just as corner grocery stores died. Would we then all shed our clothes and wear animal skins? . . .

DAVID M. KINSLER
Cleveland Heights, O.

Tax Jung

Philip M. Stern . . . appears regard an oil-depletion allowance a tax dodge ["The Slow, Quiet Murder of Tax Reform," December]. comparison of the returns obtained from investments in, say, bonds and in oil royalty, should demonstrate that a depletion allowance is necessary in order to avoid double taxation of the investment in oil royalty. At the end of, say, twenty years, the bondholder may cash his bond and (properly) recover his principal without paying a tax on it. In contrast, the owner of oil royalty, after twenty years, may be fortunate to find his investment worth a tenth of his original payment. He has been drawing principal as well as interest from the oil property. In the absence of a depletion allowance, he will have paid a tax on 90 per cent of his original investment. . . .

Also, I am anxious to learn how Mr. Stern can justify the "reform" of eliminating the 4 per cent tax concession for corporate dividends. How can he justify *any* additional tax on dividends which have been taxed 52 per cent before they have been distributed? Only a portion of the remaining 48 per cent is distributed to the shareholders. . . . Why is an oil-depletion allowance inequitable and a double tax on dividends justified?

PHILIP C. MCCONNELL
Ojai, Calif.

MR. STERN REPLIES:

A factory or machine is just as exhausted as an oil well when it has finally worn out; yet a factory or machine owner is only allowed tax deductions equal to his initial investment, unlike mineral investors, who can and do take tax deductions of as much as two hundred times their original investment. As to the dividend tax credit, if "double taxation" is an evil, then it should be excoriated entirely from our tax system (e.g., the excise tax on a TV set is paid for with after-tax dollars and is therefore an example of double taxation).

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LETTERS

Why single out corporate dividends for relief? Besides, the dividend credit gives lopsided relief to the wealthy over the unprosperous. Both these arguments are fully spelled out in *The Great Treasury Raid*, a book on tax loopholes I have just finished writing.

Through the Telescope

As an old-time physicist I suggest that both Donald H. Menzel and Eric Larrabee are missing the main point in "The Debate over Velikovsky" [December]. It is whether the earth has had a very slow evolutionary growth with several ice ages, or whether it has had at least one great catastrophe, an order of magnitude or two greater than an ice age, since 4000 B.C. Four facts need to be established: quick frozen mammoths; reversal of Earth's magnetic field . . . ; petroleum (a recent trade journal still states that thermodynamics does *not* explain it); and the rather recent appearance of Venus (this was new to me, is it true?). The mechanics of any theory of catastrophe, although interesting, is secondary to any recognition of catastrophe. Ninety-nine per cent of Velikovsky's explanation seems unscientific and very weak to me.

PAUL H. BALDWIN
Griffiss AFB, N. Y.

. . . The reader who harbors any doubts as to the sophistry of the Velikovsky-Larrabee thesis would do well to read the first three and the last chapters of Martin Gardner's absorbing little book, *In the Name of Science*.

C. A. SLEICHER, JR.
Seattle, Wash.

The exhilarating thing about Velikovsky's *approach*—without going into the validity of his conclusions—is his acceptance of the "myths" of our pre-literate ancestors as something more than a pack of fanciful inventions. . . . What Professor Menzel thinks of as "the dark ages" had the same proportions of intelligence and stupidity as our own, and an important duty of science in the future will be the unraveling of the sometimes cryptic and sometimes merely literal messages our ancestors have left us.

LEILA ENGEL
Bloomington, Ind.

The Well-read Child

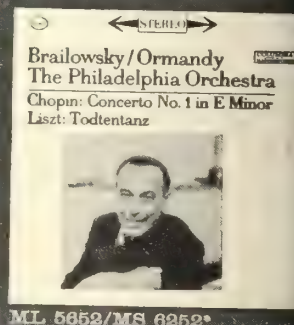
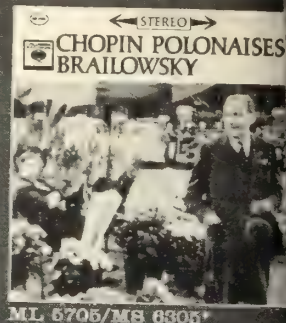
Ruth Hill Viguers ["The New Children's Books," December] should come down from her ivory tower to where the children are—in school libraries—and observe what they like to read. . . . *Henry Huggins* and *Homer Price*, *Savage Sam* and *Old Yaller*, *Caddie Woodlawn* and *The Incredible Journey* . . . have gained countless converts to reading while *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood* and *The Trumpeter of Krakow* languish unread.

An elementary-school librarian tells me that today's children want humor and facts; they do not find "Landmark" and "North Star" books a "dull path" into the world of literature. They like biography; they read *PT 109* and other books about World War II with gusto. As to the "asininity" of "Beginner Books," she says that second-grade children were never able to read library books until the easy-to-reads came along. Now they love the library. . . . Anything a child reads increases his awareness of the world about him and why should he—or an adult—confine his reading to "a work of art"? . . . There are no books every child should know.

MARGARET WALRAVEN REID
Wichita Falls, Tex.

Dregs of the Vine

Creighton Churchill's article on "California Wines" [December] was most unwelcome. . . . Mr. Churchill tells us that the centuries-old tradition of wine making utilizes the natural yeast on the grape for fermentation which results in a generally superior product evident from the teaspoon or so of dregs. Hogwash! Primitive methods give primitive results. Never quality. . . . No self-respecting wine maker, regardless of country, would even attempt fermentation without his own yeast culture, pure of strain and developed over many years. Who in his right mind would subject his grapes to the vagaries, inconsistencies, and inferiority of wild yeast? Now we come to the sediment bugaboo. A teaspoon or so of dregs in a wine is just that. Dregs! Sediment in a wine is usually an indication of a poor wine, poorly made, an

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LETTERS

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HARRIS FINKELST
Huntington Woods, M

Dear and Glorious Crit

As a female novelist of some international repute I greatly enjoy "The Angry Young Women" by E. Moers [December]. However, I believe she is blaming the wrong party in her contention that women write tend, in America, to stick to the theme of children's sensibilities and women's problems and hearth and home and avoid the "great issues" the day. If they do dare to stray from that Hitlerian idea of "church, kitchen, and home" as the only valid pursuits for woman, the doctrinaire American critics of the Left will pounce on them furiously, especially the male critics. . . .

When my first novel came out, which was a novelized history of the great armaments industry (*Dynasty of Death*) *The New Yorker* announced assuredly that it was a novel by a professional male writer, written under a pseudonym. Other critics also made that remark. The book was highly praised. But when it was discovered that I am a wife and the mother of two daughters, the male critics raised girlish screams of wrath—and they've never stopped. The more Leftist the critics are—and the Leftists have the review market cornered—the more they berate a woman who writes of "masculine matters," and the more they deride her and say she is not a "serious" writer.

For instance, the male critics . . . greeted my novel concerning the rise of railroads throughout the world (*Never Victorious, Never Defeated*) with ridicule and overt hate. Yet over three thousand representatives of international railroads . . . presented me with the Grand Prix Chatrain in Paris in 1956, and André Maurois, who presented the prize to me, wrote on his card: "for the American Balzac." I am a particular favorite of the *London Times* and, in fact, of the critics (male) all over the world with the exception of America. . . .

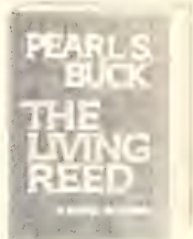
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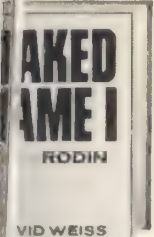
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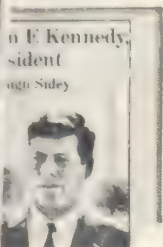
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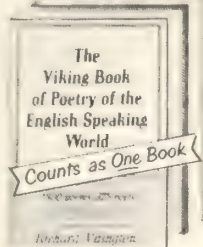
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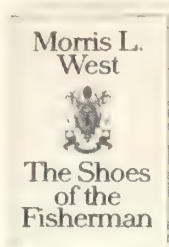
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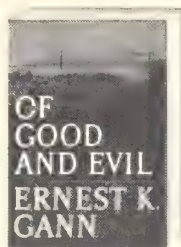
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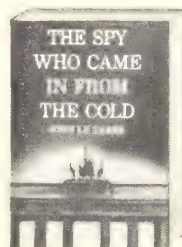
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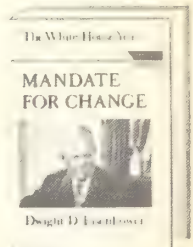
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LETTERS

ican industry and ancient history "women's books," and loudly shrieked that I wrote almost exclusively for women's magazines and Hollywood. But the truth is that my masculine fans in America far outnumber the feminine, that I am never accepted by any women's magazines, and that Hollywood, governed by brother-doctrinaires, never buys my books. . . .

It was a fortunate thing for me that I could never afford to be a housewife—perhaps. At any rate, the Leftist critic is not a gentleman, and I mean that in more ways than one, boys!

TAYLOR CALDWELL
Buffalo, N. Y.

Bard as Businessman

Marchette Chute's *Shakespeare of London* should answer Charlton Ogburn, Jr.'s question [Letters, November] as to the source of Shakespeare's income. "His income was an actor's not a writer's, and it came from the pennies that were poured into . . . the Theatre and the Curtain, the Globe and the Blackfriars. This money was handled as a lump sum and was divided every week among the actors after the expenses of the productions had been deducted. In the same way that each member of the company shared the expenses of buying costumes and scripts, renting the theatre, and paying the wages of hired assistants, they shared weekly in the money that came in from the audiences. . . . All the actors in Shakespeare's company were well-to-do, and most of them made the usual Elizabethan investment and bought property." . . .

MILDRED D. HIERS
Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

Ivan's Music

Your music reviewer should remain Anonymous, for his article about Russian composers was sheer stupidity ["The Musical Sins of the Soviet Fathers," Music in the Round, by Discus, November]. Granted that music under the Soviets is somewhat curtailed, but no country can completely suppress the ideals, talents, and creative works of man (even Verdi got around his critics by disguising his works, e.g., *Rigoletto*, *Masked Ball*). Has Discus heard Shostakovich's *Second Piano Con-*

certo (1957), . . . or Kabalevsky's *Sonnets of Shakespeare*, Op. 52. Shostakovich's *Eighth Symphony* which is rarely played in Russia since it is pessimistic and atonal. Its second movement with its inflating adagio was compared to Beethoven's adagios by Koussevitzky, who called it a movement which "by the power of its human emotion surpasses everything else created in our time."

DAVID F. MARSH
Munich, Germany

DISCUS REPLIES:

The fact remains that no serious musician in the West takes current Soviet music seriously. Shostakovich is the only composer who arouses a minimum of interest, and the chief interest there is in bewailing the dissolution of a creator who once held a magnificent promise but who now largely writes propaganda music.

Healthy but Miserable

I giggled over Upton Sinclair's report on diet ["My Anti-Headache Diet," November]. My husband and I were sucked into the health-food game in Germany where we were stationed. . . . For months a slimy, tough, bloody mass of liver faced me every morning. "Tiger's Milk" was lunch, and plain meat and salad for dinner completed the day's eating. . . .

When we were transferred to Virginia our local health-food business was astronomical and most of the products made eating a daily endurance test. Our first suspicion of our hoodwinked state came when we noticed that our health-food man's name appeared on the recommended bottle. Then [we read] a government report on health foods that had found most of them valueless and overpriced.

As we returned to normal we found ourselves going on eating jags. My husband ate five candy bars in one day and I had a passion for spaghetti and noodles. Out of our lives, honey, and brewer's yeast hell came two items of lasting value. We now adhere to a [sensible] high-protein and low-starch diet . . . and we still use sea salt. . . . But as one who has gone the health-food route I honestly do not recommend it. Give me the headache any day!

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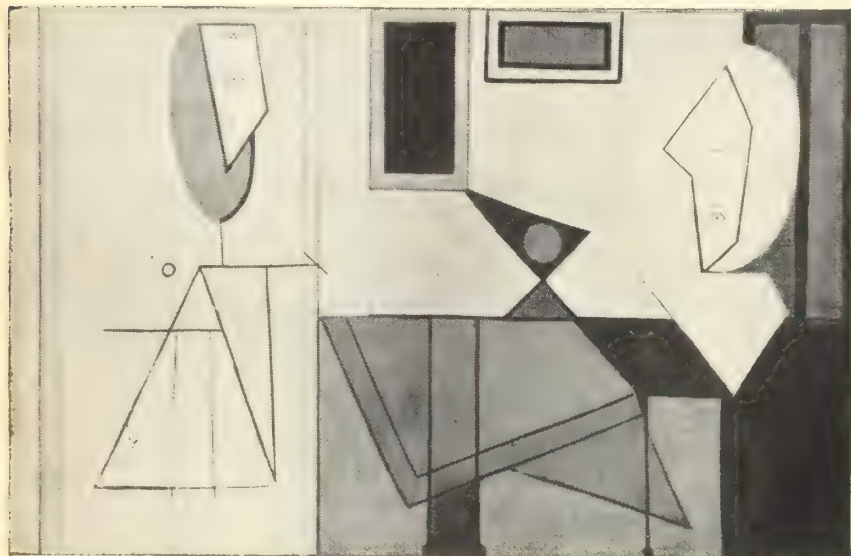
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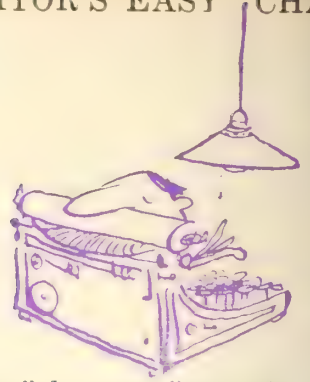
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Why Nobody Can't Write Good

by John Fischer



She had just been graduated from one of the more expensive women's colleges and now she was looking for a job in publishing. Her grades were good. She had majored in English, with special attention to eighteenth-century poetry; and she confessed, flapping her eyelashes modestly, that she had written a little verse of her own. Her speech was civilized, her clothes were in unobtrusive good taste, her nails were clean and her appearance was presentable—indeed, quite fetching.

But when she took the routine employment test it was at once apparent that she couldn't spell, construct a grammatical sentence, or write a paragraph of coherent prose. Moreover, she was astonished that anybody expected her to do these things. She assumed that we had some drudges in a back room who took care of such grubby details. What she wanted, she explained, was "to do something creative."

The suggestion I offered was meant to be helpful, and I'm pretty sure that I put it in a fatherly—well, anyhow an avuncular—tone without the faintest hint of a leer; but she didn't take it well. In fact, she seemed to regard me as both flippant and impertinent.

Her case is by no means unusual. On the contrary, every businessman knows that it is a rare day when he can hire either a woman or a man who is capable of writing reasonably competent English. It is easier, one executive recently told me, to find people trained to write the mathematical binary language of computers.

Such complaints are becoming frequent enough to suggest that the almost-vanished art of writing has become an expensive problem for American business. The dean of the Harvard Business School, for example, reports that "an incredible

number of college graduates who apply for admission can't write a passable sentence"—and he is supposed to get the cream of the crop. Langley Carleton Keyes, the head of a Boston advertising agency, has deplored the "enormous wastefulness" which results from "the great amount of dull, difficult, obscure, hackneyed, wordy writing in business." Several of the better law schools have started intensive programs in writing because—as Thomas M. Cooley, dean of the University of Pittsburgh law school, put it—"the graduates of our colleges, including the best ones, cannot write the English language," much less draft a cogent brief. The State Department has just launched a course in elementary composition for its officers, who frequently cannot comprehend one another's memoranda. And Washington University in St. Louis is starting a special project, at the cost of \$135,000 a year, to translate the incomprehensible jargon of social scientists into English.

Most alarming of all is the discovery that a lot of teachers can't write either. Dr. Harold Martin, of the College Entrance Examination Board's Commission on English, found that a third of the English teachers in secondary schools were unfit to teach their subject.

Which should surprise nobody. For we have people who make it their business to teach binary computer language, or French or Russian or Swahili. But today nobody—with a few honorable exceptions, to be noted in a moment—seems to feel that it is really his job to teach the writing of English.

Listen to Professor Paul Roberts, the author of several well-known English texts:

"Everybody who is not an English

teacher," he says, "seems to think that English teachers have had special training in English composition and in how to teach it. We have not had. We have been trained in English and American literature, in Old English philology and structural linguistics. Nobody has been trained in composition . . ."

If you spend a little time around the English department of any big university, you will discover that this is an understatement. The satraps in charge of graduate work there have no interest in training people to teach children to write. What they are interested in is producing Ph.D.s—and producing them according to a formula handed down almost unchanged from the medieval universities of the old world. They are, moreover, afflicted by feelings of inferiority, because they see most of the big money and prestige flowing to their colleagues in the science departments. Hence they try their best to imitate the scientists, in an effort to prove that their scholars are just as scholarly—indeed, just as scientific—as anybody across the road in the physics lab. Above all, they insist that every Ph.D. candidate must make some "original contribution to knowledge."

As an academic outsider you may think this an unreasonable demand. For the English scholar is not free to explore the limitless reaches of the physical universe in search of his "original contribution." He is limited to the finite body of English and American literature. This means he must write yet another dissertation on James or Melville or some other famous chestnut; or he must dig up some obscure eighteenth-century poet who hasn't already been explored to tatters. Such poets are getting mighty scarce—and when found, it is obvious that they are obscure for the best of reasons. So



WOTTERY (1 mile) Do what Shakespeare are used to do: walk over to Anne Hathaway's cottage. Come in Spring, when "lady-smocks all silver-white do tint the meadows with delight."

What you can see within 100 miles of Shakespeare's Stratford

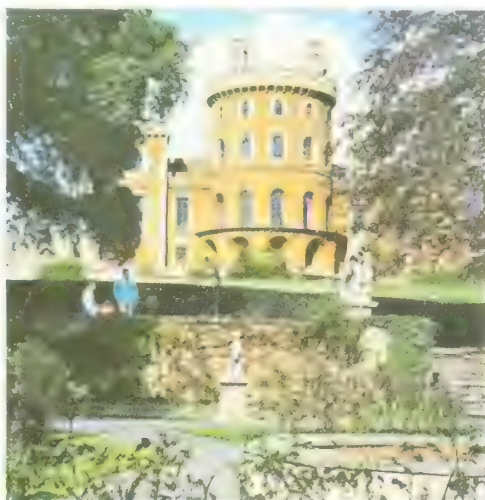
*(Hints for visitors to Shakespeare's England in 1964)
The year's 400th anniversary*



BROADWAY (1 mile) This is the Elizabethan village where J. M. Barrie wrote *Peter Pan*. Hop on a bus in Stratford and you can ride from village to pretty village for about 4 cents a mile.



WOCESTER (38 miles) This eloquent cathedral was built in the 13th century a thousand years after the Romans set up camp here. You can visit 15 cathedrals within 100 miles of Stratford.



BELVOIR CASTLE (72 miles) Pronounce it "Beever." The Duke of Rutland lives here, in great halls hung with Gainsboroughs and Poussins. You can now visit his castle and art gallery for 35¢.



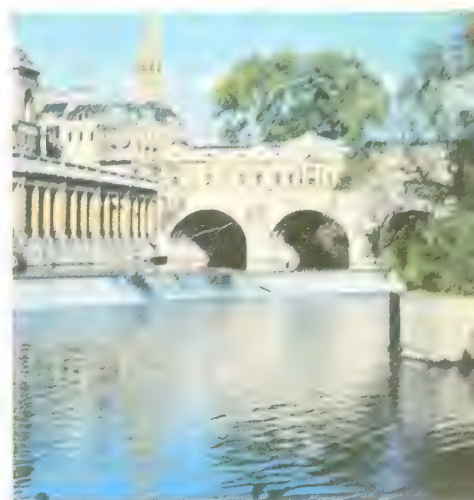
OXFORD (40 miles) Our picture shows Oriel College, where Sir Walter Raleigh learned his geography. Try navigating Oxford's rivers in a punt—a cushion-lined, flat-bottomed boat.



CAMBRIDGE (50 miles) Wayfarers have been lodging at the New Inn (above) for 650 years. Inn-hopping Americans often find prices as quaint as the half-timbering: bed and breakfast from \$3.75.



COMPTON WYNAYTES (15 miles) Henry VIII often stayed here. The house's walls are honeycombed with secret stairways. In the garden, topiary bushes stand around like trysting courtiers.



BATH (70 miles) Yehudi Menuhin comes to this fashionable spa every June to lead a festival of music. Most festivals in 1964 will spotlight Shakespeare. Ask your travel agent for programs.



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the time the poor candidate has at three years poring over his subject's hamstrung syntax and clouded rhetoric, any natural feeling he may have had for the English language probably has been smothered for good.

If not, in most universities his pretors will soon take care of that. They will see to it that his dissertation is not written in plain, straightforward English—that would be disconcertingly unscholarly—but in the peculiar argot known as Pedagoga or Academic Mandarin. (For representative samples, see the bound doctoral descriptions moldering in the stacks of any university library, or any issue of *Publications of the Modern Language Association*.) In due course, then, the fledgling scholar is awarded the velvet hood to wear in academic processions and a parchment license to teach English.

His first job almost certainly will be the teaching of Freshman Composition in some college: a task for which, as Professor Roberts pointed out, he is totally unequipped. He will hate it, for this reason and because his pay is poor and the prestige poor; he is, in fact, considered the low man on the academic totem pole. Moreover, he probably will conclude that his labors are hopeless, because his classes are far too large to teach writing in the only way it can be taught: that is, by painstakingly analyzing every sentence of an assigned paper with each student individually, pointing out his mistakes and making him do it over—and over and over—until he gets it right. Even if he had the time and stamina, his pupils would rebel against such methods; for the one thing they learned about English in high school was that it is unimportant.

Oh, maybe an occasional fussy English teacher had carried on about it—but the high-school math and history and social-studies teachers couldn't have cared less. They seldom assigned written papers or essay-type examinations, since their classes (the old problem) were too big, and it is easier to grade true-and-false "objective" tests. In any case, they didn't bother about errors in spelling and grammar; their attitude, implicit if not openly expressed, was: Just get down the facts and don't

worry about the language. Most of them, indeed, were so insecure about their own English that they would have flinched from correcting a mistake in rhetoric, even if they had considered that part of their duties.

This was not always true. To quote Professor Roberts again: "In the last hundred years there has been a steady decline in the use of writing in the general educational process. It used to be that no one had to teach composition because everybody taught it. The student was writing all the time, not only in his literature course but also in history, in economics, even in science and mathematics. It was every teacher's responsibility, and not just the English teacher's, to keep the student up to a respectable standard and to show him how to improve his prose."

And he concludes gloomily that "very likely we can never go back to such a system, but this is no argument for having special courses in writing taught by departments of English"—because that wouldn't help either. "Students write badly. They take courses in English composition and they still write badly. And nothing has been achieved except the ruin of departments of English."

With his elders in such despair,

who can blame the young instructor with his shiny new Ph.D. if he scuttles away from Freshman Composition as fast as he can manage it, and begins to teach courses in Chaucer or Milton's Use of Imagery—which is, after all, what he has been trained for?

Meanwhile, the university turns out another generation of illiterates, some of them with Ph.D.s. And the graduate schools of law and business, in desperation, launch programs in elementary composition, to give their students what they failed to acquire during the previous sixteen years—because it was nobody's business to teach them.

At this point the taxpayer may begin to wonder whether we really need all those English Ph.D.s., educated at such vast expenditure of money and talent. Wouldn't it be more sensible to train a few hundred thousand people specifically for the teaching of English composition? Maybe—oh heretical thought—it isn't really necessary to make a man get a Ph.D. before permitting him to teach a writing class? Maybe a different kind of union card would be more practical?

If the taxpayer is also a business-

To Hell with Revising, I'm Writing a New Poem

by Richard Frost

Anyway, it's two years since we ended that summer as if to end all of them, drunk at the writers' conference, swinging like crazy, and that poet threw logs over our transom,

trying to get in and watch. You are still young and lovely, but I have worked those poems so many times, so many ways, that I've had to think about you and all we said and strain it through

a hundred metaphors, a thousand iambic feet, trying to patch it into order with my cat, which has since died of distemper, and my wife, whom I like more than I guessed, and of course my kids,

until I'd simply like to forget the metaphysics and say that I'm going to get outdoors again and pick some unpressed flowers. Listen, why don't you go out and find someone you can trust?



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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

man, plagued by illiterate employees (and his own inability to write a lucid memorandum) he may begin to suspect that our whole school system isn't worth the billions we pour into it, so long as it turns out such defective products. He is not likely, however, to devote much energy to seeing whether the school system might be improved. Usually he will just grumble in private, curse the eggheads who run the schools, and vote against the next school bond issue—as the citizens of my own community did just a few weeks ago.

Fortunately not everyone has abandoned hope. In both high school and colleges a small band of stubborn teachers still believes that it is not only possible but essential to teach kids to write. They are convinced that American society will not permit itself to drown in the rising tide of incoherence . . . that sooner or later it will realize that no nation can survive a breakdown in communications (remember the Tower of Babel?) . . . and that it will then insist on the changes, however painful and expensive, necessary to rebuild a common skill in the use of language. After all, language is the most valuable tool *homo sapiens* ever invented, and he is not likely to abandon it for good.*

When that day comes, they hope to be ready with a whole kit of new ideas for the teaching of English. The intellectual ferment now going on among them may well be the liveliest anywhere in the field of education. (Or so at least it seems to me, after spending a good deal of time recently with English teachers in classrooms and at their professional meetings.) The result may be an upheaval in the teaching of English comparable to the recent revolu-

* Its value, in the crudest dollars-and-cents terms, is nicely illustrated by Frederic G. Donner, chairman of the board of General Motors, the world's biggest manufacturing firm. He is of course one of the world's best-paid executives. While at the University of Michigan he got straight A's (except for one B in history) and graduated with a Phi Beta Kappa key. One of his old professors remembers that Donner "had a great skill in writing and an excellent vocabulary. From that I assumed he could think clearly."

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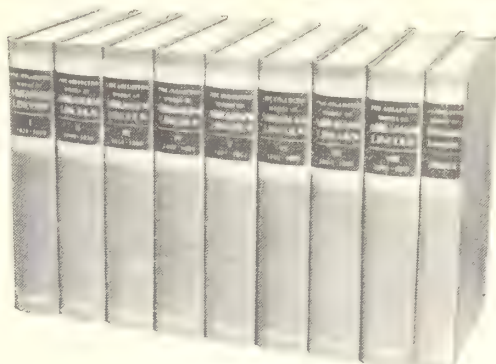
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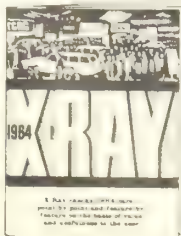
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tion in the teaching of mathematics and science.

The structural linguists, for example, are developing new kinds of grammar which ought to be more logical, and therefore easier to teach, than the traditional variety. (So far, at least three different approaches have emerged, and it is not yet clear which may eventually prove the most useful.) The College Entrance Examination Board already has embarked on an ambitious program for retraining teachers, working out new curricula, and making TV films to show how outstanding teachers go about their jobs. The teachers' professional associations—there is a surprising number of them—are getting together in conferences all over the place to define what they call "the basic issues" in the teaching of English, and to figure out new ways to rejuvenate their trade.

What is likely to come of all this? Here are a few guesses, based on scores of reports, speeches, and bull sessions from which I've tried to sieve some of the ideas now boiling up among the professionals:

(1) We are going to have to attract a lot more—and a lot better—people into the business of teaching English. Trained English teachers are already in short supply, and because of low pay and discouraging working conditions they are getting scarcer.

(2) A cataclysmic shake-up is coming both in university English departments and in teachers' colleges. It will be resisted fiercely, because professors with a vested interest in their ancient academic habits are about the world's most deeply entrenched conservatives. But it will come. One result may be a new degree—perhaps labeled Ph.M., for Master of Philosophy—which will be awarded to people specifically trained for teaching language skills and who are not forced to waste years in the brain-numbing irrelevancies of the present English Ph.D. programs.

(3) The taxpayer will have to shell out a lot more money for the teaching of English. For, done right, it is a hideously expensive undertaking. It requires higher salaries to attract enough good people. It demands smaller classes. It calls for a big investment in the colleges, in order to train the regiments of ad-

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

ditional teachers needed in our grade and high schools. (This may, of course, mean that the taxpayer decide to spend less money on so-called frills, such as driver education, home economics, vocational agriculture, and football.)

(4) Teachers in other subjects from social studies to chemistry will have to assume once more so much responsibility for making their students toe the mark in their use of language. The creeping slobbism which is endemic in many schools cannot be checked so long as a youngster is permitted to get by with sloppy writing in every classroom exercise.

This too will be bitterly resisted. When Dr. Albert R. Kitzhaber of the University of Oregon recently suggested it in an influential book, *Themes, Theories, and Therapy: The Teaching of Writing in Colleges* (McGraw-Hill), he stirred up an astonishing uproar among the pedagogues in others fields. The tone of his comments is indicated by a burlesque review of his book which appeared in the *Newsletter* of the Institute of Early American Culture and History of Williamsburg, under the title, "Why Nobody Can't Write Good." Supposedly written by a history teacher, it read in part:

"It is unbelievably incredible for someone to write that other professors than in English courses should teach students, which is not the job to do. In American History, to show a specific example, the professors in actuality should stick to the subject and the facts about it, and they should not meddle in someone else's course. In fact, English hasn't got anything to do with History, which proves that his whole book is irrelevant."*

But Kitzhaber will find some allies too, in the other departments. Already many teachers are coming to realize that sense and style can really be separated—that a student who can't write clearly can't think clearly. For the physical act of putting words on paper is an essential part of the thought process. Until you put a thought in words—sharply and precisely—it isn't a thought at all.

*I think the *Newsletter* was kidding, but quite possibly the review is genuine. I know a number of academic historians who write just like that.

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all; it is just a kind of fog ro
around inside the skull.

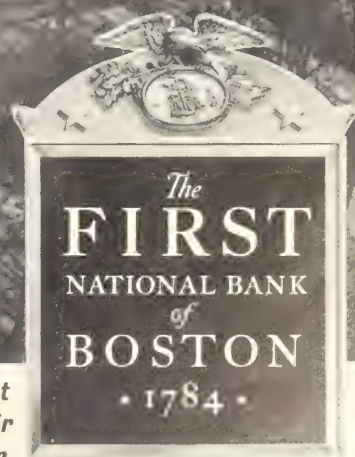
Consequently, I think it likely more and more schools will re their dependence on true-and-tests, and will require an increa amount of written work in all cla as the better prep and high sch have been doing all along. It is ceivable that the different dep ments may someday get togethe the planning of assignments. T instead of having to write both English theme and a history p over the weekend, Johnny will h only one task: a paper on, say, Causes of the American Revolu —for which he will be responsib his teachers both in history and English. Instead of racing to something down any old how, will be expected to spend twice much time in organizing his fa thoughts, and language. And if eit teacher is dissatisfied, he can in that Johnny do the job over ag. Thus Johnny will get the ic eventually, that anything worth p ting on paper is worth the very b writing he can possibly achieve.

(5) This may sound Utopian, I have hopes that the colleges someday refuse to admit any stud who cannot read and write. T would be a truly revolutionary s. For most colleges, it would mediate cut enrollments by at le half (thus solving the overcrowd problem). It would force the h schools to teach English properl and the taxpayers to put up money for it, if they want their li darlings to get into college. It wo eliminate all those dreary courses remedial English for undergradu —and for students in law, busin and other postgraduate schools. would help a lot to reduce de quency, since an inadequate gr of reading and writing is one of commonest causes for school dr outs. It would cut unemployment relief costs, since until a man acquired the basic skill in using native tongue he has little chance learn the other skills necessary earn a living.

And it would give some assura that when a college graduate wa into an office in search of a job, probably has at least the minim qualifications necessary to perform

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After Hours



Los Angeles' Cultural Circus

by Russell Lynes

Mounted on the steps of the Los Angeles County Museum when I was there early last December was a colossal (I use the word in its sculptural not its Hollywood sense) ancient Mexican stone head, an awesome piece of carving. As I was going in by the museum's front door, I overheard a woman say to her companion, "It doesn't look like much but it weighs six tons."

This casual remark sounded to me as though it ought to be significant. It wasn't until I had spent three days in Los Angeles that I knew what it meant. It is how you measure everything in the city of palms, freeways, habitable canyons, hibiscus, and eternal spring. Culture in Los Angeles, for example, doesn't look like much, but it certainly weighs a lot.

(I discovered that I was a "cultural event" myself; I don't look like much but I weigh a lot. My reason for being there was to lecture at the University of Southern California for the School of Architecture and when the university's "Cultural Events Committee" heard about it, I was invited to address a convocation of the student body, or however many of them hadn't anything better to do.

If that doesn't make a man a cultural event, what does?)

The cultural climate of Los Angeles has undergone a sea change in the past fifteen years. The last time I had been at the Los Angeles County Museum it was a cultural stepchild, part habitat groups of North American mammals, part period rooms, part historical exhibits, part picture galleries. It still is that, but only for the moment. Then it was extremely difficult to rustle up a little cultural cash to support an art museum of any sort. There had been Hearst gifts and there were some distinguished pictures; but the museum, which originally had been a sort of brick and carved limestone small-town world's-fair structure (it is on Exposition Boulevard on the wrong side of the tracks), had a remote and forgotten air. All that has changed.

The night I was there the museum contained, as someone remarked, a three-ring circus. There was a magnificent exhibition of Mexican art that started with prehistoric fertility and funeral figures in clay, wound its way through the more familiar Aztec and Toltec Indian works, the colonial baroque, to the

social-protest school of the 1930s after (Rivera, Orozco, Siqueiros etc.), to the folk art of yesterday and today. It ended in a burst of chemical pinks and gilts and blue candelabra, sugar and tinsel skeins, gaudy figurines and dolls and caps and paper streamers. This was the ring of the circus.

The second ring was the biggest exhibition of the works of Gaspar Lachaise that has ever been held anywhere, which means that this was among other things the largest show of bronze mammary glands ever to be seen anywhere. Lachaise was an exuberant sculptor with a sense of female grandeur and monumentalism that was both busty and gutsy. He is also often witty, always dignified and occasionally touching without being sentimental.

The galleries were crowded with an opening-night assemblage which as nearly as I could guess, was interchangeable with any opening-night art crowd anywhere. It was a mixture of collectors, artists, dealers, curators, academics, amateurs, and of those who think it important for their social aplomb to be seen at such gatherings. It was suitably crowded "suitably" in this case meaning so crowded that it was nearly impossible to see the works of art. Lachaise's women, however, were more than a match for the women who came to be looked at (and for those who came to look), and his laughter from the walls and pedestals was louder than the titter of the audience and twice as robust.

The third ring of the circus, which I heard about after it was over, was a lecture by the well-known designer and movie-maker, Charles Eames (the Eames chair fellow and the man who, among other things, did the movie that stole the show in the science building at the Seattle Fair year before last). He is a local resident and ornament.

The Los Angeles County Museum has divided, amoeba-like, and one part of it is about to have a more fashionable building and location. The original section is now housed across the street from the University of Southern California in a part of the city which, I was told, was once tolerably respectable and wealthy but which is no longer a residential area in which anyone much wants to live who can afford to be elsewhere. The university (a private institution not



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AFTER HOURS

to be confused with UCLA, which a state-supported, and hence rich, stitution) is largely attended by students who commute to classes, eleven thousand of them, and is growing in stature, though not in size has sensibly decided that it is big enough). It will remain a bastion of culture in a section of the city that about to be otherwise culturally diminished.

"Why is the art gallery moving?" local collector responded to a question from me. "Obviously it is following the money."

The new, ten-million-dollar art museum (history and natural history will stay where they are) has been designed by the busy Mr. William Pereira, and will be on Wilshire Boulevard, a very long and miscellaneous street that runs the gamut from retail to high finance, from hotels to insurance companies, spanning new buildings, and has a section known probably not inaccurately as "the miracle mile." (I had gold Christmas trees down its center strip when I was there.) I had the impression that Wilshire Boulevard not only was rich but pointed in the direction of still greater riches. It is where the art museum ought, in these days of lavish patronage of the arts, to be near the heart of gold.

I got the impression that like most activities in Los Angeles the sources of art and its emplacement are scattered. UCLA is about to have a brand-new arts building with twice as much exhibition space as it now has. A copse of trees on the campus hid the site where ground will have been broken by the time this is published. One step had already been taken in anticipation: the UCLA Arts Council (primarily a hard-driving group of youngish cultur-ettes) had bought a tremendous sculpture by Lipchitz to put in front of the new building when it is completed. Every other year, the ladies put on a "thieves' market" and raise about \$80,000 for exhibitions and scholarships, and to bring distinguished scholars for series of what were described to me as "high-level" lectures. Sir Kenneth Clark, formerly director of London's National Gallery, Henri Peyre of Yale, and Jakob Rosenberg have ornamented the arts

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AFTER HOURS

program at UCLA in the last three years.

Los Angeles has other arts councils—a Junior Arts Council for the County Museum and a Contemporary Arts Council for the Los Angeles Museum of Art. Mrs. Norman Chandler is the driving force behind the "twelve or fourteen million" that is needed for the new Music Center which is under construction in "downtown" Los Angeles, the only section of the city, as someone pointed out to me, where one sees any pedestrians and then only at the lunch hour.

The Music Center, a vast circular building far from completed when I was there, has been designed by Welton Becket. Eventually there will be two theatres across the way from the opera house at the head of the civic mall, a pretty high concentration of culture somewhat on the pattern of Lincoln Center in New York. Since, however, there seems to be no entertainment district in Los Angeles like the one around New York's Times Square and Broadway, people are used to driving miles for their culture (and for everything else), and a concentrated music and theatre center would seem to make good sense. Los Angeles has, of course, a distinguished symphony orchestra, and hopes that before long it also will have an opera company at least comparable to San Francisco's.

The "Fifty-seventh Street" of Los Angeles is a section of La Cienega Boulevard a few blocks long and is as little like New York's Fifty-seventh Street as Fifty-seventh Street is like the Faubourg St. Honoré. The art and antique dealers are in one-story buildings with a slight French cast about them and little lawns in front of them. I was told, though I was not there to see it, that on Monday nights there is what is called a "gallery crawl," and during that evening when all the galleries are open people drift from gallery to gallery. "Sociologically very interesting," an art historian told me. Artistically he did not find La Cienega Boulevard very interesting, but as a collecting point of commercial art galleries, it is second in America only to New York.

There is an increasing number of collectors of modern painting and

sculpture in Los Angeles. There are also collectors of the routine expensive paintings from the Impressionists through the Fauves. "For real expensive pictures," the art historian said, "the prestige collectors go New York." A painter with whom I talked said: "Los Angeles is culturally terribly self-conscious." The painter had recently come to the West Coast from New England. He seems to me likely that he would have found any city culturally self-conscious, except Boston and New York and Philadelphia, which have been playing the culture game long enough to take it for granted whether they have a right to or not. Los Angeles is plugging culture, the best Chamber of Commerce tradition and backing up its aspirations for aesthetic conversion with steel and concrete temples of imposing dimensions. More artists of all sorts I was informed, are moving into the region—which, in many ways, is more important by far than the construction of cultural buildings.

One of the cultural contradictions of our time is the disparity between what is done to promote music, painting, sculpture, and individual architectural accomplishments in our cities and the seeming indifference of the community to its own aesthetic character. It would be inconceivable I think, to find a city that is worse architecturally and planning than Los Angeles. It is a place where greed cuts off the tops of mountains and terraces hillsides for villas with not one but two swimming pools, where canyons a thousand feet deep are partly filled in to make room for nondescript but extremely expensive housing developments, where freeways slash the landscape indiscriminately.

Evidently those who are concerned with Los Angeles culture have given up on the big problem, which is a sensible plan for the growth of the city in which a culture might flower and have decided to apply culture to the city as though it were a battered old hat which could be made to look classy with paper blossoms. It is sad but nobody, alas, can say that it's not characteristic of our times and of our cities. Los Angeles is probably no worse than a great many towns that are trying to put on a cultural bonnet; it's just that it weighs so much



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A Draftee's Diary from the Mississippi Front

by Charles Vanderburgh

An unusual document of violence, rebellion,
and today's peacetime Army, recorded with
wit and irony by a soldier in the ranks.

It was our misfortune to spend two months in Mississippi in the autumn of 1962 to assist in the enrollment of James A. Meredith in the University at Oxford. It seems proper that there should be some record of our trials. This account is made from notes and documents collected at the scene.

30 Sep 62 I write this in the gymnasium at the Memphis Naval Air Station. Two complete MP battalions are on the floor asleep. It looks like a DP camp. Outside are at least three battle groups of Airborne, with more coming in. The airfields are covered with helicopters and transports. We hear the continuous roar of arriving and departing aircraft. A two-star general has set up his CP next door.

We were alerted at about 5 day before yester-

day [Friday] at Fort Dix, N. J. DEFCON 3—Be prepared to move in four hours. Clerks on the phones called men back from pass. Patrols went out scrounging men out of the surrounding bars. We loaded vehicles, drew weapons, and packed personal gear. We have had, alas, plenty of practice and were finished on schedule. Then the usual Army waiting.

Saturday morning. DEFCON 2—Be ready for immediate movement. Vehicles were taken to the airfield to be weighed for air shipment. Additional men have been arriving all day: MPs from the stockade, clerks from the Provost Marshal's Office, mechanics, cooks, and commo from the schools. For the first time in history the battalion is up to strength. General confusion. The more time the Army is allowed to do anything, the more honchos involve themselves, and the more

affairs are messed up. We unloaded, repacked, and reloaded the vehicles over and over again. Ditto personal gear. There was vast speculation about our possible destination. Vietnam, Germany, and India were mentioned. But far and away favorites were Cuba and Mississippi. ("Same difference," a Negro GI said.) Orders came down that we were to leave all crew-served weapons (bazookas and machine guns) behind. And we went out and scrounged every shotgun on post. We have been alerted so many times before, every time statesmen sneer at each other, we no longer take it seriously.

We got to bed, fully dressed with our rifles for companions, only to be awakened at one a.m. DEFCON 1—War. Fine. We still didn't believe it until we arrived at the field and saw an endless line of big four-engined turbo-prop transports trailing off out of sight in the mist. It takes a lot of planes to carry 600 men and 140 vehicles. The Air Force loaded us, competently. The pilot instructed us on emergency procedure. Any questions? Yeah, where the hell are we going? Pilot amazed by our ignorance. Navy Memphis [Tennessee]. And where is that? About twenty miles from Mississippi. We are given a mimeographed handout. In Army language it says that we don't have to like what we are doing and we are not to talk to anyone about it, especially reporters.

About dawn the first plane touched down at Memphis. The rest arrived all morning, unloaded quickly, and immediately took off for Texas to get the 720th MPs. The 503rd MPs and Airborne units were arriving from Bragg. Helicopter units came in from Alabama. We hear that the 2nd Division is on the road from Benning. About noon a Marine helicopter squadron flew in from Lejeune. The Marines have to get in on everything.

Very, very tired. An hour ago there was a Protestant service held in the gym. The chaplain gave a complete hundred-year-old service—"Onward Christian Soldiers," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Biblical injunctions against rebellion, "all men are brothers in Christ," "render unto Caesar," and prayers for the soon to be dead and wounded. In the corner a man is reading Cash's *Mind of the South*. Time to sleep.

2 Oct 62 Finally some rest. The bulk of the battalion has been withdrawn into reserve at the Confederate Cemetery south of the Ole Miss campus. I had been awakened about 10 Sunday night by the toe of my CO's boot to see the rest of the battalion packing up and to notice that the far end of the gym was empty. Where's the 503rd? Gone. We fell in outside. A flurry of

rumors. We heard the most awful tales of goings-on in Mississippi. In ranks, the CO passed through us and tapped men to fall out to the rear. After a few were so chosen, I noted that they were all Negroes. All of our Negro men were left behind in Memphis—10 per cent of the ranks, a third of all NCOs, a first sergeant, the adjutant, the personnel officer, and two out of three company commanders. There were tears in some of the men's eyes. That is, among the USs (draftees); the lifers (professionals) were glad to be getting out of something. We, the only Yankee outfit there, were the only unit to do this segregating. The 503rd and everyone else took every man they had.

A lieutenant came down the line. "They're not playing fun and games down there. The bastards have killed three men already." We mounted up and moved out. The CO stood in the road and watched us go. A Navy truck led us through Memphis, and Tennessee State Troopers on motorcycles escorted us to the state line. A huge sign greeted us, "Welcome to Mississippi—Land of Beautiful Women." What a ride that was! Flat out all the way. Pitch black. Not a sign of life. As if we had fallen into a pit. Only when we pulled off the interstate route to run into the Ole Miss campus did the rebels appear. Little knots of people avoided our headlights as we rounded turns. Rocks and bottles came at us from the dark. Lumbering down the road from the opposite direction came a massive old hearse. I don't know if it was planned or not but it certainly was effective. As we approached the edge of the campus the column was held up. I was sent forward to investigate.

A squad of the Mississippi "Safety Patrol" was blocking the road, saying that their orders were to keep everyone off the campus. As they talked two busloads of hard-faced characters passed. The lieutenant insisted that we might be of some use on campus. Barnett's Cossacks didn't agree. The radio operator perched high on a jeep leveled his shotgun casually. A squad of MPs with bayonets fixed moved forward. "You better not stick me with that thing, boy!" He stuck him. He moved. The Troopers looked perturbed. They put their hands on their holsters. We unlimbered our rifles. All a bluff, in the normal U.S. Army confusion, for we had switched weapons all day Sunday and wound up carrying M-1 rifles and ammo

Charles Vanderburgh, a native New Yorker, was drafted in 1961, during the Berlin crisis. Oxford, Mississippi, was the farthest he got from Fort Dix, New Jersey, before his discharge.

for .45 pistols. The Safety Patrol thought that they could better watch developments from back of the road. We dropped a few men to watch them and moved on. We could smell the tear gas from where we were. The noise was fantastic. Shots and loud shouting. Planes and helicopters above. Strange lights and explosions. Held up at the edge of the campus. Confusion. The 503rd vehicles being withdrawn. They are pretty battered—not a whole windshield in the lot. So we fold and cover ours. Better an MP get a brick in the face than have some of the taxpayers' glass broken.

What exactly happened is still in doubt. Story is that the company of the 503rd that was rushed down by helicopter wasted time circling about futilely before landing at the Municipal Airport two miles from campus and had to walk in. They arrived exhausted to face a barrage of bottles and bricks. Part of their motorized column got lost and the rest trickled onto campus without plan. Much the same happened to us. I don't believe we ever did get any orders. What little was done seemed to be ad lib.

The sorority girls had a warm welcome for us as we crawled up their Row pushing back stragglers. The curses that came from these Southern Belles! Bottles from Delta Gamma and books from the Tri-Delts. This hospitality only partly prepared us for the heart of the action—the Lyceum. This pseudo-Charlottesville-Greek-revival building, the target of the attacks, faces down a long, slightly sloping open space called the Grove. This vast area was totally covered with debris. The roadway just in front of the Lyceum, about six inches deep, was filled with gas shells, rocks, pipes, concrete rubble, and the now familiar bottles and bricks. On the Grove itself were a fire engine and a bulldozer the rioters had tried to crush the U. S. Marshals with. All around the area were burnt-out vehicles. College windows shattered. Fires all over.

The U. S. Marshals looked sadly comical in their wrinkled suits with steel pots and vests for gas shells. Funny—until you see their eyes. They have been under continuous attack now for six hours with no way to strike back but for the tear gas. They are exhausted and angry. Many are wounded—hit by missiles and shot at by snipers while carrying out the law of the United States.



FRED WARD, BLACK STAR

Courthouse square in Oxford, Mississippi, October 1962.

Occasionally a captured rebel is brought up and thrown inside. The local National Guardsmen are also tired. I was surprised to see them here. Surprised the government would trust them and doubly surprised that they are loyal. They too have suffered badly. Cavalry, untrained in riot control, they can only stand and strengthen the line against their own people. I don't imagine that they were too happy about coming up here, but there is no doubt now which side they are on. I wonder though, how they will show their faces at home after supporting the Yankee.

The gas is terrible. It is impossible to move about without a mask. It wasn't the arrival of the Army, but the late hour and the accumulation of tear gas that broke the riot. The 503rd arrived piecemeal and never had the opportunity to set up a real riot-control formation. I hear Bravo Company managed to get up a semblance of a line on the edge of campus but the rioters were too few and it degenerated into individual MPs going after lone rebels. There were still small groups of rebels at the far end of the Grove with smaller groups of MPs pursuing them. A rioter is faster on his feet than a heavily laden MP. In a truck there is a form covered by a blanket: only a pair of combat boots shows. Death and fatigue. I crawl into a bush by the Fine Arts Building and sleep—rifle, helmet, gas mask, and all.

Two hours' sleep at most. Up again at dawn [on Monday], we are hastily thrown together, mounted, and rushed toward the town. At least no gas off campus. The rioters are still active out here. First close-up view of them in daylight. Side-burned white trash and students screaming treason over their button-down collars. The 503rd

was out here last night. There is one of their jeeps, smashed by a tie thrown from the railroad bridge. Past the shanty that passes for the separate-but-equal Negro library, we enter the town of Oxford, dismount by Phil Stone's law office, and wait. The courthouse square is full of local people screaming the familiar words and hurling the familiar missiles at soldiers. Truckloads of Coke bottles are in the far end of the square, with more arriving. After much talk and staff meetings we are finally given the chance to handle the thing properly. The only way to break up a mob is with MPs, shoulder to shoulder with helmet and masks, advancing at the half-step with bayonets thrust well out in front of them. The mob falls back, is divided, gassed, and pushed back again, until it breaks up once more into individuals. Regulations say that you have to warn the crowd first, "read the Proclamation." The CO got as far as, "By the authority of the President of the United States . . ." when a Coke bottle shot by his ear and smashed on his radio operator's knee. "Gas 'em!" went out over the loudspeaker.

We were well supplied with gas. We threw cans of it at the mob. Also baseball grenades—just the right size and weight for Americans to get range and accuracy. There were many broken heads from well-aimed peps. The rioters tried unsuccessfully to pick them up to throw back trouble. Each platoon is equipped with a gas disperser, a flame-thrower-like device that lays down a cloud of tear gas. The mob is constantly reinforced. 2nd Division MPs arrived. Things became confused again. Ideally, a riot-control formation should move like a chorus line or baroque infantry—in unison to a learned drill under the voice of one man. But no one can be heard through a gas mask over the roar of the crowd. One of the mob yelled a typical remark, "Your wife's home s . . . a black ape, you nigger-lover!" at the wrong man, an Irishman from New Rochelle with a pregnant wife at home. He gives chase up an alley. Our helmets and masks protected us from most of the missiles. A few cut heads and bruised shoulders were our only casualties. 2nd Division took over the town and we were withdrawn to campus. We hear they arrested ex-General Walker later in the morning.

The brass have arrived. I expect they are already taking the credit. What little there is belongs to the Marshals. Without proper equipment or training, they withstood the attacks of the mobs. XVIII Airborne Corps has taken over and set up their HQ at the stadium. Right away the staff are frowning at our unshaved faces and dirty boots. I'm sitting in my jeep waiting for

the old man, adjusting my helmet strap when the General comes by and says in a skittish voice, "Put it on or take it off, soldier." I wonder how a man directing 30,000 men against the first armed insurrection against the United States in one hundred years can find time for such trivia. Helmet straps and boot polish are the proper concern of lifers.

Things are quieting down a bit. Marshals lounge around the Lyceum. They are as surprised at being here as we are. Some of them are Border Patrol, some screws at federal pens, and the rest had done nothing more exciting than serve writs in Brooklyn. How they can bear the gas is beyond me. I guess they are used to it by now. I hate to think of how much they put down. The whole campus reeks with it. Students hurry to class with handkerchiefs pressed to their faces, only their eyes showing tears and hatred for the invaders.

3 Oct 62 A little trouble last night. A crowd started to gather by Baxter Hall, Meredith's dormitory, but was quickly dispersed.

Into town today. The town of Oxford, Lafayette (pronounced La-FAY-it) County, Mississippi, is laid out in an incompleated grid. The center is the courthouse—a neo-Confederate structure with a cupola—surrounded by a square where the town's business is carried out. Next to the courthouse, the most outstanding feature of the square is a great painted Confederate flag next to the words REBEL COSMETOLOGY COLLEGE. The whites stick to the north while the south side of the square is Negro, except for the U. S. Post Office. From a booster pamphlet, "You will enjoy OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI—a Good Place to Live." The very first thing that the prospective settler-investor is told is that Oxford, "like many Southern towns, was almost completely destroyed by Federal troops" but "following intelligent leadership" it became a "modern progressive city" with "tradition, friendliness, and excellent educational facilities." Faulkner rates a photograph almost as big as that of Miss America 1959. I remember the square as one of the scenes in the film version of *Intruder in the Dust*. Too bad the old man didn't live to see it now.

Finally moved from campus. We are bivouacked north of town at the end of an infernal red dust road on Sardis Lake. Maybe now we can get some rest. Still living on cold C rations.

1 Oct 62 The concentration of forces is large. No one knows just how many. Thirty thousand is rumored. I have counted five airborne battle

groups plus the 155th Inf and 108th Cav (Mississippi National Guard) plus most of the 2nd Infantry Division, not to mention three battalions and two companies of Military Police. What they need with all these men is incomprehensible. Once it was clear that the National Guard was loyal and that the whole state would not rise, all these men became unnecessary. Infantry is useless against crowds unless you are willing to fire into them. The general theory is that the Army has applied its usual rule—when confused, inconvenience more men. A particularly vicious rumor says that the whole affair is a great smokescreen to cover the assembly of troops destined for Cuba. The area around the agricultural laboratory and the airport is a city of tents and supplies. Another rumor is that the 720th MPs and an airborne battle group are being readied to move on Jackson if Barnett refuses to show up in court in New Orleans. We get hot chow for the first time.

5 Oct 62 On campus. It is difficult to believe that this is a state university. Its equipment is that of an undernourished junior college, except the athletic facilities. The football stadium is immense and there are not one but two golf courses. Most students have new cars, often convertibles. The male students are dressed in a corruption of what was fashionable in the East two or three years ago. The women, too, are dressed a bit flashily for Eastern taste but more than make up for it with their good looks. The beauty here is no legend and is the only thing that has yet impressed us favorably. There is no future for a plain girl in Mississippi. Last night two belles in a new Pontiac pulled up to an MP outpost, smiled sweetly, and, in voices dripping with charm, said, "F . . . you, Yankee," and drove on.

7 Oct 62 Went to church this morning. Anything to have some contact with someone out of uniform. Felt very awkward in uniform with a .45 pistol on my hip. The whole effect was rather English in feeling with but one incongruity—imagine Tennessee Williams reading the Book of Common Prayer. The priest gave a short sermon urging atonement and making no bones about on whose shoulders the guilt lay. I believe he is the man who tried to stop the rioting and provoked General Walker to say he was ashamed to be an Episcopalian. On the way out a handsome woman said to me, "We're so glad you all are here." I replied politely that we could hardly be said to be glad ourselves. She kindly invited me to lunch. I respectfully declined on the grounds of a previ-

ous engagement. Too bad. I bet these people are glad to see us. The white trash might have turned on them next.

Briefing: "Be on the lookout for civilian vehicles displaying 'Yankee Go Home' signs. If seen get license number and report it to G-2, XVIII AB Corps." Bumper stickers are circulating fast. Someone is putting up a lot of money. "Ole Miss POW." "KKK-Khrushchev, Castro, Kennedy." "The Castro Brothers are in the White House." Most popular is the pedestrian "Back Ross [Barnett]—Keep Mississippi Free and Segregated."

9 Oct 62 The Class II soldiers, Negroes, arrived from Memphis last night. We had quite adjusted to being without them. In talking with them the expected division of sentiment showed. The draftees felt terrible about being left behind at the critical moment. "What am I going to tell the people back home?" The lifers are quite pleased to have missed out on some duty and are inventing reasons for the Army's inexcusable action. Most lifers, white or black, are Uncle Toms. But our Negro troops, I learn, weren't entirely absent from the rioting. While the orders were being given to pull the colored troops off the line, one sergeant was out at his truck checking equipment. He left with no one noticing him until we arrived on campus, where he tended to draw fire. His driver, a wop from Long Island, reported, "Man, those people were going crazy. Throwing everything. And yelling, 'Kill that f . . . nigger! Cut his black b . . . off.' That shook me up, but when they started screaming, 'And kill that nigger-lover beside him!' then I *really* got scared."

Still bivouacked at Sardis (Sardis = Sartoris?) Lake—a great reservoir created by a TVA dam. Swimming. Continual Alerts.

10 Oct 62 Negro MPs now standing guard at Baxter Hall where Meredith lives. He looks very pleased. Too bad we can't feel the same. When will we get out of this hole?

11 Oct 62 Big crisis last night. One of our more ineffectual officers has been put to cruising the campus at night to keep him out of the way. About 9 p.m. he calls over the radio, "There's a mob moving down Sorority Row!" Alert. The balloon goes up. Everybody falls out with full gear. The Marshals are warned. The alert platoon surrounds Baxter Hall. All MP patrols converge on the crowd. It turns out that it is the custom here that when a fraternity man becomes pinned to a sorority girl his brothers march to her house and serenade while the lovers embrace on the



CHARLES MOORE—BLACK STAR

The button-down collar set, Confederate style.

porch. A charming ritual which cost the United States a few thousand dollars, the staff a few years of life, and, most important, ten thousand men two hours' sleep.

12 Oct 62 Circulating about the battalion area, "MP—Meredith's Protectors." Big Joke. The word has gotten around that Meredith is an ex-sergeant. Even the Negro troops, who must defend him on principle, cannot work up any enthusiasm. A Negro college man told me, "The NAACP must be out of their minds." None of the white troops would deny Meredith's right to an education but "If he has any smarts why doesn't he go to a real school?" We may be biased. Meredith is the indirect cause of our wallowing in this Mississippi mud: noble ideals don't keep you warm at night.

13 Oct 62 An MP picked up a fraternity pamphlet on campus during the rioting. All the universal propaganda for the usual houses. Sigma Nu prides itself on having "the only enclosed fraternity swimming pool in existence." Nevertheless, "Sigma Nu insists that its cost conforms with the taste of the typical college student." DKE was fortified with hay bales, rebel flags, dummy cannon, and intractable signs. "Ole Miss may surrender but the Dekes NEVER." The most disturbing thing about Mississippi is its superficial resemblance to the United States. We would feel much more comfortable if it did not have the same institutions and symbols that we are used to.

It would be better like Canada, with different cars and mailboxes and cigarettes. Wags are demanding that we should get overseas pay. Although fraternizing with the natives is strictly verboten, two lieutenants managed to slip out to enjoy the hospitality of fraternity brothers at SAE. They returned drunk and disorderly. The visiting brothers wore their sidearms, loaded.

14 Oct 62 Make no mistake, the people here have no love of the United States. During the rioting they did not seek out Meredith, but attacked the Marshals and the Army—the living symbols of the national authority. Yet from these very people we get vast numbers of our professional soldiers. The Ole Miss

ROTC wears the rebel jack on its sleeve. How many of these future officers we see drilling before us were assaulting the U. S. Army two weeks ago?

15 Oct 62 Bravo and Charlie Companies are bivouacked by the Agricultural Lab surrounded by cotton fields. No one has ever seen cotton growing before. On that wild ride down from Memphis a man from upstate New York commented on the poverty of the agriculture; the fields were abandoned and choked with weeds. In the daylight we could see the white bolls. The harvest is now on. Uncle Tom and Aunt Jemima and little Sambo and Topsy in their rags and bright kerchiefs are bringing in the crop—for \$2.50 per hundred pounds. A hundred-pound bag is a lot of cotton. An entire family in the fields can average two bags from dawn to dusk. A sign over a construction on campus identifies it as the new Alpha Tau Omega house being built for the University of Mississippi by the Mississippi Housing Commission "with the cooperation of the Federal Housing Authority" while black folk in nineteenth-century clothing walk barefoot to their tarpaper shacks just off campus.

18 Oct 62 Headquarters, Charlie Company, and the short-timers have returned to post. The two remaining companies are now at the football stadium. Our tents are pitched on the practice field. We use the bathrooms in the grandstands and the junior varsity's showers. The football

team and band perform for us during practice. The sportsmen of Ole Miss troop past us to practice. Someone snickers at the cleated warriors. "Don't laugh," cautions a wit, "Those guys are drawing more pay than we are." The band practices on the far side of a chain-link fence. We ogle the cheerleaders as they twirl under the critical eye and sharp tongue of their leader—dubbed the "sergeant-majorette." We are prisoners here, surrounded by wire, guards at the gate, unable to leave except to pull tours at Baxter Hall, watching the baton-twirlers wiggle their rears and the local bloods stalk the coeds while our women sleep alone in the North.

19 Oct 62 Although we are forbidden to fraternize with the natives, some brave spirits among us are sneaking over the fence at night to meet locals. The rendezvous are with townies—shop girls and students at the Rebel Cosmetology College. An unwise MP arranged a meeting with an Ole Miss coed. Also present were three deputy sheriffs who treated the MP to a thorough beating while the belle laughed and cursed. Now men who venture out meet their sweethearts armed with nightstick, bayonet, and gas grenade.

21 Oct 62 Our relations with the students aren't bad now. They aren't too happy to see us here, but are making some use of us. After all, we are an exotic element. They are very much taken with our names. The Irish, German, Italian, Greek, and Spanish identification tags on our uniforms draw questions, "Don't yall have any real *American* names?" "Well, the names you have are usually carried by colored in New York." They find a man with an acceptable name, Scots-Irish in origin. What they don't know is that he is half-Jewish and was class president in a high school that was three-quarters Negro. Of course, there has been one continuing exception to the good feeling. Our men have been under constant attack at Baxter Hall. It is so taken for granted that we hardly discuss it anymore. The students at Baxter Hall and next-door Girard Hall are determined to keep Meredith from studying. They started by stealthily exploding firecrackers at all hours of the day and night. As no retaliation came, they became flagrant about it. Now students, from the security of their rooms, throw firecrackers and rocks at the helpless MPs below. That fun has paled and now BB guns and sling-shot-propelled cherry bombs are in fashion. The students in Baxter Hall make an ungodly racket by screaming and pounding the floors in unison. One of the Marshals with Meredith has already

been relieved. The whole thing is ridiculous, but what can be done about it? The only way to stop it is to have an MP sitting in every room, or else to turn us loose to break heads. The university won't discipline these students. Meanwhile we live in filth like internees while the students around us live in luxury, unhindered in their games. The Army will wait until a man loses an eye before taking action. There have been several close calls already.

25 Oct 62 Today the band had its final practice in the stadium with a grandstand full of Yankee MPs for spectators. I got some small satisfaction from reviewing them from the governor's box. For the grand finale the band lined up close to the stands and played "America the Beautiful." As they play the final line, I look about me and see almost every soldier's lips moving to the words "And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea."

26 Oct 62 The rainy season begins. The practice field is absolutely flat and floods evenly. We are kept from drowning in our sleeping bags only by our air mattresses. We have to crawl into our pup tents to retain warmth when the sun goes down. The Army in its wisdom did not deem it necessary that we bring our winter clothing. Many of the men have gotten Ole Miss sweatshirts to wear under their fatigues. Dirty olive drab with a triangle of blue showing at the neck is now the identifying feature of the USAOX.

27 Oct 62 Maybe we aren't forgotten altogether. An MP received a letter from his sister, who is quite a spirited girl, informing him that she has written to Senator Keating about our situation. We can't prove any connection, but next day we got big squad tents and stoves. Already the tents are named; "The Cage," "The Zoo," "KKK HQ," "Auschwitz," "Andersonville," "Malcolm X Fan Club," etc. The latrine bears the sign "Governor's Mansion."

28 Oct 62 Some semblance of order has now been established. The two MP companies and helicopters at the airport, support units and the Provost Marshal's Office at the Armory have town and campus bracketed. Baxter and Gerard Halls have an MP at either end of hallways plus two at each entrance: MPs are outside and US Marshals inside Meredith's room. Hidden from sight in a gully (better known as "the hole") about forty yards from Baxter Hall is the Alert

Platoon fully dressed, armed, and ready to move immediately when needed. Five mounted patrols cruise town and campus continually under direction of the PMO. When Meredith ventures from his room he is accompanied by Marshals on foot and in cars, plus the Peanut Patrol—three jeeploads of MPs.

29 Oct 62 Listening to Radio Havana on the short wave. It is raining as usual and we are up to it in mud. Fidel is explaining Khrushchev's backdown to the Cuban people. A Yaley is giving us a simultaneous translation. Three-quarters of the way through comes: "Our message is being heard on the fringes of the United States."

30 Oct 62 It finally happened. Someone broke discipline. A hot-headed soldier, a good man really, got fed up after having curses and firecrackers thrown at him day after day, unlimbered his M-1, jacked a round into the chamber, and winged a shot into Lester Hall. He claims that he saw a student with a rifle aiming at him. Quite likely. BB guns are popular with the scholars and we have been expecting them to break out their .22s at any time. Unluckily no one was hurt and the soldier has been relieved from duty. Our troops raided Gerard Hall last night and brought out several weapons and tear-gas bombs. The local press is screaming, "Gestapo"!

31 Oct 62 A public-service announcement in the local paper, "Pay your poll tax: that's the Democratic Way."

3 Nov. 62 Faulkner Country. You wouldn't know it but for the constant reminders of the total victory of Snopes. The natives make a great public show of their most distinguished citizen. It wasn't the Nobel Prize but the forty grand attached to it that impressed them.

9 Nov 62 It was bound to happen. The other night I am sitting on my cot minding my own business when an RA (Regular Army) kid across the way looks at me with a pained expression on his face and says, "What did I do? Just tell me what I did wrong?" Later he yells at a group of men talking at the far end of the tent, "I know what you're saying about me!" This kid has always taken the Army too seriously. He has been on the Peanut Patrol and has probably taken all the abuse to heart. On top of that he got a dear john letter. He will be shipped home or shoot someone. The MP that fired the shot has already gone. The men are mumbling that they too are

going to crack up just to get out of this hole. The married men (about a third of us) are especially jumpy.

10 Nov 62 The Negro problem in the Army is quite different from that in the civilian world. The Negro finds absolutely no formal, and very little informal, discrimination. Therefore, the military is a far more appealing employer to the Negro than to the white. About 25 per cent of all NCOs are Negro, and the percentage is growing. A commonly heard remark is, "By 1980 there won't be a white man left in the Army." There are also growing numbers of Negro junior officers, but no general and few field-grade officers. Most of the Negro officers are OCS or ROTC from Negro colleges. Possibly some discrimination remains here. The Negro sergeant is the enemy—as is the white NCO.

In the ranks we are about 10 per cent Negro. This is a lot lower than the Army average. There is no real race problem here. We eat, sleep, drink, and generally fraternize. Even the Southerners conform. The Army stomps immediately on any outward signs of racism. One of the first things the white soldier learns is the "gar glance"—a quick look over the shoulder to see if any Negroes are listening. Occasionally a man will be so engrossed in conversation he will forget he is talking to a Negro and let one of the forbidden words slip. Incidentally, the word "Negro" is not used: it sounds artificial and forced, a polite way of saying "nigger." "Colored" is the Army word and is probably the best. "Negro" tends to put some official stamp on racism while "colored" has the potential to develop into a mere descriptive word.

We have no trouble with our colored comrades. After all, none of us chose to be in the Army. We have them so outnumbered that they have to conform to us. They only become annoying when they get together in a group and exclude us. All in all, the Negro in the Army is much like the Jew in civilian society. He has all the rights and privileges of the majority, but usually chooses to seek out his own kind. I expect the reason that the colored in-groups annoy us is that we are not used to being the outsider. In the same way our blood boils when we see a white soldier being discriminated against by a black sergeant.

We have no need for minority groups in the Army. We have our own special minority group upon which we vent our frustrations. The professional soldier, the lifer, is our scapegoat. It is very considerate of the Army to supply us with this release. These creatures are the unsuccessful soldiers—the ones who, for various reasons,

haven't made sergeant and are on an equal level with us.

11 Nov 62 Discipline is rapidly breaking down. It is impossible to guard us properly here at the airport. Men are sneaking across the airstrip at night to rendezvous with local girls. We have made contact with the bootleggers. Mississippi is a dry state, so that you can only obtain alcohol from these solid citizens. The first bottle in a month set us to singing "We'll hang Ross Barnett from a sour apple tree" to the tune of "John Brown's Body." A group of men trucked up to Memphis for "rest and recreation" thoroughly terrorized the Navy and were brought back stacked like cordwood in a deuce-and-a-half.



James A. Meredith receives his degree from Ole Miss.

12 Nov 62 Meredith has really made it big. Cover, full-page photo, and article under his by-line in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

SEP has a good word for us. Under a picture of our battalion commander's rear we read that "the tough MPs had things well in hand." The airport shakes with laughter.

13 Nov 62 The Grand Jury is meeting to "investigate" the rioting. A flunky creeps into the PMO and throws a summons on the major's desk. Flap! The wires are burning to DA and Justice all night. It is decided that the major will appear. All the court is interested in is the MP who put a bullet through the dormitory window a month after the rioting. The major says nothing: he has his orders.

15 Nov 62 The state legislature has recommended that the United States be charged for damages including \$3,699 for a fire truck, \$250 for a bulldozer, \$8,600 for the college grounds, \$800 for concrete benches, and \$200,000 for alleged damage to the airport.

16 Nov 62 The Grand Jury has taken action. Indictments have been drawn up against the Chief U. S. Marshal and the MP who fired the shot.

20 Nov 62 Rejoice. We have returned to Freedomland. When we were told we were to

leave we exploded with joy. The students, too, were pleased until they saw the men who came to replace us, an RA MP unit from Arkansas. The exotic Yankee element was leaving. The students at Baxter Hall took time out from harassing Meredith to treat our last shift to cake and cookies and the news that we Yankees aren't so bad after all. Bravo Company follows in a week's time. Several of the men kissed the earth when we landed in the North. To me the nightmare wasn't over until I saw the magic words "New York" written beside the line in the middle of the Lincoln Tunnel.

Postscripts:

In the spring of 1963 Charley and Alpha Companies returned to Oxford for a month apiece to keep watch over Meredith. Absolutely nothing happened. In July Alpha Company returned and had the pleasure of tearing down Camp Meredith and liquidating the entire Mississippi operation. James A. Meredith graduated safely.

In September, after the troops were withdrawn, a second Negro student at Ole Miss, Cleve McDowell, was expelled for carrying a pistol on campus.

Later in September we put our experience to use. Thirty men and six machine guns were detached to guard Joseph Valachi from the vengeance of the Mafia. Ho Hum.



Captain Really and the Fabulous Stair-mounter

by Nathaniel Hartshorne

Edward is four years old and very strong-willed. Moreover, he's hag-ridden by two older sisters and jealous of a younger one. This makes Edward angry much of the time. Each morning he wakes up like a sprung bear trap and is immediately on the alert to ambush his sisters or the cat. Edward's grandmother (who doesn't live with him) and his mother (who is too close to be objective) both account for his strenuous behavior by explaining that "Edward is passing through a difficult age."

What they overlook is that I too am passing through a difficult age. I am thirty-six and short-tempered. I worry a lot. I can see my scalp peeking through in places where it ought to be covered. This year I owed the federal government money and now I've got crabgrass.

Thus, Edward and I both have our problems. But we wouldn't have problems with each other if Edward didn't have to do things he doesn't like to do and if I didn't have to make him do them. But he does and I do, and there's nothing either of us can do to alter that fact. Some years ago, however, I began to search for some solution that would make it all easier—some sys-

tem or technique that would enable me to carry out my duties as father and disciplinarian and still retain my wits.

This article describes what I found. It's not new, yet it's useful to know about and rather astonishing to behold. It is a delicate mechanism that is slowly developing inside Edward. By stimulating this mechanism I can manipulate Edward's behavior with no more fuss than a TV viewer changing channels with a ray gun. This mechanism is Edward's imagination.

In many ways Edward is a product of his age—the Age of Automation, that is. Far more than I, Edward understands and accepts the dominant role of technology in our lives. The first word he uttered, as I recall, was "Buick." His knowledge of earthmoving equipment is staggering for his age, and he's now mastering the basic nomenclature of military vehicles.

I am a product of another age; I'm not sure which—the Age of the Big Little Book perhaps—but one that is far removed from automation. But I am fond of Edward and interested in what he says and does. Hence, I have become increasingly hip about earthmoving equipment, about

cars, trucks, and trains, and recently I have been doing some real digging on the basic nomenclature of military vehicles.

All this paid off about a year ago when I discovered, quite by accident, that the tasks that seem odious to Edward could be made more palatable if wrapped in machinery. One night Edward was having his supper—that is to say, he was standing on the kitchen table *looking* at his supper—when I got home. “You take over,” my wife exclaimed, throwing her hands up in despair and storming out of the room. At first I tried the usual things: persuasion (“Come on, old pal, eat up those spuds”), logic (“Cold potatoes are disgusting”), threats (“Look, squirt, I’m going to count to three”)—all of which Edward shook off with disdain. Then, for some reason I can’t remember, Edward’s love of machines popped into my head. Suddenly I began making those absurd guttural noises which, to anyone else, would probably sound like acute indigestion but which, to Edward’s sensitive ears, meant only one thing: *a large machine warming up*. Immediately his attention was riveted on my bobbing Adam’s apple, a small light flickered on in his eyes, and he sat at his place.

“Is that a bulldozer?” he asked quietly, intensely.

“Open up the garage, Mac!” I shouted in what he and I have come to think of as a typical truck driver’s voice. “Open up the garage doors, I got a load of jeeps to deliver!” The timing was excellent and my choice of vehicles perfect (if I had said station wagons, I might never have made the delivery). Edward’s mouth opened and the delivery was made rapidly and efficiently. I shouted again, “Chew ’em up and store ’em in the warehouse!” or some other nonsense while I prepared another load. This time it was fried potatoes, which generally bore Edward but which disguised as fork-lift trucks took on new meaning. I made this delivery and while Edward’s mandibles were in motion, I raced on to the Brussel sprouts, the real test. When I discovered that even Brussel sprouts (pickup trucks) could be dispatched in this manner, I knew I had stumbled onto something bigger than both of us.

Now, all this may sound like nothing more than a variation on the old “one-for-Mommy-one-for-Daddy” routine, which, of course, it is, but the point is that this was only the beginning—

a first approximation, as it were, of the potential of Edward’s imagination. As time went on I perfected this technique although I used it sparingly, for Edward catches on quickly and I couldn’t afford to risk overdoing it. Meanwhile, I began to toy with the idea of exploiting his imagination in other ways. Since Edward was ~~so interested in machines~~ *I reasoned*, it followed that he might like to operate one.

I put this idea to work one night when I was faced with the task of putting Edward to bed. “Hey John,” I said casually (“John” is a name we reserve for mechanics and technologists as opposed to “Mac,” who simply pumps gas and drives), “John, I’ve got a new machine here that’s pretty complicated. I need some help.” I was on my hands and knees by that time. “If you get on this machine and set the dials, it’ll take you upstairs. Watch it, though—if you turn the wrong dials, it may do something else. I haven’t got the bugs out of it yet.”

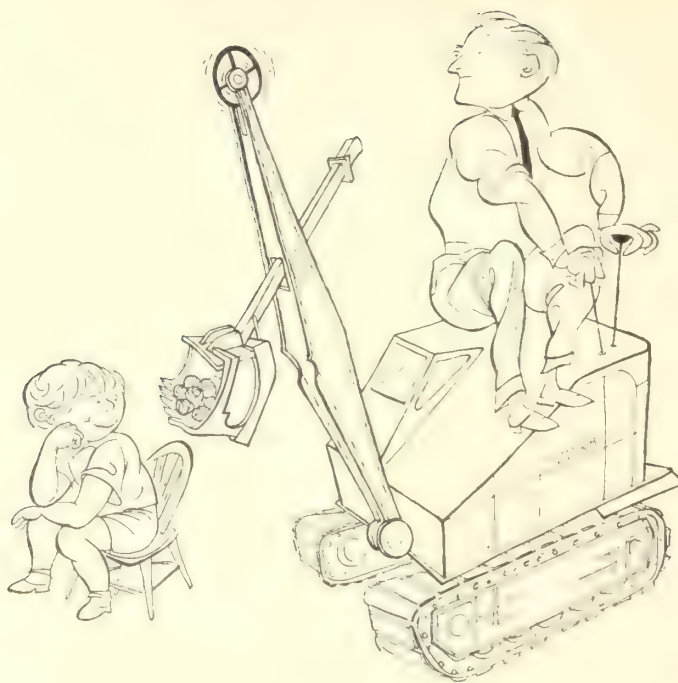
Edward must have suspected that any machine that would take him upstairs would also put him to bed. But the prospect of riding and operating a stair-mounter—especially one that could go wrong and possibly take him somewhere else—was too tempting to resist. In a flash he was on my back and I could feel his fingers probing for the controls.

“Looks okay!” he said in the husky voice that meant he was being John.

Then I made a high whining noise that terrified the cat but intrigued Edward. “You’re not priming it right, John,” I muttered between whines. “Prime it, man; you shouldn’t have that high ping.” Edward, who doesn’t know anything more about priming or ping than I do, likes the sound of the words and probed some more until the machine settled down to a smooth purr. At the first press of the button, the stair-mounter walked into the wall, which Edward found hilarious. “You pushed the wrong button, John!” I shouted. More probing. This time Edward pushed the right button and the machine went purring upstairs to his room. Another push of the button put Edward in his bed, tucked him in, gave him a kiss, and got the machine the hell out of there. Creeping up twenty minutes later, I heard soft purring sounds emanating from the darkness. This must have been some kind of automotive lullaby, for in another two minutes (before my wife had time to get upstairs to hear this), the purring had become soft snoring.

This represented an advancement over my first crude technique, but it was not yet refined enough

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—I was still doing the work. The next step was to reverse our roles and introduce automation. With a slightly different approach and a few new sound effects I talked Edward into becoming the machine and letting me be the operator. Now, whenever he balks at going to bed, or brushing his teeth, or undressing, I simply write out a program on his tape, adjust the buttons on his shirt to “Mount Stairs, Proceed to Bed” or “Remove Clothes, Brush Teeth” or some other command, press one or two buttons, and off he goes with a purr—at least most of the time.

As I mentioned earlier, Edward catches on quickly, and machines and ideas cannot be used too much. Fortunately, however, his interests and imagination extend in all directions and can always be counted upon to manifest themselves in new ways which, in turn, lead to new ideas. Just as the machines I have been describing were threatening to grow obsolete, Edward gave me a new inspiration. This grew out of his interest in hats.

Edward has always collected hats, but in recent months he had begun to collect facial expressions as well. I noticed that certain expressions seemed to go with certain hats. When he would appear beneath his fireman’s hat, for example, he would wear a tight-lipped, wide-eyed expression. His large black sombrero, on the other hand, came with puckered lips and lowered brows. But the one I preferred was the face that appeared under his Fidel Castro cap, a protuberant-jaw-squinted-eyes combination. This one was unusual because it included a ready-made personality along with

the face and cap. After some discreet inquiries I discovered that the owner of this quiet and somewhat solemn personality was an Army man who went by the name of Captain Really. This was a welcome surprise, particularly the Army part which fitted in nicely with my disciplinary scheme. All that was needed was to persuade Edward to change into Really whenever discipline was required.

This new game turned out to be quite different from the others. In the first place, it lasted longer; there was no need to get Edward to change into Really, for Really stayed on for weeks. I found that the Captain could be persuaded to go to bed because lights had to be out in the barracks. Similarly, teeth had to be brushed because Army regulations required it. There seemed a logical Army regulation to cover almost every chore and Edward, or rather Really, accepted them all with a solemn nod or sometimes a lopsided salute. Thus, I was now able to persuade him to do all kinds of things without even adjusting dials or pressing buttons.

But this game was different for other reasons as well. As I say, Really stayed on for weeks and when he was there, Edward wasn’t. This was a little spooky since the change was quite startling. Moreover, the change in Edward seemed to cast a spell on us all. During Really’s visit our life took on a kind of artificial sweetness like the family life one sees in the movies. Edward’s older sisters, stunned by his new manners and quiet ways, treated him with unusual respect and courtesy (despite the fact that he wore

his Fidel cap at the table). Even his younger sister seemed to recognize the change and for a while stopped kicking him under the table. Our conversation at mealtimes, though rather stilted, was certainly better than the usual bickering.

"My, it's nice to have an Army man with us," my wife would say. "Look at the way he eats those beans."

"Sits straight as a rifle too," I'd add, sounding suddenly like Lewis Stone. "Table manners are important in the Army, I guess."

"Oh sure."

"Pass the ketchup, Edward."

"I'm not Edward."

"Sorry. Captain Really, may I please have the ketchup?"

Once I became more or less adjusted to Captain Really, it began to dawn on me that this new manifestation of Edward's imagination might be useful in reaching Edward's psyche.

"You like children, Captain?" I asked one afternoon while we were raking leaves.

"Oh sure," he replied. "I have a lot."

This was good news. "Maybe you can give me some advice then," I continued. "You know Edward, of course."

"Oh sure."

"He's a good boy, but he's mean to his little sister. What would you do if your son were mean to his little sister?"

"Spank him," said the Captain.

"Hmm," I replied. This was certainly an interesting reaction. I probed further. "He also pulls the cat's tail sometimes."

"Spank him," said the Captain.

"He's a good boy, though, don't you think?"

There was a suspenseful pause. "He's okay."

"Maybe you could talk to him, Captain; see if you can get him to be nicer to his sister and the cat."

"Okay," said Really.

There was no telling what effect this treatment had had upon Edward for he remained behind the Really expression for some time after that. My curiosity was so aroused in the meantime, however, that I mentioned my experiment to a psychologist friend at lunch one day. "I'd go easy on that," my friend advised me. "You don't want to overdo fantasy. If he gets the idea that Captain Really is a big shot around the house, Captain Really may become real and Edward the fantasy."

I don't know why this hadn't occurred to me before. Perhaps it's because I too had enjoyed being other people as a child and had taken a vicarious delight in Edward's game. At any rate,

the other children and I decided to squish the whole thing. As it turned out, I didn't need to do anything. When I looked him that night, Edward was sitting in a tree with no hat on, and he said, "He's a leopard today," my wife informed me.

Today, Captain Really visits us occasionally along with the leopard, a local carpenter, and the five other people in the community—all of whom wear different hats and expressions. John and Mrs. also make periodic visits. We still use a variety of machines around the house—stair-mounters, bathers, driers, and feeders. For a while there I was worried about the toothbrusher, which seemed to have lost its appeal for Edward. But then I discovered that he enjoyed making dental appointments and that by donning a smock and mouthing a few dental comments ("Have you ever seen a mouth like that, nurse?" "You may rinse now," etc.), I could accomplish the work of the machine in less time and with less effort. Occasionally, when Edward is particularly recalcitrant, I combine two of my techniques by inviting Captain Really to operate a machine. But this kind of thing is saved for times of real stress.

Meanwhile, Edward himself seems to be with us more than ever these days and doesn't seem to be bothered as much by his sisters as he once was. I like to think that this is due to my efforts with his imagination. But Edward's grandmother and mother have a different theory. "Edward is passing through a pleasant age," they explain.



What Psychiatry Can and Cannot Do

by Thomas S. Szasz, M.D.

Eccentrics and social misfits may be a burden to their families and a nuisance to the public—but usually they aren't "mentally ill" and hospitalizing them may do more harm than good.

Psychiatry today is in the curious position of being viewed simultaneously with too much reverence and with undue contempt. Indeed thoughtful Americans can be roughly divided between those who dismiss all forms of psychiatric practice as worthless or harmful and those who regard it as a panacea for crime, unhappiness, political fanaticism, promiscuity, juvenile delinquency—and virtually every other moral, personal, and social ill of our time.

The adherents of this exaggerated faith are, I believe, the larger and certainly the more influential group in shaping contemporary social policy. It is they who beat the drums for large-scale mental-health programs and who use the prestige and the services of a massive psychiatric establishment as a shield of illusion, concealing some ugly realities we would rather not face. Thus when we read in the paper that the alcoholic, the rapist, or the vandal needs or will be given "psychiatric care," we are reassured that the problem is being solved or, in any event, effectively dealt with, and we dismiss it from our minds.

I contend that we have no right to this easy absolution from responsibility. In saying this I

do not, as a practicing psychiatrist, intend to belittle the help which my profession can give to some troubled individuals. We have made significant progress since the pre-Freudian era when psychiatry was a purely medical and custodial enterprise. In contemporary America, much of psychiatric practice consists of psychotherapy, and much of psychiatric theory is psychological and social, rather than biological and medical.

Our refusal to recognize this difference—that is, between deviations from biological norms which we usually call "illness," and deviations from social norms which we call "mental illness" (or crime, delinquency, etc.)—has made it possible to popularize the simplistic clichés of current mental-health propaganda. One of these, for instance, is the deceptive slogan, "Mental illness is like any other illness." This is not true; psychiatric and medical problems are not fundamentally similar. In curing a disease like syphilis or pneumonia, the physician benefits both the patient and society. Can the psychiatrist who "cures" a "neurosis" make the same claim? Often he cannot, for in "mental illness" we find the individual *in conflict* with those about him—his family, his friends, his employer, perhaps his whole society. Do we expect psychiatry to help the individual—or society? If the interests of the two conflict, as they often do, the psychiatrist can help one only by harming the other.

Let us, for example, examine the case of a man I will call Victor Clauson. He is a junior executive with a promising future, a wife who

loves him, and two healthy children. Nevertheless, he is anxious and unhappy. He is bored with his job which he believes saps his initiative and destroys his integrity; he is also dissatisfied with his wife, and convinced he never loved her. Feeling like a slave to his company, his wife, and his children, Clauson realizes that he has lost control over the conduct of his life.

Is this man "sick"? And if so, what can be done about it? At least half a dozen alternatives are open to him. He could throw himself into his present work or change jobs or have an affair or get a divorce. Or he could develop a psychosomatic symptom such as headaches and consult a doctor. Or, as still another alternative, he could seek out a psychotherapist. Which of these alternatives is the *right* one for him? The answer is not easy.

For in fact, hard work, an affair, a divorce, a new job may all "help" him; and so may psychotherapy. But "treatment" cannot change his external, social situation; only he can do that. What psychoanalysis (and some other therapies) can offer him is a better knowledge of himself, which may enable him to make *new choices* in the conduct of his life.

Is Clauson "mentally sick"? If we so label him, what then is he to be cured of? Unhappiness? Indecision? The consequences of earlier unwise decisions?

These are problems in living, not diseases. And by and large it is such problems that are brought to the psychiatrist's office. To ameliorate them he offers not treatment or cure but psychological counseling. To be of any avail this process requires a consenting, cooperative client. There is, indeed, no way to "help" an individual who does not want to be a psychiatric patient. When treatment is *imposed* on a person, inevitably he sees it as serving not his own best interests, but the interests of those who brought him to the psychiatrist (and who often pay him).

Take the case of an elderly widow I will call Mrs. Rachel Abelson. Her husband was a successful businessman who died five years ago, bequeathing part of his estate of \$4 million to his children and grandchildren, part to charities, and

one-third to his wife. Mrs. Abelson had always been a frugal woman, whose life revolved around her husband. After he died, however, she changed. She began to give her money away—to her widowed sister, to charities, and finally to distant relatives abroad.

After a few years, Mrs. Abelson's children remonstrated, urging her to treat herself better instead of wasting her money on people who had long managed by themselves. But Mrs. Abelson persisted in doing what she felt was "the right thing." Her children were wealthy; she enjoyed helping others.

Warehousing the Unwanted

Finally, the Abelson children consulted the family attorney. He was equally dismayed by the prospect that Mrs. Abelson might spend all the money she controlled in this fashion. Like the children, he reasoned that if Mr. Abelson had wanted to help his third cousin's poverty-stricken daughters in Romania, he could have done so himself; but he never did. Convinced they ought to carry out the essence of their father's intention and keep the money in the family, the Abelson children petitioned to have their mother declared mentally incompetent to manage her affairs. Thereafter Mrs. Abelson became insoluble. Her bitter accusations and the painful scenes that resulted only convinced her children that she really was mentally abnormal. When she refused to enter a private sanitarium voluntarily, she was committed by court order. She died two years later, and her will—leaving most of her assets to distant relatives—was easily broken on psychiatric grounds.

Like thousands of other involuntary mental patients, Mrs. Abelson was given psychiatric care in the hope of changing behavior offensive to others. Indeed, what was Mrs. Abelson's illness? Spending her money unwisely? Disinheriting her sons? In effect, recourse to psychiatry provided Mrs. Abelson's children with a socially acceptable solution for their dilemma, not hers. To an appalling degree state mental hospitals perform a like function for the less affluent members of our society.

Out of all too many comparable cases, I will cite that of a man we may call Tim Kelleher, who worked steadily as a truck driver for forty years, supporting a wife and nine children. In his early sixties, Kelleher found jobs getting scarcer. Now in his late seventies, he has not worked for over a decade. Since his wife died a few years ago he

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has lived with one or another of his children.

For two years his daughter Kathleen, mother of four, has been caring for him. Because the old man has grown progressively senile and burdensome, Kathleen's husband wants to shift the responsibility to the other children. But they all feel they've done their share.

Mr. Kelleher's future depends on what his family decides to do with him. One of them may still be willing to take care of him, but if not, he will be committed to a state mental hospital. His case will be diagnosed as a "senile psychosis" or something similar. About a third of the patients now in our mental hospitals are such "geriatric" cases. This is how psychiatry meets a purely socioeconomic need.

If Mr. Kelleher or one of his children were even moderately wealthy, they could hire a companion or nurse to care for him at home or they could place him in a private nursing home. There would be no need to label him a "mental patient" and confine him to a building he will never again leave, and where he will doubtless die within a year.

But for the poor, the public mental hospital is often the only way. Such is the plight of Mrs. Anna Tarranti (this is not her real name). At thirty-two—but looking ten years older—she has just been delivered of her seventh child. Her husband is a construction worker, sporadically employed, and a heavy drinker. After each of the last three babies was born, Mrs. Tarranti was so "depressed" that she had to stay in the hospital an extra week or more. Now she complains of exhaustion, cannot eat or sleep, and does not want to see her baby. At the same time she feels guilty for not being a good mother and says she ought to die.

The fact is that Mrs. Tarranti is overwhelmed. She has more children than she wants, a husband who earns only a marginal living, and religious beliefs that virtually prohibit birth control. What should she do? She knows that if she goes home, she'll soon be pregnant again, a prospect she cannot tolerate. She would like to stay in the hospital, but the obstetrical ward is too busy to keep her long without a bona fide obstetrical illness.

Again, psychiatry comes to the rescue. Mrs. Tarranti's condition is diagnosed as a "postpartum depression" and she is committed to the state hospital. As in the case of Mr. Kelleher, society has found no more decent solution to a human problem than involuntary confinement in a mental hospital.

In effect psychiatry has accepted the job of warehousing society's undesirables. Such, alas,

has long been its role. More than a hundred years ago, the great French psychiatrist Philippe Pinel observed that "public asylums for maniacs have been regarded as places of confinement for such of its members as have become dangerous to the peace of society."

The Patient's Stigma

Nor have we any right to comfort ourselves with the belief that in our enlightened age confinement in a mental institution is really the same as any other kind of hospitalization. For even though we show more compassion and understanding toward the insane than some of our forebears, the fact is that the person diagnosed as mentally ill is stigmatized—particularly if he has been confined in a public mental hospital. These stigmata cannot be removed by mental-health "education," for the root of the matter is our intolerance of certain kinds of behavior.

Most people who are considered mentally sick (especially those confined involuntarily) are so defined by their relatives, friends, employers, or perhaps the police—not by themselves. These people have upset the social order—by disregarding the conventions of polite society or by violating laws—so we label them "mentally ill" and punish them by commitment to a mental institution.*

The patient knows that he is deprived of freedom because he has annoyed others, not because he is sick. And in the mental hospital, he learns that until he alters his behavior, he will be segregated from society. But even if he changes and is permitted to leave, his record of confinement goes with him. And the practical consequences are more those of a prison than a hospital record. The psychological and social damage thus incurred often far outweighs the benefits of any psychiatric therapy.

Consider, for example, the case of a young nurse I will call Emily Silverman who works in a general hospital in a small city. Unmarried and lonely, she worries about the future. Will she find a husband? Will she have to go on supporting herself in a job that has become drudgery? She feels depressed, sleeps poorly, loses weight. Finally, she consults an internist at the hospital and is referred to a psychiatrist. He diagnoses her trouble as a case of "depression" and prescribes "antidepressant" drugs. Emily takes the pills and visits the psychiatrist weekly, but she remains depressed and begins to think about

*A list of recent books related to the subject of this article appears on page 112.

suicide. This alarms the psychiatrist, who recommends hospitalization. Since there is no private mental hospital in the city, Emily seeks admission to the state hospital nearby. There, after a few months, she realizes that the "treatment" the hospital offers cannot help her solve her problems. She then "recovers" and is discharged.

From now on, Emily is no longer just a nurse; she is a nurse with a "record" of confinement in a state mental hospital. When she tries to return to her job, she will probably find it filled and that there are no openings. Indeed, as an ex-mental patient she may find it impossible to obtain any employment in nursing. This is a heavy price to pay for ignorance, yet no one warned her of the hazards involved before she decided to enter the hospital for her "depression."

When Jail Is Better

Because the therapeutic potentialities of psychiatry are consistently exaggerated and its punitive functions minimized or even denied, a distorted relationship between psychiatry and the law has evolved in our time.

Years ago some people accused of serious crimes pleaded "insanity." Today they are often charged with it. Instead of receiving a brief jail sentence, a defendant may be branded "insane" and incarcerated *for life* in a psychiatric institution.

This is what happened, for example, to a filling-station operator I will call Joe Skulski. When he was told to move his business to make way for a new shopping center, he stubbornly resisted eviction. Finally the police were summoned. Joe greeted them with a warning shot in the air. He was taken into custody and denied bail, because the police considered his protest peculiar and thought he must be crazy. The district attorney requested a pretrial psychiatric examination of the accused. Mr. Skulski was examined, pronounced mentally unfit to stand trial, and confined in the state hospital for the criminally insane. Through it all, he pleaded for the right to be tried for his offense. Now in the mental hospital he will spend years of fruitless effort to prove that he is sane enough to stand trial. If convicted, his prison sentence would have been shorter than the term he has already served in the hospital.

Joe, like most patients in public mental hospitals, is a victim of social injustice. A wealthy and important man would have a chance; and the means, to rebut the charge of mental illness—as

what happened when the government had to try to handle the incident of General Edwin Walker in this fashion.

All this is not to say that our public mental hospitals serve an socially necessary purpose. They do, in fact, perform two essential—and very different—functions. On the one hand, they help *patients* escape from personal difficulties by providing them with room, board, and a medically approved escape from everyday responsibilities. On the other hand, they help *family* (and society) care for those who annoy or burden them unduly. It is important that we sort out these very different services, for unfortunately their goals are not the same. To relieve people annoyed by the eccentricities, failings, or outright meanness of so-called mentally disturbed persons requires that something be done *to* mental patients, not *for* them. The aim here is to safeguard the sensibilities not of the patient, but of those he upsets. This is a moral and social, not a medical, problem. How, for example, do you weigh the right of Mr. Kelleher to spend his declining years in freedom and dignity rather than as a psychiatric prisoner, against the right of his children to lead a "life of their own" unburdened by a senile father? Or the right of Mrs. Tarranti to repudiate overwhelming responsibilities against her husband's and children's need for the services of a full-time wife and mother? Or the right of Mrs. Abelson to give away her money to poor relatives, against her children's claim on their father's fortune?

Granting that there can often be no happy resolution to such conflicts, there is no reason to feel that we are as yet on the right road. For one thing—we still tolerate appalling inequities between our treatment of the rich and the poor. Though it may be no more than a dimly grasped ideal, both medicine and law strive to treat all people equally. In psychiatry, however, we not only fail to approximate this goal in our practice; we do not even value it as an ideal.

We regard the rich and influential psychiatric patient as a self-governing, responsible client—free to decide whether or not to be a patient. But we look upon the poor and the aged patient as a ward of the state—too ignorant or too "mentally sick" to know what is best for him. The paternalistic psychiatrist, as an agent of the family or the state, assumes "responsibility" for him, defines him as a "patient" against his will, and subjects him to "treatment" deemed best for him, with or without his consent.

Do we really need more of this kind of psychiatry?



The Tender Violence of Pedro Martinez

by Oscar Lewis

A Mexican peasant's view of his hardhanded life, introduced by the distinguished anthropologist who recorded it.

Although peasantry is as old as civilization itself and constitutes the bulk of the population in the underdeveloped countries and in the world, we still have much to learn about peasants, their values, problems, and aspirations, the intimate details of family living, the effects upon their lives of Western technology and culture, and their potential for participation and leadership in the modern world.

We in the United States have never had our own peasantry, and our popular image of peasants

is based upon European novels, especially the French, English, Italian, and Russian. We sometimes forget that a large portion of the two hundred millions of people in Latin America are peasants, a great many of them of Indian background. It is these very people who will have to be understood and reached if programs of economic and social improvement, including those of the present Alliance for Progress, are to be successful.

Pedro Martínez* was born twenty years before the outbreak of the Mexican Revolution. His life story illustrates some of the achievements and shortcomings of this revolution on the village level. Today in Azteca, Pedro's village south of Mexico City, there is no longer the pawning

* A fictitious name, as are those of Pedro's family, his acquaintances, and the village in which he lives.

or children, no beating of ropes on neighboring haciendas, no monopoly of the land government and the land resources by the caciques. At the same time there has been a tremendous increase in the facilities of public education; in the Martínez family the parents and most of their relations among the older generation were illiterate, but Pedro educated two of his children and his grandson to be schoolteachers. Thanks to this Pedro now had the opportunity to participate in the local government, in elections, and in the political life generally.

However, poverty itself has remained. The description of village conditions after the Revolution hardly encourages a Romantic view of peasant life.

I first met Pedro Martínez in 1941, shortly after I arrived in Atlix to begin a study of the community. When I told him we were there to study the customs of his people, he was unimpressed. "Many cultured persons have come to study us, but not one has helped us," he said. I told him we were trying to understand their problems and he answered that the villagers knew their problems only too well; the lands were becoming more sterile; the yields were lower because of lack of rainfall they had only one crop a year and insects destroyed part of that; they needed a new school, a doctor, water, and electricity. Only when I said we hoped to get the Mexican government to help the village did he show some interest. But he said promises were easy to make and the government was not to be trusted.

The following year, Pedro agreed to allow us to begin a formal study of his family and over the next twenty years, through conversations, questioning, and tape-recorded interviews, we came to know his wife, Esperanza, his six children, and his grandson, Germán, who lived with them.

The Martínez family was a tight, cohesive organization, held together by common economic strivings, by a village tradition of family loyalty and parental authority, by the stability of the marriage, by a deep mutual dependence, and by the absence of other social groups to which the family might turn in time of need. It was one of the poor, landless families of the poorest economic group that constituted about 30 per cent of all families in Atlix. The Martínez family, like those who, having no land of their own, planted corn with a hoe and other primitive tools on the steep, hilly communal land called *tlaicolol*. In 1943, the "wealth" of the family consisted of one mule, seventeen plum trees, the house site on which they lived, ten small turkeys, four egg-laying hens, some hand tools such as machetes and hoes for working hillside plots, tools for ropemaking, fifty-eight crates for marketing plums, and some simple house furnishings.

Despite the poverty of their material conditions, the Martínez family, partly maintained itself on the *tlaicolol* and was completely self-sufficient. Pedro is not that sort of a traditional peasant. Pedro could not remember a year when he had not to fish, every day forward, every small occasion, every crisis required a loan or kind obtained. When he was unable to borrow, he would be forced to let something of value.

Pedro's greatest memories are quite painful about his years of abandonment. His youngest son, Juanito, having had a bad cold, was left in the care of his mother. At the age of three months he lost his father and at eighteen months he was abandoned by his mother. She left him with a godmother who was not kind and who gave him away, for a time, to a godmother in the village. In summing up his childhood, Pedro says, "I suffered completely."

As a child and as a young man, Pedro had no adequate male figure with whom to identify. He pictures his stepfather and his uncles as selfish, cruel, poor, or good-for-nothing. It is significant that it was the Mexican Revolution which gave Pedro the first positive male figure with whom he could identify—Emiliano Zapata. Of Zapata's murder, Pedro says, "It was as if they had killed my own father."

Pedro's life has been a search for ideals and causes with which to identify: Catholicism, zapatismo, village politics, education, and most recently, Adventism and religious evangelism. He tried them all and was disillusioned with them all. By the time he was an old man, Pedro was nostalgically admiring the strong monolithic character of the Díaz regime which he had fought against in his youth. His meager educational background and the effects of his severe deprivation upon his character made him unable to absorb and integrate meaningfully the many new ideas to which he was subject during his life.

Despite Pedro's relative sophistication and wide range of experience, he remains, first and foremost, a peasant. He shares many classic peasant values—a love of the land, a reverence for nature, a strong belief in the intrinsic good of agricultural labor, and a restraint on individualism in favor of family and community. Like most peasants, he is also authoritarian, fatal-

This narrative is adapted from Oscar Lewis' new book, "Pedro Martínez, A Mexican Peasant and His Family," which Random House will publish in the spring. A professor of anthropology at the University of Illinois, Mr. Lewis is the author of "The Children of Sánchez" and other works. He is now studying one hundred Puerto Rican slum families, including some individuals migrating to and from New York.

istic, suspicious, concrete-minded, and ambivalent in his attitudes toward city people.

Pedro shows an inordinate need to be in control of his family. He always kept his wife under the closest supervision and even went so far as to buy her clothing. He allowed his sons very little freedom and was reluctant to give his eldest son the authority that an elder son expected to have over younger brothers and sisters. Pedro seemed to have a strong fear of rebellion and of insubordination.

The contrast between my earlier book, The Children of Sánchez, and Pedro Martínez is a contrast between urban slum life with its crowding, its lack of privacy, its rapid pace, the early development of sexuality, the intense sociability and expressiveness of the people, and peasant village life, with its slower rhythms, its greater stability and traditionalism, its emphasis on privacy, and the reserved, withdrawn, and suspicious nature of the people. The Martínez children, under the strict control of the father, had less freedom, fewer alternatives, fewer outside influences, and fewer ways of escape than did the children of Sánchez. The Sánchez family shows a greater variety of moods, from exuberant joyousness and abandon to dark despair, from luxurious thoughtlessness to panicky self-criticism, from a mood of carnival to a mood of atonement. Pedro Martínez and his family are much more emotionally constricted. There is less flux, less color, less joy.

The excerpt which follows was recorded quite recently, and shows important changes which occurred in Pedro's character during the twenty-year period that I have known and worked with him. In his old age, he seemed to become less suspicious and aggressive, kindlier toward his children, and generally more mature.

Pedro's Story

I felt the separation from my wife deeply. For almost half a year after her death, I did not eat and people said I was going to die. I missed my wife and with good reason. She helped me a lot. Very much! She worked hard. At times she even helped me carry firewood. I remember how she followed me about, how faithful she was to me. She had twelve children and raised six. My wife was a real woman.

I loved her, you can't imagine how much! And she loved me. Yes, we loved each other an awful lot, but an awful lot! I always thought, "The poor thing. She doesn't know anything and needs me."

The only thing was, as I always said and still

say, she was very cold by nature and I wasn't. We lived together many years, but that made no difference. If I was in a temper, she would never try to soothe me. Not with words, that is. That was something she couldn't do. She wouldn't speak. As soon as she saw I was in a temper she stopped talking to me. Sometimes she wouldn't say a word to me for two days.

Of course, I take into consideration the fact that I would say to her, "Look, when I come home angry, don't answer me. You can tell the way I am when I arrive. Sometimes unexpectedly my friends in the street make me angry, or an animal, or anything that might come up. Try to find some way to keep me from staying mad, try to find a way."

Occasionally, I would come home that way and scold her, unjustly, sometimes, like any man can do. Then I would regret those things of the moment and try to console her. I would embrace her and kiss her and say, "Come on, don't be mad." Then she would feel happier. I would do it with my words, but not she. She couldn't! She didn't know how to show her love except by her deeds. That way, yes!

Do you know what she would do? Instead of speaking to me with her lips, at night when we went to bed, what she would do was embrace me and put her legs around me. That was the consolation she offered me, but I never knew words from her. Naturally, when I saw that, I thought to myself, "Poor thing, she doesn't know how to explain herself. This is the only way she knows of consoling me."

Throughout my whole life I never knew her to do evil. In forty-five years I never saw her do anything to deceive me. That's why I say one must not teach one's wife to enjoy sex because she becomes addicted to it. Then her husband cannot satisfy her and she must look for other men. A man should not make a whore of his own wife! I never did and my wife remained virtuous.

There were times when I beat my wife, it's true. When I recognized my error, I asked her to pardon me. I would beg her forgiveness. Aztec men do get drunk sometimes and they do beat their wives, but not very much anymore. Before, it was done in every house. If my grandmother wasn't beaten, she wouldn't eat. She even liked it. It is a matter of village custom and the ways of the women. Here if a man is easy on his wife and then hits her later, she will raise her hand to him. That's why one must premeditate about these things.

But I did not make a slave of my wife. I was a poor man, I know, and it's clear that I didn't

give her enough to enjoy life, to go out or to . . . not those things, but I did give her equal rights, except that I do not have the kind of character to let her dominate me. The rights I gave her were not to be treated badly, not to be beaten, to be given what she deserved.

My life has been very different since my wife died, very different.

In the first place, I know my children are disinterested . . . there is no family solidarity anymore. My oldest child, Conchita, manages to get by all right, but as far as she is concerned, I am not deserving of a crust of bread or an old pin. If I come when she is eating then she will give me a *taco*. That is, if I happen to arrive then; if not, I get nothing. When her mother died, it was an obligation on her part to help, was it not? As daughter, and as son-in-law, right? Would you like to know what the help was that she gave? She brought the gasoline lamp! There was still no electric light here, then. That was all the help I got from her, and who knows where she borrowed it?

My other son-in-law, Macrina's husband, also brought a gasoline lamp. That was the extent of his help, too. Two sons-in-law, two gasoline lamps! Well, at least they came and shed a little light! Luckily, I had a few *centavos* put aside for expenses as I had sold my mule.

Now my sons have practically left me and are scattered. When they saw that everything was over, they began to go off.

Martín wanted to learn to be a baker and that is what he became. But he was restless and kept saying over and over, "I am going up north, I am going up north." That was when you could still earn good money there. So, I say to him, "Man, what do you want to do that for, when there is plenty of work around here? And besides here you have no expenses."

"No, but I want to see what it is like there."

"Well, go ahead, then." So I sold the horse, for three hundred *pesos*, which I gave him. We went around scraping together some more so he could have seven hundred *pesos* for his trip. But first they weren't letting them through to the United States, then they weren't hiring, and little by little he began using up the money.

Even when his money was gone, he said, "I am leaving, but I owe three hundred *pesos*."

"What about the three hundred *pesos* from my horse?"

"The man who was going to get us across has it. Now, I owe three hundred more."

"So that means you spent it all. What did you do with all that money?"



"Say! You are going back a long way. That was over a year ago and I kept drawing on it and it's gone. Now, I am in debt."

"Well, pay it, then." I was cleaned out. Good-bye, animals, everything was gone.

I told him to get married, but he just let me talk. And he had a sweetheart, too, but I don't know what they do with themselves nowadays. He kept telling me that she was going to move in on a certain day, but she never arrived. I was beginning to give up. I said to Macrina, "Now about that woman . . . if your brother had already done some foolishness with her, she would be insisting by now. I would like her to be with us. We need her here."

Why was she holding back? The thing is that that man hadn't done anything to her. He was very stupid about everything. He is very spiritless by nature, he can't even court a woman. Not a single one of my sons has inherited my character.

Moisés, the other one, is a rural schoolteacher and the salary they pay him is a triviality because he had only six months of preparatory school. And naturally, with food so expensive, he can support only himself. But when he comes home on vacation he helps me with the harvest and I take care of him. He is still keeping up his studies and is going to get his diploma . . . that is

why I don't make any demands on him. Every once in a while I say to him, "Can't you help me out a little, man?" But he always answers, "I haven't been paid this month," or, "I can't spare it, I earn so little." Then sometimes he asks me, "Don't you have at least five *pesos* for my fare?" And what can I do? I am a father, so there go five *pesos*.

Then Moisés needed a hundred *pesos* because he had not been paid. Where was I going to get it from? I went around trying to raise it but I couldn't so I decided to go to Mexico City. Let him solve his own problem, because I was in a bad situation. I owed five hundred *pesos* and he had told me, "Look, pawn the house and I'll get it out of hock for you later." But after I pawned it, he forgot about it. Now my sister has half the property and I pay her eight per cent interest. My sons no longer seem to care about the house.

Nowadays I can't get along on what I earn . . . living is too dear. That is why I say, the government only seems to be helping us, but actually doesn't. Every day I spend no less than ten or twelve *pesos* for the house, sometimes even more. I can't get on my feet so I can't pay my debts and that is why I am behind. We weren't rich in *don Porfirio Díaz'* times, but at least we got by. Now I find myself under more pressure.

My neighbors sometimes tell me that I am poor because I don't know how to manage, because I didn't take advantage of my opportunities. One man made me angry because he said, "Look, you have lived so long and you have nothing. Why?"

I say to him, "And you? What have you bought with your own labor? You have two houses and two plots of land and cattle but, tell me, how much did that plot at Tepala cost you? Didn't you take it away from your wife's brother? Your fool of a brother-in-law signed whatever you said and you became the owner. And how much did that other lot cost you? One glass of *ponche*, right? Because poor little Andrés liked to drink, all you had to do was give him one *ponche* and the land was yours."

And then another one, my nephew, comes and also says to me, "Uncle, you are old now and you have nothing. You have less than I."

I say to him, "Yes, it's true, but the house you have is inherited. My house cost me money. You call your children and I'll call mine and let's see who is more ignorant, my sons or yours."

"Oh, well, yes, yours know more because you sent them to school."

"Well, why weren't you man enough to support one of your sons through school? Your sons are illiterate while none of mine are. Your sons help

you and you can buy things but you will see that what you have is nothing. You'll see how your sons will end up. They cannot speak on any subject of importance, they can't even defend themselves."

And with that I shut his mouth. They can't tell me anything. No, I tell them. I said, "You have something but you work like Indians for it."

The truth is, my sons are not peasants anymore. They don't even know where my cornfield is now! But I love the country! I said to Macrina, "*Hombre!* When I go into the fields it even gives me an appetite. But here I just walk around and I don't get hungry." Here, it's diarrhea all the time and my belly constantly hurting me . . . but not out in the fields. That's where I feel happy. Naturally, I love the country. I am a peasant! Mental work such as I used to do in the court is not for me anymore. My body doesn't want mental work, it wants physical labor.

When I get sick, I sometimes go and talk to my daughter, Conchita, about my faith, the Adventists. She has left the Adventists, and has joined the Reformers. The Reformers do not use doctors . . . it is forbidden. They are doctors themselves and give themselves treatments. First, they begin with mud, then with cold water, with diet, and so on. They wanted to give me one of those treatments. One time Juan said, "We will cure you, if you wish, but according to our Book."

Nothing doing! I had no faith in that. They were liable to kill me.

Conchita wants me to go along with her, to follow her lead. I have no obligation to her. She has obligations, but I do not. She has obligations toward her son, Germán, too, but she gives him no help at all. A neighbor comes to her and says, "*Hombre!* You don't give your son a thing. What is the idea?"

Conchita says, "Oh, who told them to educate him? My *papá* is doing a bad thing in educating my son because the boy will forget God. All men who know things forget God. And why should I have to help when I have so many children here? I can't even help my own father."

Still when my grandson, Germán, finished high school, we sent him to the normal school in Cuernavaca. It wasn't very easy for him there, or for us, as it cost money. Right off, it was 150 *pesos*, just to enter. After that, you have to keep paying. It was very hard for us. But then another opportunity came up. The principal of his high school sent word to him that he had gotten a scholarship of 250 *pesos* for him at the normal school in Teneria. Germán came home very ex-

cited. I said to him, "I am not willing to let you go to a place so far away for I will not be able to see you often. But, if you want to go . . ."

"Yes, I want to go because here it is a great burden. At least I won't be spending so much." So now Germán is studying in Teneria.

That has been my idea since I was young, not to make money brutally to leave material goods to my children so that tomorrow or the next day they will be fighting and killing over it. No, I want them to have their inheritance in their heads, not in their pockets.

Sometimes I thought of getting married again because there was no one to look after me, no one to serve me, as there ought to be. My daughter Macrina was humble and obedient but it was not like when my wife was living. Then I would say, "Look, get up because I am leaving early." Now, I could not do that. That was why I sometimes thought of marrying a hard-working, affectionate woman. I didn't want a rich one because right off she would be treating me like her servant. And if she were still strong while I was no longer able, she would find another man and I would just be looking on . . . watching the two of them.

After all these years, Martín finally got married, but it made me sad because both he and Ricardo married older women who can no longer have children. The thought has impressed me that everything will die out with them. I am sad, too, because Martín gave himself away to his wife's family, which is a bit richer than mine. Instead of bringing home his bride, he went to live in her house. Now they order him about and he goes running, like an errand boy. That's why I pity him. If I, who am so small and insignificant, never allowed a woman to rule me, why should he? I was an orphan and alone when I married but I wouldn't stand for any slight to me, especially in my own home.

It was different when Felipe got married. He was married in my house, on my saint's day, and we were all there in harmony. Yes, Felipe turned out better and that's why I love him more. He doesn't even baptize a son until I say so. Felipe always comes and asks me, but not Martín.

I would like to reunite my children so at least they will be here to see me when I die. When Macrina went off and left me alone, I wrote Felipe a letter, a threatening letter. I said, "If you don't come, I will never step through your door again. I see that you don't care for me." Who knows if he will answer? I'm sure he is going to say he didn't receive my letter. I will write again. I am not interested in having him be independent. I want

him here to claim what is his father's, although his share is little. I can't take it with me when I go to the cemetery. As the Prophet Job said, Job wasn't born with sons, he wasn't born with a woman, he was born without anything and that's the way he will leave. I came into the world naked and I will leave naked, and that is the truth.

At one time, I believed in a lot of things . . . now I believe in nothing. I wanted to see my village improve but with the passage of time I am convinced that it can't be done and no matter how saintly a public official may be when he takes office, he will accomplish nothing. Now, I realize that in my village no one understands. We are blindfolded—all of us! Partly because of lack of culture, partly because of lack of unity, and partly because of poverty.

The new generation in my village has opened its eyes to other things but not to politics. When one talks about what is good for the *municipio* or for them, the young people don't come around to listen. Only the old ones do. Nowadays we even shout through a microphone to the young people, but they pay no attention to it. Even the co-operative work parties are falling into disuse.

The other day I spoke with our town council about this. I said to them, "Man! Why don't you get the village guard started again? There is no



need for federal troops to come here to take care of us when we can handle it ourselves."

So then the authorities say to me, "Very well, can you organize them? Come and be the head of the police force here."

I say to them, "Become head of the police force? Certainly not! Why should I become chief of police when I was once an important official? I was the *síndico*, I was the *regidor*, and now you expect me to move down to the position of police chief? I would rather die of hunger at home. Because a police chief here is no better than an errand boy. Why, they even serve as go-betweens for lovers! No, thank you very much."

"Well, suppose they told you to be the president?"

"Ah, that's a very different matter. That, yes, even if I were eighty I would be willing to serve. Then I'd be going up, not down."

In the United States it must be different. I think there the people are more educated and have a conscience. And where there is education, there is money. They have lots of companies and societies that get together capital and because they know how to behave, it doesn't go to their heads. On the contrary, they progress. There is cooperation there because everyone understands, everyone knows, everyone can speak. There are lots of good heads there and naturally things go well. But not here in Mexico. Here everyone is for himself and takes advantage.

The success of the revolution was no great advance. It only seemed to be because at that time we got rid of the big plantation owners and the government of *don* Porfirio, who were the exploiters. But now there have appeared even worse exploiters. Now it is the bankers.

This is just what is happening right now in my village. People are selling their little houses to the wealthy and going up into the hills to live where there is no water or electricity or anything. And why do they do it? Out of need, and because they are offered a bit higher price. And those who don't sell are still dying of thirst because the few springs we have here don't give enough water. The outsiders who are well-off come here to build houses for themselves and put up swimming pools and tanks and the poor villagers suffer.

I notice that the more science there is, the more calamities and scarcity we have. Scarcity for the poor, that is, not for the well-off. The proof is that everything the poor man and the farmer produce is cheap and everything the worker or science turns out is very dear. That is

why I can see that we are headed for bankruptcy. The people don't count for anything anymore.

I believe that all the revolutions and everything that we see on this earth, come to us already destined from up above and we are only instruments. The next revolution is already written and who knows how much time will go by until it takes place? But yet, that which is written must be fulfilled. Who knows what is happening in Cuba? Since Zapata, many have tried but nothing happens. Everything is crushed because God has not given the word yet. But then suddenly we'll see the revolution of the poor against the rich in Mexico. Not now, I don't think, but it will come.

We are in the last stages. I should think so! It says so very clearly in the prophecies of Daniel and John. Christ Himself said so when He appeared. He said, "First, science has to increase on a large scale. There will be great wars, people will fight against people, nation against nation, and there will be great famines, earthquakes, signals in the heavens, in the winds, and on the earth. When you see that, prepare yourselves, because the hour has struck."

That is why I say that the war is being prepared and is going to take place. We call it the war of Armageddon. Everything, everything, everything is going to be lost, Mexico and all the advanced peoples. This is also written. In the final days, there will be much building. Many will construct great edifices but the people will not survive. After a thousand years, Christ will come again with all his followers.

Well, life is coming to a close. I am an old man, now. I have come a long way and death is all that awaits me. What a pity that I am going to leave my beautiful hills! But I am resigned to it. My race is over, the mission God has given me is fulfilled. I have folded the page. Good or bad, I was what I was. Now I want nothing more, except perhaps another wife, just to bury me.

I am thankful to God that I have lived. I have raised my children and taught them the little I know. My responsibility is over. I am not going to give them their inheritance yet. If I give them the house and the lot now, I will have nothing, not even the right to touch a piece of fruit in the garden. No, if they are fools and quarrel over it later, well, that will be after I am dead.

I can no longer think of trying to improve myself, of studying or learning something new, especially now that my sight is beginning to fail. I guess there is good reason why I tire. I do just as much as I can and that is all. But, of course, I will always go on being upright. An old man has no energy left for other things.

A Sacrifice



A story by Isaac Bashevis Singer

There are among us some very strange individuals, and strange indeed are often their thoughts. In our house—No. 10 Krochmalna Street—actually sharing our hallway, lived an elderly couple. They were simple people. He was an artisan, or perhaps a peddler. Their children were all married. Yet the neighbors told that, despite their advanced years, these two were still in love. Every Sabbath afternoon, after the *cholent*, they would go for a walk—arm in arm. In the grocery, at the butcher's—wherever she shopped—she spoke only of *him*: “*He* likes beans . . . *he* likes a good piece of beef . . . *he* likes veal. . . .” There are women like that who never stop talking about *their* husbands. He, in turn, also

would say at every opportunity, “My wife.”

My mother, daughter of generations of rabbis, frowned upon the couple. To her such behavior was a sign of commonness. But, after all, love—especially between an elderly couple—cannot be dismissed so easily.

Suddenly a rumor spread that shocked everyone: the old people were going to be divorced!

Krochmalna Street was in an uproar. What did this mean? How could it be? Young women wrung their hands: “Mamma, dearest, I’m going to be ill! . . . Woe, I feel faint!” Older women proclaimed, “It is the end of the world.” The wrathful cursed all men: “Well, now, isn’t a man worse than a beast?” Soon the street was aroused

by an even more outrageous report: they were getting the divorce so that the old sinner could marry a young girl. You may well imagine the curses that were heaped upon the old man—a burning in his belly, a pain in his black heart, a fire in his bowels, a broken arm and leg, a plague, the judgment of Heaven upon him! The women-folk spared no curse and prophesied that he would not live to see his wedding day, the old billy goat—instead of a wedding canopy he would find a black coffin.

In our home, in the meantime, the truth, the real truth, came to light.

The old woman herself came to my mother and spoke to her in such a manner that my mother's pale face flushed with embarrassment. Although she tried to chase me away so that I would not be able to hear, I did listen, for I was afire with curiosity. The woman swore to my mother that she loved her husband more than anything in the world.

"Dear lady," she argued, "I would gladly give my life to save a fingernail of his. I am, woe is me, an old woman—a broken shard—but he, he is still a man. He needs a wife. Why should he be burdened with me? As long as the children were still at home one had to be careful. People would gossip. But now what they say matters no more to me than the cat's meow. I no longer need a husband but he—may he be well—is like a young man. He can still have children. And now he has found a girl who wants him. She is past thirty; the time has come for her, too, to hear the wedding music play. Besides, she is an orphan and works for others as a maid; she will be good to him. With her he will enjoy life. As for me, I am provided for. He will give me enough to live on, and I do a little peddling on the side. What do I need at my age? I only want to see *him* happy. And he promised me that—after a hundred and twenty years, when the time comes—I will lie next to him in the cemetery. In the other world I will again be his wife. I will be his footstool in Paradise. It has all been settled."

The woman had come, quite simply, to ask my father to arrange the divorce and then perform the wedding.

My mother tried to dissuade her. Like the

other women, my mother saw in this affair an affront to all womankind. If all old men were to start divorcing their wives and marrying young girls, the world would be in a fine state. Mother said that the whole idea was clearly the work of the Evil One, and that such love is an impure thing. She even quoted one of the books on ethics. But this simple woman, too, could cite Scripture. She reminded my mother of how Rachel and Leah had given their maidservants, Bilhah and Zilpah, to Jacob as concubines.

Though I was a mere boy, I was not at all indifferent to this affair. I wanted it to come off. First of all, I loved to be present at a divorce. Secondly, at weddings I always got a piece of sponge cake and a sip of brandy or wine. And third, when Father earned some money, I would be given a few groschen to buy sweets. And then, after all, I was a *man*. . . .

When my mother saw that she could do nothing with the woman, she sent her in to my father, who immediately began to discuss the law. He warned her that after the divorce her former husband would be as a total stranger to her. She would not be allowed to remain under the same roof with him. She would not be permitted to speak with him. Was she aware of this, or had she imagined that she could continue to be with him? The woman replied that she knew the laws, but that she was thinking of *him*, not of herself. For him she was ready to make any sacrifice, even give her life. Father said he would give her an answer. Let her come back the next day.

After the woman left, Mother went into the study and began to argue with my father that she did not want him to earn money by such means. The old man, she said, was a woman-chaser, a mule, a vulgar person, a lecher. She said that if he were to grant this divorce and perform the marriage, the entire community would be aroused against him. Father left to go to his Hassidic study house, to talk the matter over with sensible men. There, too, a heated argument took place, but the final conclusion was that since both parties were in agreement, no one had the right to interfere. One scholar even quoted the verse: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand. . . ." According to the Gemara this means that even an elderly man is still obligated to "be fruitful and multiply."

The next morning, when the old woman returned, this time with her husband, my father began to cross-examine her. I was sent out of the study. Father spoke gruffly, sometimes slowly

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and sometimes faster, sometimes gently and sometimes in anger. I stood behind the door, but could hear little. I was afraid that any minute now Father would burst out with "Scoundrels, remember that He has not yet abandoned his world to the rule of chaos!" and chase them out, as was his custom with those who defied the law. But an hour passed and the two were still inside. The old man spoke slowly, in a broken voice. The woman pleaded. Her voice became softer and ever softer. I sensed that she was convincing my father. She whispered intimate secrets to him, such as a man seldom hears from the lips of a woman, such as are only rarely discussed in the heavy tomes of the Responsa. When husband and wife left the study, they looked happy. The old man wiped the sweat off his face with his kerchief. The woman's eyes glowed as on the night after Yom Kippur, when one feels assured that the prayers for a happy year have been answered. . . .

During the weeks that passed between that day and the wedding, Krochmalna Street gaped and wondered. The community was divided into two parties. The affair was discussed everywhere: in the grocery and at the butcher's, at the fish tubs in Yanash's bazaar and in the fruit shops behind the markets; in the synagogues of the unlearned and in the Hassidic study houses where disciples gathered to tell of the miracles wrought by *their* Wonder Rabbi and to disparage the claims of all rivals.

Most excited, however, were the women. The old wife herself seemed to have lost all shame. She went around praising her husband's bride to the skies, brought presents for the "couple," busied herself with the wedding preparations as though she were the girl's mother. The other women scorned or pitied her. "Heaven help us—it just goes to show how an old woman can lose her mind!" All clung to the same idea: the old woman was crazy and the husband, the old sinner, wanted to get rid of her. All mocked her, all were outraged, all were puzzled. All asked the same question: "How can such things be?" And the only answer was: "Well, you see . . ."

Had there been any young hooligans in the neighborhood, they might have molested the old couple or the bride, but our neighbors were quiet people. The husband himself was a good-natured man with a white beard and the mild eyes of the very old. He continued to come to the synagogue regularly. He wound the leather straps of his phylacteries around his arm with a trembling hand. The youngsters made fun of him, but he never showed anger. He touched the ritual

fringes of his prayer shawl to his eyes. He kissed the phylactery that is worn on the forehead, and then that which is placed on the arm. A Jew remains a Jew, even when extraordinary events befall him. The truth was that it was not he who had talked his wife into this. On the contrary, it had all been her idea. He confided in my father. She had simply overwhelmed him. The girl was a poor orphan. The old woman herself went about happy, hopeful, smiling. Her eyes shone with a weird joy.

At the same time that husband and wife were preparing for the divorce and the subsequent wedding, they also purchased a cemetery plot. They invited friends there, to the place of eternal rest, and served cake and brandy. All was mixed up together: life, death, lust, boundless loyalty, and love. The old woman announced that when *his* wife would give birth she, the ex-wife, would care for the child because the young woman would have to help earn a living. Women who heard such talk spat out: "God help us! Heaven preserve us! May all evil dreams come upon them!" Others openly declared that these were the doings of the devil, of Satan himself. And yet there was something else. Although all were wholeheartedly against the marriage, they were eager for it to take place as quickly as possible. The entire street had been infected by a fever. Here life was presenting a drama more exciting than those one read about in the papers or saw in a theatre.



The divorce took place in our home. Two old people who had loved each other with a great love were now divorced. The scribe wrote out the document with his goose quill and wiped the ink on his skullcap. Every once in a while he would mumble something. His green eyes threw out sparks. Who knows? Perhaps he was thinking of his own "better half"? . . . The witnesses signed. The old man sat there, bewildered, his eyes veiled by his brushlike white brows. His beard lay flat against his chest. It was clear that he, the chief protagonist, was as perplexed as everyone else. This idea had not been born in *his* head. From time to time he took a snuff of

tobacco to relieve his dejection. Occasionally he would glance at his wife, who sat on the bench. Usually the participants in a divorce wear modest, even shabby, clothes, but the old woman had adorned herself with her holiday bonnet and a Turkish shawl. She replied to his gaze with a radiant look. Her eyes were simply sparkling with fire. "*Mazel tov!* See, I do everything for you, for you! I sacrifice myself for you, I sacrifice myself. Accept this offering graciously, my lord and master. . . . If only I could, I would bare my throat to the Reaper's scythe for you. . . ."

My mother paced impatiently up and down the kitchen. Her matron's wig was awry. An angry flame burned in her eyes. I entered the kitchen and asked for something to eat, but she exclaimed in vexation:

"Get out! Get out! Don't grab things from the pot!"

Even though I was only a small boy and her own son, I was at that moment for her a member of the despicable male sex.

I stood by while the old woman held out her wrinkled hands and the old man placed the writ of divorcement in them. My father then gave the customary instructions: that the woman may not remarry immediately but must wait for three months.

The old one with her toothless gums began to laugh. What an idea! She, thinking of remarrying?

I do not remember how much later it was, but I know that eventually the wedding also took place in my father's study. Under the canopy stood an old man and a stout young woman. Four men held the rods of the canopy. Father gave the groom and bride a sip of wine,

but without a blessing. Everyone said, "*Mazel tov!*" and drank brandy with sponge cake. Then, in another room, a meal was served. The cooking and all the preparations had been done by the first wife. People said that the old woman had had vests, slips, and bloomers sewn for the bride, for the girl had no proper clothes to wear. So many guests came for the meal that all our rooms were filled and people were standing out in the hallway.

For some time longer Krochmalna Street continued to bubble and boil. People would run after the old man and his new wife and stare at them as though they were performing magicians or Chinamen with pigtails, such as occasionally came to our street to sell paper flowers. But after a while they found other things to talk about. After all, what is so unusual about an old woman losing her senses? Or an old man marrying a cook? People began to say that the first wife already regretted what she had done. The new wife did not give birth. The old man fell ill.

I regret, dear reader, that I cannot report a dramatic climax. Like everyone else, I too eventually lost interest. I only remember that the old man died not long after the wedding, and both women cried at the funeral. Then the old wife also breathed her last in some garret room. Even the fire of the Evil Inclination does not burn forever.

Whether husband and wife finally were reunited in Eden, and whether she there became his footstool, I cannot say. When you yourself arrive there—after a hundred and twenty years—ask for the mansion wherein dwell the former inhabitants of Krochmalna Street. . . .



The Long Battle Between Art and the Machine

by Edgar Wind

Our fake-modern buildings, recklessly "cleaned" paintings, dehumanized music make us wonder once more whether the artist is using the machine—or being enslaved by it.

It might be thought that art and mechanization are mutually exclusive. An artistic performance is a creative act, unique and unrepeatable, whereas it is of the very essence of a mechanical event that it can be repeated, and often is. To say that a creative artist would not incline to repeat himself exactly is an understatement; he is incapable of it. If two paintings ascribed to a great master look identical, it is more than likely that at least one of them is a copy by another hand. The rule is the same as in the study of handwriting. A man's signature varies because he writes spontaneously. When two signatures are exactly the same, a suspicion of forgery arises.

There are anecdotes about Mozart which illustrate the point in music, although they may well be legendary. It is said that, when asked to repeat an improvised piece, he would unfailingly improvise a variation of it. As a child of seven, while accompanying a singer extempore, he changed the accompaniment with every repetition. According to Grimm, who reported this incident in his *Correspondance littéraire* (1763), "he would have done it twenty times over if he had not been stopped."

It was in a similar spirit of creative exuberance that Renoir denied in a conversation with Vollard that the chemistry of pigments ever forced him to regularize and repeat his procedures: "In painting, you know, there is not a single process that can be made into a formula. For instance, I once attempted to fix the quantity of oil that I add to the paint on my palette. I couldn't do it. Each time I have to add my oil at a guess." The statement is the more remarkable as it comes from a meticulously trained technician who started as a painter of porcelain.

Even if we suppose that Renoir was exaggerating a little, or that Vollard embellished the statement while recording it, the bias of Renoir's remark is clear enough: he held fast to the old belief that art is degraded by mechanization. I call it an old belief because it antedates our age by at least five hundred years. The invention of printing, for example, and the use of woodcuts for the illustration of books, filled the Duke of Urbino, the famous Federigo da Montefeltro, with such dismay that he would not allow a printed book to enter his library. For him the act of reading a classical text was desecrated by the contemplation of the printed page. Words that were beautifully written by a scribe seemed to address his eye and mind in a personal way which was obliterated by mechanical type; and a manuscript illuminated by hand-painted miniatures gave him a pleasure that no woodcut could equal.

It would be easy to dismiss this attitude as

sheer snobbery, the kind of preciousness that is sometimes found among modern collectors who have turned Veblen's principle of conspicuous waste into a policy of sound investment. That an ingredient of vanity and calculation may have entered into the Duke of Urbino's disdain of printing I would not deny, but there is more to it than that. The first printed books were made to look like manuscripts, some were even doctored with hand-painted initials, or colored washes imposed on the woodcuts, or by being printed specially on vellum, to satisfy the kind of fastidious taste which the Duke of Urbino had cultivated. Thus he cannot be entirely blamed for having regarded this new manufacture as an impertinent and vulgar cheat.

Ruskin Overstated His Case

At its first appearance a newly mechanized art always looks like a fake, because it models itself on an unmechanized or less mechanized kind of art. Before the film had found its own powerful idiom, it looked like degraded theatre, just as television now often looks like degraded film. Thus, when Ruskin spoke of what he called "vile manufacture," he did not mean to distinguish between vile and honorable manufacture. All manufacture seemed to him vile because it was the opposite of honorable craftsmanship in which the artisan controlled his work by his own hand, whereas in manufacture the production was surrendered to a machine, an automaton that mimicked and falsified living craftsmanship and thus was nothing but its cheap, deceptive double.

Although it is obvious that Ruskin overstated his case, there is no denying that there are aspects of mechanization which justify some of his apprehensions. In the creation of monumental sculpture, for example, it is economical for the artist to confine his work to a small model and delegate the enlargement of it to a mechanical instrument which, point by point, transposes the small shapes to a huge scale. The machine treats forms as if they were indifferent to size, although every perceptive sculptor knows that they are not. The same problem in reverse arises with medals or coins, where it is expedient to make the model on a larger scale, which is then brought down to the right size by the reducing machine. As a result, the ordinary coin or medal looks as vacant as the ordinary public monument. On the progressive mechanization of carving, duly upbraided by Ruskin in *Aratra Pentelici* for weakening and effacing "the touch of the chisel as expressive of

personal feeling or power," it is worth consulting the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Some fifty years ago (1911) the article on Sculpture noted that "in the opinion of many artists the use of the mechanical pointing-machine is responsible in a great measure for the loss of life and fire in much of modern sculpture." In the 1960 edition we read instead that "with the help of a pointing-machine the present mechanical system of carving is easy to learn and free of responsibility because it is mathematically exact."

If Ruskin said that "a great sculptor uses his tool exactly as a painter his pencil, and you may recognize the decision of his thought, and glow of his temper, no less in the workmanship than the design," the same thought applies with little variation to architectural workmanship as well: its quality declines if a machine is allowed to superimpose its own habits on the artist's style. Prefabricated window frames, for example, when inserted into otherwise conventional buildings, produce a jarring monotony of fenestration in which architecture is victimized by mechanics. I hasten to add that these dreary cases speak not against mechanization as such, but only against bad and inflexible mechanization, an unimaginative use of machinery which the creative modern architects have triumphantly overcome. Entering as they do into the spirit of a mechanized process, with the same intimacy as the manual craftsman felt for the tool in his hand, they project their imagination into every part of the mechanism, and thus render mechanization itself expressive. In such cases we do not have a "mechanization of art," but on the contrary an artistic use of machinery; and if this ideal relationship of mechanical instrument to art were universal, there would be no argument.

But even these modern achievements, as is well known, are travestied by "vile manufacture." The streamlined constructions required for airplanes and racing cars are transferred to cars not designed for such speeds but intent on suggesting them by borrowed rhetoric. Thus the streamlined taxicab is built so low that we must double ourselves up in order to get in or out of it. The beautiful and comfortable chairs invented by

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Mies van der Rohe are parodied in the mass-produced, streamlined chair constructed according to a technological idea of being seated and hence allowing no one to sit as he pleases. The streamlined knife, fork, and spoon are likely to interfere with the act of eating by making us needlessly conscious of it. The false rhetoric of mechanization persistently obliges us to look sharp, thus reversing the effect of those anti-macassars which obliged even Ruskin to look comfortable.

It would be tempting to dismiss all this as a passing fashion that need not be taken too seriously, were it not that many cities are already disfigured by fake-modern buildings that will stand for a long time. Equipped with the newest facilities of engineering, architectural design requires of its craftsmen exceptional powers of resistance not to let any part of the machinery usurp a function that belongs to the architect himself. The temptation to let the machine have its way increases with the perfection of machinery, every new instrument producing new routines which only a master can rescue from automatic proliferation. Perhaps this explains why modern buildings are either superb or miserable. The tension is too great to allow for decent mediocrity. In that respect the architecture of our age is indeed like an airplane or a racing car. The only alternative to perfection is disaster.

If the Abbot Returned . . .

A particularly destructive use of mechanization is its illicit extension to the past, as for example in the refacing of ancient buildings. Since no modern machinery can produce the exact double of an old façade, every stage of major repair would seem to call for fresh architectural invention. Replacements cannot be made by rote. Where complete repetitions have been attempted with machine-cut stones and the old ornaments recarved, they look like replicas or facsimiles of the building that has vanished. Thus the refacing of Wren's Sheldonian Theatre in Oxford may be studied one day as a monumental example of the naïve obstinacy and self-delusion that bedevil a mechanical age. In the nineteenth century Viollet-le-Duc thought, because he was a skillful and vigorous engineer and had the support of an inspector of monuments as energetic as Prosper Mérimée, that he could restore French cathedrals to their original splendor. Today his name has become a byword for nineteenth-century Gothic; yet few of those who smile at Viollet-le-Duc seem

to remember his failure to their own confident pursuit of exact restoration. "The Church of Amiens," wrote Mérimée, "has been restored in the most complete manner, and if one of its abbots of the thirteenth century were to return from the dead, he would find it just as he had left it."

It is worth recalling here a remark made by Auguste Prost in 1885: "To remake (*refaire à neuf*) an ancient monument . . . is to place oneself before this dilemma: either to falsify it by failing, or to produce a pastiche by succeeding." Prost admitted the necessity of restoring corroded parts: "but to set oneself the task of replacing a decayed work in its entirety is . . . to cause the certain loss of the object that one is dismantling." In describing what had happened before his own eyes to the cathedral of Metz, he recorded a typical sequence of events: "At first they wished to repair; then they were drawn into wanting to restore; and today they destroy whatever is left of the old building in order to rebuild it entirely."

The same problems and delusions occur in the so-called "scientific" cleaning of pictures. Conscientious restorers are always guided by an awareness that they cannot touch a painting without interpreting it. The danger arises when the attempt is made to reduce the burden of exegesis by delegating a major part of it to a chemical solvent which, it is hoped, will safely remove superimposed layers of paint or varnish, and so lay bare the artist's original work without having altered it by the contact. The belief that a painting of, say, the fifteenth century can be returned with scientific certainty to its pristine state, as if five hundred years of existence had left no trace on it, is of course a chemical as well as a historical absurdity. Even if the material history of such an object were reversible, which it is not, the restorer's own vision cannot be wound back to a fifteenth-century optic except by an effort of historical imagination that is subject to all the hazards of learned inference. "Does not the eye altering alter all?" Yeats asked. In an age of art-historical inquiry, which increasingly converges with studies in the history of science, it is surprising that some museum curators will fail to realize that after a short passage of time the "scientific" treatment of a picture will be datable to the year. Style will be recognized in cleaning as easily as it used to be in overpainting, for no one can jump over his own historical shadow.

That these adventures of restoration are often pursued today in a reckless spirit, and on a much

larger scale than should be necessary, is due to a scientific as well as an aesthetic fashion. The notion that every old picture must be cleaned is like certain outdated medical fashions that made it obligatory for every respectable person of advanced age to "take the waters." In the preservation of pictures these restorative ablutions are encouraged by a desire for freshness at any cost, even if it entails fragmentation. After a picture has been decomposed, the painting is "honestly" left in a half-raw state—an artificial ruin or, to put it more charitably, a carefully prepared scientific specimen which, like any other product of technical skill, registers some of the peculiarities of the technician. Since the mechanics of stripping down a painting reverses the sequence in which it was built up, it is almost inevitable that processed pictures acquire a surface that looks machine-made, resembling the hard luminous gloss of mechanical reproductions, with brute colors in glaring juxtaposition. The satisfaction aroused by paintings reduced to that state may probably be ascribed to the fact that vision has increasingly been trained on derivative prints, which tend to overdefine an image in one direction by fixing it to a mechanical scale.

Painted for Color Printing

That our vision of art has been transformed by reproductions is obvious. Our eyes have been sharpened to those aspects of painting and sculpture that are brought out effectively by a camera. What is more decisive, in the artist's own vision we can observe the growth of a pictorial and sculptural imagination that is positively attuned to photography, producing works photogenic to such a degree that they seem to find a vicarious fulfillment in mechanized after-images—as if the ultimate hope of a painter or sculptor today, apart from having his works placed in a museum, would be to see them diffused in comprehensive picture books, preferably in an illustrated *catalogue raisonné*. What has optimistically been called the "museum without walls" is in fact a museum on paper—a paper-world of art in which the epic oratory of Malraux proclaims, with the voice of a crier in the marketplace, that all art is composed in a single key, that huge monuments and small coins have the same plastic eloquence if transferred to the scale of the printed page, that a *gouache* can equal a fresco.

On these assumptions it is only logical that the color print threatens to become the medium on which a painting must count for being remem-

bered. That Picasso has consciously adjusted his palette to the crude requirements of the color process I would not say, but his paintings suffer remarkably little in this singularly coarse form of reproduction. They suit it almost as well as Van Gogh. With a growing adjustment to the color print, it is natural that the objects best suited to that medium should be preferred to works that are too intricate for it, machinery thus dictating a selection that sponsors a stylistically regressive taste. The art of the *douanier* Rousseau has thus an advantage over that of Titian because his color effects, being schematic and plain, can be simulated more easily by the printing press.

The same forces are active also in music. Originally the gramophone record produced an echo of the live performance, with all the peculiarities of the performer's attack. It served as a substitute for a concert, removed by one degree from the real event. For that reason musicians and amateurs of music inclined at first to despise the substitute, with much the same vigor as the Duke of Urbino displayed in his resentment of printing. However, recording—like printing—developed its own style: it became an idiom with a particular aesthetics. Marked idiosyncrasies of phrasing, for example, which may be startling and impressive in the concert hall, can grate when they are heard too often. Recording therefore tended to file them off, aiming instead at a technical finish which would allow for constantly repeated hearing. It is a well-known fact that gramophone records are now often put together piece by piece, each piece a polished unit in a musical *collage* which no living performer has played as a whole. The ear thus gets adjusted to dehumanized sounds, and there can be no doubt that, ever since, the style and the quality of performances have changed toward a more even mechanical proficiency, not only for the purposes of recording but retroactively in live concerts as well. In some instances composition itself has begun to aim for the recorded tone, prescribing a style of musical performance that lends itself to *montage* and stereophonic projection, just as the mechanized idiom of the film has decisively shaped certain styles of dramatic writing and acting that subordinate the range of human expression to the capabilities of the screen.

The situation reminds me of a historic occasion in Washington when the newly founded National Gallery of Art was opened by President Roosevelt in 1941. He was expected to address the guests, and many who had often heard him speak so effectively over the radio were curious to see in



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what manner he would address an audience face to face. They found that he did not address them at all. The speech was broadcast, and from the first the President's mind was concentrated on the microphone before him. It was a graceful speech addressed to the world outside, while those in his immediate presence were like eavesdroppers, listening in on a performance not intended for them. No doubt, those listening to the broadcast assumed that they were getting only a reflex of his speech, a sort of echo, but they were mistaken: what seemed like an echo was the substance.

We Live Among Shadows

In the enjoyment of art this curious reversal seems to me one of the fundamental dangers of mechanization. The medium of diffusion tends to take precedence over the direct experience of the object, and more often than not the object itself is conceived with this purpose in view. We are given the shadow for the thing, and in the end we live among shadows, and not only believe that things are made for the sake of their shadows, but find that this is actually the case. Not that this condition is without promise. Many a brave new world of things was made out of shadows firmly shaped by an artist, but the boldness required for that task has increased with the ease of evading it; for it is both the strength and the weakness of a mechanized medium that it can replace personal choice by automatisms which, however economical in other walks of life, are artistically blank and wasteful. No mannerism is more stultifying than one caused by a machine.

An easy pride in the advances of mechanization is therefore just as unfounded as that proverbial phobia of it which was justly ridiculed by J. B. S. Haldane: "There is no great invention, from fire to flying, which has not been hailed as an insult to some god." To assume, as Ruskin did in his weaker moments, that an art must lose its authenticity whenever it delegates part of its function to an ancillary craft is an aesthetic superstition. Ideally, on that theory, the composer should be a singer, the poet a bard, the architect a builder, mason, and bricklayer. It is true that some of the arts still survive in that uncorrupted state. The painter has not yet delegated his brush, nor the draftsman his pencil, and there are even sculptors who have not delegated their chisels. And yet, some of the creative expansions of art—in architecture, music, and drama—could never have taken place at all if the

artist had always retained his own instrument, or the only authentic instrument of his art. A prudent skepticism about mechanization, particularly when it overreaches itself, should not deny the positive part that machinery and substitution have played in artistic growth.

To my mind one of the most enlightening of anti-mechanical protests lies buried in that quiz-zical American book, *The Golem of Henry Adams*. Always scrupulously attentive to historical ceremony, particularly when he foresaw that it might be fatuous, Adams took a few steps of his own, in the year 1900, to inaugurate the twentieth century. He went to Paris and visited the World Exhibition, where he stood, bemused and bewildered, before the forty-foot dynamos in the Great Hall. He understood little about engineering and, perhaps for that reason, viewed its progress with misgiving. He reflected that, since 1893, "the automobile had become a nightmare . . . almost as destructive as the electric tram which was only ten years older, and threatening to become as terrible as the locomotive steam engine itself." To regain his balance, Adams withdrew to the cathedrals of Chartres and Amiens. Here, worshiping at the shrine of the Virgin, he meditated on the fate of those who were worshiping at the shrine of the dynamo. Adams was the kind of man who feels that on a memorable occasion it is important to make a memorable statement. Although he did not agree with Gibbon's evaluation of the Gothic style, he envied Gibbon for having dismissed all Gothic cathedrals in one single sentence by saying: "I darted a contemptuous look on the stately monuments of superstition." Adams longed to dart just such a look on the stately monuments of engineering, but for that he was too shrewd; he knew that these forces had to be reckoned with, and although he distrusted them intensely, he prided himself on being a good judge of forces. He therefore composed for his autobiography, under the year 1900, a chapter entitled "The Dynamo and the Virgin." In it he contrasted the modern powers of steam and electricity with the force exerted by medieval faith. "All the steam in the world," he writes, "could not, like the Virgin, build Chartres."

Not Built by Faith Alone

This memorable remark is worth analyzing. According to it, the Virgin built Chartres; which is clearly a metaphor, and presumably it means that faith in the Virgin inspired the building of the cathedral. But Chartres was not built by faith

November 25, 1963

by William Butler

Drums, drums, I too am dead.
I breathe no breath, but only dread.
I have no soul, but lay my head
Upon his soul, and on that bed
I stop.

Drums in heartbeat cadence drill
His life away. My life is still.
My heart drums down my wit, my will
And with his cadence, mounts the hill
And stops.

He stops. I stop. He ends. I end.
He will not heal. I will not mend.
He goes alone. I take no friend.
His God is mine. He kneels. I bend.
All stops.

And that is all of me tonight.
I do not want tomorrow's light.
I do not want the sound or sight
Of time. No more. These words I write,
And stop.

alone. Like other French Gothic cathedrals, it was built by carefully calculated engineering. The master builders who constructed ribbed vaults and flying buttresses would have been much displeased with an admirer of their work who discounted their mathematical and mechanical ingenuity. The antithesis between modern engineering and medieval spirituality is one of those facile and fallacious disjunctions by which we get trapped when we regard art as naturally opposed to mechanization. On the side of art Adams disregarded the mechanical energies that had been harnessed to produce an admirable building, while on the side of mechanics he considered the energies in the raw, unrelated to any purposes they might subserve. Thus we get a fine antithesis between mechanization and spirit, produced by mental omissions on both sides.

A philosophical inquiry into artistic utensils would probably show that the problems associated by us with mechanization lie dormant in the use of the simplest instrument. A mere pencil or piece of chalk in the hand of an artist extends his range beyond his natural self. Is not all art a

form of self-extension, as in Carlyle's definition of man as "a tool-using animal"? Any instrument, it is true, brings with it the danger that it might enslave the man that it is meant to serve. Thus the pencil dominated Meissonier, Menzel, and Muirhead Bone, and their perception became as mechanical as their skill. Yet a vision without instrument is an equivocal ghost: there is no "Raphael without hands." As for Mozart, he may have disliked the mechanics of copying, but once he had put pen to paper, the notes could be read, recopied, distributed, and played, and with the help of modern mechanization the performances in their turn can be recorded and the records replayed *ad libitum*. Repetition, however unattractive to Mozart, seems as essential to the continued existence of his music as spontaneity was to its creation. What is more, certain chances offered by mechanical repetition were explored with great spirit by Mozart himself. He composed rondos, fugues, and *ritornelli* for little clockwork organs and magical music boxes in the collection of Count Josef Deym, whom he jestingly called "the watchmaker." How spontaneously he enlivened automatic toys is best known from Papageno's *Glockenspiel* in *The Magic Flute*. Mozart could thus adapt his genius to mechanization, but only as a marginal exercise. Imagine that all of Mozart's music were readjusted to suit the needs of "the watchmaker"! Yet it might well be argued that, in the last analysis, listening to a gramophone or a tape recorder, or to any of the more advanced machines of electro-acoustical engineering, is like listening to a superior sort of musical clock.

No matter how perfect these robots may become, music would shrink if it were composed primarily for them; just as painting would shrink if it were conceived as a perfected form of printmaking. It remains one of the memorable facts in the history of engraving, a craft comparable with the production of musical discs, that some of the most notable contributions to that medium came from artists who were primarily painters and turned to engraving only intermittently. Strongly mechanized crafts, to remain responsive to art, will always require the kind of irregular refreshment which engraving received from the *peintre-graveur*. Otherwise a composer's skill might eventually be learned by a computer, and in that case, as has been well said, both will have wasted their time.

Next month, in concluding this series, Professor Wind will discuss the work of the artist in relation to the will of his patrons.

Harold Wilson's Britain

by
Norman MacKenzie

Why he must win the coming election if the Labor party is to survive . . . What kind of men he will pick to run the country . . . and the five issues which will shape England's future.

Sometime this year, as soon as Sir Alec Douglas-Home recovers from the unusual experience of simultaneously turning himself into a commoner and a Prime Minister, he must go to the Queen and ask for the dissolution of Parliament. He can choose his own time for calling a general election—a tactical advantage that the British system gives an incumbent—but he cannot delay beyond October. With a slight improvement in Conservative fortunes visible at the end of 1963, party managers began to bet on a snap election, possibly on Thursday, March 19, before the Budget and the annual round of municipal elections in April and May.

Yet, by the current odds, the man who must be most impatient for Election Day is Mr. Harold Wilson. Like Sir Alec, he is a new and unexpected leader for his party. Mr. Macmillan's sudden illness last year put Sir Alec into Downing Street not long after Hugh Gaitskell's early death gave Mr. Wilson his chance, and the two men will have to face each other at the polls before they have had much time to try each other out in the House of Commons. Each is a symbol. The Conservative aristocrat confronts the young self-made intellectual; the traditional

Etonian faces the challenge of the scholarship boy from the Yorkshire grammar school.

This alone would give a certain interest to the coming election. But more than a contest of personalities is at stake. If the Conservatives should manage to win again—they won in 1951, 1955, and 1959—the question may well be what useful role the Labor party, in its present shape, can continue to play in British politics; the Opposition cannot be defeated four times in a row and continue to look like a serious candidate for government. For Mr. Wilson, therefore, the election will be a crucial one, something more than a routine constitutional performance. He will be trying to prove that his party has a leadership and a program relevant to Britain's national needs, knowing that if he fails the party might come apart at the seams and possibly open the way to the long-forecast Liberal revival. And he will be asking the voters to do something they have never yet been willing to do: choose Labor as the alternative to an incumbent Tory administration. For Labor has never won a decisive parliamentary majority in peacetime.

Mr. Wilson has an additional handicap. The alternative government he offers must consist almost entirely of men without previous experience in office, whose reputation rests on their talents as party spokesmen in opposition, or as skillful operators in the intramural politics of their own party. After a dozen years of Conservative rule, the voters may long for New Men; but it helps if the newcomers have names and faces that the TV voter can recognize. Mr. Wilson himself is known, and if it were simply a matter of running against Sir Alec he would be very hard to beat. He was the youngest Cabinet Minister in a century when Clement Attlee picked him out after the war; he has proved a formidable debater, a capable and, it seems, unifying leader of his own party.

But almost all his potential colleagues are relatively new in the public eye, and they have one further disadvantage. For ten years after 1951 Labor was convulsed by the Bevanite controversy. Aneurin Bevan, then Minister of Health, together with Harold Wilson and John Freeman, resigned from the Attlee government in protest against certain cuts in welfare, a rearmament program they thought unwise and impracticable, and, to a lesser extent, the growing moderation of Labor's program. The inner party fight, marked by great bitterness, went on for years, and most of the men around Wilson today were on one side or the other. Any government he would form would have to bundle

gether men whose scars prick uneasily in each other's presence. Public memories may be short, but they are probably long enough—with promptings from the Conservatives—for many people to feel that the present unity of Labor's team comes more from the hope of office than from years of experience in working happily together.

Suppose, however, that Labor does win, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wilson soon have to pack for the move from Hampstead Garden Suburb to the recently renovated premises in Downing Street. What next? What would Harold Wilson's Britain be like? Curiously, the question has neither been forcibly put nor adequately debated, either in public or within the Labor party. During the period when Labor's policy was being reformulated, after the defeat in the 1959 election, public attention was focused less on the slow and solid work of policy-making and more on the struggle Mr. Gaitskell was waging to keep the party rank and file from swinging behind the nuclear-disarmament campaign.

After Mr. Wilson took over, a year ago, both Parliament and the newspapers were preoccupied with the Vassall and Profumo affairs, and then with Mr. Macmillan's resignation and the fight for the Tory succession. There was not much chance for Mr. Wilson to develop his case for economic planning for expansion, for modernization of Britain's social structure, for emphasis on education and science, and for confronting the external problems of a world which does not owe Britain a living. He is on record on all these points, and over a period of years. Yet he stands a chance of becoming Prime Minister more because the public has come to dislike Britain as it is than because it is positively enthusiastic for the way he proposes to make it over.

This fact, should there be a Labor government, may prove to be of vital importance, both in determining what it does and public reactions to it. The first two Labor governments of 1924 and 1929 were minorities that stumbled into office unprepared, ill-equipped, and without real power. The third came in during the final stages of a long war, able to use planning powers that it had inherited from Winston Churchill's coalition

Cabinet, supported by a country accustomed to hardship and regulation and willing to tackle postwar reconstruction in a way that combined strong central administration with a rough-and-ready egalitarianism—the idea of "Fair Shares." Clement Attlee's government simply married nationalization schemes, conceived in principle in the 1930s, with social legislation that was based on such nonpartisan wartime projects as the Beveridge Report on social security and various inquiries into town planning.

The fourth Labor government, if Mr. Wilson wins this year, will face a novel situation. The country has had more than ten years to see, as the Tory slogan put it at the last election, how "Conservative Freedom Works." Its temper, social structure, and economic system have all been changed, and though living standards have risen for much of the population, Britain's trade and political standing in the world have steadily deteriorated. It is against this background that Mr. Wilson will be asking the voters to accept a moderate socialist program, designed to renovate, stimulate, and educate their society out of stagnation.

Five Crucial Issues

Will it do so? How does this program match up to the issues that it is urgent for any British government to face realistically but imaginatively? For the sake of simplicity I put these issues as a series of propositions.

1. *The British economy must be reorganized in such a way that it can provide a steady growth in national income of not less than 3.5 per cent annually. This involves higher investment, some limitation of incomes and consumption, increased productivity, and the creation of priorities for the private and public sectors of the economy. It will require more central planning, the use of both fiscal and physical controls, and a degree of cooperation from industry and organized labor. If this objective is not achieved, Britain can neither afford extensions of welfare nor make the economy truly competitive in world markets.*

2. *Britain must try to hold its present share of world trade, help develop new markets, and play its part in them both as seller and customer. The failure to achieve this objective has been the major structural weakness of the British economy in this century, accentuated by the effect of two world wars. It has been partly concealed by in-*

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come from past investments overseas, injections of U.S. aid, and favorable turns in world trade due to falling prices of food and raw materials. But it remains the crucial problem for a nation which is heavily dependent on imports and exports, and it is the source of the recurrent crises in the balance of payments. (Six scrambles have been made to "save the pound" in fifteen years.) Economic expansion at home, without an expansion of exports, simply increases the strain on the pound because more has to be imported; but stagnation at home merely provides the temporary respite of reduced imports while it makes British exports relatively more expensive. Britain therefore has to modernize old industries and develop new ones to earn a high export income. Without this, economic growth will proceed only in fits and starts and the country will be unable to provide aid or investment capital for developing countries.

3. Britain cannot, in the long run, avoid some closer economic relationship with her European neighbors, the United States, or both. The attempt to maintain the pound as an independent international currency is exhausting; the Commonwealth is an important but decreasingly interdependent economic grouping; the competitive power of the European Union is growing. While this should not mean that Britain must collapse into the Common Market on any terms, it does require a new and systematic effort to find a viable form of economic cooperation.

4. The limitation of consumption (necessary to prevent inflation and to free resources for investment) is politically acceptable only if public policy offers marked compensations by way of welfare legislation, the rapid raising of educational standards, and a sustained attempt seriously to modify the grosser inequalities remaining in Britain. Without such a social program, neither the trade unions nor the public at large will cooperate in limiting private consumption and securing the necessary diversion of resources from the private sector to public purposes.

5. These public purposes are wider in scope than mere redistribution of wealth in favor of the aged, the poor, the sick, and other dependent groups. They must include social utilities and amenities, such as efficient and low-cost transportation, an adequate road network, town and country planning, the improvement of general health and hospital services, and a resolute effort to cope with a continuing housing problem.

The difficulty with these general propositions, of course, is that both the Conservatives and Labor would subscribe to them in a broad sense. Indeed, since Sir Alec became Prime Minister he has promised such large-scale spending on health, education, and scientific and industrial development that the Conservatives, normally the advocates of economy in government spending, run the risk of losing votes for "extravagance." The crux lies in the way in which the problems are tackled. And on these five points, the record of the Conservative administrations since 1951 has been demonstrably poor: they have either failed in the problems they confronted, or failed to confront certain of them. Let me summarize. Under Point 1 above, national income has not risen steadily; investment has been haphazard; clumsy monetary rather than selective planning controls have been used; and there has been no coherent system of priorities. Under Point 2, it is sufficient to say that Britain's relative trading position has continued to deteriorate. Of (3) I need do no more than recall the failure of the much-heralded attempt to enter the Common Market. Public social policy (4) has tended to increase rather than diminish inequality, and (5) amenities and public services have deteriorated while private consumption has risen. I would add, moreover, that even the gains of affluence have left large parts of the population almost untouched. Less than 40 per cent of all households have a washing machine, less than 30 per cent a car, and less than 20 per cent a refrigerator. Out of twenty-six million incomes, nearly 90 per cent are below \$3,000 a year. The distribution of wealth—one per cent of the population owns nearly half the wealth—has changed surprisingly little in this century. More than two million persons, predominantly the aged, depend on the relief payments of the National Assistance Board for their basic subsistence.

Piecemeal Deterioration

What is Mr. Wilson's alternative? For that I must turn primarily to a document called *Signposts for the Sixties*, issued in July 1961, when Hugh Gaitskell was party leader—but accepted by the party and approved by Mr. Wilson. "The danger that faces us," it then said in words that remain applicable now, "is not the sudden catastrophe of slump and mass unemployment, but piecemeal economic deterioration and gradual political decline. These processes decay have, indeed, already begun. But there

is still time to halt them and to restore that public spirit and collective dynamic which this country needs."

To remedy this state of affairs Labor first proposes a National Industrial Planning Board which, by means of tax incentives, by some physical direction of industry and control of resources, and by formulating a policy on incomes and for guiding investment funds, would seek to secure steady and cumulative growth in the key sectors of the economy.

Such governmental intervention, however, immediately raises the thorny issue of public ownership. Recalling the large-scale nationalization schemes of the 1945-51 Labor administration (coal, electricity, gas, railroads, steel), and the proclivity of the militant party membership to insist on further extensions of social ownership, the public may feel the greatest uncertainty on this issue. Harold Wilson, some will remember, was one of the opponents of Hugh Gaitskell's attempt to remove or drastically amend Clause Four of the Labor party's constitution—the clause which long ago committed it in principle to common ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange.

But this does not mean that Mr. Wilson is a fundamentalist, anxious for whole-hog socialization. Apart from the renationalization of the steel industry—a move considered vital to planned industrial expansion—and a second attempt to use public ownership as a means of integrating road and rail transport, Labor is unlikely to venture on any industry-wide schemes. The current emphasis is much more on selective techniques. These could take various forms. One type would be the starting of new publicly owned enterprises in expanding industries, or vital industries, where massive government support may be needed. A second type would permit the purchase of parts of industries which already depend either on government subsidies or large-scale government purchases (such as the expenditure of over \$150 million annually for pharmaceuticals prescribed by the National Health Service). A third method would permit existing publicly owned enterprises to start subsidiary services which may be competitive with private enterprise. Finally, a Labor government would empower itself to intervene when threats of monopoly create a situation inimical to the public interest. The significant fact lies in the implied motives for extensions of state ownership: they are much less doctrinal than they were in past Labor programs, and much more expedient, the primary justification being


overall economic growth rather than the making over of Britain's social structure. They could ultimately lead to profound social changes, but the immediate test that Mr. Wilson would apply to a given socialization project would be the contribution it would make to the central objectives of economic expansion and an improved competitive position in world markets.

Class-ridden and Wasteful

The remainder of Labor's program has to be seen against this setting. But though in a basic economic sense much of the program is a "remainder," socially and in terms of electioneering it is the vital part. It is an attack on four stubborn problems that, despite half a century of social reform, remain to plague successive governments. These are education, social security, housing, and inequality; and in all four respects they reflect the basic dilemma of contemporary Britain—the effort to reconcile the demands of modern society with an archaic class system.

As I look back on the period from 1945 to 1951 I consider that the outstanding failure of the Attlee government was its inability to realize that the wartime Education Act would give Britain neither a democratic nor even an adequate education system. Almost twenty years after the war, close to four-fifths of British children are excluded from the approaches to higher education by the age of eleven, and segregated in dead-end inferior schools. Even the privileged remnant are further sorted, and forced into increasing competition for the scarce places in higher education itself. Britain has had relatively fewer such places than any other advanced country.

In October last year, the committee of inquiry headed by Lord Robbins reported that what is needed is a dramatic expansion of the college population, an increase in the proportion of science and technical students, and at least a doubling of university facilities. But even this reform would not really meet the problem. The crying need is for a thoroughgoing overhaul of the school system, both to meet Britain's demand for skilled people and to insure social justice. Today, Britain has effectively three school systems. The "modern" school for the majority; the "grammar" school for most middle-class and a small proportion of working-class children; and the elite "public" (independent and private) schools which, at a given moment, educate the 12,000 boys who will later claim a disproportionately high percentage of the places in professional



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How to convert this class-ridden and humanly wasteful structure into something more egalitarian, modern, and sensible? It will not be easy, even if large-scale expenditure goes hand in hand with structural reforms. Money could do something to provide new schools and more teachers for a school system in which 25 per cent of primary and 66 per cent of secondary classes are officially overcrowded. Labor's objective, in this respect, is to reduce the average size of classes to thirty (from forty), raise the school-leaving age to sixteen, provide substantial additional building grants to the local school authorities, and make the salary of teachers a national—rather than local—responsibility. It proposes to encourage the comprehensive school, rather like the U. S. high school, as an alternative to the present double-decked state system, and to find ways of integrating the exclusive and private "public" schools into a unified pattern. Technically, and in terms of Britain's tight upper-class network, this could prove one of the most difficult and controversial aspects of Labor's policy, for it strikes directly at the training ground of Britain's power elite. It will be far easier, though demanding of money and trained teachers, to achieve the planned expansion of higher education, than to democratize and improve the secondary school system.

People speak of Britain's "double standard" in education. But R. M. Titmuss, the quiet professor from the London School of Economics who leads Labor's brain trusters on social policy—and who could well turn out to be Mr. Wilson's nominee for a new Cabinet post as Minister of Social Security—has driven home the "double-standard" charge even more effectively in terms of welfare. Over the last few years, with a small but highly influential group of colleagues, he has repeatedly drawn attention to the persistence of "two nations" in the structure of Britain's once-vaunted welfare state; Britain's provision for social dependency, indeed, now falls below that of some of her European neighbors. The Beveridge system, that was acclaimed as such a great stride forward two decades ago, now looks less like a milestone than a millstone, for it has failed to keep social-security benefits in line with rising national earnings and its meager allowances are supplemented for a few privileged millions by employer-financed welfare schemes. Those at the bottom of the scale have to be further helped by supplementary state relief payments. The aged, the sick, and the workless who have no other

resources than what the state provides are in or near extreme poverty, and are possibly worse off in relative terms than ever before in modern times.

It was with this in mind that, in 1957, Labor came forward with a new scheme to relate retirement pensions to lifetime earnings, more or less as a private insurance scheme might do—the first step toward a complete recasting of the principles on which British welfare programs have rested since the Lloyd George reforms before World War I. The new principle, in a modified form, was actually taken over by the Conservative government; but since then Labor—in a document called *New Frontiers for Social Security*—has committed itself to the "half-pay" concept for all types of social security. The new scheme promises a basic income guarantee to all those who are too close to retirement to earn substantial increments to their pension rights, and this new basic income will be fixed in relation to average industrial earnings; if these rise, through inflation or higher productivity, the basic pension will rise automatically, thus ensuring the aged some stake in national prosperity. But those who are still at work will pay a graduated social-security tax which, for the average person, will earn a pension roughly equivalent to half his earnings in the preretirement years. Similar rules, for shorter periods, will be applied to sickness, unemployment, and widows' benefits.

Such matters may seem complex, but they can be comprehended and appreciated by millions of British people who still live near enough to the poverty line—or the prospect of it in old age—for such questions to move them more than almost any other issue except housing. These two questions always head the list when opinion polls ask what political questions seem most important to ordinary people. In the case of housing, the difficulties are twofold. There are simply not enough decent houses available at reasonable rents for those who want and need them; Labor is talking of a housing target of 400,000 a year, to provide for long-overdue slum clearance and replacement of decaying properties.

Who Are the New Men?

I have so far been setting out the major, rather than the minor, aspects of Labor's policy. I must add to them an increase in progressive taxation, the imposition of an effective capital-gains tax, and the tightening up of many loopholes that

permit tax avoidance and all kinds of covert perquisites for the managerial and rentier groups. All these measures, taken together, mean that Mr. Wilson will not merely have a formidable legislative and administrative task ahead of him; he will also be engaged simultaneously on many fronts. Of his personal capacity for this there can be little doubt. He is a cool-headed organizer, a hard worker, and pertinacious in getting what he wants. But the question that is widely asked is whether he has, within the Labor party, sufficient colleagues with ability and experience to provide the necessary support. More than a decade of opposition has taken its toll. While a Labor victory at the coming election would sweep in some newcomers, and some younger men have gained seats from Conservatives in recent by-elections, there would be only a few new men to whom office could be given before they had a chance to prove themselves in the House of Commons.

This is one reason why eminent outsiders are being talked about. I have already mentioned Professor Titmuss. Another possible academic is Professor P. M. S. Blackett, a scientist of international repute, who could perhaps be persuaded to accept a seat in the House of Lords and become Minister of Science and Higher Education. A third outside candidate is obvious: Frank Cousins, the secretary of Britain's largest trade union, a man of strong socialist convictions, who might appear as Minister of Labor, charged with the difficult task of mobilizing organized labor behind Labor's wage and productivity plans, or as Minister of Transport, trying to coordinate road and rail services. A fourth is Gerald Gardiner, one of Britain's outstanding advocates (he successfully defended Penguin Books in the famous *Lady Chatterley* trial), who might be induced to become Lord Chancellor—Britain's highest legal post—if he felt Mr. Wilson would accept his passionate conviction that capital punishment should be abolished.

These four personalities, however, are at present outside the charmed circle of those on whom Harold Wilson must first and unavoidably depend. The most powerful man in his Cabinet, and last year his rival for the party leadership, would be the ebullient, tough, and plain-speaking George Brown—the man who openly quarreled with Khrushchev during the latter's 1956 visit to Britain. Brown is often in trouble. In December, he was attacked for his "indiscretion" in a TV discussion of President Kennedy's death, when he referred to the late President by his first name. The row was serious enough to make

Brown take time off for "reasons of health" and confirm the opinions of those who last year thought him somewhat unattractive to lead the party. But, unless his health really fails, he will remain the most powerful man in Labor's leadership. He would become Minister of Production and Economic Planning, with overall home-front responsibilities. Patrick Gordon-Walker, the only Labor leader left, apart from Mr. Wilson himself, with any experience in a senior government post, would become Foreign Secretary. James Callaghan, the third of the competitors for the leadership, is in line to become Chancellor of the Exchequer; and R. H. S. Crossman, the talented intellectual who has in recent years devoted much of his time to the changing of Labor's social-security plans, would probably get a different "social" assignment—Housing and Local Government.

Politically speaking, the bias of such a Labor Cabinet would be toward the right wing of the party, Mr. Wilson himself being somewhat to the left of the majority of his potential colleagues. It would seem, on paper at least, to have the makings of a reasonably good government, though it is hard to say how it would settle down as a team and even harder, in advance, to see where good replacements could easily be found for inadequate Ministers.

Shunning Nuclear Force

I have said nothing about the prospects for defense and foreign policy, partly because these are fields in which prophecy is most risky. An event as unforeseen as President Kennedy's tragic death may have profound effects on allies as well as antagonists. One of the first Conservative reactions in Britain was the suggestion that it made Britain's independent nuclear force all the more necessary *ad interim*, until President Johnson had time to accustom himself to leadership of the Western alliance—and until the fall election settles the matter of the Presidency for another four years. But Labor has already committed itself on this issue. In the first debate after Sir Alec became Prime Minister, Mr. Wilson and his colleagues made it clear that they would give up Britain's expensive and militarily obsolete nuclear force, and rely upon the twin commitments to NATO and to the U.S. nuclear striking power. This could well become an election issue in Britain, but it has little direct relation to domestic issues—save for the degree to which either party proposes to pay for

other government programs by cuts in defense spending.

There remain problems outside my list of priorities which are harder to define precisely, more difficult to cope with in formulating policy, and likely to be accentuated by certain aspects of Labor's program. They are matters which affect the style and quality of life, the human anxieties, deprivations, and deviations which we see in all modern industrial societies and seem peculiarly unable to do much about.

Some of them can be simply put. Whichever party wins, but especially if there should be a Labor victory, there is bound to be a growing extension of public power, much of it animated by paternalism and directed to socially desirable ends but all of it further reducing the sphere of individual choice and responsibility. With this there will be an increase in bureaucratic devices for translating this concentration of power into manageable packages, each further removed from public accountability. Indeed, the better the government does its job, in one sense, the worse the situation. Whatever material gains may come from rising standards of welfare, or increasing health in the economy, efficient benevolence is not all, nor is economic growth the only valid criterion for public policy.

We have already seen the slow disintegration of many of the institutions from which people derive strength and identity—from units of local government, through voluntary associations and religious bodies, to the primary unit of the family. Just as economic power is being concentrated in fewer and fewer big units, state or private, and political power has been ever more narrowly focused as its nominal base has been broadened, so social power is concentrating at the expense of the individuals who make up society. The condition that sociologists call "alienation," the mass society in which the old securities vanish and the individual feels adrift in an alien world are secular facts about which party programs do nothing. As Labor breaks down the old class boundaries—a trend that will sharply reinforce the effect of growing social mobility in modern society—it could well contribute to this kind of social atomization, helping to create a world of statistical aggregates, of computer-fodder. The vital question is how far Labor is aware of this trend, with all its implications.

Britain moves fast in this direction. For all the good I expect it to do, I still fear that a Labor government might unwittingly, and even unwillingly, accelerate the drift. For the under-

lying and dominant assumption of Labor policy is Benthamite—the concepts of social calculus, the efficient public servant, the doing of good to the greatest number. From the moment when Sidney and Beatrice Webb, through the Fabians, latched this idea onto the trade-union movement, the pattern has been ingrained. And it is hard to challenge it just because many of Labor's declared objectives are patently sensible and, if achieved, would greatly ameliorate the lot of millions of people.

The Awkward Squad

Yet, even if one cannot see clearly how such a challenge could be made, how viable alternatives could be devised, there has long been another tradition in Britain's Labor movement—one that I think comes closer to the feelings of younger people, and especially of the influential younger writers, such as John Osborne, Arnold Wesker, Alan Sillitoe, and Robert Bolt. The bureaucratic reformers dub it "millennialist," the belief in the New Jerusalem. (One of Wesker's plays is entitled *I'm Talking About Jerusalem*.) And it does have a quasi-religious, or at least an ethical, base, a suspicion of bigness, a toleration of personal and intellectual eccentricity, a dislike of centralization, a faith in individuals rather than intellectual systems.

This quality has always been endemic in British Labor, and has often been a source of trouble to its more orthodox leaders. Yet it is the quality, irritating as well as stimulating, that has somehow preserved radicalism in Britain from the follies and orthodoxies the Left has perpetrated elsewhere. It is a quality which, if it can be fostered, could serve as the real and continuing reminder that society is its people, not a machine to manipulate them. This "awkward squad" state of mind could, perhaps, act as a brake upon all the forces which threaten to carry us into the hygienic, depersonalized never-never land of the Consumer Society.

In the short run, the British public and the world at large may judge Mr. Wilson by the conventional standards of success—how Britain fares economically, how he succeeds in spreading education and welfare. In the long run, perhaps, the real issue is the one Britain shares with all dwellers in mass industrial society, American, Russian, German, or French. Can we treat our own capacities and the resources of nature reasonably, making a more human as well as a more efficient and prosperous society?



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Second Thoughts on the Religious Revival

by Herbert J. Muller

What is the significance of the upsurge of churchgoing by what this "unconverted agnostic" calls "millions of . . . religious illiterates"? What does it mean to a society that "wants everything made easy, guaranteed, or your money back"?

If God is to bless America, let it be said at once that the religious revival of recent times is hardly a revival of the spirit of Christ. Much of what passes for religious faith in America today comes down to a belief that it's simply a good thing to believe—it makes you feel better, maybe makes your neighbor behave better. Churchmen themselves often support such attitudes by dwelling on the spiritual comforts of religion, the personal satisfaction it gives, the peace of mind. It may appear that there is no better buy than Christianity.

Nevertheless, the common emphasis on the utility of religion is not simply vulgar. Many reputable writers have been insisting on the need of faith to combat the obvious moral and spiritual ills of our society, and now the anxieties of a world in crisis. Many have seized in particular on the issues forced by the rise of godless communism; they argue that Christianity was the very fountainhead of the Western tradition of freedom, and that democracy can be maintained only on this spiritual basis. If the devout may still mistrust such arguments—which usually imply more concern with the interests of America

than the service of God—we are all naturally concerned about the issues of freedom. Whether or not God approves of a free society, at any rate, my own primary interest here is in the relations of religion to such a society.

Now, the historic truth as I see it is essentially ambiguous. On the face of the record, Judeo-Christianity did more to promote the growth of freedom than did any other of the higher religions, in ways that may be clearer in contrast to the non-Western world. On the other hand, it also *opposed* freedom of thought, speech, and conscience more fiercely than did any other religion except Mohammedanism, and until this century its leading churches generally also opposed the movement toward popular government. Today the influences of the apparent religious revival are still profoundly ambiguous. Among thoughtful people, I believe (and I speak as an unconverted agnostic), they have been on the whole salutary. But for this reason I begin with a text from an eminent Protestant theologian, Paul Tillich: "The first word to be spoken by religion to the people of our time must be a word spoken against religion."

This view also calls for an immediate admission of uncertainty. We constantly hear about the importance, value, and need of religion, and we now have a wealth of statistics about church membership, the religious opinions of Americans, etc. One who tries to assay the social consequences of religion will soon realize how little we actually know about the crucial questions: how vital the professed religious beliefs are in any given society, how closely they correspond

with practical beliefs, how deeply they are felt, how much they influence behavior. And what we are learning may not be simply edifying. Thus from studies made of the record of prisoners in Nazi concentration camps, and later of prisoners in Korea and China, it appears that those who stood up best under torture and brainwashing were Jehovah's Witnesses. Others who made a sturdy showing were priests, Communists, and criminals. It is often said that Americans need more faith; but even so I judge that any old faith won't do for the preservation of a free society.

Many of the most popular signs of the religious revival induce a response best described as simple disgust. The "Back to God" movement led by the American Legion, the law passed by Congress putting the nation "under God" (as if a Christian country could be anywhere else), the journalistic plugs for moral and spiritual crusades, the Hollywood films and Tin Pan Alley songs on religious themes, and the huge sales of such works as Norman Vincent Peale's *The Power of Positive Thinking* suggest chiefly that millions of Americans are religious illiterates, as incapable of a genuine spirituality as of any hard thinking. Certainly the popular revival gives little indication of anything like a deepening sense of the sacred, a renewed dedication to the service of God, or a spiritual regeneration. Insofar as it has had any serious effect this is most likely to be a harmful effect. It confirms the tendencies to slackness and complacency in a society that wants everything made easy, guaranteed, or your money back.

Otherwise, a historical perspective suggests the most that can be said for this revival. Popular religion has never been given to lofty spirituality, any more in India or medieval Europe than in America today. As Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor remarked, most men have always sought not God but the miraculous—magical answers to their prayers, or heavenly consolations for all the prayers unanswered. Supporters of a free society may then be justified in welcoming a significant difference today from the religiosity that swamped the crumbling Greco-Roman world. The ancient mystery religions

flourished on an evident demoralization, a loss of faith in man's own power, a loss of hope in his earthly future. Ordinary Americans may suffer from anxiety, but most still seem basically confident of their earthly future. As yet I see no serious signs of a considerable loss of nerve.

It is, rather, the intellectuals or especially the literary class who seem least confident, most liable to anxiety. They have made something of a cult of *Angst*, or Kierkegaard's existential dread. When they turn to religion they suggest not so much a faith in God as a dislike of man. They bring us to the serious issues raised by the religious revival, and immediately to the reasons why one may have deeper misgivings about it.

Vogues of Unreason

The abiding difficulties of Christian tradition are pointed up by the vogue of Thomism, among Catholics. When Jacques Maritain claims "scientific certitude" for St. Thomas Aquinas' proofs of the existence of God, argument becomes futile; one can only say that he cannot possibly demonstrate this certitude. He evades the real problem, which is that in the light of modern knowledge and the scientific spirit many men of good will are simply unable to believe in the absolute truths of Christianity, still less in the infallible authority of any church. Too many churchmen still aggravate the problem by branding honest doubt or disbelief as not merely mistaken but irresponsible, almost treason to the cause both of truth and of democracy. They may even remind us that St. Thomas prescribed death for heretics.

Or, more moderately, they accentuate the serious objections that may arise to the social uses of supposedly immutable, universal, eternal principles. On the issue of birth control, for example, the Catholic doctrine of natural law in ethics ought to permit some disagreement over the specific dictates or contents of this law; so one could argue that even if God or nature clearly intended sexual intercourse to produce children, nature also sends rain, and people put on raincoats or put up umbrellas anyway. In practice, however, God-given laws are naturally hard to change, and the Church maintains its opposition to birth control. The upshot is that most educated Catholics practice it, while the poor and ignorant ones in backward countries continue to breed, and to intensify the dangers of the population explosion.

No less troublesome is the Protestant reversion

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to fundamentalism, as in the highly influential thought of Karl Barth. Barth repudiated the whole effort of St. Thomas to make Christianity rational by insisting on not only the absolute but the exclusive authority of the Bible, declaring it the sole source of truth about God and man. Many of his followers have rejected more flatly all independent claims of philosophy or reason. They have also magnified his seemingly arbitrary interpretations of the Bible, for instance his neglect of the fact that neither Christ nor the prophets of Israel made any reference whatever to his cardinal doctrine of the Fall of Man. The popularity of his "theology of crisis" is symptomatic of the whole revolt against reason in the modern world—a revolt that I think is a doubtful boon to Christianity, and certainly no boon to a free society.

Despair for This World

Champions of faith often point triumphantly to the final uncertainties of our empirical knowledge in order to assert or imply the superior certainty of religious truth—what would seem to be about the last word in illogic. They have lent support to the assorted thinkers who exalt intuition, instinct, passion, the heart, and other such ways of "knowing." Up to a point these may be legitimate ways, especially in view of the limitations of reason—an issue I shall return to. Unfortunately, they are ways that thoughtless or ignorant men may possess abundantly, feel they are better at than are disciplined thinkers, and employ to support whatever they want to believe. They are no more reliable when backed by the fashionable authority of the unconscious, as in the psychology of Jung.

Whereas Freud saw in the unconscious the dark monsters of the irrational, Jung saw in it the oldest, deepest wisdom of the race, in particular the archetypal symbols of religion. If good Christians might not welcome his endorsement of God as a "function of the unconscious," or his recommendation of religion to his patients as a matter of "psychic hygiene," many writers have been pleased to find in him supposedly scientific authority for the higher, holier truths of myth and religion. The trouble remains that on these misty grounds anything may go, and the irrational may go best. We have only to remember that Hitler trusted his intuitions, celebrated the myth, boasted of his scorn of mere reason, stirred up the depths in his people; and what came out was not wisdom.

A different set of symptoms, which rather curiously are more common in laymen than in theologians, are the tendencies to utter disdain or despair of the modern world. Thus Arnold Toynbee has contemplated quite calmly the probable death of our civilization. Having decided that the only justification for a civilization was the creation of a higher religion, he could see no prospect of our producing one, and therefore no reason why our civilization was worth saving. Likewise the four other civilizations that survive were dying unblest; so in his popular *Study of History* he concluded that all "are now right out of the picture," thereby washing his hands of a couple of billions of human beings. Another English historian, Herbert Butterfield, advised a more positive unconcern in his *Christianity and History*, which apparently much impressed the university youth of his country. "Hold to Christ," ran his last sentence, "and for the rest be totally uncommitted." Meanwhile, many literary men have been ringing variations on T. S. Eliot's theme that the modern world is a "waste land," in effect maintaining that it quite deserves its doom of damnation, giving it up as hopeless.

Eliot is also a prominent representative of the traditional attitudes that long made religion hostile to democracy. He has insisted that a truly Christian society must rest on the principles of authority and hierarchy, not liberty and equality. True culture likewise requires such principles, more specifically a privileged class of gentlemen by birth or blood, instead of an elite selected on the basis of mere ability; he has attacked the efforts at universal education. Eliot has no trouble, of course, in pointing out the woeful limitations of democracy and democratic culture. But like most aristocratic conservatives he has neglected to consider closely the historic record of the privileged aristocracy that dominated Europe for many centuries, and the obvious question whether it had in fact promoted his idea of a Christian society, one "in which the natural end of man—virtue and well-being in community—is acknowledged for all." The most evident reason for the revolutions in the modern world is that the common people had cause to believe that their betters were not much concerned about the people's well-being.

For a high priest of tradition, in short, Eliot lacks the historical sense he prides himself on. This is a common deficiency in religious thinkers, who habitually demonstrate the inadequacy of secular ideals by emphasizing their shortcomings in practice, contrasting them to an ideal Christianity, while disregarding the shortcomings

of historic Christianity. It is also symptomatic of a widespread tendency to romanticize the religious and aristocratic past, especially the Middle Ages. It comes down to a sentimentality that may not be harmless; for it makes the present seem more intolerable by contrast with an unreal past, and it may encourage an evasion of the responsibilities of the present, just as on lower levels the Hollywood gingerbread world tends to unfit its addicts for dealing maturely with their personal problems.

As dubious a fashion is the current popularity of the theme of Original Sin. While this might suggest humility, it hardly indicates a deeper faith in God, and more often suggests a morbid sense of humiliation. Granted what any sensible person knows, that men are naturally inclined to be selfish and frail, I do not think it clarifies matters to give their unoriginal sins this name. Instead it tends to obscure the historical fact that the doctrine of Original Sin was for many centuries a basic argument for the subjection of the common people, as well as for serfdom and slavery, and that democracy rose only when the doctrine was questioned, when more faith was declared in ordinary human nature. It may obscure the logical necessity of such faith for a free society; for if this has plainly been too optimistic a faith—possibly the “disastrous heresy” that Herbert Butterfield called it—there can be no hope for a free society unless men are good enough to be trusted with the rights and liberties that neither the medieval Church nor the Protestant Reformers saw fit to grant them, and that the leaders of the Soviet also deny them. I think that Reinhold Niebuhr, among others, has undermined his political liberalism more than he realized or intended by his insistence on the natural depravity of man.

What the Sophisticate Forgets

Niebuhr, however, recalls us to the positive values of the religious revival for the purposes of a free society. Like him, most of the leading Protestant thinkers have been devoted to these purposes. Karl Barth himself preached an uncompromising opposition to political tyranny, and his followers in Germany were among the first actively to resist Hitler. Likewise some of the most influential Thomists such as Maritain, have been political liberals.

One reason why the churches have grown more popular in this century than they were in the eighteenth, despite the notorious decline of re-

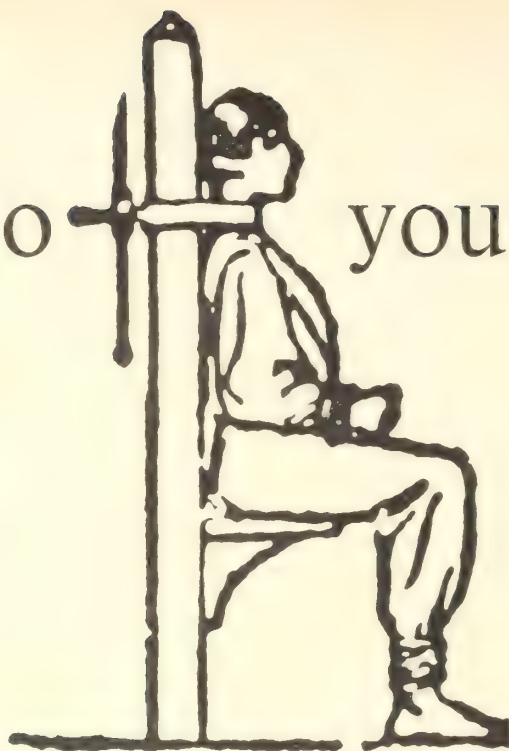
ligion, is that their leaders have generally come to realize—however tardily—that the revolutionary ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity are implicit in their own Scripture.

Perhaps the most important contributions of Christianity to the cause of the free society today are teachings so commonplace, and so notoriously violated, that sophisticates may overlook them. Simplest of all is the gospel of charity or love. The spirit of love is pretty rare in revolutionaries, it is not too conspicuous in most reformers or professional agents of social welfare, and let us add at once that it does not simply radiate from most sermons, theological discourses, or literary portraits of the Christian society; yet it does inform much of the religious literature of our time. It explains the real sorrow felt by millions at the death of the late Pope John. It is associated with other simple ideas that have helped to make a world of difference in Western history, notably the idea of the sacredness of the person—a basis for our Western claims to rights not commonly enjoyed in other societies. How much difference this might make was brought home to me in a discussion with some Japanese professors, who had just begun to realize that this idea was not embedded in their own tradition. One reported in dismay that when he tried to persuade his class that the Japanese tradition of political assassination was deplorable, finally noting that it was just wrong to murder people, his students looked blank: they asked *why* it was wrong.

A related expression of the same spirit is Albert Schweitzer's gospel of reverence for life. As he observed, the reverence implicit in Christian teaching helps to explain why there has been much more indignation over social injustice in the Western World than in historic India, whose holy men typically preached nonattachment to the temporal world and therefore could be unconcerned about the earthly miseries of the Hindu masses.

This respect for the individual life also illumines an essential difference between America and the Soviet that many European and Asiatic intellectuals overlook. America is indeed materialistic, it can be hypocritical and self-righteous in its diplomacy, and like other countries it sometimes operates on the dangerous principle that the end justifies the means. Yet it is not simply Machiavellian; it plays power politics with an uneasy conscience, always stirring up much open protest at home; and unquestionably also it shows more respect than the Communists do for the rights of men, the avowed

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moral ends of democracy. Church leaders have been helping America to respect its conscience, combat its tendencies to complacency and opportunism—some of them so zealously that they have earned the honor of being attacked by specialists in un-American activities.

In this century the Christian concern with social and political problems has grown deeper and livelier than ever before. Today, when there has never been better reason for fearing the end of man's world, none of the prominent leaders of the religious revival—including Barth—are returning to the otherworldly tradition of Christianity; none are preaching the way of saintly or mystical withdrawal from earthly interests. Nor has Toynbee really withdrawn either; since completing his universal history for posterity he has pitched in and tried to help keep our civilization going, even though it still gives no promise of siring a higher religion. Altogether, there is little likelihood, I take it, that many churchmen or laymen will follow Herbert Butterfield's advice to remain wholly uncommitted to all but Christ; and I suspect that he himself is committed strongly to the values of freedom.

For our immediate purposes such relative simplicities may well be most important. There remain, however, some significant developments in religious thought that might count for more in the long run. In general they are further developments of the liberal movement known as Modernism, which neo-orthodox theologians have sharply criticized but supplemented rather than repudiated. In particular they reflect a growth of historical-mindedness and social awareness, a fuller consciousness of the paradoxes or ambiguities of religious faith, a deeper sense of complexity and difficulty, more admission of ultimate uncertainty. They may therefore seem unwholesome to many devout men, who may doubt that this is the way to religious conversion or a genuine faith; and so far as I can see, the religious revival has not in fact led to any such wide or deep conversion as early Christianity did. What I make out is more a growing interest and disposition to believe than a full commitment or wholehearted belief. But I assume that to remain vital religion must adapt itself to the conditions of a revolutionary world, for better or worse, and that its concessions to modern knowledge and thought are at least better for the purposes of a free society.

Although the religious spirit is naturally disinclined to claim complete certitude, in the long view of man's whole history religion looks like

an endless quest of God or the equivalent. As a spiritual quest it may be respected by all truth-seekers, including unbelievers, and only in some such view of it can justice be done to all the higher religions, not to mention the innumerable varieties of Christianity itself. Much modern religious thought, at any rate, has become more adventurous, more disposed to keep religious horizons open. I cannot do justice in this space to its adventures, but a few influential thinkers may suffice to illustrate the significant tendencies.

James and the "Wild Data"

Especially pertinent in an age dominated by science is the thought of William James. As himself a scientist, James fully honored the spirit that makes many men distrust religious belief because of insufficient evidence, and he rejected all claims to the absolute truth or necessity of such belief. He argued only for the right to believe in the face of admitted uncertainty. To my mind, he spoke most helpfully on behalf of the many troubled men who feel the need of religious belief to give life a meaning and purpose that science cannot give. As he pointed out, men always have to commit themselves to some living faith, and never can base it on really conclusive evidence; nor is there any scientific or other method for steering safely between the opposite dangers of believing too little and too much. While granting that most men are always inclined to believe too much, too easily, he observed that the scientifically minded were inclined to reject possible truth because of a squeamish fear of error. Humanists who find life meaningful enough without religious faith also deplore the positivism that saddles much contemporary thought, too easily discrediting basic human interests and values by limiting significant meaning to scientific truth, dismissing as meaningless or false what strictly is only unverifiable. On less philosophical levels we all know the type of sophisticate, or semi-sophisticated "realist," who is fearful of ever being duped or taken in, and so is suspicious of all avowed idealism. (He begins much as the sophomore begins who knows that love is nothing but a biological urge to reproduce the species—even though he is least interested in reproduction when he has a purely lustful animal eye on a pretty girl.)

In defining his own faith, James pointed to unorthodox possibilities that have come to seem less strange. What he believed in was not the

omnipotent, omniscient God of Judeo-Christianity but a deity somehow limited, a power of good that does not have things all its own way, or that he was content to call simply "the ideal tendency in things." Although this left open the crucial question where all the evil or unideal tendencies come from, he characteristically did not pretend to dissolve the mystery: how could he know what deity was up against?

Other religious thinkers have been as content with a faith in some kind of divine power short of a literal Almighty, which could not answer all questions but might relieve the possible embarrassment of some orthodox answers (such as a Satan deliberately created by a self-sufficient God). Still others have found James's "ideal tendency" in the cosmos revealed by modern science, which looks much grander as well as more mysterious than the cozier world envisaged by Christians in the past. On earth, evolution as conceived by biologists has not been a purposeful affair, nor clearly a progress; but it remains a creative process that did, after all, produce the human spirit—a consciousness of the mighty process. Now we know that most likely there are forms of life on many other planets in the stellar island universes. I should think that truly humble believers would welcome the possibility that these might include forms higher than man, maybe even beings who were not cursed by Original Sin; but in any case the cosmos has become more awesome, richer in spiritual potentialities.

James also stressed the need of respecting the "wild data" that do not fit into the conventional scientific scheme—the kind of data that Freud was then investigating, thereby incurring the hostility of both positivists and churchmen. In James's own classic, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, he impressed scientists too (including the great Max Weber) by treating religious experience as a scientific reality, to be explained instead of explained away. He heralded a growing tendency of psychologists, sociologists, and anthropologists to give religion more intellectual prestige—as well as the orthodox more headaches—by serious, often sympathetic studies of it. In this view the work of Jung was no mere aberration. One need not believe in his archetypes embedded in a "racial unconscious" to agree that he unearthed very ancient symbols and archetypal myths deeply embedded in our own cultural tradition, common to many diverse cultures, and corresponding to basic human interests and needs. Short of his celebrations of the irrational, most unbelievers might agree as well that man

cannot live or reason alone any more than God alone, and that wisdom requires respect for needs, old and deep, which rationalists have too often dismissed as primitive or merely neurotic.

Toynbee, Kierkegaard,
Niebuhr, Tillich

Comparative studies of religion have encouraged a more obvious kind of respect, exemplified by Toynbee. As one who does not trust him much as either historian or prophet, I should now pay tribute to his breadth and calmness. In mid-career he abandoned his premise that the Christian God was the One True God, deciding that all the higher religions offered visions of the divine reality, all visions were dim and partial, and any claims to a monopoly on religious truth were as blasphemous as preposterous. Toynbee's continued prestige in America is among the many evidences of a more hospitable, tolerant religious spirit in this century, a spirit clearly essential to better understanding in the effort at world order and peace.

Father Walter Ong has reminded Catholics too that the problem of pluralism and coexistence is actually a very old one, which was obscured by the provinciality of medieval Europe and the romantic idea of it as a self-sufficient, entirely integrated "Christendom." Other writers are emphasizing that Westerners can learn much from the great Eastern religions. The popularity of Zen Buddhism may be only a passing fashion, but it makes plain that the East can teach in particular ways the peace of mind that many men now yearn for.

By contrast, religious thinkers who remain closer to home are inclined to be profoundly pessimistic. The most fashionable cult of Kierkegaard is symptomatic of an extreme reaction against the faith in progress, to my mind a somewhat morbid suspicion of any optimism about man. But at its profoundest this pessimism springs from a tragic sense of history suited to a religious tradition that has taken history more seriously than have the Eastern religions, and that has not made serenity the supreme goal. As represented by Reinhold Niebuhr, the best-known theologian in America today, it seems to me a more pertinent contribution of the religious spirit to a free society in a time of crisis.

If Niebuhr's popularity owes a good deal to the vogue of Original Sin, he nevertheless speaks for a liberal faith, religious and political, typified by his well-known statement: "Man's cap:

for justice makes democracy possible; but man's inclination to injustice makes democracy necessary." His insistence on the radical evil in man, which may obscure these conditions of democracy, springs from a revulsion against not only the shallow optimism of historic liberalism but the spiritual arrogance of historic Christianity. Liberals and churchmen alike succumbed to the besetting sins of pride and self-righteousness because they were alike blind to the tragic ironies of history, due to the paradoxical nature of man: a creature of history who is at once capable of freedom and bound by necessity, who forever seeks the infinite and eternal, and who forever remains finite and fallible. Niebuhr therefore condemns all pretensions to absolute certainty and finality, and freely admits the historical relativism that other religious thinkers deplore. Within this world, he asserts, there is "no historical reality, whether it be church or government, whether it be the reason of wise men or specialists, which is not involved in the flux and relativity of human existence, which is not subject to error and sin, and which is not tempted to exaggerate its errors and sins." Religion so often confuses political life and endangers democracy "precisely because it introduces absolutes into the realm of relative values."

Finally Niebuhr leads us back to Paul Tillich. Tillich has called for the most radical self-criticism by all the churches: criticism of their historic conservatism and dogmatism, their promise of miracle by sacrament or priestcraft, their claims to infallibility, their demands for absolute belief in defiance of reason and knowledge, their consecration of the values of ruling classes, whether aristocratic or bourgeois—all the tendencies that have made them hostile to the cause of freedom. Of his own most comprehensive, thoroughgoing response to the challenge of communism, and now of world crisis, the possible end of man's history, I should here note chiefly his demand that Christians take history with the utmost seriousness, in a full awareness of all the reasons for doubt, dread, and despair, and without any presumption of guarantees in this life or the next.

Briefly, Tillich asserts that the Christian must be at once in history and above it, knowing that the only salvation for the community must be through history, not from it. Above it he must cling to the "religious reservation," the attitude of "in spite of"; faith declares an eternal meaning in spite of "the tragic destiny of all human truth and goodness" on earth. In history the Christian must be loyal to the "religious obliga-

tion," or the attitude of "because of," the unconditional demand that he keep striving to realize truth and goodness even though he knows that all earthly aims are "fragmentary and ambiguous." His only hope of assurance lies in giving up all illusion of security, accepting the uncertainties of the human "boundary-situation," the inescapable limits of possibility on earth, symbolized by the Cross itself. On these hard terms the religious reservation and the religious obligation may then unite in hope, traditionally the ultimate word of Christianity to man.

Is One World Desirable?

By Tillich's standards, my survey of the religious revival has probably been too cheerful, too favorable to religion. Certainly it is not at all clear that the churches have taken a permanent new lease on life, or that churchmen in general are engaged in as radical self-criticism as he thinks necessary. More apparent are the signs of religion being conducted at the same old stands, in what may often seem an absent-minded spirit. At the moment there are also signs of a revulsion against the "social gospel," or a retreat to safer positions. I know of no evidence that orthodox believers are the stanchest champions of democracy, but considerable evidence that they are not very staunch defenders of civil liberties.

Even so, Tillich himself may seem too optimistic. Though he expresses no confidence that Christians at large will take up his message, he slights the plain excuses that churchmen might offer for not responding more boldly to the world crisis. They have always tended to the needs of simple worshipers—and the worshiper is not typically a quester. What most men have always wanted (beyond an answer to their prayers) is spiritual security, certainty, the ancient rock amid the shifting sands; and what most are seeking today—insofar as they are seeking—is most obviously just such security and certainty. I should not ask Tillich to lower his spiritual sights, or to coddle the people; but in assessing the religious situation of modern man I think we need to keep in mind the invariable limitations of organized and popular religion.

Devout believers might also be dismayed by the thought that there is not the faintest prospect of Christianity's winning the world in the foreseeable future. Despite its thousands of missionaries, over the last century or so, it has converted only a minute fraction of the non-Christian world, had nothing like the success of

Western science and technology, or of Western political ideals. It has made no inroads to speak of on its major competitors, such as Mohammedanism and Buddhism; so in view of the population explosion, Christians will more likely become a still smaller minority.

Yet it is by no means clearly desirable that there be one religion for our One World, or any total togetherness. Those in particular who cherish the ideals of a free society should welcome religious diversity, and might well fear any trend to uniformity in belief as much as the trends to standardization in culture and totalitarianism in political life. And modern religious thought points to an ideal aspect of the actual religious drama on the world stage today. This is less a struggle among the higher religions for the loyalties of mankind, as in the bad old days of crusades and holy wars, than an increasing cooperation—mostly informal or unconcerted but involving more consciousness at once of their common values, the common interests of mankind, and of possible profit from their differences, an exploration of new religious possibilities.

All this leaves us up in the air—and me open to obvious complaints from the reader. I can

only repeat that on my grounds there can be no positive conclusion, much less a resounding one. Religion still works both to unite and to divide men, to inspire and to delude them, to ~~emancipate and to enslave them~~, and we can never be sure of what its total effect is, nor of how deep and lasting the consequences of recent changes will be. At its simplest or its possible best, as in the gospel of love, the Christian message itself involves further uncertainties; for the gospel never tells us just how to go about expressing our love, or what to do about the perpetual problem of conflicting loyalties and loves, in a world peopled by many unlovable types and some hateful ones. But at least such inconclusiveness has a consoling aspect.

Up in the air? So much the better for religion viewed as spiritual quest. No one who really respects human dignity, who values human freedom, will believe that the last word has been spoken about God or the good life. Uncertainty remains an essential condition of freedom, or specifically of a critical, adventurous spirit suited alike to science, to the needs of a free society in a revolutionary world, and to the endless quest of the good life.

Poem for the Bank of America, Westlake Branch

by William Dickey

Why is it necessary to imagine worlds
beyond this blue checkbook on which we live
in comfort if not in luxury? Monthly
the tide of earned money spills into it, is spent
on food, clothes, a Chinese horse to admire.

Are these not bread and Bible enough, is not
the checkbook moon enough, waxing and waning
above the eternal companionship of our kiss?
Shall we not be content with the low wave
smoothing us toward the harbors of retirement?

It is only to say "I am content"; stiffen
the mind from its two immoderacies: first
the desire to have all that exists—not half, all—
until having is meaningless; second, the desire to lack
until all lacks are satisfied by one's self.

It is only to refuse these temptations, slip lightly
indoors, into small low-ceilinged rooms
the temperature of ourselves, there to write checks
and be written checks to. Why is it necessary
to imagine the violence of the exploding stars?

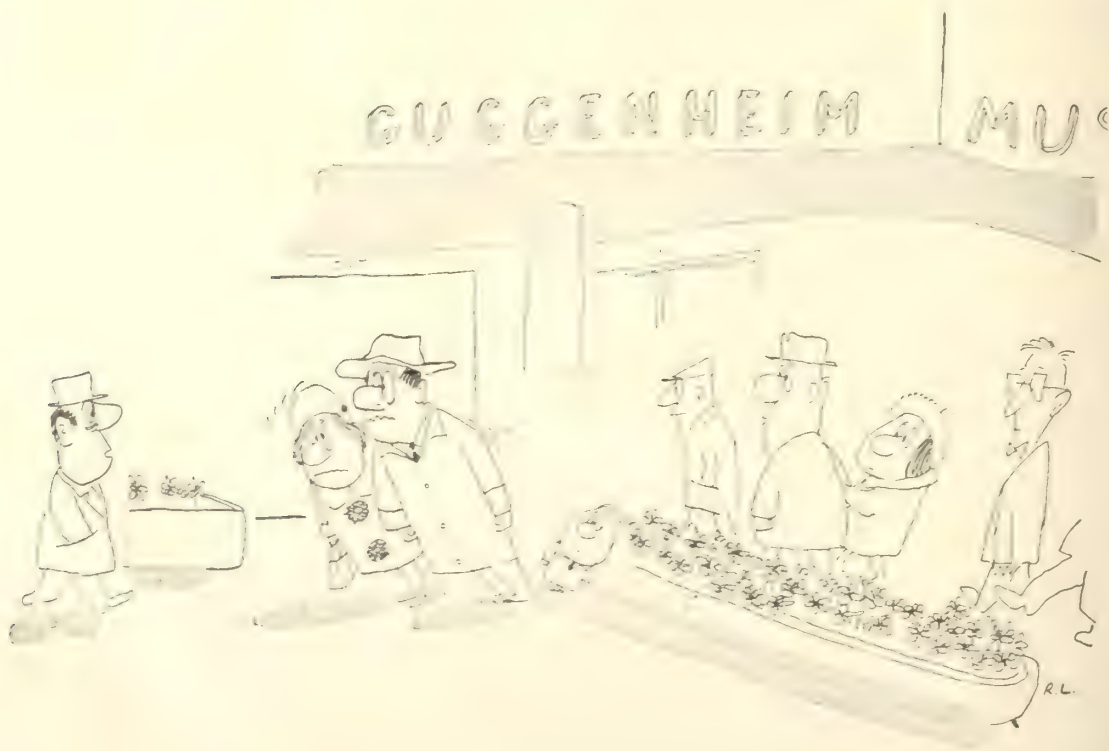


NEW YORK

by

Raanan Lurie

What a distinguished young political cartoonist from Israel sees on his first visit to New York is a surprise and a revelation even to unmovable and blasé New Yorkers.





Small Rebellion in Miami

by Polly Redford

With great determination—and little cash—a band of Florida citizens are fighting to protect the natural marvels of Biscayne Bay.

On January 11, 1962, oil struck Miami, Florida. The Commissioners of Dade County rezoned 2,200 acres of submarginal land to allow Seadade Realty, Inc. to build an oil refinery on Biscayne Bay.

The future of Biscayne Bay now lay in the hands of Daniel K. Ludwig, the American Onassis. For Mr. Ludwig is president of Seadade Realty. He is also head of Seatankers, Inc., of Universe Tankships, Inc., and of National Bulk Carriers, beside being a principal stockholder of American-Hawaiian Steamship Company and the giant Union Oil Company of California. He is the world's biggest individual ship operator and a self-made man.

Biscayne Bay is the warm, salt-water lagoon that made Miami. From its northern limits among the luxury canals of Sunny Isles, Surfside, and Miami Beach, this slender, shallow bay reaches southward some thirty miles until it is lost among the mangrove thickets near Caesar's Creek in the upper keys. Caesar's Creek cuts through a thirteen-mile chain of low-lying islands that form a breakwater between the south bay and open ocean. These islands represent the last privately owned, undeveloped stretch of seashore along the Atlantic Coast. Miamians swim and fish and water-ski on Biscayne Bay;

and on its shore they build their parks, their public buildings, trade fairs, yacht clubs, marine stadiums and laboratories, their expensive homes, and hundreds of tourist apartments and hotels.

But Mr. Ludwig lives far away—in Darien, Connecticut. He never makes public appearances, except at board meetings. Therefore it was his special assistant, James A. Bush, who stood before the Dade County Commission and made a ten-minute speech outlining the progress and prosperity this refinery would bring.

My husband, a former ship's officer, was one of about a dozen people at this hearing who warned of what a refinery might do to Biscayne Bay. They made an impressive group: three professional engineers—an Annapolis graduate, a retired petrochemical engineer, and the head of the department of civil engineering at University of Miami; four marine biologists from the University's marine laboratory, including the chairman of marine science; Karl Carman, president of the local Izaak Walton League; my husband and two others spoke for civic associations; the rest were interested citizens who had seen oil pollution in other parts of the country and knew how the Venice-like shoreline of Dade County might look (and smell) a few years from now.

From their testimony it appeared that an oil refinery on Biscayne Bay might not spell Progress, but Promotion. Florida has a long, shoddy history of land-promotion schemes. Could Seadade Realty be another? Why, for instance, were 2,200 acres of unconditional industrial zoning required when the proposed 50,000-barrel refinery could be built on 250 acres? What would this

refinery do with its effluents—the unusable sludges, acids, and gases that are a refinery's waste products? What provisions was the county making against air and water pollution? What would happen to the rest of Mr Ludwig's thirty-one-square-mile tracts of land?

"How did it go?" I asked my husband when he got home from his long, exasperating day at the hearing.

"Oh hell, we talked for an hour: Bush talked for ten minutes. But they passed it right away. Unanimously. We never had a chance," he said. "But I met a bunch of men there who said they'd fight, and I'd hate to see this happen without a fight. I'm joining them tomorrow."

And so it was that, over two years ago, my husband and I were struck by oil, too.

Actually the fight against the refinery was already under way. It began when Lloyd Miller organized the Safe Progress Association, which was not against industry *in toto*, but only against "dirty industry" on Biscayne Bay. Miller himself is no *littérateur*; he is an outdoorsman and fishing enthusiast. He works for Pan American Airways at Miami airport, and though far from top brass at Pan Am he is well-known in conservation circles as head of the state Izaak Walton League and winner of an American Motors national conservation award.

Conservation groups have their own grapevine—the Audubon Society tells the Izaak Walton League, the Izaak Walton League tells the Nature Conservancy, the Nature Conservancy tells the garden clubs—so Miller knew about the oil refinery long before it appeared in the papers. Accounts of bitter oil battles in Delaware and Narragansett Bays convinced him that this would be a long, hard, political fight. And since the Izaak Walton League must remain politically nonpartisan, he formed the Safe Progress Association as a separate organization, persuading Philip Wylie to join him. Thirteen years before, Wylie had helped save Biscayne Bay from becoming an open sewer with a fiery article in *Look* called "Florida: Polluted Paradise."

In mid-January, Miller began calling weekly, sometimes daily, meetings of his tiny SPA to see what could be done. He didn't have to hire a hall—the entire membership came to twelve. These men had only a name, a post-office box,

lots of energy, and \$11.65 in the treasury. All that had to wait was the next day.

For, at the last minute, the County Commission had delayed the construction of the refinery. Seadade was granted its zoning on condition that their building permit be postponed for nine months. In this time the Commission would prepare an antipollution ordinance.

Nevertheless, the SPA remained skeptical. Anyone who had followed the campaign to clean up the trash-filled, oil-soaked Miami River knew that ordinances were one thing, enforcement another. Besides, violation of a county ordinance is by law an offense that carries a maximum fine of a thousand dollars.

"And I calculate an oil refinery could pay a thousand dollars a day for fifteen years before coming near the cost of installing adequate pollution controls," said our engineer, Dave Davenport.

Someone replied that \$1,000 certainly wouldn't pollute the SPA treasury. We needed money for the bare essentials: stationery, postage, pamphlets. And since both large daily newspapers were against us, we needed literature, mailing campaigns, and lots of publicity to convince Miamians of what was really at stake.

But Not Like a Rose

It was no longer a question of a lone oil refinery. Late in January, William Singer, head of the Royal Castle hamburger chain and spokesman for the downtown Miami Chamber of Commerce, declared that Seadade's refinery would not be profitable without satellite industries.

Though an oil refinery is no rose, it is relatively clean compared to some of the satellite plants that use its by-products. The executives of Seadade denied that they were encouraging construction of plants to manufacture fertilizers, dyes, ammonia, or any other "dirty" products, said the Miami City Manager in a report to the City Commissioners—but "it is to this very type of industry, utilizing the refinery by-products, that the area would be attractive." There seemed no need for 2,200 acres of unrestricted zoning if Seadade Realty did not contemplate an entire petrochemical complex around its proposed Port Ludwig.

Miamians, then, had reason to fear several square miles of stack industry on south bay just where prevailing winds and currents would spread its effluents over most of Dade County.

Yet what could SPA do to impress the formidable Mr. Ludwig? Members who suggested

Polly Redford's articles have appeared in "Texas Quarterly," "Harper's," "Gourmet," and other magazines. She and her husband are now members of the Izaak Walton League and the Audubon Society—their first experience as "joiners."

referendums, lawsuits, and injunctions listened gloomily as Ed Corlett, a successful trial lawyer whose patio had gradually become our party headquarters, explained the cost of taking cases to the Florida Supreme Court. Throughout our campaign, the SPA treasury has never held more than \$610. Our entire two-year campaign has cost us only \$3,985.42. Heaven knows we would have been glad to spend \$150,000, as the embattled Jamestown Protective Association has done in Newport, or the quarter million that went to protect the Bombay Hook National Wildlife Refuge from an oil plant in Delaware Bay, but we've never had it.

It was Lain Guthrie who showed us how far imagination can stretch a dollar. Lain, a veteran Eastern Airlines pilot, joined us after winning an important skirmish against Florida Power and Light's Cutler Plant, which he maintained was spewing its wastes into Biscayne Bay.

Stationing two county inspectors at the water's edge, Lain ran back 100 yards into the plant, straight into the men's room, where he threw handfuls of red-dyed peanuts down the toilet, then ran back to the inspectors in plenty of time to point out the peanuts as they popped up, one by one, and floated away on the tide. Lain proved his point: the Cutler Plant was pouring raw sewage into the bay.

Flushed with success, Lain spent \$350 to buy the SPA its first bumper stickers. "NUTS," they said in bright red peanut letters, "To Dirty Industry!" While black letters, dripping with oil, continued, "Promises Now . . . Flagrant Pollution Later." People who heard this story paid a dollar apiece just to own one of these stickers.

This was the opening gun in the Battle of the Bumper Stickers. Everett Clay and Associates, Ludwig's public-relations experts in Miami, put out a sticker in rebuttal—a cool, clean, green one that said, "We Want Clean Industry."

Many bumper stickers have come and gone since then, yet these first two summarize the whole issue as it has been argued from Dade County up through the state government in Tallahassee and finally in Washington: Seadade Realty promises to build a safe, pollution-free petrochemical park; opponents insist that, though such a thing might be theoretically possible, no large petroleum complex that maintained all the necessary safeguards could possibly operate at a profit. Nor is it possible for shore installations to guard against common spills and accidents like the one in Narragansett Bay that flooded Jamestown, Rhode Island, with 30,000 barrels of oil, or the grounded tanker that jettisoned its

oil off Puerto Rico last year, ruining beaches in a twelve-mile radius.

The story would be different if this refinery were proposed for a deep-water harbor where strong tides would wash away its liquid effluents and sea winds would blow its gases out over the ocean. But Biscayne Bay is an enclosed body of water. Its tides are weak and erratic. Prevailing winds, the Southeast Trades, blow onshore. Its northern half is urban; its southern half is still undeveloped and remains a rich breeding ground for corals, sponges, shrimp, lobster, trout, snapper, game fish, mullet, and all the tiny marine organisms that support them. Industrial wastes can turn the whole bay into a stagnant pool of oil—oil that will leak out into the Atlantic, where the Gulf Stream will carry it to Miami Beach and further north before the trade winds blow it back ashore. The tides and alongshore countercurrents will also suck it southward over the shallow reefs into a brand-new underwater national park, the John Pennecamp Coral Reef Preserve.

Boatmen and fishermen understood this immediately. They had seen tanker-borne oil and tars blown ashore from the Gulf Stream, had watched patches of tarry gulfweed trapped and blown around the bay for weeks. One did not have to be an oceanographer or petroleum engineer to forecast what would happen if we manufactured our own sludges on the spot.

Science Makes the Brain Grow Sleepy

Nevertheless, the County Commission, the Chamber of Commerce, and a great many realtors were persuaded by Seadade's reassurances, its beautiful brochures, its promises of jobs, industrial wealth, and tax revenue. To refute Seadade's public-relations experts, the SPA needed proof. Thus began our scientific stage, a time when we naïvely believed that facts settled arguments. We compiled reports and statistics from the American Petroleum Institute, *The Oil and Gas Journal*, the U. S. Public Health Service, the Fish and Wildlife Service, the Coast Guard's *Proceedings of the Merchant Marine Council*, the National Conference on Air Pollution, the National Conference on Water Pollution, and used some of our precious dollars to print a fact book and copies of a warning report issued by Miami's City Manager.

Few people read or listened. We found that whenever science is mentioned the public eye

Can you



touch each knee to your forehead?



do 25 push-ups in one minute?

A little difficult? Send for this booklet.

and while you're at it, try some sit-ups. Anybody can do. And touch your toes without bending your legs. Try walking a mile in about ten minutes. But by now you're getting the idea. You need exercise. Nothing to be ashamed of. Practically anyone does. Every day. Regardless of age. Ask your doctor. He'll tell you how important exercise is in keeping you fit. And in helping you and look vigorous. There is a way you can get the daily exercise you need. And in only fifteen minutes a day. The Exercycle. The family exercise machine. The machine that exercises every important muscle

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grows glassy. Everyone believes in science—but at a distance. No one really wants to think about it.

And Mr. Ludwig had his own expertise. Led by William Singer, the hamburger king, twelve men from the Miami Chamber of Commerce flew at Seadade's expense to Anacortes, Washington, where they marveled at Texaco's model refinery. A fortnight later, two county inspectors flew there at county expense. Their glowing reports made such good copy that no one but the SPA was ungracious enough to ask why they had to fly so far, why there were no "clean" refineries on the Gulf, the Eastern Seaboard, the Great Lakes, or points between.

All testimony was complicated by the fact that no thorough scientific survey of Biscayne Bay has ever been made. Dr. Carl Oppenheimer, microbiologist at the University of Miami Marine Laboratory, has applied for grants to make a complete study, but studies of this sort can cost up to \$450,000 a year. Therefore, it was a bonanza for Dade County when, early in March 1963, the U. S. Department of the Interior offered to make a study at federal expense. The Commissioners or County Manager had only to make an official request. This request was never made.

In an article reporting these puzzling facts, the *Miami Herald* reminded its readers that: "Most of the information in the county files was prepared by individuals or firms under contract with Seadade."

A fortnight later, the Commissioners passed their long-awaited antipollution ordinance. They passed it two months *before* the Florida Board of Conservation made its report—a report the Commissioners themselves had solemnly requested in June 1962. Thus they saved themselves the embarrassment of considering the report itself, which advised the county to "protect and respect its marine wealth" by (1) requiring any refinery to put up a \$100,000-a-day performance bond; or (2) denying it permission to operate.

Back on Ed Corlett's patio, it was plain to see that science was getting the SPA nowhere. We tried politics. The SPA backed two candidates in an election for the County Commission. Our first candidate, Hughlan Long, seemed very promising at first. But Long's district is full of disappointed businessmen and land speculators, convinced that some of Mr. Ludwig's glitter will spread from his thirty-one square miles of south Dade acreage onto their nearby property, and recoup their losses from a now-dead land boom. With their support, Long came out in favor of the refinery and won.

Our second candidate remained faithful to the end, but ran so far behind that, in time, he vanished completely.

These star-crossed candidates brought us only one thing. The refinery controversy became a campaign issue. The newspapers—which at first surrounded most of our efforts with a wall of silence, then tried to dismiss us as a bunch of cranks and crackpots—were forced to admit that, yes, there was some opposition to Seadade. But for a long time readers of both Miami dailies could only assume that the entire community rejoiced in Seadade, that there was no serious opposition to the project. Finally despairing of newspaper coverage, with no money for political action or public relations, no resources but themselves, the men of SPA began a speechmaking campaign.

Victory with the Ladies

I should have said the men and Belle Scheffel, for Belle is the SPA Women's Division. No matter that she is the *only* woman in the Women's Division, Belle is a division in herself. And a heavy-armored one, at that. As treasurer of the local Nature Conservancy, past president of the Council of Garden Club Presidents, founder of the Kendall Garden Club, the South Florida Garden Club, and the first garden club on the Florida Keys, Belle spoke before all her personal organizations and several more besides. And since garden-club ladies are also women's-club ladies, it wasn't too long before women's groups began passing antirefinery resolutions, too.

While Belle toured the garden-club circuit, four SPA men talked to service clubs, sports clubs, exchange clubs, unions, realtors, chambers of commerce, radio and TV stations—in America free speech creates a tremendous demand for free speakers.

"I must have made at least fifty speeches that summer," says our treasurer, Bill Lazarus, who is still always available for last-minute appearances before any board, group, or commission. "I remember the day I spoke before the Miami City Commission in the morning and had to rush over to the Beach to talk to the Miami Beach Commissioners in the afternoon. Both cities came out against the refinery the same day, but was I hoarse!"

My husband was only pinch-hitting for Bill Lazarus when, to his amazement, he found himself speaking before the Biscayne Gardens Civic Club's Anti-Communist Committee. When the

program was over, an earnest young man took him aside and murmured, "You know, what you were talking about is all part of a Master Plan."

"Oh," said my husband, wondering what new gambit Seadade had in mind, "what plan is that?"

"The plan to Take Over!" hissed the young man.

Not so funny was the name-calling Lloyd Miller had to bear. Late at night men called up to curse and threaten him and his family or, more often, to ask, "Who's behind you? What interests do you represent?" When Lloyd pointed out that the dark forces behind him were garden clubs and the Audubon Society, they refused to believe him. "Nobody," they said, "does this sort of thing free."

For Lloyd it was far from free. He worked hundreds of hours of overtime to make up for days spent at meetings and hearings. His wife's car was sprayed with paint, his dog was poisoned, his job was jeopardized by letters and phone calls to Pan American asking, "Does Lloyd Miller represent Pan Am policy?" This was all the more embarrassing to Pan Am because the first draft of the antipollution ordinance—the ordinance that SPA was trying to make as strict as possible—held provisions that threatened airline refueling procedures at Miami International Airport.

But in spite of all the old clichés about large corporations, Pan American did not fire Lloyd nor ask him to stop campaigning. All they wanted, and received, was an assurance that he never speak for the company, only for himself.

Not so the University of Miami. One SPA member, an outspoken biologist on the faculty there, had to stop speaking, following an order of the University's executive vice-president requiring faculty, students, and staff to submit any statements that might embarrass the University to their Office of Public Information. The order was short-lived. The new president rescinded it immediately upon taking office.

As the speeches went on, more and more diversified groups came out against the refinery. So many Seadade supporters so obviously owned property near the proposed refinery, and Seadade's experts, their slick research, their glossy public relations were so patently high-priced, that people who genuinely believed in bringing industry to Dade County began to reappraise Seadade Realty. When forty-two square miles of industrially zoned land already stand empty in Dade County (only 20 per cent of the industrial acreage is occupied), why the rush for more?

In the long run, it was the speeches that served our cause. People realized that none of us had

any financial interest in the whole thing, yet whenever a Seadade spokesman came forward, there also came someone from the SPA to appear before the Florida Internal Improvements Board that Seadade should not extend the bulkheading line or get free fill by dredging publicly owned bay bottom; to go before the U.S. Army Engineers and present a budget for Seadade's deepwater channel, and request a hydraulic model of Biscayne Bay; to protest again before the County Commission when the weak new anti-pollution ordinance was finally passed. (Uninhibited as ever, Lain Guthrie gave this last hearing unforgettable *ambiance* with a flask of mercaptan, a very powerful petroleum concentrate used to give bottled gas its warning smell. This he squirted over the proceedings. The stink, he said, was only a preview of refinery effluents.)

Eventually the Miami *News* came out against the refinery, and the Miami *Herald*, though still supporting the refinery, did report what we said. For by the time the antipollution ordinance was passed in April 1963, opposition to the refinery was no longer twelve men and Belle Scheffel; the SPA spoke for the cities of Miami, Miami Beach, the Commissioners of Monroe County, nineteen different unincorporated areas, and thirty-five clubs and civic organizations, totaling 400,000 people.

Seadade Sits and Waits

Then too there were the letters, hundreds of them, written by ourselves and our allies to local papers, to Tallahassee, and to Washington where we found another ally in Stewart Udall, our conservation-minded Secretary of the Interior. It was he who saved the day. On March 21, 1963, he sent Lloyd Miller a telegram which ended:

This Department requested Department of the Army to withhold issuance of permit to dredge, fill, and construct bulkhead in Biscayne Bay for proposed development until Seadade Industries, Inc. has provided us suitable assurances that interest of the United States in Everglades National Park and John Pennekamp Coral Reef Area will not be damaged by air and water pollution of the refinery operation.

Without a deepwater tanker channel and port, this refinery cannot operate, so Biscayne Bay is safe for the time being. However, the Department of the Interior may not be able to delay the dredge-and-fill permit indefinitely. In the meantime, Seadade sits and waits.

When I asked for a statement of Seadade's

present position, the company's public relations man wrote me:

Seadade is grateful for the cooperation of Dade County officials and community leaders in its program to bring industry here, industry which will assure our county of a sound economic future. . . . In January 1962, Seadade was granted the necessary zoning for its industrial port, including the petroleum refinery. Seadade has repeatedly stated it is ready and willing to construct and operate a refinery in full compliance with the Metro pollution ordinance, passed in April 1963, an ordinance the experts state is one of the strongest in America, and will make the refinery operation entirely compatible with Dade's tourist industry. As soon as approval is received from the II Board [Cabinet] in Tallahassee and the U.S. Corps of Engineers for the route which Metro has requested for the ship channel to the industrial port, Seadade will proceed full speed ahead with the construction.

But the waiting game has not improved Seadade's chances. Two years of bitter controversy have made all of us in Dade County take a long, fresh look at the lovely bay we had always taken for granted. South bay and Islandia, its chain of offshore keys, never looked more beautiful. Last April the County Commission—exhausted with arguments, exasperated with a never-ending battle over Seadade, Islandia, and cross-bay causeways—asked the Interior Department to investigate Islandia as a possible National Park.

At the time, this request made scarcely a ripple on Miami's turbulent political scene, but in Washington, wheels began to grind. Research teams from the National Park Service and the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation arrived in Miami to explore Islandia's dense hardwood forests, to make lists of its Antillean flora and fauna, to dive in its marine gardens. The work was slow and quiet. Not until October 9 did Secretary Udall announce the conclusions. When the news came, Miami was amazed. The "worthless" keys were of national significance.

The thirty-three rocky islets that everyone wanted to dredge, fill, bulldoze, and develop, held the last vestiges of Florida's once-splendid tropical forests. Back in the woods no one had bothered to cut were now-rare mahogany, *ligum vitae*, milk bark, Jamaica dogwood, seven-year apple, and fish-poison vines. Species of ferns and palms thought to be extinct still remained in crannies where botanists had only recently found them. These woods were host and shelter to thousands of tropical and migratory birds flying to and from the Caribbean; no one knows exactly what birds, for no bird count had ever been made.

Most wonderful of all were the marine nurseries and gardens in the submerged acres surrounding Islandia: pastures of turtle grass that hold thirty-two different kinds of starfish alone, six species of sea anemones (the pink and purple sea animals that look like Van Gogh chrysanthemums); there were marl flats alive with conch and bonefish, coral heads and miniature reefs, forests of sea whips, sea fans, and giant sponges. A *partial* list of marine species runs to seven pages, not counting fish. No one has counted the fish. Ichthyologists estimate over 250 species.

Even the SPA was surprised. Fishermen and boatmen, we had explored these islands and the surrounding waters for years, but we never dreamed they were that rich.

Dade County reacted like someone who just discovered a dusty Rembrandt or Stradivarius in the attic. Then on November 9, 1963, Udall himself came to Miami, saw Islandia and said he was "virtually certain" to recommend the islands as a National Monument. Mr. Udall's stay in Miami was very short. When I finally got to see him, there was time for only one question. I hesitated, thinking of the past two years, of Lloyd, Lain, and Bill, of my husband and Dave and Ed and Belle and all the others. Then a question came to me—

"Mr. Secretary," I asked, "what can you say, what encouragement can you give, to small conservation groups all over the country who fight against seemingly hopeless odds? Should we go on trying to fight big industry, big agriculture, highway programs, developers?"

His answer must be heard, not only in Florida, but in every state. "We are losing the battle to keep America beautiful," he said. "You must band together more to make a stronger fight for conservation. It's not cheap, it's not easy. But I say to you, persist. Work hard. Work together."

So the matter stands to this day. Mr. Udall wants a National Monument just where Mr. Ludwig wants to blast a ship channel for his giant tankers. Together with the garden clubs, the civic clubs, the Izaak Walton League, and the Audubon Society, we are working harder than ever. It takes a year or more for Congress to authorize a National Park. Long before Washington can act, Seadade may have built Port Ludwig, its channel, and the refinery.

There is no final solution, no success, no burst of trumpets to give my story a happy ending. But happy or sad, all good stories must have a moral. Mine has one too: it all goes to show how far twelve people can go with \$11.05. And even if we lose, it may be a kind of success story, at that.

SHAKEMASTER

The man in the relaxed position is working. Working hard. He's an engineer operating a velocity pickup or "prober" to measure and analyze the chassis shake and bending characteristics produced in the laboratory by a special shake rig. With this equipment, he can simulate the roughest, bumpiest washboard road you'll ever travel. He can compress years of bouncing into just a few hours and repeat the experiment under identical conditions time and time again. It's only one of the exhaustive tests designed to make your General Motors car a better riding, more comfortable car.

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WASHINGTON INSIGHT



CHRISTIA ARMS-IRONG

by Joseph Kraft

The Grand Design Revisited: A Legacy with Life

About two years ago I wrote a book called *The Grand Design: From Common Market to Atlantic Partnership*. Rightly or wrongly, part of the title caught on as a convenient tag to describe American policy in Europe; and when that policy encountered resistance the term came widely, and often scornfully, into play. "The Grand Design," it was said after General de Gaulle blocked British entry to the Common Market, "is a patchwork quilt." A book was written purporting to answer the question: "What went wrong with Kennedy's Grand Design?" The advent of President Johnson has been seen in some quarters as an opportunity for getting off the hook of a policy supposed to have turned sour. More than ever, accordingly, it seems appropriate now to revisit the Grand Design.

In concept at least, the original design was nothing if not grand. It envisaged the unity of the Western world grouped around two central entities—the United States and a united Europe, including Britain. Such a combination would more than match any combine the Communist world could put together. Diplomatically, it would provide a framework for solving the German problem: there would be, not unification of a detached nation floating dangerously between East and West, but reentry of all the Germans to a Western community. Militarily, it would provide for a rational distribution of defense burdens—with joint decision-making, a more energetic effort in conventional forces, and elimination of duplication in the nuclear field with its threat of spreading nuclear weapons to many national forces,

including a German force. Economically, it would provide for wider and freer markets, quickening growth in the developed countries, and opening to the developing countries who serve their purposes far better than economic aid—widening outlets for the goods they produce.

Set against those objectives, the record of the Atlantic world in the past two years has been what the French call a *dégringolade*—which means how everything went to pieces. The government, if it can be called that, of General de Gaulle is bending all its energies to develop an independent nuclear force—the *force de frappe*. The British regime of Alec Douglas-Home is setting increasing store by Britain's nuclear force. Tariff negotiations for the so-called "Kennedy Round" have been marked by the "chicken war" featuring increased restrictions in Europe and retaliation by the United States. Despite all the rhetoric and steadily increasing evidence that East Germany doesn't work, hardly anyone in Britain, France, and the Benelux countries, and not many in this country, are seriously concerned about the need to end the division of Germany. If anything, the test-ban treaty has combined with the dramatic withdrawal of Russia in the Cuban missile crisis to promote the feeling that the use of force is not a reality in Europe anymore. And in that atmosphere dreams are dreamed of making a deal with the Russians at the expense of the Germans.

The obvious retreat from the objectives of the Grand Design finds a less visible political counterpart within the major nations of the West. President Johnson, far from being a grand designer, is certain between now and election time to devote most of his energies to domestic politics. So is the Tory government in Britain; and Labor, which seems likely to win, has always been cool to close ties with the Continent. If the Opening to the Left in Italy means anything, it means a direct address, for the first time in over forty years, to Italy's domestic problems. In West Germany Chancellor Ludwig Ehrhard is as Atlantic as they come; but he still has to establish control over an internal party opposition under former Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, who is daily showing himself to be more



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more Gaullist in his suspicion of Anglo-Saxon attitudes. As to General de Gaulle, he is firmly in the saddle. For anyone who thinks that he likes American or British presence on the Continent has either not heard or does not know how to hear. His true attitude is reflected in his description of the Grand Design as a "colossal Atlantic grouping under American dependence and control." Even his obscurantism is revealing. When he says "Europe must be Europe," what he means is that it must not be Atlantic. And when he says "France must be France," what he means is that it must not be European.

Even in sophisticated quarters it is not possible—and this is perhaps the greatest blow of all—not to be European anymore. The great Christian democratic parties that found their special character in the European scene are either shattered, as in France, or splitting apart as in East and West Germany. The remarkable Catholic statesmen who personified the European mystique—Gasper in Italy; Schuman in France; Adenauer in Germany—are gone, or at the very end of their careers. And their decline represents more than the passing of a group of men. Years ago they had lived their times, and were old-fashioned. But precisely because they were men of the two world wars who lived in the aftermath of catastrophe, their work bore about it the stamp of national renunciation, and sacrifice for a common cause. Their decline marks not only the end of a generation, but the end of a mystique. The future will be made by men who work, not against the background of catastrophe, but in the easier atmosphere engendered by affluence and the great American success in the Cuban missile crisis.

Still, it is not exactly a case of starting all over from scratch. NATO exists and, through common target exercises and contingency planning operations on such matters as Berlin, the staffs of the foreign and defense ministries are in almost constant touch. The Kennedy Round of tariff negotiations is going forward, and already forcing participants to make preliminary adjustments: the United States, to create a favorable climate, recently took steps to remove

special duties on watches; the Europeans, by way of preparation, have adopted a common price for a few agricultural commodities. The Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD), linking the Atlantic countries and Japan, is more active than ever as a forum for discussing common economic and monetary policies. The United States, only last fall, moved to Atlanticize the balance-of-payments problem by putting the whole question of international liquidity up for study by a ten-member working group of the International Monetary Fund.

These working institutions are more than inert tools. They generate a forward movement of their own, and build associated vested interests. For example, General de Gaulle would probably like to loosen even further the bonds of the Common Market. But French industry is already deeply committed to the Europe-wide market; and French agriculture has hopes in the same direction. Even so, without new life being constantly breathed in, working institutions tend to degenerate into charades. For further progress toward Atlantic Partnership, the essential ingredients are energy and will. The main question is whether the Grand Design can find a second wind.

What the Europeans Are About to Learn

No one really knows the answer. It seems unlikely that the favored project of the past—entry of Britain to the Common Market—can be revived at an early date; the heroic age of Europe is over, and dramatic proposals are at a discount. It is at least possible that the United States and the countries of the Continent will go their separate ways, keeping more or less in touch, and working occasionally by agreement to formulate joint military and economic projects. In that case, there would be no second wind. But to me anyway, there is at least one circumstance that seems bound to produce a regeneration. That circumstance, paradoxically, is the inward turning that is bringing all the Atlantic countries to give special attention to their domestic problems.

For the results of the self-confrontation that is now going forward

are predictable. The British Empire before it, is a nation incapable of sustaining either British influence or British prosperity unless centered on some larger entity. The West Germans will come to know that, even more than Britain, they are a defenseless island, dependent upon the outside world for both their security and their trade. The Italians will learn that to consolidate their economic miracle they need inflows of capital well beyond what can be supplied by the markets of Europe. The French—even General de Gaulle, if left uncourted and untaunted—must discover that without the counterweight of the Anglo-Saxon powers, they can no more contain the Germans now than they could in 1870, 1914, or 1940.

No one of these nations can solve its problems by domestic action. But every one of the problems can be met by joint actions within the context of Atlantic harmony. And as the Europeans are brought face to face with their problems, as frustration deepens and chaos threatens, then the Atlantic reflex can reassert itself. It is a case, in other words, of through shipwreck to salvation. And already in two areas where ineffectiveness is most galling, and the contradictions most apparent, dim paths toward progress are being blocked out.

One of these areas is agriculture. The world situation is absolutely chaotic. Subsidized farming in the United States, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia has produced huge surpluses; but people go hungry in the southern continents. The European situation is one of deadlock: where the French, being efficient producers, favor a low grain price that would promote their sales throughout the Continent, the Germans, being high-cost producers, favor a high price that would protect their peasants. Almost any compromise they reach between themselves is bound to have adverse effects on the United States, which sells over a billion dollars' worth of grain annually to the Europeans. What touches them would affect the whole world and its cultural picture.

An approach to the problem emerged from suggestions associated with the former Dutch Minister of

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Agriculture, Sicco Mansholt. The first step, the Europeans would agree on a common grain policy that would be phased down to a level over a transition period of several years. Farmers displaced by competition would be given payments to make possible migration to industry. Countries would be obliged to absorb labor from farms would be given special industrial opportunities through concessions. At the end of the transition period, there would be a confrontation of the world agricultural problem. An effort would be made to set up a progressive system for dismantling all tariffs and subsidies, for subsidizing the transition of all displaced farmers into industry, and for opening new industrial markets to countries that could find jobs for persons coming off the land. There would be, in other words, a rationalization of world agriculture.

The Strategic Plan Refuses to Die

The other area of maximum confusion is the area of the nuclear deterrent. The nuclear forces available to this country are more than sufficient to deter any large-scale Soviet action in Europe. The British and French forces, in the lapidary phrase of Secretary McNamara, “weak, ineffective, and prone to obsolescence.” They stimulate in Germans, and particularly among German politicians, a taste for a European man nuclear deterrent. They drain resources away from the truly interesting defense opportunity in Europe—increased conventional forces that could be used against Soviet nibbling tactics. Still, the Europeans have a legitimate claim to have a real voice in the decisions regarding the use of nuclear power on which their security rests.

An approach to the nuclear tang is presented by the project for a Multilateral Force—which is the reason why the project has endured through years of kicking and cuffing, pulling and hauling, and being, many times, given up for dead. The project calls for a force of nuclear weapons based on ships that would be manned by mixed crews from participating NATO countries. The participating

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countries would share the costs the fleet and, equally, would have voice in decisions regarding its use. Under the MLF, Germany would become a nuclear power, thus destroying the argument of discrimination but without the weapons being under the sole command of Germany or solely in the hands of German soldiers, or even on German soil. Britain and France could wind down from their costly and ineffective national deterrents, by pooling their forces with the MLF. At least a portion of the American funds going into the nuclear deterrent could be saved. If they wanted it, the Europeans could in time, no doubt, work out a system of decision-making and command that would give them complete control over the fleet—without even an American veto. And in the process of working out that decision-making structure, the most crucial steps would be taken toward promoting the political unity of Europe.

Both the agricultural and the nuclear projects are full of difficulties. Anyone can find pitfalls; major steps are yet to be worked out. But they have engaged the interest and support of some of the leading figures in international politics—and not only inside governments. Jean Monnet, the father of the Common Market, is spending most of his time and energy on the agricultural question. Dean Acheson, the founding architect of this country's postwar European policy, has become a convinced advocate of the MLF. For dim as they may seem now, these projects represent the opportunities of the future.

The Grand Design, in sum, has entered a new phase. The mystique is gone, and dramatic projects such as entry of Britain to Europe are not in prospect. A period of lull has set in, and the necessary conditions for new progress is an inward-turning of the Europeans, bringing them face to face with their own problems. But institutions endure; and the problems, while changing, are not vanishing but sharpening in intensity. Out of the rubbing up of nations against their problems there can be generated an Atlantic second wind. To me anyhow, it seems that far from being dead, the Grand Design is a permanent part of the legacy of John F. Kennedy.

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The Way We Feel Now

by Benjamin DeMott

It is Saturday afternoon. Betsey Wapshot, a figure in John Cheever's *The Wapshot Scandal* (Harper & Row, \$4.95), is sitting in her living room looking at TV. Her husband is away shopping with their young son. Glancing outside Betsey notices a neighbor taking down storm windows and putting up screens. The man appears to be having trouble with one of the windows. Perched on a ladder, he yanks at it, loses his footing, falls two stories onto a cement terrace. Betsey watches long enough to see that the body on the terrace is inert, and returns to her TV program. Twenty minutes later an ambulance carts off the body (the alarm has been given by passing children), and in the evening Betsey learns that the neighbor was killed instantly in the fall. Now, as earlier, she has no reflections.

Viewed in the garish light cast by the Standard Modern Authors, creators who regard the present age as a living hell, this snippet of fiction looks unoriginal. Its subject, feelinglessness, haunts nearly all their work. And, given the density of genius among them—among Kafka, Gide, Joyce, Eliot, Camus, Faulkner, and Lawrence, that is—the chance seems slim that anyone similarly haunted in the 1960s could avoid being repetitive or dull.

That the inventor of the Wapshot clan is never dull is traceable in part to his success in updating hell. The props and furnishings of modern life change fast, as everybody knows; finding the present look of the world in the work of the older modern

masters already demands an act of imagination. Cheever rarely demands imaginative acts of this kind. His first novel and best book, *The Wapshot Chronicle* (1957), was decorated with lively quotations from an old New Englander's autobiography, but its hero was a rocket technician. His four volumes of short stories tell of marital agonies and failures of love not wholly unheard-of in the past, but invariably these agonies have a spot news quality. (Wayward husbands steal kisses not from buxom tarts but from baby-sitting teen-agers, and are consigned not to Hades but to hobbies—a therapeutic lathe, say, in a cellar workshop.)

The Wapshot Scandal, an episodic tale which follows young Moses and Coverly Wapshot through disastrous marriages to the final breakup of their Massachusetts family camp, suggests that this writer's determination to Stay Abreast is increasing in intensity. The book's memorable narrative sequences—an airliner hijacking, a Senate hearing about the Bomb, an uproarious special Easter promotion by a store manager drunk on avant-garde market research—are briskly in the current. The talk is ahead of the times. ("I'm keen on chicken," says a scientist at supper, "and when I get my appetite dialed up I can put away a very satisfactory payload.") The lesser characters on the sidelines are, to a man, people with their feet planted in the weightless mush of the Space Age—witness Mr. Armstrong, whose accomplishment is that of developing "a dry, manly and monosyllabic prose style

for ghosting the chronicles of astronauts."

And as for the central characters—at their backs, too, the wingless rockets and ziptop cans of the 'sixties are always popping near. Coverly Wapshot (pr. WARP-SHART) lives in a development at a missile site, and works for a mad scientific administrator who believes in the inevitability of hydrogen warfare; Coverly's dawns are lit by launchings and his off hours are spent studying Keats on a computer. Melissa, his sister-in-law, lives a life of terror in a New York suburb and ends her wild pilgrimages in a Roman Supramarketto Americano, where she is seen "chant[ing], like Ophelia, snatches of old tunes. 'Winstons taste good like a cigarette should. Mr. Clean, Mr. Clean . . .'" And stately, 2201 Honor Wapshot, 2201 gentler days and a Red Sox fan, flies the country to avoid prosecution for income-tax evasion.

There is more to Cheever's gift, though, than an eye for last night's news and commercials: there is a remarkable comic inventiveness. Apathetic Betsey, observer of death by storm window, has no response to that event, as just indicated. But elsewhere in the book, unconcern at the fall of man finds its true voice, and the stream of solecisms that issues from it is hilarious. ("I want something for a deceased," says a customer in a florist's shop. "The marriage was no go. We couldn't optimize," says a divorced engineer to a stranger.) On page after page ancient commonplaces about lonely

Yankees are translated into zany drama showing how American ingenuity undertakes to fill the human void it helped to create. (A husband, defeated in his effort to produce local mourners to attend his wife's funeral, turns resourcefully away to the vacation life of their marriage, and musters a clutch of near strangers met on cruise ships years before.) More important than any of this, the author of *The Wapshot Scandal* has worked out, over the years, a fictional gambit—"point of view" is the received expression—that is shrewdly adapted to his theme, and bound to be imitated in the future.

The value of the gambit, not entirely easy to grasp, is that it enables its user to describe behavior without describing the feelings that accompany it—but without lapsing into embarrassing silences. In good, or non-suspense fiction, Tolstoy said, interest in details of feeling predominates over interest in events. John Cheever doesn't write stories of

suspense. And, since he means to portray feelingless men, figures whose emotional life consists only of generalized terror and vague sexual need, he can hardly focus on details of feeling. A careful account of Coverly Wapshot's reasons for studying Keats, an analysis of Betsey Wapshot's feelings as she resumes viewing instead of aiding her neighbor—these can't be offered except at the risk of blurring the essential point, namely that individual reasons and feelings no longer count.

Yet the novelist does have to speak; his traditional obligation is to comment on the behavior he reports. Cheever's solution is to present behavior as a scientific problem; he adopts the stance of a social psychologist. Before introducing the storm window incident, for example, he says a word about the quality of life in a government-managed, Cold War suburb:

Security was always a problem. Tallyer [the missile site] was never mentioned in the newspapers. It had no public existence. This concern with security seemed to inhabit life at every level.

And after the fatal crash to the terrace he asks the expected question: Why didn't Betsey Wapshot care about her neighbor's accident? But instead of probing his character's consciousness for an answer, instead of revealing the means by which some momentary sense of guilt was squashed, Cheever delivers a psychosociological generalization, and thereby folds little Betsey neatly into a trend:

The general concern for security seemed to be at the bottom of her negligence.... Presumably her concern for security had led her to overlook the death of a neighbor.

The word "presumably" not only announces that the novelist means to keep his nose out of the character's head and heart, it implies—to repeat—that individual heads and hearts are insignificant. Similar announcements occur everywhere in *The Wapshot Scandal* and in Cheever's recent stories. The objection to them, or rather to the fictional method of which they stand as an outward sign, is that the method is antihuman in effect. One defense of the method is that a sound way to teach the worth

of feelings is to tell what the world would be like if there were no feelings. Another defense is that comic writers have always mechanized their characters.

The latter argument isn't completely convincing, for the final impression left by this writer's work is not simply of comedy but of pathos. But that his books raise a serious question is the measure of their interest. Their limits are plain enough. Cheever is never angry, merely sad; his own range of feeling extends only to a generalizing pity for human helplessness; he neither claims nor possesses a massive power of intellect. And, as should be added, his unrelenting contemporaneity is, in his fiction, a form of built-in obsolescence. (The march of events is already overtaking some of Cheever's newsy tales—"The Enormous Radio" for one.) But if this writer is what is called a minor figure, he is also an American original: witty, suggestive, intelligent, aware of the endless fascination of the junk with which his world and ours is furnished, and able almost at will to make his audience laugh out loud. There are fewer than half a dozen living American writers of fiction for whom more than this can be said.

An Unmarked Deck

In France the approved writers have been competing for years for an unadvertised trophy to be awarded the man who strikes the strongest literary blow against the idea of human character, or against the theory that details of natural human feeling are ever better than boring. A current front-runner in the race is Marc Saporta, whose *Composition No. 1* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95, translated by Richard Howard) ranks as the first *self-confessed* do-it-yourself novel. The genesis of this well-publicized book in a box—the pages are unbound and the reader is invited to "shuffle them like a deck of cards" before starting to read—is easy to reconstruct. M. Saporta wrote an ordinary French tale of rape, robbery, and Resistance, recognized its ordinariness, and was bright enough to hoke up the production before trying to peddle it. And for that reason it could be said that American reviewers who seized the

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*Suggested by Dr. Szasz, whose article appears on pages 50-53.

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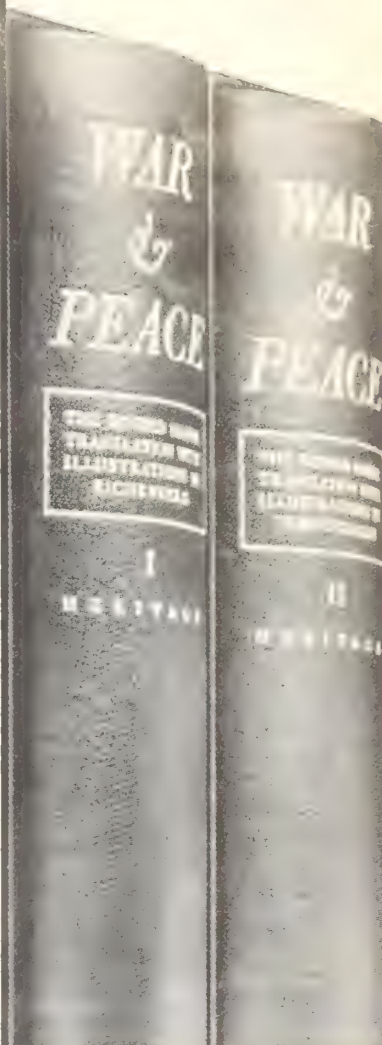
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If there is anything more common than the common cold (now "virus"), it is the remark that sociologists should learn to eschew jargon. The comment is often made by literary men, whose jargon includes some of the least chewable in the language.

My own surly remarks are prompted by a common virus, and the fact that I have been reading David Riesman's latest, *Abundance For What?* There are a number of reasons why Riesman's writings are important, none of which I am equipped to tackle here in three or four paragraphs. But the reason I read him is that his writing is enjoyable, even fun. (This, as his colleagues might say, is because I share a "fun-morality.")

The new volume confines itself, more or less, to possible answers to the question posed by the title: now that we are affluent, what next? But a less confining title or a less confined author is hard to imagine. Riesman and his collaborators look into national purpose, the cold war, automobiles, leisure (including a wonderful study of party-going as a form of social action), the nature of work, the education of women, and social science itself.

This is a book chock full of thoughts — stimulating, arguable, but knocking-off thoughts, so seemingly impertinent and impolite that only after reflection does one realize how pertinent and ultimately polite (to society) they really are. The author combines the mind of a scholar, an explorer's sense of adventure, and the risk-taking of a good journalist.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Abundance For What? And Other Essays (\$6.50) by David Riesman is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your local bookseller or from any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1411 Commerce St., Dallas 1, Texas.

THE NEW BOOKS

appearance of the box as an occasion for avowals of their own unswerving loyalty to bound books were a trifle oversolemn.

The hokum in the *Composition* is, after all, funny. Every page in the box must be suitable, obviously, for a conclusion, as well as for a beginning or a middle. And that all of them are suitable is a sharp dig at several contemporary fictional conventions. Some of the last sentences on these pages are quite subtle jokes about the final curtain plays—throw-away irony, symbolical *profundum*, and the like—now favored by chic writers:

"'You didn't even know who the father was.'"

"The siren begins screaming again."

"So it's all just pure sentimentality."

And one sentence, an artfully clumsy piece of nonsense, could with full decorum be added to the last page of nearly any longish first novel that has come out of Dixie since Thomas Wolfe:

The hallway is endless, and only the Ariadne's thread of the old *lied* makes it possible to advance toward the luminous ray which the door releases like a lighthouse beam intended perhaps to guide the hero of an impossible adventure.

But while it is true that a glance at *Composition No. 1* will force compulsive readers of fiction to admit the ridiculousness of much of what they consume, it is also true that the box, seen as anything except a parody, does amount to another cardboard coffin for the corpse of the novel. The inner life of men, as represented in fiction, moves sequentially, from state to state and event to event. To insist that feelings are infinitely jumble-able is to assert that the novelistic idea of "human understanding" is a fraud.

Rear Guard. Thank God

Is the idea a fraud? No, says Arthur Mizener, in a new collection of essays called *The Sense of Life in the Modern Novel* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5). Arguing that the quality of a novelist depends upon his adequacy to the "nature of things," this critic and biographer goes on to insist that the latter phrase points not at ab-



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THE NEW BOOKS

...et metaphysics, but at habits of behavior, conscious and unconscious assumptions, and sequences of human feeling. The development of the argument is sometimes marred by euphuism masked as urbanity. You are pretty high on the mountain when you begin a discussion of O. Matthiessen, Harry Levin, Richard Chase, Leslie Fiedler, and Arius Bewley with the words, "What is most trying about these writers..." And Professor Mizener probably ought to have acknowledged at some years ago Frank O'Connor produced a celebration of common-use fiction which in viewpoint and voice of hero (Trollope) was very close to his own. But *The Sense of Life* is, at its best, an effective defense both of the human element in literature and of humanness itself. His essays in appreciation of Trollope and Anthony Powell are warm, affecting, and attractively composed, and behind its quick summary of the social situation of Faulkner's Gavin Stevens lies a critical concept that no other writer would have blown up into a Lifework. The sight of a novelist simultaneously creating character and understanding innerness may or may not be the greatest of all literary sights. But it is an enabling one, and this book does it the honor it deserves.

Reporters' Lives

Old-style critics and old-style novelists aren't the only men capable of "proving" the reality of human feeling. The most telling recent proof comes from a writer whose purpose wasn't to invent or evaluate a plot but to report one. The plot in Calvin Trillin's *An Education in Georgia* (Viking, \$3.95, sections published in *The New Yorker*) had as its goal the prevention of a breach in segregated higher education in the Deep South. The prime but not sole agents in defeating the plot were Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes, the first Negro students to graduate from the University of Georgia. There are other believable characters beside Miss Hunter and Mr. Holmes in the book at hand—the author is especially adept at rendering academic administrative types.

But his major achievement is the portrait of Miss Hunter, an image



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THE NEW BOOKS

not of a Future Leader of the Race but of an undergraduate ironist, cool, playful, self-observant, half in love with her own capacity to detect pomposity, yet enviably full of feeling. Miss Hunter's appalling ordeal is, oddly, reduced by this portrait; her indestructible animation and humor distract the eye from the viciousness in the surrounding landscape. But Trillin's success in keeping her qualities in view, despite a thousand temptations to fly up into fury, is admirable. His publishers speak of him as possessing "unmistakable talent"; they don't exaggerate.

Reporters with comparable talent are in short supply, to judge from *Adventures in Public Service*, edited by Ferdinand and Delia Kuhn, with an introduction by Robert F. Goheen (Vanguard, \$3.95). The worthy aim of this book, a collection of biographies of men who have won Rockefeller Public Service Awards, was to arouse enthusiasm among young people for careers of public service. Its failure will doubtless be attributed to the fact that, more than once in these stories, devotion to the public good appears inhuman. One winner of a Rockefeller Award (\$5,000) sits promptly down and writes to the award administrators saying he wished he hadn't won it. ("I'm afraid you would stress my influence on the Forest Service and what I did as an individual. . . . Of more significance is what the Forest Service did to shape me.") The odor of virtue is here, but not that of natural response, much less that of adventure. Several of the book's heroes, however—Llewellyn Thompson, Hugh L. Dryden, Dr. Robert H. Felix—have been much in the public eye, and are living testimony of the absurdity of the stereotype of the bloodless bureaucrat. Their characters and lives seem thin in these biographies because the biographers' imaginations are thin; *Adventures in Public Service* is a good idea botched in the execution.

The portraits of James Hoffa, John L. Lewis, and Walter Reuther at the close of B. J. Widick's *Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75) are about as dimensionless as those in the work just mentioned. The author stands too far back from his subjects,

and only occasionally penetrates the complications. Yet his book does have a human value. It is a reminder, indeed, that human as well as social causes can be brilliantly served by writers whose special sensitivity is to changes of tone in institutions. As a former organizer, shop steward and front-office union bureaucrat, Widick has firsthand knowledge of his subject. He believes organized labor has lost both political power and moral stature. He attributes these losses to a variety of factors among them the bland acceptance of the convention of government interference in labor-management disputes, and the increasing bureaucratization of the labor movement itself. And he insists that the human consequence of these losses is a reduction of the worker's sense of his potency as a private man and as a participant in democratic processes. The apathy and neutralism that Widick attacks have deeper roots than those he locates. But there is authority in his contention that unions which fail to help unadvised men achieve consciousness of their own meaning will inevitably end as dehumanizing forces. *Labor Today* is a document on the side of human wholeness, at once knowledgeable, sober, and urgent.

A Civilize

Can comparable urgency be claimed for a novel whose chief setting is a pre-World War I girls' school on the coast of England? The likelihood faint to begin with, decreases when you add into the equation that the novel in question—Elizabeth Bowen's *The Little Girls* (Knopf, \$5.95)—is cut below the author's best work. The moral theme of the book is the relation between innocence and cruelty, one that the author has explored before with passion and clarity. Her story of Dinah Delacroix's self-indulgent return to childhood may strike even her enthusiasts as too intricately told at the beginning and too swiftly untangled at the end. Here as elsewhere in her work she mounts a ferocious assault, through a burnished, lucid, but demanding style, on flat practical prose. And her angle of vision leads her away from the "problem" of feelinglessness to that of characters who feel too much.

THE NEW BOOKS

le who tyrannize others in order to clear a space for their own emotional transports.

et it doesn't follow that *The Little Girls* is irrelevant to contemporary needs. The book invites its reader to survey an unusually detailed picture of the affective life of a—love, hatred, nostalgia, envy, possessiveness—and thereafter to stage the canvas: to say how much this item seems permissible, how much of that item is extravagant, what must be done, or left undone, a right balance of feeling and self-discipline is to be found. The reader is occupied is never shocked, as he when he sees Betsey Wapshot turn away coldly from her fallen neighbor. is never tormented by a sense of

impotence, as he sometimes is while watching the trials of Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes. And at no moment does he feel particularly optimistic, pessimistic, virtuous, or sinful. He is, however, always assured of his full competence, his capacity not only to distinguish merit from meretriciousness but to care about the difference between the two. And what this means, of course, is that Miss Bowen, an artist, knows how to make a reader feel civilized. Such knowledge, less indispensable than rain or grain, is absolutely essential to the relish of both: if there were more of it available, the death of the heart would be nothing but a baseless rumor, an empty senseless threat.

Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Last Tresilians, by J. I. M. Stewart.

Since Mr. Stewart in another incarnation is Michael Innes who writes one of the best detective fiction coming out of England today, and in another is a Reader at Christ Church, Oxford, who has written among other things a distinguished book called *Motive in Shakespeare*, it is not surprising that this new novel about the literary and artistic world in contemporary London should be unlike any other you have ever read.

The sleuthing here is literary, nothing and wonderfully exciting. The last Tresilians" are the last pictures by a Cornish painter called Matthew Tresilian, recently deceased, an American art and literary scholar believes they show something mysterious and so far unrevealed about his life. He sets out to discover from the artist's friends and family what it is. The characters are so alive and mixed in with real literary and artistic folk that it is hard to believe they aren't real

themselves. The motives therefore seem natural and simple until suddenly, through the scholar's researches, it becomes apparent that some dreadful secret hangs over these nice people that does indeed have something to do with the pictures. Are the forces of evil too strong? Will they prevent the bright young lovers from living happily ever after? Well, for all its sophisticated humor, this is a deeply haunting book. By the author of *The Man Who Won the Pools*.

Norton, \$4.50

The First Day of Friday, by Honor Tracy.

Novelists writing about contemporary Ireland seem to overlay their stories with an antique atmosphere of poverty, decadence, madness, and generally feudal behavior. Maybe it is that way. It is certainly not unmixed with humor, but one has a sense that such writers are leaning more heavily on the memory of the past than on today's reality. Not that today's reality of neon and radio doesn't appear here. One of the funniest of many funny scenes in the

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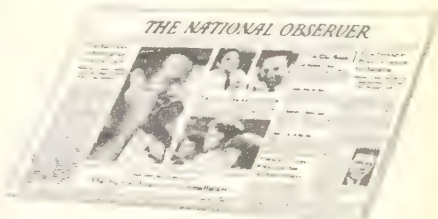
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

book has to do with a battered TV set and a senile old lady, so that it is evident modern inventions have actually got to Ireland as to most other places in the world. There is also a beat-up old Ford and a dial telephone. But the story of a witless housemaid—a family retainer (with triplets) who successfully resists all efforts of her progressively more impoverished and more exasperated, shabbily genteel employer—seems almost a set piece in its Irish temper, Irish shiftlessness, Irish befuddlement, Irish wit. Readers who like those qualities will enjoy this episodic tale of Irish who long to desert Ireland as the assessments go up and up but find they cannot for very Irish reasons; of the fey servant whose misunderstandings of everyday speech amount to genius; of a wonderful old priest and other assorted comic characters. It has utterly hilarious moments but there is too much of it, too leisurely for my taste. As for the title:

"A first Friday," one character says. "The nine Fridays, you know. Salvation. St Margaret Mary Alacoque." And the narrator comments, "St Margaret Mary à la Coque: the nine Fridays: salvation: how exotic it all did sound!"

It does.

Random House, \$4.95

The Devil's Chapel, by Laurence Lafore.

Here is witty satire more to my liking. What is the plural of *tour de force*? That is what Mr. Lafore has accomplished in this, his second novel. His first, *Learner's Permit*, was that unusual thing, a compassionate satire on the academic life based on an utterly improbable plot. If that plot was improbable this one is downright way-out, yet manages in its merry way to say a great deal about boredom in suburbia (Main Line, Pa.), religion, psychiatry, and human fallibility generally, and to read like a detective story into the bargain. His targets are more dispersed than in his first novel but he handles them all masterfully and manages to keep them within the bounds of fictional credibility and to be constantly amusing as well. Yet as in *Learner's Permit* his purpose is far from frivolous. Try this description of a suburban patio:

There was also a net for backton and a ring on a pole for practicing basketball shots. There was a small putting green. There were stakes for horseshoes. There was a steel frame equipped with ropes and rings for gymnastics. And the most prominent of all there was a straw archery target marked with brightly colored concentric circles. These assorted arrangements for recreation version proclaimed a positively leisurely dedication to leisure. It was rather tiring.

Doubleday, \$3.95

The Graduate, by Charles Webb

Benjamin Braddock has just finished his four years at a small Eastern college, with honors and a graduate fellowship. The night he turns home to suburban California his mother and father have invited the neighbors in to celebrate. He refuses to leave his room. He says he needs to be alone. He is disillusioned with education, life, the whole world. He has to figure it out. Finally he is forced to come down and have a drink and later to drive the wife of his father's law partner home. He puts on a little seduction act and some weeks later, after he has taken a stretch of aimless hitchhiking across the state, they start an affair. Most of the summer he sleeps on a raft in the swimming pool all day and goes out all night. He lets his fellowship lapse. His family is completely unable to stir him out of his lethargy or to communicate with him in any way. He can't answer their questions. They can't answer his. And THEN

In a world in which the young are privileged are seen in the press to be doing even more insane things every week or so, this behavior may sound not too surprising; just more of the confusing and depressing same. But this first novel by a young man who himself graduated from Williams in 1961 has a driving immediacy; it is told largely in quiet dialogue (his ear is excellent); and the reader becomes part of the educated confusion and helplessness of parents and child. It is not without humor, one is entirely involved, and though the story starts moving slowly one feels a latent tension as it seems entirely inevitable when it ends with the speed and mindless drive of a runaway locomotive.

New American Library, \$3.95

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Nonfiction

With Ionides, by Margaret Lane. Ionides is the famous naturalist snake man of Tanganyika who Margaret Lane, the author and broadcaster, in London on one of his visits there. Some months later she went to visit the philosopher Taganarian in his bare shack in a desolate country of East Africa and she spent many weeks in his effortless abode with the snake man and his snakes, talking, going on hunting trips, seeing the country, and visiting native villages. This is a remarkable story of that visit. A novice with snakes, she learned to handle and even admire the dangerous reptiles." She is persuasive and interesting. Her courage and curiosity I admire; also her reports of her conversations with this strange, solitary man who has lived alone in the African brush for more than thirty years and whose ideas about Africa past and present are illuminating. Her stories of visits to native villages and missionary hospitals are curious and perceptive as are her tales of the snakes and other animals. It may be a lack of adventurousness in me that makes me feel something is missing here. One feels one would be richer if one understood better why she was there. Being an author and broadcaster does not for me quite explain so odd and long a journey.

Viking, \$5

The Great Pianists, by Harold C. Schonberg.

I have seen this book highly recommended for music specialists, but I hasten to recommend it even to those who, like me, may be almost musical illiterates. It is a wonderful detective job into the nature of pianists and their playing—much of it long before the first recording gave any audible clues to go by. It obviously has meant months—probably years—of digging in libraries and old periodical rooms, and what Mr. Schonberg comes up with in terms of vivid illustrative anecdote is as fresh and lively as a May morning. There is his story, for instance, of Vladimir Pachmann, the "Chopinzee," in a London recital crouching over the keyboard so that nobody could see his

fingers. "Vy I do zis? . . . I will tell. I see in ze owdience *mein alte freund* Moriz Rosenthal, and I do not vish him to copy my fingering." He does the impossible, too, in translating musical effects into words, as in his description of Percy Grainger:

He was one of the keyboard originals—a pianist who forged his own style and expressed it with amazing skill, personality, and vigor, a healthy, forthright musical mind whose interpretations never sounded forced and who brought a bracing, breezy, and quite wonderful out-of-doors quality to the continuity of piano playing.

He is interesting in explaining the transition from the romantic pianist of the nineteenth century to the scholar pianist of the twentieth, using Wanda Landowska as a paradoxically dramatic example. Even the musically uninitiated will find himself charmed into learning in spite of himself, all the way from Mozart to Van Cliburn. The author is music critic of the *New York Times*.

Simon and Schuster, \$6.95

Bon Appétit

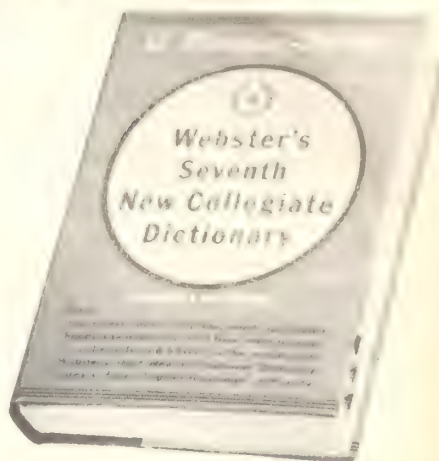
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British Bouquet: an Epicurean Tour of Britain, by Samuel Chamberlain.

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The British book is a photographic tour of England and Scotland with very specific information about places to go and the best places to eat when you get there (photographs and text by Mr. Chamberlain) and there is a final section of recipes compiled by his wife. Both books, as I have said, cater not only to the appetite but to the eye, and typographically they are a delight. Both are published by the Gourmet Distributing Company, 768 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$13.75 each

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Fifteen Old Violins

We can now listen to the great instruments of the Cremonese makers—and try to solve their mystery for ourselves.

Ruggiero Ricci has brought together about \$750,000 worth of old Italian violins and made an album called **The Glory of Cremona** (Decca DXSE 7179, stereo). He plays, with Leon Pommers at the piano, a group of short pieces, none of them of particular importance, ranging from early Italian composers to Kabalevsky. Each piece is played on a different fiddle, and there are fifteen in all—one by Andrea Amati, one by Nicolo Amati, six by Antonio Stradivari, one by Gasparo da Salo, one by Carlo Bergonzi, and five by Giuseppe Guarneri del Gesù. The earliest one was built by Andrea Amati around 1560-70; the last by Guarneri in 1744. This covers the entire history of the great Cremonese violin makers. Andrea Amati (about 1520 to about 1578) perfected the violin as we know it today, and Stradivari (1644-1737) and Guarneri del Gesù (1698-1744) closed the period of great violin making.

Andrea Amati's earliest-known violins date from about 1564. He set himself up in Cremona, and for two centuries he and his descendants made violins. To Cremona came others desirous of learning the craft. Andrea Guarneri came to the Amati workshop as an apprentice, and so did Stradivari. Stradivari then went off by himself and, quite literally, spent his entire long life (he died at the age of ninety-three) making violins and other string instruments—well over a thousand. It is said that he worked day and night, summer and winter, and that his untiring industry and frugal habits made him so wealthy that the good citizens of Cremona had a phrase: "*ricco come Stradivari*." He had two sons in his

workshop, but neither achieved the reputation of the great Antonio.

The Guarneri family was more prolific. Andrea was a fellow pupil of Stradivari in the workshop of Nicolo Amati. Several of his descendants became great instrument makers, the greatest of all being Guarneri del Gesù. Virtually all of the important violinists from the nineteenth century on have played either a Stradivarius or a del Gesù. Both Stradivari and Guarneri were innovators. Stradivari at first followed the Amati models. Around 1688 he started off on his own, and by 1690 was making violins that were significantly different in proportion from all that had preceded them. His instruments now were larger and threw much more tone. These are called "the long Strads." Stradivari is considered the most perfect of all workmen. He personally took care of all details of a violin—the pegs, fingerboards, tailpieces, inlays, bridges. (In some workshops, the master took care of the body only, leaving the rest to the apprentices.)

Guarneri was not the perfectionist that Stradivari was. Nor did his work have much in common with that of Stradivari. Experts point out that Guarneri did not imitate either Stradivari or the Amati family. Instead he went back to the early Brescian makers, such as Gasparo da Salò and Paolo Maggini. The outlines of a Guarneri fiddle are apt to be bold and rugged: "masterly carelessness," says *Grove's Dictionary*. Guarneri was primarily interested in tone. He was constantly experimenting with placement of sound holes, with size and materials. Throughout his career (says *Grove's*), "he worked with no uniformity as to design, size, appearance, or degree of finish and without any guide but his own genius and the principles

which he himself wrought out experiment."

The greatest of all violinists, Paganini, owned a Guarneri. So did Vieuxtemps, Sauret, Wieniawski, Ysaye, and, in our day, so do Heifetz and Stern. (Many important violinists, of course, own both a Guarneri and a Strad.) Joachim, Sarasate, and Kubelik favored the Stradivarius; so, in our day, do Eliahu Inbal, Francescatti, Menuhin, Milsok, Morini, and Oistrakh. Kreisler owned both a Strad and a Guarneri.

In the album notes to his recording, Ricci (a Guarneri man; he owns one that formerly belonged to Boris Krumpholtz) points out that the Strad has a more velvety, organic tone than any violin. The Guarneri, on the other hand, is apt to be favored by the virtuoso, as it is both more rugged and responsive. Stradivari generally requires more gentle and coaxing approach than does a Guarneri. With a Strad, the note change is often more fluid. The sound of the Guarneri, on the other hand, has more core and of itself permits greater intensity in playing. One can dig with the bow and sob or break on the note as Italian tenors do. There is more of a natural break, as in a wind instrument.

Why is it that in our day, when science and technology the old Cremonese violins still cannot be duplicated? Men have come with calipers and micrometers; have measured every turn and bulge of a Strad; have secured the same wood and have given wood the same measurements to expert craftsmen to duplicate, to the last hundredth of an inch. Still no Strad. Only a short time ago, Carleen Maley Hutchins, writing in the November 1962 issue of *Scientific American*, went thoroughly into the physics of violin sound, ending with the plea: "We really ought to learn how to make consistent better instruments than the old masters did." But still no Strads are coming out of the labs or model luthier workshops.

It is generally believed that the secret is in the varnish. Again quoting the writer in *Grove's*: "Generally speaking, the so-called 'lost Cremona varnish' was, in the writer's opinion, no secret in Stradivari's lifetime, but the common property of the makers of the day

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

ho compounded it from the materials used by the great painters of the epoch.... The exigencies of the limits which have brought a demand for quick-drying varnishes in modern times sounded the death knell of the brilliant, tender, transparent varnish of the Cremona school, so that the world has been forced to acknowledge that it is now mere memory. Stradivari's own cello was inscribed on the flyleaf of a family Bible, but his descendant Giacomo Stradivari destroyed this, though it is said that he kept a copy of it which he carefully preserved for any future members of the family who might adopt the profession of their illustrious ancestor."

Returning (at long last) to the new Ricci record, it is a beauty parade of violins. They pass before the listener in a row, each more glamorous and lovely than the other. The ear cannot retain the differences. All one knows is that sensuous sounds are coming from the loudspeakers. But Decca and Ricci have also provided a more direct comparison. Packaged in the album is a seven-inch disc on which Ricci plays, on all fifteen violins, the few bars of the solo entrance in Bruch's G minor Concerto. Here the ear can retain the differences, and they are most striking.

It would take an expert to say: "This is a Guarneri, that a Strad." But it does not take an expert to note significant differences. Take the first three examples. The two early Amati violins played by Ricci sound clear, perhaps a trifle thin, quite lovely, but relatively unresonant. Then comes the "Spanish" Strad, an instrument once owned by Ole Bull and, later, Paul Kochanski. (It is called the "Spanish" Strad because it was mistakenly assumed to have been made for the Spanish court.) This is an early instrument, 1677, and is based on the Amati models. But it has a sweeter, bigger tone than either of the Amatis played by Ricci. And so on. Ricci plays beautifully. He has selected music that is intended to bring out the cantabile, singing quality of the instruments he has collected, and his soaring playing does just that. If you are responsive to the glamour of the violin, don't miss this record.

JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

Civil Rites

The sweet, insinuating voice of Joan Baez begins and ends the first of the records named below, on a note of disembodied ecstasy so ethereal and convincing that one not only believes—"We Shall Overcome"—but believes in Miss Baez' belief. She is music so completely at the service of conviction that the two are one.

I contrast her treatment of the title song with Pete Seeger's out of awe at the differences between their styles. Mr. Seeger is self-deprecating—"folksy"—but intensely assertive of his personality. Miss Baez, after the manner of her generation, is "cool"; she achieves her intensities in withdrawal and restraint. Mr. Seeger is a child of the 'thirties; his modalities were formed in a period when a shaggy, aw-shucks accent was thought to be a powerful liberal tactic.

To be sure, both records illuminate the degree to which folk music has become the idiom of young-liberal protest—which includes protest about The Bomb and the way the world treated Marilyn Monroe as well as protest on behalf of the American Negro. And this is ironical in that the Negroes' greatest music, jazz, has with rare exceptions (a handful of records: Armstrong, Holiday, Mingus) not been the clarion call of emancipation. Instead of power and passion, we get Bob Dylan.

The record of the March on Washington is mostly filled with words; the singers consistently suffer interruption at the hands of the speakers. Perhaps it was the judgment of the editors, as it will likely be of the listeners, that the words (Miss Baez always excepted) convey more. For the trouble with political folk music, as Mr. Seeger's falls from subtlety suggest, is that it tends to be indiscriminating, and it whines.

We Shall Overcome. The March on Washington, August 28, 1963. Authorized recording by the Council for United Civil Rights Leadership (many companies). **We Shall Overcome.** Pete Seeger. Carnegie Hall Concert. Columbia CS 8901.



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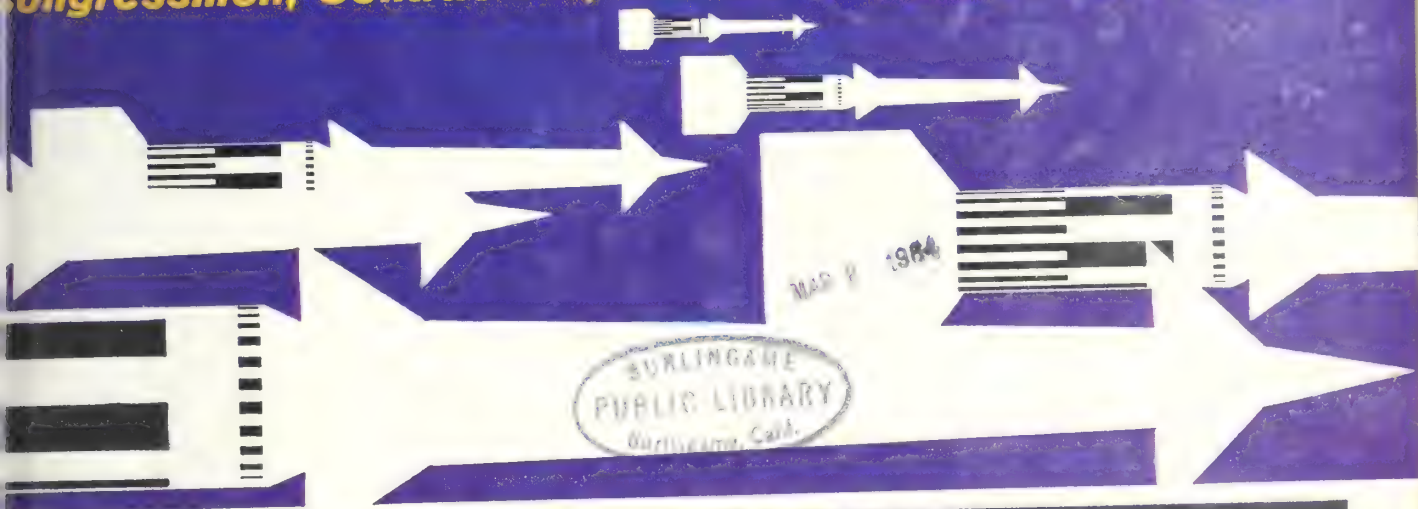
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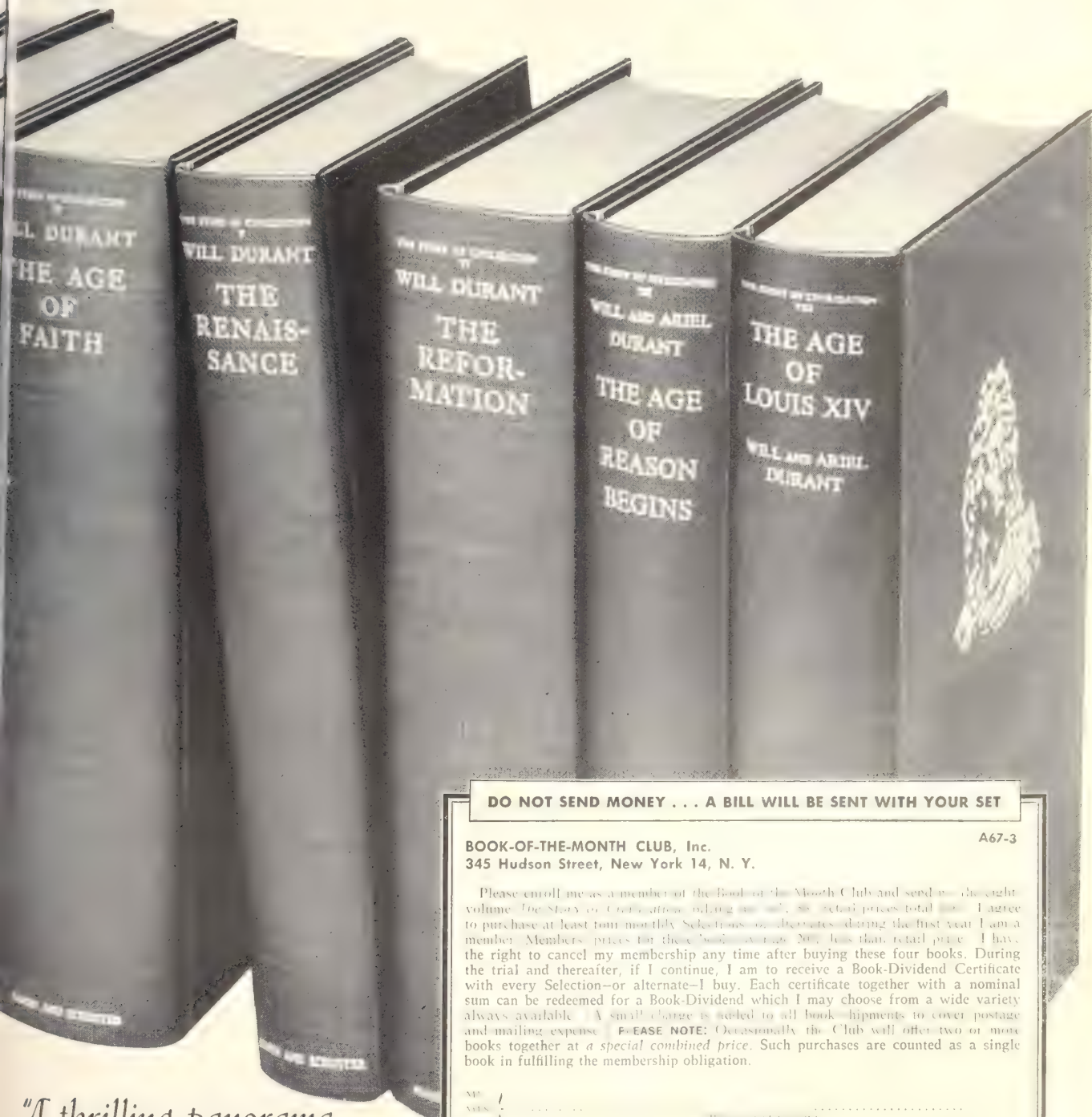
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LETTERS

The Questioning Jew

I am irritated with Rabbi Morris Adler's article, "What Is a Jew?" [January]. . . . As long as the Jew holds himself apart from a society because he is convinced of his superiority to it, he cannot be accepted by it. . . . I feel deeply about this. My great-grandfather was one Jakob Loeb, a Jew born in Leipzig; he married a German Lutheran girl and emigrated to Canada. No one persecuted him in Baden, Ontario. The Loebes were accepted as an integral part of the community. My mother, granddaughter of Jakob, finds any discussion of Jewish identification merely quaint. We are Americans. . . .

Dr. Adler, in a sense the synagogue should be blamed for the apprehensions and anxieties of the Jews—you should be urging intermarriage! Unlikely? Granted. But you can't . . . be superior to the group and belong to the group at the same time. . . .

CHARLES F. HAMPTON
Big Rapids, Mich.

Rabbi Adler refers to "an eminent Jewish thinker" who "tells him that Judaism is a civilization." Your readers should know that this "eminent" person is Mordecai M. Kaplan, founder of the Reconstructionist movement in contemporary Jewish life and for more than half a century a professor at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. As such he certainly is entitled to a more accurate description of his viewpoint. . . . Dr. Kaplan teaches that Jews must live in two civilizations in this country, the American and the Jewish, and that they must bring to bear upon each other the affirmative and creative values of the other. . . . Judaism, according to Dr. Kaplan, cannot function as a "complete" civilization anywhere except in Israel. . . .

The crucial fact about contemporary Jews is that they are now an integral part of American life. . . . Rabbi Adler did not make clear that the problem "What is a Jew?" is a *new* problem, one which came to the fore when Jews entered into

the stream of non-Jewish life. It is not a manifestation of an age-long neuroticism.

Dr. Kaplan is not satisfied merely with the term "civilization." The full description is: "an evolving religious civilization."

DR. IRA EISENSTEIN, Pres.
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Finally, you secured an authentic Jew to expound Judaism. Rabbi Adler is a superb spokesman for our faith and . . . he's as modest as he is great. I was with him in the Philippines when he grew that beard. He didn't need it, as he contends, to accentuate the distinctiveness of Judaism. That became evident to anyone who chatted with him for a few moments, or who listened to him glitter on the pulpit.

RABBI SAMUEL M. SILVER
Temple Sinai
Stamford, Conn.

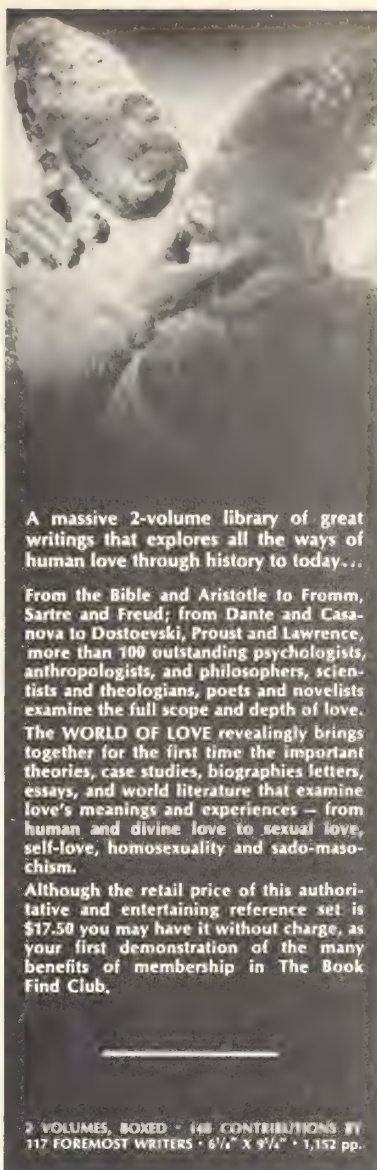
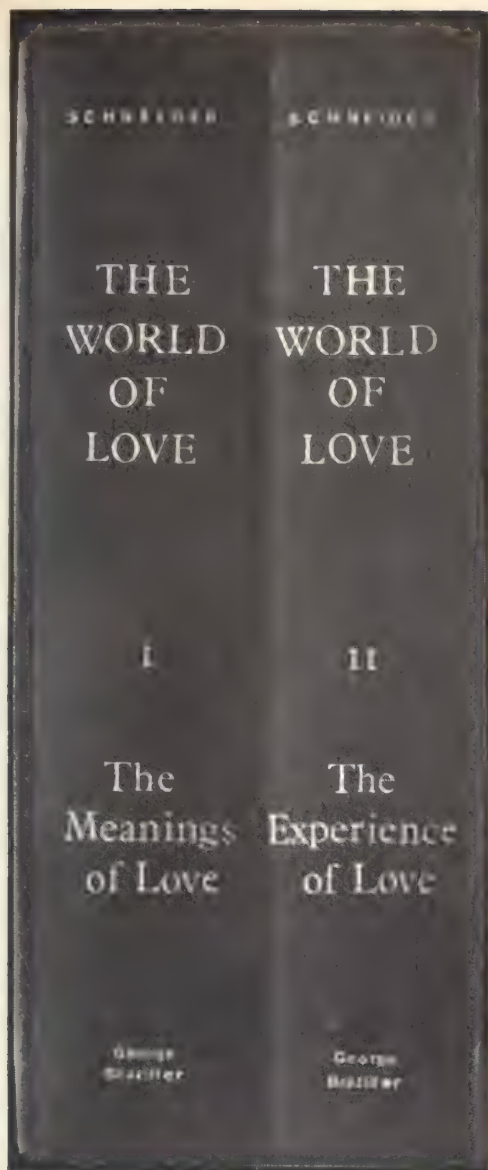
Yankee Veto

Last night for reading in bed I unfortunately chose the article on "My Poetic Career in Vermont Politics" by William Jay Smith [January]. . . . The crux of my complaint is the waxing administered by Professor Smith to the Vermont State Legislature after serving one term, and one term only, as the member from Pownal. . . . Smith knows damn little about the Legislature and still less about the State of Vermont. . . .

HOLLIS FRENCH
Salisbury, Vt.

It is probable that a member who goes to the Vermont Legislature . . . lacking in ability to lead might just find himself in so frustrating a state of mind that the only satisfaction for his ego would be to strike back with the satire of "My Poetic Career in Vermont Politics." The article and the illustrations are unjust and in very poor taste.

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How LONG Is Too SHORT?

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

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LETTERS

William Jay Smith's account should be read by all conscientious citizens as ribald evidence of the "Sleepy Hollows" that exist in many state legislatures today. . . .

MICHAEL CARGILE
Dallas, Tex.

save the long-suffering taxpayer than by cutting our Ambassadors' lunch money. . . .

BARRY A. FULLERTON
University Park, Pa.

The Risks of Being Born

"The damaged newborn" ["Reducing the Hazards of Birth," Allen C. Barnes, M.D., January] has become a label of terror to parents and, to a lesser extent, physicians. Many of these children are of normal intellect and have not sustained actual damage to the brain. Rather, the defects are on a genetic or heredo-familial basis. It cannot be overemphasized that the degree of prenatal care plays a very minor role in these developmental disorders.

There is no question that prenatal care may obviate specific cases of brain hemorrhage, toxi-metabolic disorders, infections and post-infectious complications, hematologic and immunologic disorders, as well as peripheral nerve injuries. The emphasis placed on these conditions is certainly warranted.

M. H. LAMPERT, M.D.
San Antonio, Tex.

Dr. Barnes says that "whether there is a one-in-five or a one-in-a-hundred chance of a defective baby," in his opinion, "this is a risk few people should take." He seems to be arguing for legalized abortions in such cases. However, this would mean killing from four to ninety-nine normal fetuses in order to prevent the birth of a single defective fetus. This hardly seems compatible with his concern for the unborn baby.

SOLOMON GARB, M.D.
Columbia, Mo.

As a doctor and as a citizen, I wish we had more articles like Dr. Barnes's. It is rare that such a subject is so well handled, so honestly.

JUDD BOCKNER, M.D.
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Mr. Smith . . . has buried in this article a gross misrepresentation of apportionment. Our bicameral legislature is modeled on the Congress. The intent is that one house shall have members each of whom represents approximately the same number of people and that the other house shall have members each of whom represents a single political unit. Thus, in theory, passage of a bill by the one will represent the will of the majority of people, and passage by the other a majority of the political units of the state. So it is in the national Congress. There, however, the political unit is a state, while in Vermont the political unit is a town. Mr. Smith does not complain because the State of Vermont exercises as much voting power in the Senate as the State of California. Yet he derides the application of the same principle to the Vermont legislature because small towns exercise as much voting power as larger towns in one house. He neglects to state that a bill must also pass in another body whose members are representative of the population. . . .

Even if one accepts the repulsive assumption that the one house is controlled by poor stupid ignorant clods, elected as they are by uneducated farmers from tiny towns, the requirement that legislation also pass the second house, elected on the basis of population, provides [for the citizen the] protection of the laws. . . .

STUART T. MARTIN, Pres.
WCAX-TV
Burlington, Vt.

Rooney's Purse Strings

It was with great pleasure that I read Henry S. Villard's Easy Chair article, "How to Save Money—An Open Letter to Congressman John J. Rooney" [January]. This factual yet humorously disgusting account reveals the absurdity of our Congressional committee system. . . . One would think Congressional leaders could find more constructive ways to

Dr. Barnes has failed to list one of the most significant hazards to normal birth and healthy offspring—*anesthesia*. . . . Any anesthetic which is powerful enough to render the mother unconscious produces drastic effects and possible brain damage to the baby. . . . A healthy, conscious,



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To carry it *all* away with you, just be sure to pack one thing into your trip: *a week*.

LETTERS

educated participation by the mother in the delivery process does more than eliminate the possible damaging effects of anesthetic. . . .

It is a curious turn in history which places man rather than woman in the key position during the modern birth process—all in the name of humanely releasing woman from pain. I should like to see some of the obstetricians put on the couch to find out why they have such an emotional block against allowing woman to dominate the only process in her entire life in which she is entitled to play the leading role. . . .

DOROTHY L. KIRSCHBAUM
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Verse Adrift

In your January issue, the third stanza of my poem "Azores" reads:

The tourists, thrilling
from the deck,
hail shrilly pretty
the hillsides flecked

The "the" in the fourth line should be omitted; not only does the scansion boggle at it, but the syntax, delicately threaded through a backwards-looking adverb and a forward-looking adjective, unravels.

JOHN UPDIKE
Ipswich, Mass.

We boggled. Our editorial apologies to Mr. Updike.

Growing Pains in Africa

David Hapgood's article about "Africa's New Elites" [December] is by no means complete or accurate. Mr. Hapgood spent the bulk of his African time in Senegal and French-speaking West Africa, which are by no means fully representative of all of Africa. . . .

Some of Africa's new leaders, as cabinet ministers with virtually no previous managerial experience or training, keep large departments operating in the face of staggering economic and personnel obstacles. . . . Much of what Mr. Hapgood says about their inclination toward such status symbols as cars and large houses is true. But one might ask how a cabinet minister with a salary of \$7,000 to \$10,000 per year could function without these "luxuries," if he is to get from place to place (he

often is invited to four or five dinners, cocktail parties, and ceremonies each evening) in the few short hours he has. And without a suitable house how does he receive diplomats and the hordes of up-country constituents who call on him? . . .

Certainly politics and education rate high: the African faces a political problem of staggering magnitude in building a cohesive modern nation out of dozens of tribes. . . . And education, besides being almost universally regarded by Africans as the key to personal success, is absolutely basic to the development of manpower for political and economic development.

Does economic development rank low? . . . The carefully worked out three-, five-, or seven-year plans of Ghana, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, Ivory Coast, Tanganyika, and Uganda demonstrate the African "rulers" concern with economic development. And they are making a serious effort to implement these plans. . . .

E. JEFFERSON MURPHY, Vice Pres.
African-American Institute
Washington, D.C.

DAVID HAPGOOD REPLIES:

Mr. Murphy's letter should be labeled for what it is: public relations. His African-American Institute seeks the goodwill of African governments for its backers, notably the U.S. government and American mining interests in Africa. That is the Institute's business. It is not mine. Nor do I believe that glossing over reality serves the long-run interests of the people of Africa or of the U. S.

Many Africans believe, as I do, that "a suitable house" to "receive diplomats" and transport to "four or five dinners, cocktail parties, and ceremonies each evening" are not high-priority needs in today's Africa, where so many urgent needs go unfilled. I wonder if Mr. Murphy would dare make such a remark if Americans rather than Africans were suffering the consequences.

As to education for development, does Mr. Murphy believe that schools that produce hordes of unemployed youths are really helping Africa develop? Does he think that reading an economic plan, even if "carefully worked out," tells you how the government is actually spending its money? And to give Sierra Leone and the Ivory Coast as examples of

dare



for the woman who
dares to be different...

EMERAUDE

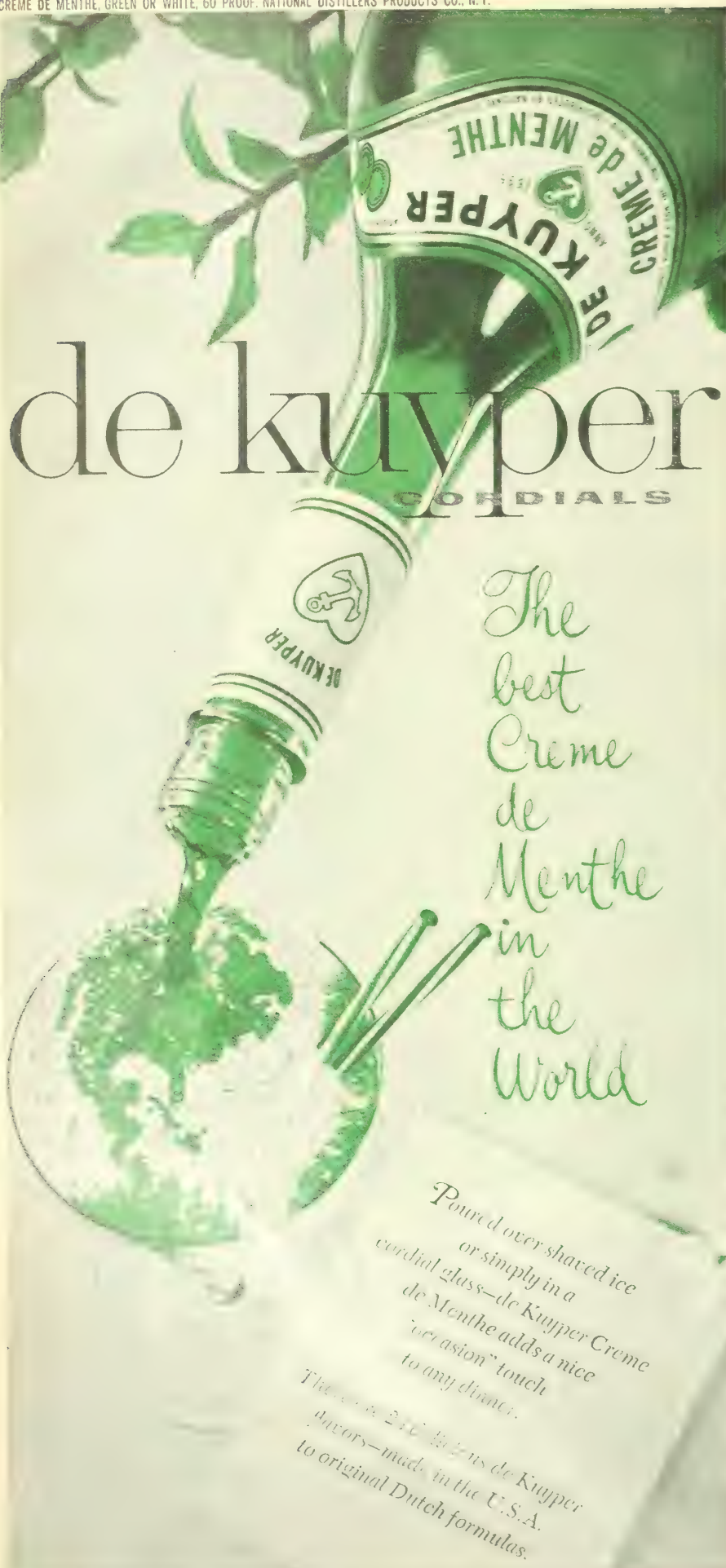
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LETTERS

"concern" and "serious effort" is the purest of public relations gestures toward those governments. . . .

Icebergs and Articles

John Fischer's Easy Chair for September ["Helping Hand for a Literary Upstart"] is important indeed for magazine writers. I could have wished for some mention of *The Reader's Digest* in connection with the quality of articles due to more time and more research allotted to them and more money paid to the writers themselves.

Our Robert Littell, who so recently died, wrote masterpieces for us. And Max Eastman, William L. White, Wolfgang Langewiesche . . . these are more than quick-sale writers for a quick buck. . . . I've heard many newspapermen boast they can turn out a magazine article in a weekend. It just ain't so. I remember our great *Reader's Digest* editor, Marc Rose, saying that most articles by newspapermen which came to us were superficial. They showed insufficient preparation, not enough digging, no thorough research. "A good nonfiction article," he said, "like an iceberg, shows about one-eighth of the material that went into the making of it. But the unseen seven-eighths is what gives the piece solidity, authority, conviction." . . .

GRACE NAISMITH, Assoc. Ed.
The Reader's Digest
New York, N.Y.

Sexless January?

What happened to *Harper's* in January? Two poems, both of which had not only rhythm, but also rhyme, and, as a bonus, even made sense. And fiction about owls, yet! No prostitutes? No off-beat characters? No weirdies? We were about to cancel our subscription because *Harper's* was getting too "far out" for us to fathom. It's not sheer naïveté; we simply prefer to spend our reading time (and money) on reading material that either informs or entertains in an "uplifting" sort of way. New hope comes with the January issue. Is it some sort of new trend? Are sin and sex and strangeness going out of style (we hope!)?

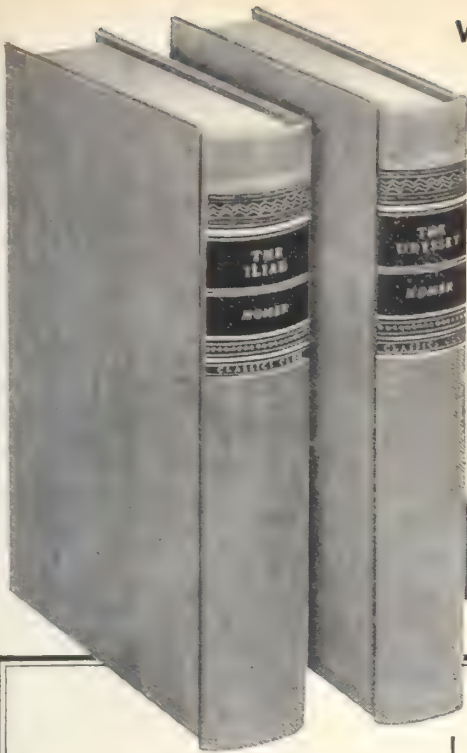
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Last year, Puerto Rico bought more goods from the U. S. mainland than 13 countries of Latin America combined. Even more than the entire continent of rapidly developing Africa.

Only Canada, Japan, West Germany and the United Kingdom rank ahead of Puerto Rico as U. S. markets. On a per capita basis, the Commonwealth is our best customer. Each person in Puerto Rico buys an average of \$400 worth of U. S. goods annually—almost *twice as much* as each person in second-place Canada.

Last year, the people of the Commonwealth paid \$25.4 million for U. S. dairy products, \$65 million for automobiles and parts, \$42 million for textiles and clothing, nearly \$12 million for cigarettes. *Plus* dozens of other items. Grand total: *a billion dollars' worth of products from the U. S. mainland.*

All sections of U. S. reap benefits

The income from these purchases was spread throughout the states. The South received \$288 million. The Midwest received \$255 million. East Coast states, \$256 million. California, Washington and Oregon, \$93 million.

Why is Puerto Rico such a big customer? Because the Commonwealth's economy is flourishing. This is largely the result of "Operation Bootstrap," Puerto Rico's industrialization program. During the past decade, almost 1,000 factories have started operation in the Commonwealth. And new plants are continuing to open at the astonishing rate of *three a week*.

Wouldn't prospering Puerto Rico be a good place to make your products, too?

This is one in a series of reports to U. S. industry on the economic and cultural development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: Write for "Puerto Rico '63," a report on productivity, profits, and special incentives. The address: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 104H, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Let Us Begin:

An Invitation to Action on Poverty *by John Kenneth Galbraith*

John Fischer, who usually writes The Editor's Easy Chair, is away on a three-month fact-gathering trip in the Middle East and the Orient. During his absence the column will be written by guest contributors. Sitting in this month is John Kenneth Galbraith, author of "The Great Crash," "The Affluent Society," and other influential books. Last year Dr. Galbraith returned to Harvard University as Paul M. Warburg Professor of Economics, after serving in India from 1961 to 1963 as U.S. Ambassador.

The misfortune of the liberal is that he must suffer the censure of both his friends and his enemies. His friends are particularly severe, for, naturally enough, they hold him to much higher standards of intellectual deportment than those with whom they disagree. I speak here from experience. Because, a few years ago, I wrote a book which described our society as affluent I have ever since been accused of believing that there are no poor people left in the United States. This charge comes, to be sure, from those who have not read the book but as every author is aware this accounts for a distressingly large majority of the voting population and a not insignificant fraction of the more eloquent critics. I continue to hope that those who have been more profligate of their energy will recall that one of my principal purposes was to urge that growing wealth would not, of itself, solve the problem of poverty. Instead, with increased well-being, the position of those left behind would become ever more shameful—an anachronism from which we would be able to divert our eyes only with ever-increasing determination. But my purpose here is not to defend myself but—in the deeper tradition of American liberalism—to dwell on the shortcomings of other people.

The problem of poverty in the United States is the problem of people who for reasons of location, education, health, environment in youth or mental deficiency, or race are not able to participate effectively—or at all—in the economic life of the nation. Being barred from participation they are denied the income that accrues to participants. So they live in deprivation.

Those who argue that a steady expansion in economic output is a necessary condition for the elimination of poverty have a valid case. People who are able to participate in the economy must have a chance for jobs. And there also continues to be good reason for seeking a broad and equitable distribution of the revenues from production. Despite considerable propaganda to the contrary, our greatest current need is not a decision to be tender to the well-to-do. Their situation is not nearly so desperate as popularly represented or the current Congressional desire to help the higher tax brackets would seem to suggest. We should continue to bear in mind that one makes an economy work not by rewarding the rich but by rewarding all who contribute to its success.

But on one elementary point there must be no doubt. If the head of a family is stranded deep on the Cumberland Plateau, or if he never went to school, or if he has no useful skill, or if his health is broken, or if he succumbed as a youngster to a slum environment, or if opportunity is denied to him because he is a Negro, then he will be poor and his family will be poor and that will be true no matter how opulent everyone else becomes. A very large part of the very worst poverty is the affliction of people who are unable to make a useful contribution to the economy. Being unable to contribute they receive

nothing. They will continue to receive nothing no matter how rapidly the economy expands.

Equally there must be no doubt that the means for rescuing these people or their children—investment to conserve and develop resources, assistance in relocation of workers, assistance to new industries, vastly improved education, training and retraining, medical and mental care, youth employment, counseling, urban recreational facilities, housing, slum abatement, and the assurance of full civic equality—will require public effort and public funds. This must be honest effort and not pilot projects which are a modern device for simulating action without spending money. Poverty can be made to disappear. It won't be accomplished simply by stepping up the growth rate any more than it will be accomplished by incantation or ritualistic washing of the feet. Growth is only for those who can take advantage of it.

We have, of course, no hope of erasing this blot on our social life if we are affected by the thinking of that new and interesting cult which call themselves the modern conservatives. As to this, I suppose, there will be general agreement. The modern conservative is not even especially modern. He is engaged, on the contrary, in one of man's oldest, best financed, most applauded, and, on the whole, least successful exercises in moral philosophy. That is the search for a superior moral justification for selfishness. It is an exercise which always involves a certain number of internal contradictions and even a few absurdities. The conspicuously wealthy turn up urging the character-building value of privation for the poor. The man who has struck it rich in minerals, oil, or other bounties of nature is found explaining the

1



If I don't miss my guess, I'd say George has the makings of a top lawyer.

I see him more as the scientific type—an engineer or physicist.

2



I say lawyer because he always seems to prevail, no matter how forcefully I make a point.

Yet look at the way he works with his hands.

3



I think we're both jumping the gun in predicting his career.

Well, he is only 3. It's possible his interests may still change.

4



But he definitely is college material.

No doubt about that. The only problem is—where are we going to get the money to put him through college?

5



Oh, we'll have the money, all right.

John, do you have a nest-egg you're keeping secret from me?

6



No, but I have something just as good—Equitable's College Policy. It guarantees money will be there to help pay for George's education. Pays double the benefits if I'm not there. And by getting the policy now, we can afford it easily, because we can spread the premiums over a long period of years.

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debilitating effect of unearned income from the state. The corporation executive who is a superlative success as an organization man weighs in on the evils of bureaucracy. Federal aid to education is feared by those who live in suburbs that could easily forgo this danger, and by people whose children are in private schools. Socialized medicine is condemned by men emerging from Walter Reed Hospital. Social Security is viewed with alarm by those who have the comfortable cushion of an inherited income. Those who are immediately threatened by public efforts to meet their needs—whether widows, small farmers, hospitalized veterans, or the unemployed—are almost always oblivious to their danger.

The first three or four times that I read *The Conscience of a Conservative* I confess that I was slightly attracted by the vision of a young, two-fisted man of my own age, up from the ranks, self-reliant, self-made, accepting the risk of illness without income, disdaining any organized provision for his old age, asking only that he might keep safe from the tax collector what he earned by the sweat of his own brow. I continue to think of this as the work of a detached scholar. But, in the purely literary way that one writer explores the psyche of another, I wonder if some personal anxieties are not eased by identification with a really good department store.

I have no thought of reproach here. My own interest in the Harvard retirement plan slumped appallingly when my books began to appear on the best-seller lists and my wife, quite unexpectedly, became the beneficiary of the small remnants of a New England fortune founded, we believe, on the development of a better horse blanket. Why, we wondered, should the Internal Revenue Service share so handsomely in the royalties when it had had no part in the lonely agonies of composition? Should not the spirit of enterprise that produced those blankets be better rewarded in the present generation? For one fleeting moment Young Americans for Freedom had their chance.

It is not conservatives, however, but liberals who are the object of my present interest. It is to them, conservatives will be relieved to realize,

that I address my word of reproach.

The elimination of poverty at home and its mitigation abroad are jobs for liberals. They will not be accomplished unless liberalism is a determined faith. That, alas, is what it is ceasing to be. It is coming to be supposed that there is something uncouth about argument, unwise about controversy, and irresponsible about innovation. A high State Department official expressed regret a few weeks ago—I am sorry to say that he had India in mind—that Ambassadors should involve his otherwise placid institution in controversy. Liberals, I fear, are responding to this mood.

I am not at all sure that on either foreign or domestic policy the liberal serves his highest function by acting as a Distant Early Warning system for right-wing criticism. Nor is he most needed in order to provide an elegant and sophisticated *rationale* for what conservative officials have always done. Nor is it certain that he should measure his success by the applause which the Establishment reserves in really fulsome measure for the once dangerous radical who has shown that he is open to sound conservative persuasion. I am not even certain that we most need liberals in order to alert us to the menace of communism. These are all matters on which I hope to dwell one day at greater length. Service to the United States in the field of foreign policy is not without its educational value in these respects. For the moment let me simply say to the liberal who believes that he does enough by endowing the public scene with his presence, rather than by pursuing his convictions, that I agree that it is a good life. It is also a lot like being one of the warriors in the Washington, D.C., parks. The posture is heroic; the sword is held high; but, alas, the movement is nil.*

It is especially important that liberals not be defensive about the pub-

* In suggesting that the Purely Decorative Liberal (who may be known for short as a PDL or Piddler) is a waste of time and should be recognized as such, I have no thought of suggesting that working liberals leave the government. This disconcerting interpretation was read into these remarks. I think innocently, by a reporter when I first made them in Washington some weeks ago.

lic tasks that lie ahead. These are becoming more and not less urgent and it would be an especially shocking miscalculation to postpone needed public services in order to get tax reduction. The case for tax reduction rests on the need to reduce the dampening effect of taxation at high levels of output and income and thus insure that these levels are maintained. The further effect, it is argued, will be increased tax revenues from a better functioning economy. Whatever the merits of this case, it provides no support for the contention that needed tasks of government should be held back to facilitate the cut. This is now being suggested and some have gone on to argue that tax reduction is so important a goal that the public-welfare functions should be cut back so that it may be accomplished with safety. Professor Raymond Saulnier, President Eisenhower's informed and by no means obdurately conservative economic adviser, has concluded that the non-defense expenditures of the United States—he mentions as illustrative those for the Rural Electrification Administration, Agency for International Development, Export-Import Bank, Farmers' Home Administration, outlays for civil public works, research—should be cut by two billions if there is to be both tax reduction and provision for the built-in or contractual increases in federal outlays. This means that tax reduction is not for the public good but is imposed at public cost for its own sake.

John F. Kennedy liked to describe himself as a prudent man. And he hated extravagance of any sort—extravagant speech, extravagant gesture, waste of money. President Johnson is, I believe, a wisely prudent man. No one would ask for any other kind of national leader. Departments should answer well for their needs. There is no case for redundant bases, unneeded manpower, or unused services. The quarrel is with those who see in sound public service some danger to society. In fact the public services are one of the two great forces in the fiscal system working for economic equity and social stability.

We have long recognized that the progressive income tax is one such force. In the last quarter of the last century and the first quarter of this



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BETTER MEDICINES FOR A BETTER WORLD

THE EASY CHAIR

entury, the concentration of wealth proceeded at a rapid, even appalling, rate in the United States. There seemed to be good ground for the Marxist prediction that this concentration would, in the end, destroy the vitality of capitalism and bring its destruction. The income tax was a major step in arresting this trend and thus annulling Marx's prediction. Conservatives have many reasons to be grateful for the Taft family but there can be little doubt that its greatest single monument is William Howard Taft's successful bid for a constitutional amendment permitting the progressive income tax. I do not share the enthusiasm, now also at a high pitch in some places, for making the tax less progressive. (Provisions in the new tax bill for a more liberal exemption of income in the form of capital gains are a remarkably frank form of free-loading for high-bracket taxpayers. I would hope that all legislators be questioned closely as to their stand on this item next autumn with a view to appropriate reward.)

But we need to bear in mind that the incidence of public services is similar to that of the progressive income tax. It also strongly favors the least fortunate.

Thus the well-to-do family can escape to the country. It is the poor who need parks and whose children need swimming pools. Only the poor live in the slums and require the myriad of services that, we may hope, will one day mitigate urban congestion and public squalor. The well-to-do live in communities that have good schools; it is the schools of slum dwellers and wage and salary workers which would be principally improved by federal aid to education. Colleges and universities are more accessible to the rich than to the poor. It is the masses and not the classes who use mass transportation. The elderly couple of less than average income would be the major beneficiary of medicare. Social security, minimum-wages enforcement, youth employment are all most important for the least well-to-do. It is poor children who play in dirty streets. It is their father who gets laid off when public works are suddenly cut back.

Even the protective functions of the state are most important for those in the lower income brackets.



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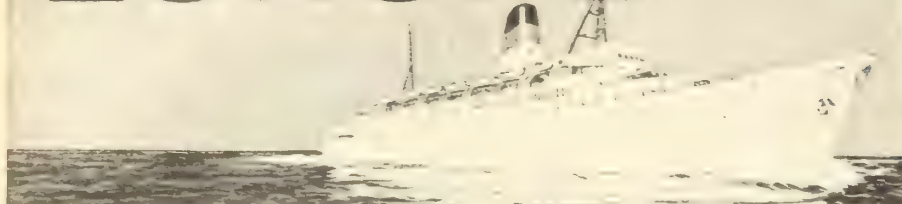


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THE EASY CHAIR

Lethal serum and poison drugs do, one gathers, work rather democratically on rich and poor alike. But many of us could probably survive a certain amount of exploitation in our prescriptions, fraud in our food packaging, mendacity in our dental advertising, or thimblerrigging in our securities. We live in parts of cities where epidemics are less likely. The family that struggles to make ends meet, the widow with life-insurance money around loose, the dwellers in urban tenements need the protection of an alert FTC, FDA, SEC, and Public Health Service.

Public services have, to use the economist's word, a strong redistributive effect. And this effect is strongly in favor of those with lower incomes. Those who clamor the loudest for public economy are those for whom public services do the least. Tax reduction that curtails or limits public services has a double effect in comforting the comfortable and afflicting the poor.

This is something which liberals should not forget. I venture to think there is an even stronger lesson for the man of goodwill and good income who, regardless of political disposition, counts himself a good and compassionate citizen. When he is tempted by a crusade against public expenditure, he should remember that the sacrifice is not his. This is all the more true, for the crusaders almost invariably exclude defense expenditures, the one large outlay that even the most affluent corporation finds a convenient source of revenue.

In recent times there has been a noticeable reluctance to base social policy on differences in personal income—or even to admit that they exist. Politicians now avoid the subject. As pornography has become ever more popular, inequality has become obscene. Ours is a classless society; we must not set the poor against the rich, or possibly vice versa.

This is great nonsense. There are wide differences in ability to pay in our society. There are also wide differences in the benefit from public services. These are facts of life to be treated without rancor but with full candor. The progressive income tax is a powerful force for equality and the stability of our economic institutions. So are public services. To sup-

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THE EASY CHAIR

pose that public services are of equal benefit to people of all income, and hence that there is equality of sacrifice in curtailment, is to work a fraud on the poorest of our citizens.

My impression is that poverty will be eliminated primarily by energetic action along lines on which we are already working—on civil rights, education, slum abatement, the rest. Action on these several fronts has just been promised, as this goes to press, in the new State of the Union message. President Johnson has put the problem firmly on the public conscience. I would like to urge one further and very concrete step.

To the best of knowledge there is no place in the world where a well-educated population is really poor. If so, let us here in the United States select, beginning next year, the hundred lowest-income counties (or, in the case of urban slums, more limited areas of substantial population and special need) and designate them as special educational districts. These would be equipped (or re-equipped) with a truly excellent and comprehensive school plant, including both primary and secondary schools, transportation, and the best in recreational facilities. The employment on construction in this part of the task would be well-adjusted to the areas of unemployment.

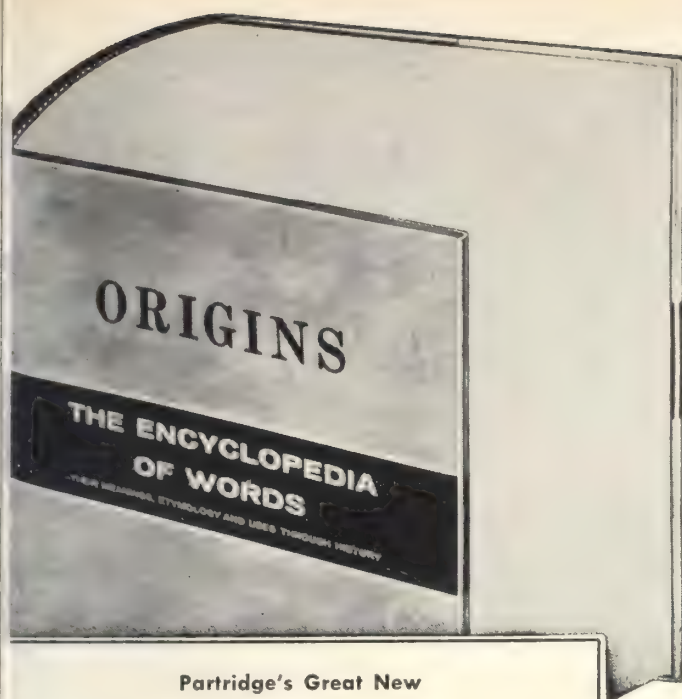
Next, in the manner of the Peace Corps, but with ample pay, an elite body of teachers would be assembled—ready to serve in the most remote areas, tough enough and well-trained enough to take on the worst slums, proud to go to Harlan County or to Harlem. By this one step we would overcome the present difficulty in getting good teachers to go where they are most needed. I would think that the minimum salary for men and women qualifying for this Corps should be around \$12,000.

Finally, the scheme should include modest educational grants to families to feed and clothe children for school and to compensate for their earnings. Breakfast should be available for children who need it in addition to lunch. Perhaps there should be an issue of efficient and attractive clothing. Specifically qualified members of the Corps would be available for counseling on home conditions, following up on truancy and delinquency,

and otherwise insuring that these youngsters overcome the environment to which the accident of birth committed them. Those who need it would be provided with medical and psychiatric care. The year following, the program would be enlarged and extended to the next 150 or two hundred most abysmal areas. It would come to cover as quickly as possible the areas of need. But it would not go beyond areas of low income or, as in the case of the slums, of special educational problems.

This is not federal aid to education. It is an attack on poverty by what I would judge to be the most effective single step that could be taken. Can anyone argue that youngsters with these facilities and this training would share the dismal fate of their parents? As incomes rise above a specified level, the schools would be returned to the localities in accordance with a cost-sharing formula that would take account of increasing ability to pay. Those who fear federal control of education are amply protected. The effort would not affect them.

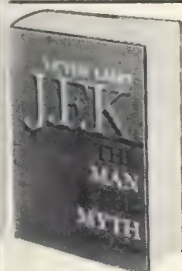
There are adequate precedents for such action. Some ten years ago it was sadly evident that our highways were heading for trouble. In the richer states they were fairly good. Elsewhere they were too few, too narrow, and too slow. One day soon the vehicles would be backing up into Detroit itself. Then we would have only an interlocked mass of metal full of sound but devoid of movement. The consequences for business would be far from agreeable. Foreseeing this crisis, the federal government stepped in. Disdaining to be bound by the time-honored formulae for sharing costs with the states, it proceeded, subject to some fairly transparent disguises, to contribute up to 90 per cent of the cost of the new highways. General Motors did not object. Ford did not object. Chrysler did not object. The National Association of Manufacturers was acquiescent. Mr. Lucius Clay, the father of the scheme, was at no time stigmatized as a radical promoter of big government. Confident of the same approval, I would urge that we finance in the same way this frontal attack on the areas where education is worst, is needed most, and has the most to offer.



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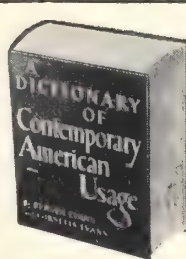
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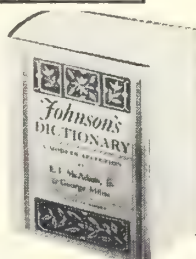


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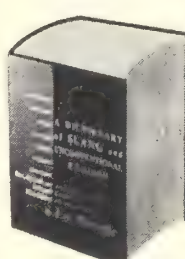


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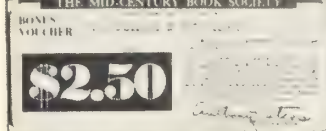
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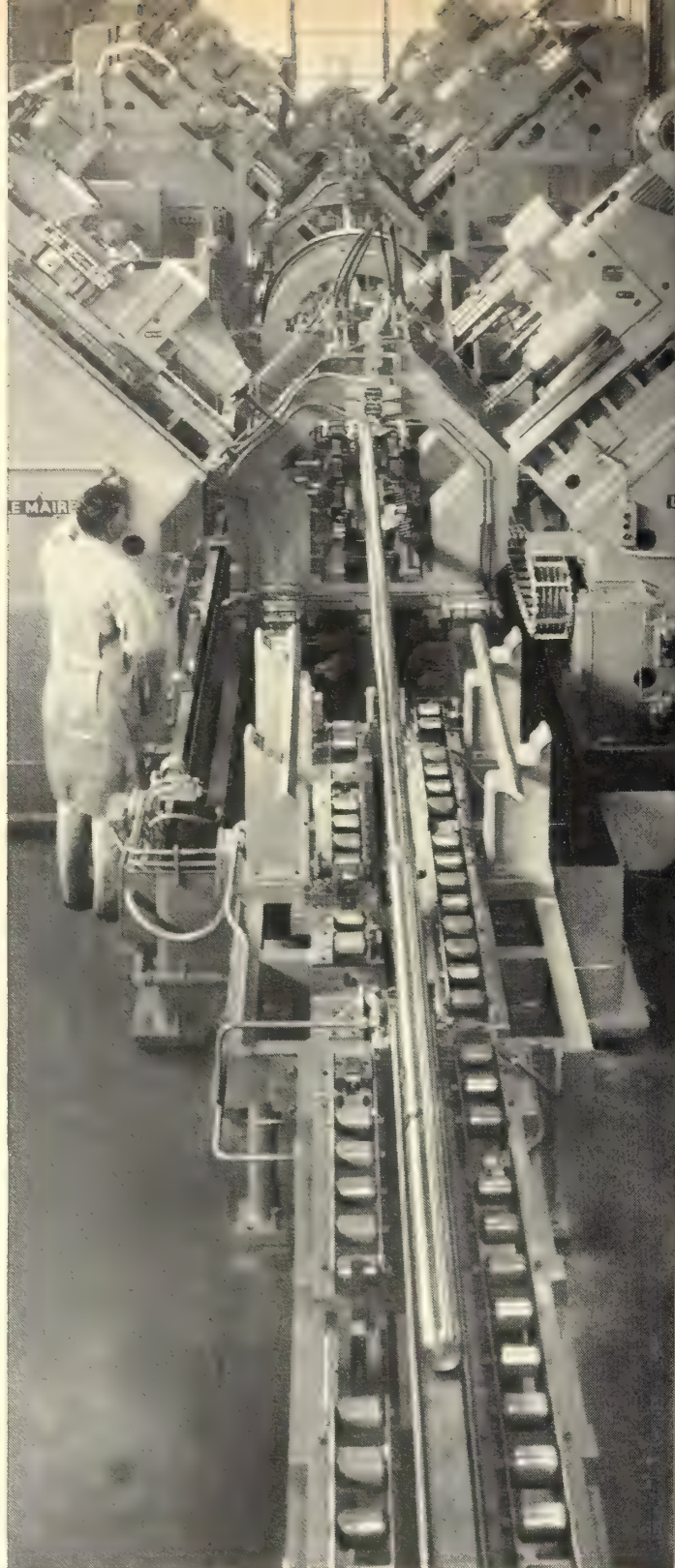
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Bird Chasing—a Progressive Art *by Crawford Benedict*

Last fall New York City's countless local pigeons were threatened with "mass extermination." Tender hearts immediately suggested deportation instead. The following report by a private investigator may save everyone involved with birds an enormous expense of effort. (Once an advertising man, Mr. Benedict is now an independent state-licensed tree expert in Connecticut.)

One of the lighter episodes of the Kennedy Administration occurred one day early in 1963. Presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger faced newsmen on an intriguing topic. The Cuban situation? . . . Taxes? No, it had to do with bothersome starlings roosting on the White House grounds. Was it true, the press wanted to know, that a record player had sounded the cry of a starling in distress in an attempt to chase the birds away? It was true, admitted Mr. Salinger; and he obligingly spun the disc which emitted the sound "Aaarwghk!" repeated over and over. He pointed out that to be effective, the cry could not come from just any distressed starling—it had to come from a distressed Washington, D.C., starling. And forestalling any criticism on humane grounds, he observed that one need not distress a starling physically to stimulate vocal reaction. Later Mr. Salinger answered my

letter query as follows: "As far as I can ascertain our starling problem is solved, at least for the present."

Thus has the ancient practice of bird chasing evolved since the days when a bundle of straw and a battered hat were supposed to frighten off crows. I do not say that bird chasing can boast the popularity of its antithesis, the luring of birds by feeder stations and nesting houses. It cannot show a steady swell in numbers as can the gentle sport of bird watching. However, for unfettered—sometimes zany—play of the imagination and a willingness to dabble in the most modern methods and materials, bird chasing knows no peer.

Actually this pioneering in new techniques has been in progress a number of years. During the Eisenhower era, Dr. H. W. Frings of Pennsylvania State University's Department of Zoology recorded a distressed starling's cry over an amplifier in towns plagued with starlings. I wrote to Professor Frings at the University of Hawaii (where he now teaches) and in reply he elaborated on the distress-call technique. The way to get a starling to sound distressed, he said, is simply to hold it by the legs, whereupon it "yells lustily." He mentioned that a distress-call recording had "most recently" cleared buildings in the downtown area of Williamsport,

Pennsylvania, and a Mr. Boudreau of Arizona had developed "the use of the distress call commercially to repel birds from vineyards."

An entirely different type of bird-chasing technique was tried in Chicago when a puppy named Penny was attacked by a golden eagle. While hundreds watched, a cop fired several wild shots at the bird and the dog's owner began swinging a broom. The eagle took off to a nearby chimney top. The problem now was how to get rid of the eagle before it swooped on some other luckless pet. There is a brand-new federal law against killing golden eagles; in any case, the police officer decided against more bullets, perhaps because of the gathering crowd. Finally a solution was reached. The eagle was felled from the chimney by a tranquilizer pellet shot from a rifle and, suffering no injuries, was carried off to a zoo. The puppy landed in a hospital for treatment of a broken leg and deep wounds.

Pigeons have inspired various chasing techniques—tar-like chemicals, high intensity sound, etc. In El Paso, twenty-four feather dusters were hung over the ledges of the Southern Pacific Building, successfully keeping pigeons away. At New York City's Museum of Modern Art, a more aesthetic device was used to try to clear pigeons from the terrace

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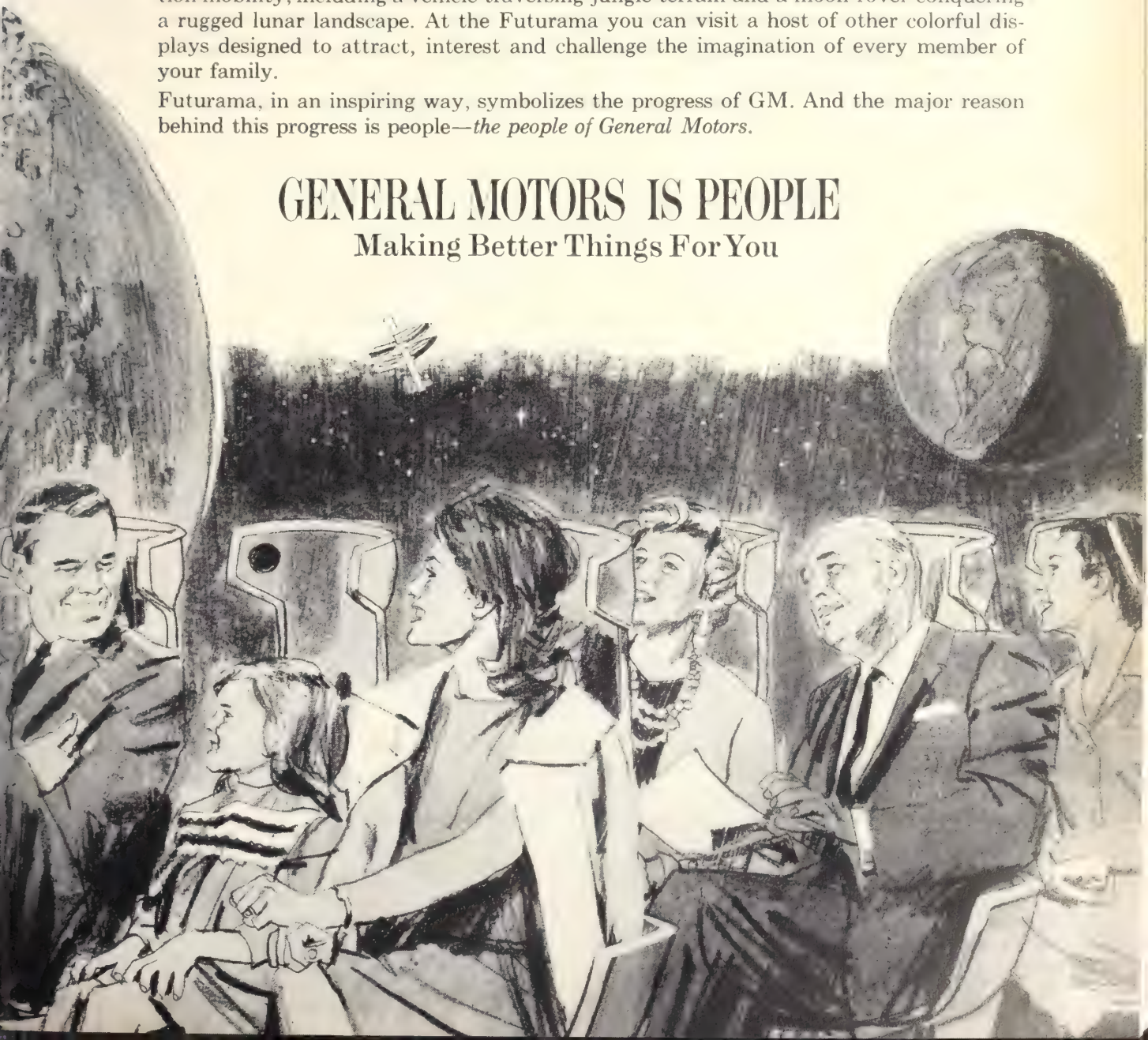
The building is 680 feet in length (a very long par three on any golf course). It's 200 feet wide (forty more than a football field), and from the stark beauty of the ten-story-high canopy entrance to the wide scope of the domed pavilion at the rear, it expresses one thing very clearly: *tomorrow!*

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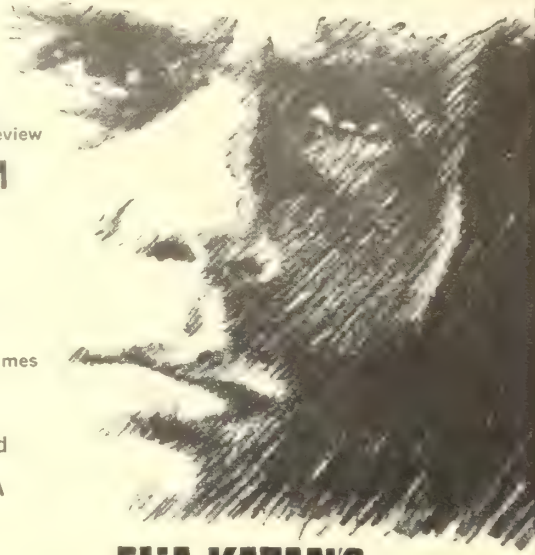
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AFTER HOURS

restaurant where they were at that time conducting guerrilla raids on food trays. A papier-mâché owl was made in the museum's carpenter shop and staked out in the lunching area. However, although the owl was fitted with four specially luminous eyes—two in front and two in back—the pigeons refused to be chased. More owls were then being tooled up in the hope that a mass display would frighten the pigeons, but the initial failure caused a weakening of faith in manmade chasing contraptions.

"If those darned owls don't pan out," grumbled one of the diners, "maybe the museum should import a squadron of vile-tempered buzzards."

When I checked with the museum, Mr. Richard H. Koch, Director of Administration, told me that the owls were a dismal flop. "Rather than dampen the ardor of the pigeons," he said, "they seemed to stimulate them to redoubled ferocity."

I maintain there is a worthy challenge in devising ways of chasing *aves non grati*, inasmuch as quite often a technique—like the papier-mâché owls—just doesn't work. Yet even if a technique does work, that does not mean the fowls will flee in panic. The caption under a news photo published last March, showing the White House loudspeaker hook-up, stated that although the starlings had been driven from the White House grounds, "they cling noisily to the brickwork of the Willard Hotel less than two blocks down the avenue." Thus there is bird morale pitted against human morale. And I find there are certain types of birds which are legendary in their ability to spot one human ruse after another.

Woodpeckers, for instance, are master ruse-spotters; and this fact is painfully apparent to utility companies. Regardless of a regular three-ring circus of calculated dissuaders, the peckers have continued to make Swiss cheese out of a percentage of poles strung through woodland areas, necessitating replacements. The Connecticut Light and Power Company, for one, has tried bravely to come up with a 100 per cent effective "chaser." Transmission and Distribution Superintendent D. V. Green says: "We have tried various strategies, . . . lashing the holed section of the old pole to the top of the new pole, letting the old pole stand in place next

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AFTER HOURS

to the new pole, wrapping the pole with heavy mesh hardware cloth, and even putting spinners on the tops of the pole, of the same nature as service stations were using a few years back to attract the attention of customers." However, he admits that apparently "a real solution has not been found."

The most feared species of pole-busting woodpecker is a great ox of a bird—the pileated woodpecker. This woodland dweller has been known to drive a 9-by-5-inch hole through a 24-inch power pole in a day, littering the ground with chips up to 6 inches long. Fruitless methods to forestall him have included red-flannel streamers, metal flashers, artificial snakes, various paint colors, chemical repellents, and rubber owls (which the red-thatched vandal proceeded to peck to bits). Bullets must not be used, since woodpeckers are protected by the federal Migratory Bird Treaty of 1916. The Osmose Wood Preserving Company of Buf-

falo advertised a \$100 reward for "a commercially practicable idea" to prevent Pileatus from impairing standing pole strength. Someone then thought of steel poles, which would have been impregnable but were too expensive. One woman even thought of using blue ceramic poles because birds shied away from her new blue ceramic birdbath in her backyard.

At Pennsylvania State University, where research is being conducted on how to end these depredations, Mr. Sanford D. Schemnitz, Assistant Professor of Wildlife Management, states that "we know of no effective, economical, safe method of repelling pileated woodpeckers from utility poles." He remarks that steel-mesh galvanized wire sheeting and certain greasy, sticky repellents "repel linemen as well as woodpeckers and often are quite expensive." However, although Pileatus has been successfully waging war on utilities from Louisiana to New England, Mr. Schemnitz remains optimistic. "We are continuing our research," he says, "and hope to find a suitable repellent."

The provocations which make men want to chase birds are sometimes as odd as the methods adopted. On the golf course in Yellowknife, Canada, I am told, ravens increased the hazards as well as some blood pressures by swooping down on golf balls popped over rock traps. Then there was the case of a crow nicknamed Joe in the Annadale area of Staten Island. Joe laid himself open to a federal rap. Twice he pulled down the door of a mailbox and made off with a letter in his beak.

Occasionally people chase birds not because of irritation at all, but because they hope to rescue them from some freak predicament. In such cases, it is often our fire-fighting facilities which are requisitioned. There was the robin in New Haven which flew into a kite string dangling from a power line. For five hours it hung entangled. Finally somebody phoned the fire department and a long pole-hook was used to free the bird and launch it back into space. Then there was the woodpecker in Coral Gables which fell into a stately (but hollow) white column of Dr. Franklin E. Verdon's refinished home. This bird had apparently pecked through the column's fancy molding with such relish that it lost



Poser

(Twelve minutes is the time allotted for solving the following problem. In case of need, you will find the answer on page 133.)

The police were convinced that either A, B, C, or D had committed a crime. Each of the suspects, in turn, made a statement but only one of the four statements was true.

A said, "I didn't do it."

B said, "A is lying."

C said, "B is lying."

D said, "B did it."

Who committed the crime?

—From *More Posers*, by Philip Kaplan, to be published by Harper & Row (April 1964).



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its balance and tumbled into the abyss. Before the fire department arrived, two other woodpeckers went to work on the molding, possibly trying to reach their comrade. Then while the fluttering noises continued inside, firemen chiseled a hole in the top of the column while Dr. Verdon and a neighbor chopped two holes near the base. Eventually so much daylight poured into the column that only a blind woodpecker would have had difficulty finding its way out.

Bird chasing is seldom such a simple athletic matter as attacking a wooden column with chisel and ax. Technology, of course, is making some progress possible. It took technical skill to bring forth the method of mild, pulsating electricity—"electric hotfoot"—used to discourage birds from roosting on city buildings. Then, too, plenty of testing preceded the spraying of kernels of seed corn with a successful crow-repellent coating. And should anyone underestimate the adversary in this cornfield victory, I advise him to ponder Henry Ward Beecher's remark that if men wore feathers and wings, very few of them would be clever enough to be crows.

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AMERICA'S QUALITY NEWSWEEKLY
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Report from mid-Atlantic:

IBM computer helps 60 nations save lives at sea

ON A STORMY NIGHT in mid-ocean, a cabin boy slipped in a freighter's engine room. He was seriously injured and there was no doctor aboard.

Promptly the distress call went over radio. Shortly afterwards—at 3:00 a.m.—the call was relayed to Coast Guard headquarters in New York City.

The Search and Rescue officer then on duty glanced at a chart. The freighter lay nearly 2,000 miles distant. No Coast Guard ship or amphib could possibly make it there in time.

But somewhere in that area there should be a ship that *did* have a doctor. But what ship—and where was it?

This was a case for AMVER (Atlantic Merchant Vessel Report). The ship



Through AMVER, the ships of 60 nations can quickly help each other throughout the North Atlantic.

position was phoned to AMVER headquarters. A punched card was fed into AMVER's IBM computer.

Computer "watches" 800 ships

As usual, this computer's memory carried a "picture" of over 800 ships then en route on the Atlantic—their positions as reckoned to the hour.

Instantly, it typed out a listing of all ships in that area with a doctor aboard. The Duty Officer then radioed the eighteen and a rendezvous was arranged with a French liner. At 4:52, at the computer-calculated point in the North Atlantic, the two ships met. The cabin boy was transferred to a surgeon's care and his life was saved.

The emergency bell at the Search and Rescue headquarters is seldom silent for long. *A tramp steamer reports a fire off the Azores. A storm-battered tanker is breaking up. A cruise passenger needs a rare type of blood. A fishing trawler is missing. A motor cruiser is sinking off Cape Cod. A man is overboard in mid-Atlantic.*

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Harper's

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Arms and the Big Money Men

Congressmen, Contractors, and the "Defense" Pork Barrel

First of a Three-part Series

by Julius Duscha

THIS is the first of three articles on the interlocking relationship between Congress, the Pentagon, and defense contractors—and on its cost to the taxpayer. In spite of President Johnson's request for a 25 per cent cutback in the production of nuclear-weapon material and the closing of some obsolete military bases, defense still eats up more than half of the entire federal budget. As Mr. Duscha—one of the most respected of Washington reporters—demonstrates, much of this spending is needless. In many cases it contributes nothing to the nation's armed strength, but is merely a disguised work-relief project, of great political importance to certain Congressmen and their constituents.

During his last days in office, President Eisenhower warned of the rapidly growing power of "the military-industrial complex." Yet few Americans understand how this complex actually works, and what a costly sacred cow it has become. These articles are a carefully documented effort to contribute to such understanding.

—THE EDITORS

One lazy afternoon last September Senator George McGovern of South Dakota stood at his back-row desk in an almost empty Senate chamber and suggested that defense spending could be reduced 5 per cent without endangering the nation. He noted that Congress was providing half a billion dollars for more nuclear weapons for Western Europe even though enough atomic explosives were already in place on the Continent to blow up every man, woman, and child on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

McGovern, whose mild manner belies his distinguished World War II record as a bomber pilot, quietly pointed out that more than \$50 billion would still be available for defense if the Senate adopted his amendment. He also noted that the cutback would apply only to the stockpiling of additional weapons for an already bulging atomic arsenal and would have no effect on the overwhelming retaliatory strength of the Strategic Air Command, the intercontinental

missile force, and the Polaris submarine fleet.

But the Senators did not want to debate McGovern's amendment. They wanted to defeat it, and they quickly did by a crushing vote of 74 to 2; then went on to pass the defense appropriations bill, which amounts to half the federal budget, after spending a leisurely afternoon in desultory discussion of a few of its provisions. There was none of the probing and sharp questioning that marked the Senate's three-week debate later in the fall on the foreign-aid program, which involves less than 4 per cent of the total federal budget.

No one, least of all freshman McGovern, was surprised. Not since the country's isolationist days of the 1930s has Congress questioned the need for ever-increasing defense expenditures—in time of peace as well as war. Former President Eisenhower's valedictory warning of the dangers inherent in "the military-industrial complex" that has grown so swiftly in size and influence during the last decade has fallen on deaf ears in Congress. President Johnson's reduction of \$1.1 billion in defense spending may mark the beginning of a slow cutback in arms expenditures, but pressures are already building up to restore some of the pet Congressional projects which he eliminated. At least he expressed an intent to reverse the trend of defense spending—not a warning based on hindsight.

Like most other Americans, however, Members of Congress believe that the bigger the defense budget, the safer the country. And in today's world there is no question that the United States must spend billions upon billions to keep up its defenses. But record-breaking defense budgets year after year do not necessarily mean a stronger nation. The bigger any government program gets, the greater are the dangers that funds will be wasted and that the goals of the program will become entangled in a morass of vested interests, venal political considerations, and the rivalries that inevitably evolve from them. And there is no better catharsis for huge government expenditures than informed, skeptical, and continued questioning of them.

But defense spending has become almost immune from that kind of criticism by Congress.

Julius Dasso, a member of the national news staff of the Washington "Post," is the author of a new book, "Taxpayers' Hayride," to be published by Little, Brown this month. In preparing this series for "Harper's," he conducted a hundred or more interviews and read thousands of pages of testimony before Congressional hearings.

Defense budgets sail through not solely because Senators and Representatives are convinced of the need for large military expenditures to keep the Western world safe from the Communists. They also mean jobs for nearly seven million Americans—10 per cent of our working population.

The military-industrial complex is not a sinister cabal. Rather, most of its work is done in the open, and with the enthusiastic support of the American people, a frightening number of whom have the same economic stake in large defense expenditures as do the generals and admirals, and the presidents and the chairmen of the boards of the big corporations that build the weapons. Such spending has become an accepted part of American life. In a dozen states* defense payrolls account for from 10 to 30 per cent of all employment in manufacturing plants. Southern California, one of the fastest-growing areas in the nation, depends on defense contracts to prop up a fourth of its economy, and it is the envy of Chambers of Commerce everywhere else. The Midwest, which lost defense business to the West during the last decade as the military emphasis shifted from tanks to missiles, is yelling "Foul!" and clamoring for contracts.

On Capitol Hill, defense contracts are viewed as public-works projects. Members of Congress campaign on the basis of their ability to get defense work into their states or districts. "We have reached the point," Representative Jamie L. Whitten, a Mississippi Democrat on the House Defense Appropriations subcommittee, has said, "where tenure of office of a Congressman or Senator . . . to a great degree is controlled by how many defense contracts they may get back in their own area."

Whenever a big factory is shut or business otherwise falls off in a community, the first thought of its industrialists and labor and political leaders is: How can we get a defense contract? Last December the decision by Studebaker to halt the production of automobiles in South Bend, Indiana, was immediately followed with speeches by Indiana Members of Congress noting Studebaker's fine performance record on defense orders and suggesting that the South Bend plant would be an ideal place for the Pentagon to put some big new contracts.

Waste in defense spending is tolerated by Congress because the expenditures, however misdirected they may be in terms of national security, still create jobs and profits. During the last ten

* Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Kansas, Maryland, Missouri, New Mexico, Texas, Utah, and Washington.

years—the period when armaments became a major peacetime industry for the first time in the nation's history—\$5 billion was spent on the development of weapons that proved to be unworkable or unnecessary. This is more than the entire federal budget before World War II.

"For this technological high living," said Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, "it is the people of the United States who must pick up the check in actual military costs and in the incalculable costs of a distorted usage of scarce scientific and technological resources."

Not only are scientists and technicians diverted from civilian pursuits to defense work; so are billions of taxpayer's dollars that could be used for such vital but short-changed needs as education, rapid transportation, the renewal of our cities, the retraining of workers made obsolete by automation, the rescue of our depressed areas, the prevention of juvenile delinquency, the conservation of natural resources, and the development of facilities for recreation. Ever since the Truman Administration, federal programs to fulfill pressing needs of the civilian economy have been postponed or cut back to provide funds for defense. Taxes have also been maintained at unprecedented levels for the same reason.

That Civilian in the Pentagon

The military-industrial complex that so concerned Eisenhower when he left the White House had its greatest growth during his eight years as President. After reaching a Korean War peak of \$50 billion, the defense budget dropped to \$40 billion in 1955 and then began moving back up until it reached \$47 billion when Eisenhower left office. Now, in the 1960s, Americans have become accustomed to defense spending of \$50 billion and upwards. (See list on page 42.)

It was not only the Korean War and the missile race that sent defense spending soaring. None of the three men who served as Secretary of Defense under Eisenhower ever was able to assert his civilian power over that of the military. The late Charles E. Wilson came the closest to doing so, but even bullheaded old "Engine Charlie" was never quite on top of the Pentagon military bureaucracy. Throughout the 1950s the Army, Navy, and Air Force were able to generate support on Capitol Hill by using the pressure of those local firms with which the services had contracts. Frequently these pressures from defense contractors increased spending above the ceilings set by the Secretary of Defense.

Neil H. McElroy, who succeeded Wilson, was particularly weak. The conflicting pressures on him from the Army and the Air Force were so great that he finally threw up his hands and asked Congress to decide which of the two services' competing and almost identical missiles—Jupiter or Thor—should be put into production. The record of Thomas S. Gates, Jr., who succeeded McElroy, was little better.

In the last three years Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara has been able to establish forcefully the civilian presence in the Pentagon. This is what the arguments over the TFX airplane contract, the development of the RS-70 plane, the cancellation of the Air Force's Skybolt missile and Dyna-Soar space projects, and the closing of nearly four hundred obsolete military bases have been about. McNamara also set up the Defense Supply Agency to centralize purchasing, and with the aid of computers he has sought to measure the effectiveness of new weapon concepts in terms of their cost, has tried to end the expensive and usually unnecessary "gold-plating" of weapons, and has injected more genuine competitive bidding in the awarding of defense contracts.

But in these same three years defense spending went up \$6 billion, in part because of President Kennedy's desire to increase our conventional forces—a concept President Johnson is now reexamining.

McNamara has also tried to divorce defense spending from political considerations and pressures, but he has not been altogether successful. "My problem," he once said, "has been to prevent appropriations exceeding those which we have recommended. There have been tremendous pressures, for example, to appropriate funds for programs that I do not believe add to our national security; . . . pressures to appropriate funds for such missile systems as Skybolt which we do not require to achieve the appropriate level of nuclear deterrence; pressures to carry out development of aircraft programs such as the RS-70, which are not necessary to our national security; pressures to add to the funds for such development projects as Dyna-Soar beyond the limits which we can properly and effectively spend."

But McNamara acceded to White House wishes and continued the indefensible system of letting Congressmen announce defense contract awards.

Almost every weekday morning a Pentagon messenger takes to the White House a list of defense contracts to be made public that day. White House aides telephone the glad tidings to Democratic Members of Congress from the states

How Defense Spending Grew

	Millions		Millions
1947	\$14,368	1957	\$43,360
1948	11,771	1958	44,234
1949	12,908	1959	46,491
1950	13,009	1960	45,691
1951	22,444	1961	47,494
1952	43,976	1962	52,103
1953	50,442	1963	53,004
1954	46,986	1964	52,300
1955	40,695	1965*	51,200
1956	40,723		* Estimate

or districts where the work will be done. The Senators and Representatives in turn telephone the news to papers and radio and television stations back home. That night voters read or hear that Senator X or Congressman Y announced the award of a defense contract that will mean more jobs for their community.

McNamara and his aides dismiss this system, which began under Eisenhower but was institutionalized by Kennedy, as a relatively harmless political charade. Most Congressmen defend it as part of the game of politics. "Credit-taking is the lifeblood of politics," one Member of Congress told me. "Do you want to drain us of our lifeblood?"

Nevertheless, Republican Senator John S. Williams of Delaware has protested: "I am afraid it will develop into the greatest era of influence peddling we have ever seen."

The route taken by the defense contractors' influence is obvious. They are, for example, usually generous contributors to \$100-a-plate political fund-raising dinners. A year ago J. B. (Jack) Rettaliata, a vice president of Grumman Aircraft Corporation, was one of the organizers of a \$180,000 Democratic dinner on Long Island. Grumman is both a space and defense contractor. In sending out invitations for the dinner to four hundred of Grumman's suppliers and subcontractors, Rettaliata noted that a program was being published in connection with the dinner and said that taking an advertisement in the program "will excuse any obligation."

President Kennedy himself injected the politics of defense-contract awards into the 1962 Congressional campaign when he spoke in West Virginia and Pennsylvania. He pointed with pride to the increasing number of defense contracts that his Administration had put into both states and told a Pennsylvania audience that "working with Governor Lawrence since 1960, we have increased by 50 per cent the number of

prime defense contracts that come to Pennsylvania."

Democratic candidates for Senate and House seats throughout the country quickly took their cues from Kennedy. Shortly after the President campaigned in the East, I happened to be in the West. I was up before dawn one day in Salt Lake City for a tour of defense plants with Congressman Dave King who was trying to unseat Republican Senator Wallace Bennett of Utah. Before shaking hands with the workers on the assembly lines, King spent a few minutes with the plant managers. He let them know that he was in and out of the White House a lot, had telephone conversations with the President, and would be in a position in the Senate to help them with their defense contract problems.

The day before the 1962 elections Governor John Swainson of Michigan hurriedly called a press conference to announce that a \$100-million missile contract had been awarded to a Texas company which had agreed to do the work in an idle Detroit factory. The news had been given to Swainson by Michigan's Senator Philip Hart, who had been accorded an election-eve break on it by the White House. The next morning on their way to the polls, voters saw headlines such as this one in the Detroit *Free Press*: "100 Million Missile Deal To Make 5,000 Jobs Here."

Margin for Error—or Prestige

Political sophisticates in Washington may know that Democratic Members of Congress often take credit for contracts that were negotiated without their assistance, but businessmen back home do not necessarily know this. They are constantly writing to their Senators and Representatives to enlist their aid, and every Member of Congress has at least one aide who specializes in helping constituents find their way around the Pentagon. In the Pentagon, five hundred Congressional liaison officers, almost one for every Senator and Representative, are on duty, ready to help. At the end of World War II there were only five such Congressional liaison officers in the Pentagon.

A letter or telephone call from a Member of Congress does not always change a bureaucrat's mind, but at the very least such calls result in the services taking another look at a contract to see if it could be swung the interested Congressman's way.

By letting Democratic Members of Congress announce the awarding of contracts, the Presi-

dent and his Secretary of Defense have cast a political pall over the entire defense program. Businessmen would like to stop the system, and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce has called for an end to it. So has Senator Clifford P. Case of New Jersey. But there are no signs that President Johnson wants to give up the political advantages in the system any more than Kennedy did.

Even more serious, however, are the political and economic pressures that the services and their contractors generate in Congress for the development of weapons or the continuance of programs that are of marginal value. Often the services are genuinely convinced that the weapons are needed, but sometimes projects are promoted merely to increase the prestige and power of the Air Force, the Army, or the Navy.

Last year pressures of this kind saved a proposed Air Force weapon called the MMRBM, a mobile medium-range ballistic missile that would be mounted on a huge trailer truck and could be hurled at an enemy two thousand miles away. The MMRBM would be used in Western Europe, where it would be within range of the Soviet Union. McNamara has been only lukewarm toward the weapon because it would largely duplicate the Navy's Polaris missile, but the MMRBM has had the support of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Nevertheless, the Defense Department included \$143 million in its budget for the MMRBM. Looking for places to make its usual token reductions in defense spending, the House Appropriations Committee cut the MMRBM funds to \$43 million and the House sustained the committee's action. When the defense bill got to the Senate Appropriations Committee, McNamara decided the vanishing \$100 million was not worth fighting for. But the Air Force, which cannot let the Navy get ahead of it, donned battle dress and enlisted the MMRBM contractors in a Senate skirmish to save the weapon.

Fortunately for the Air Force, much of the work on the MMRBM would be done in Arizona, the home of the eighty-six-year-old President pro Tem of the Senate and chairman of its Appropriations Committee, Carl Hayden. Hayden has been in Congress for fifty-two years largely because of his extraordinary ability to snag federal money for Arizona; so it would not take much persuasion on the part of the MMRBM contractors to convince the Senator of the value to his state of the new weapon. Hughes Aircraft, which would assemble the missiles in its plant in Tucson, and Goodyear Aircraft, which would build the trailers in Phoenix, immediately went to work not only on Hayden but also on Senator

Barry Goldwater of Arizona, who is a general in the Air Force reserve and one of the service's most active supporters on Capitol Hill.

Charts extolling the MMRBM were spread before the Arizona delegation. The Senators and Representatives were bombarded with telegrams from Chambers of Commerce back home reminding them of all the jobs the MMRBM would create in Arizona. Hughes Aircraft was also busy lobbying the California delegation, as was Ford's Aeronautical Division. Both Hughes and Ford would do some of the work on the MMRBM in California. Other contractors were at work elsewhere. Thiokol, a Pennsylvania firm, would carry out its part of the project at its facilities in Utah. General Precision would bring jobs to New York as well as New Jersey.

In a typical thirty-minute presentation of the case for the MMRBM by one contractor—described to me by a Senator who was on the receiving end—the first ten minutes were taken up with a glowing statement of the importance of this amazing new weapon to the defense of the Free World. The next twenty were devoted to a description of the economic benefits that production would bring to the Senator's state, including a chart of jobs that would be created each year as production built up, and a projection of the new jobs that would be an indirect result. Why, the enthusiastic contractor said, this might even mean the establishment of a whole new town in your state! The presentation ended with the contractor reminding the Senator that he had contributed to his last campaign and was looking forward to working with him again.

The MMRBM campaign succeeded. The Senate Appropriations Committee voted \$103 million for the project, \$60 million more than the House had allowed it. When one Democrat, Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin, tried on the Senate floor to delete the additional money, another, Senator Frank Moss of Utah, quickly came to the MMRBM's defense, though he neglected to mention that the weapon would also mean jobs for his state. The \$103 million for the MMRBM stayed in the Senate bill and the measure emerged from a Senate-House conference committee with a final \$73 million.

Colonels Walking the Halls

In addition to directing the campaigns for such projects as the MMRBM, the Air Force has been trying to move in on the civilian space program. Lobbying by the Air Force and its contractors

helped to prolong the life of the Dyna-Soar manned-space-flight program for a year. Boeing was the prime contractor for Dyna-Soar, a project that largely duplicated the Space Agency's Gemini program.

Appearing before the House Defense Appropriations subcommittee last year, McNamara expressed doubt about continuing Dyna-Soar "when we have another program that will provide for the accomplishment of most of what the first will do." But phalanxes of Air Force officers had already done their lobbying in the offices of influential Senators and Representatives not only for Dyna-Soar but for Air Force participation in the Space Agency's Gemini program.

Congressman Albert Thomas of Texas, who knows something about lobbying himself, caustically objected to the Air Force's intrusion. When McNamara protested that Air Force participation would be limited "to operations in the near-earth orbit," Thomas was incensed.

"Do you mean to say that when the camel gets its nose under the tent, it is going to stop there and not go any farther?" the Congressman asked. "Mr. Secretary, you know human nature and the Air Force do not work like that. My understanding is that the colonels and lieutenant colonels were walking in the halls of the House and Senate talking up this project. . . . The very idea of the biggest spending agency in Government sending representatives here telling the Congress what to do!"

Thomas has more than a casual interest in an expanding civilian space program. He is chairman of the House Appropriations subcommittee that handles the National Aeronautics and Space Agency budget, and the Space Agency located its \$250-million Manned Spacecraft Center near Houston in Thomas' Congressional district.

The Biggest Single Contract

The Air Force Association, which is made up largely of Air Force officers, former officers, and contractors but is financed mainly by the contractors, provides a clearinghouse for the interests of the Air Force and the men who do business for it. Each year the AFA holds a lavish convention in Washington which is addressed by the top Air Force officers. Last year's session was at the plush Sheraton-Park Hotel, where the lobbies were crowded with elaborate displays by corporations holding contracts for Air Force weapons and projects. The AFA meetings themselves turned into a rallying point for opposition

to the test-ban treaty with Russia, which was being debated by the Senate at the time of the AFA convention.

After the AFA declared that the test ban would impose "unacceptable risks to the security of the nation and of the Free World," Secretary of the Air Force Eugene Zuckert abruptly decided not to attend an AFA reception in his honor. Instead, he sent a letter to the AFA denouncing its resolution opposing the test ban. When the AFA issued a statement pointing out that Air Force officers do not participate in the writing of its resolutions, no one was convinced that the test-ban resolution reflected only the views of Air Force contractors. The AFA has never deviated from the views held by the top Air Force generals. Upon retirement, Air Force generals frequently move into important jobs with the contractors that pay the AFA bills.*

Sometimes Members of Congress, rather than defense contractors or military officers, lead the lobbying for a project. During the lengthy Senate hearings on the TFX contract, Secretary Zuckert told of the procession of Senators and Representatives who talked to him about the advantages of doing some of the TFX work in their states, but he insisted that their interest in the TFX contract did not influence him. Nevertheless, the Senators and Representatives did not think they were simply passing the time of day as they visited or telephoned Zuckert in 1962 when the competition between Boeing and General Dynamics, which finally got the contract, was at its height.

From Oklahoma came the late Senator Robert S. Kerr, who reveled in his role as the biggest pork-barreler in the Senate; Senator Mike Monroney; and Congressman Carl Albert, the House Democratic Leader. They, Monroney said later, simply wanted to remind Zuckert of the idle government-owned aircraft plant in Tulsa that had been operated by the Douglas Corporation.

From Missouri came Senator Stuart Symington, who had been the first Secretary of the Air Force, and Representative Clarence Cannon, the crusty and powerful chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, to argue for St. Louis' McDonnell Aircraft Corporation. From Texas came Representative Joe M. Kilgore to press General Dynamics' case. From Kansas came Republican Senators Frank Carlson and James B. Pearson and Representative Garner E. Shriver to extol the merits of Boeing's facilities at Wichita.

Also arguing for Boeing, which has its head-

* Another powerful organization promoting the Air Force is the Aerospace Industries Association, which includes both space and Air Force contractors.

quarters in Seattle, were Washington's two Democratic Senators, Warren G. Magnuson and Henry M. Jackson. A letter came in from Representative Carl Vinson of Georgia, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, who was concerned about the Lockheed plant in his state, where in deference to his power on Capitol Hill the services and defense contractors have placed so many installations that, it has been said, another one would sink Georgia.

Unlike most of the Congressmen on Zuckert's list, one lone Texan made no excuses on the grounds of "public interest" for his intensive lobbying. Jim Wright, representing Fort Worth, where General Dynamics will do most of its work on a contract that is expected eventually to cost the government \$7 billion—far more than any other single contract—said:

"In the absence of a substantial contract of this type, the General Dynamics team at Fort Worth was faced with dismemberment. . . . It meant the difference between employment or unemployment for thousands of my constituents. . . . Let me be completely frank. . . . I talked about this subject with everybody whom I could get to listen . . . both military and civilian officials. . . . That does not in my judgment amount to undesirable political influence. The same sort of thing was being attempted by the other side."

Young Man on the Go

The Air Force has generally been the most open of the services in its lobbying, but the Army and the Navy also know how to organize their contractors and their supporters on Capitol Hill.

Three years ago the Army was pressing for early production of its Nike-Zeus anti-missile missile, a weapon which still has not been tested to the satisfaction of the Defense Department. But the Army and Western Electric, the prime contractor, put pressure on both Congress and the new Kennedy Administration, which was pledged to expand the nation's defense effort.

The campaign began with an issue of *Army* magazine featuring articles by generals praising the Nike-Zeus and advertisements by Western Electric and eight of the subcontractors for the project. The magazine is published by the Association of the U. S. Army, which, like the Air Force Association, is financed largely by contractors. The Nike-Zeus issue contained a map which showed that thirty-seven states were sharing in the work and would get even more defense dollars once production began on a project that

might cost \$20 billion before it was completed.

Soon the Senate and House rang with speeches calling for Nike-Zeus production to start immediately. Senator B. Everett Jordan of North Carolina, Senator Carlson of Kansas, Congressman George P. Miller of California, and Representative Daniel J. Flood of Pennsylvania all spoke up for Nike-Zeus. So did Representative John W. McCormack of Massachusetts, who was then Democratic leader in the House and is now Speaker. All of their states had contractors working on the project.

In another case political pressure was applied to continue production of an Army weapon. Less than a month before the Congressional elections of 1962, the White House intervened to prevent the closing of M-14 rifle production lines in a factory in Worcester, Massachusetts. Senator Edward M. Kennedy, who campaigned on the slogan, "He Can Do More for Massachusetts," was elected and M-14 rifle production in the state was not ended until last year.

In December of 1962, even before he had been sworn in as a Senator, young Kennedy went to the Grumman Aircraft offices on Long Island to carry out his campaign promise "to visit industries throughout the country and to promote the skills and training of Massachusetts labor and to encourage industries wherever possible to locate plants" in his state. Grumman has a \$1.5-billion contract for construction of the lunar excursion module or "bug" to be used in landing a man on the moon. Kennedy wanted to get some of the work subcontracted to Massachusetts electronics firms. "On the part of most newly elected Senators such tactics would have little effect," Senator Kenneth B. Keating, the New York Republican, said in criticizing Kennedy's unusual visit. "On the part of the President's brother, they constitute a strong and subtle form of pressure which may well be widely resented throughout New York and other states."

Whatever resentment Teddy Kennedy's visit may have caused elsewhere, it got Massachusetts more government business. Last July Senator Kennedy announced that a \$50-million subcontract had been awarded by Grumman to an RCA plant in Massachusetts.

This year the Navy's most important engagement has been in defense of its eleven antiquated and inefficient ship construction and repair yards. If McNamara could brush political considerations aside, the Navy yards would be closed.

Not even the Navy has been able to get a survey to show that its yards are as efficient as those of private shipbuilders. When the private builders

commissioned Ernst and Ernst to study comparative costs, the accounting firm found that work performed in Navy yards was from 20 to 28 per cent more expensive than the same kind done by private firms. The Navy then ordered its own survey, which was made by Arthur Anderson and Company, another reputable accounting firm. Construction costs were reported by the Anderson firm to be from 15 to 31 per cent more expensive in Navy yards, repairs 10 per cent higher, and modernization 8 per cent higher. Now a special Defense Department board is taking yet another look at Navy yard costs.

Still, the Navy yards stay afloat. The Navy argues that they would be needed in time of war and must be preserved. But the real reason for continuing the eleven yards is political. In such cities as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and San Francisco the employees of the Navy yards are well organized and represent potent political forces. Senator Keating of New York, for example, keeps in close touch with representatives of the 12,000 workers in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Lobbying with and for the Navy are two powerful organizations, the Navy League and the National Security Industrial Association, both of which are financed largely by Navy contractors.

On Capitol Hill one of the Navy's strongest supporters is Chairman Vinson of the House Armed Services Committee. Before the Congressional committee system was reorganized in 1947, Vinson headed the Naval Affairs Committee, where his energetic efforts on behalf of the Navy led his colleagues to refer to him as Admiral Vinson.

Constantly under pressure from the services, the contractors, and the politicians, the Secretary of Defense's office sometimes puts on pressure of its own to use contractors for political purposes. Perhaps turnabout is fair play, but political pressures have a way of feeding on themselves and thus building up to ever more dangerous levels.

In June of 1962 the Kennedy Administration faced a tough fight on the House floor over the perennial argument about the debt limit. That year the Administration wanted to raise the limit to \$308 billion, and it was being vigorously opposed by most Republicans and many Southern Democrats. So even the Defense Department was enlisted in the fight.

"I returned yesterday afternoon to my office about five o'clock," Republican Representative Gerald Ford of Michigan told the House. "There was a note from my staff indicating that Mr. Wally Edwards, the Chrysler Corporation repre-

sentative in Washington, wanted me to call him. I returned his call. He said that earlier in the day . . . he had received a call from Mr. Ron Linton, who works for the Defense Department. Mr. Linton allegedly had said to Mr. Edwards, 'Can you find out how the Republicans in the House from Michigan are going to vote on the \$308-billion debt limitation proposal?' And he said, 'If they do not vote for the \$308 billion, defense contracts in Michigan may be curtailed.'"

Ford said he told Edwards: "The Republicans in Michigan are not going to be blackmailed by this kind of an approach from the Department of Defense." Nor were they. The Michigan delegation opposed the \$308-billion debt limit.

The Watchdogs Don't Bark

Yet, McNamara and his coterie of civilian aides have been the only force in Washington trying to throttle the military-industrial complex. McNamara has not hesitated to incur the wrath of the services by cutting off some of their pet projects, but political considerations have prevented him from going as far as he would have liked. Even so, he reduced the 1964 defense budget by \$13 billion before it was submitted to Congress.

On Capitol Hill the Senate and House Armed Services Committees are supposed to oversee the Defense Department, but all except a few members of the two committees are themselves part of the military-industrial complex. Men with a special interest in military matters vie for positions on the committees. The Senate Armed Services Committee includes a general in the Army reserve, Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, and two Air Force reserve generals, Arizona's Barry Goldwater and Democratic Howard W. Cannon from Las Vegas, Nevada. The military services often press for the appointment to the committees of Senators and Representatives they consider particularly friendly to them.

"The Armed Services Committees are a patsy for the Pentagon," the Missouri Republican Congressman Thomas B. Curtis told me. "Every member needs an up-check from the Pentagon. This is a locked-in deal."

In less colorful English, this means that the Pentagon treats members of the Armed Services Committees like kings. Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia has been hauled around at taxpayers' expense in luxurious Air Force planes so that he can fill speaking engagements with a minimum of effort. Committee members frequently are invited,

along with other Senators and Representatives, to spend weekends touring military installations. "When the Air Force gets into some sort of trouble," Representative Henry Reuss of Wisconsin told me, "they always want you to come out and visit their war room in Omaha."

One Senator, who resisted Air Force blandishments for several years but finally decided to go along on a weekend tour with eight other Senators just to see how his tax dollars were being spent, found a chauffeured Air Force car waiting for him at his home on the Friday morning the tour began. A colonel was assigned to look after the comforts of each Senator.

Breakfast, complete with a linen tablecloth, was served on the jet on the way to Florida. Drinks were available for the Senators and colonels who might need eye-openers. Throughout the tour, Air Force photographers were on hand, ready to take pictures of Senators with generals and weapons. From Florida to Nebraska to Colorado to California, there were cocktail parties, steak dinners, brandy, and cigars.

The Senate and House Defense Appropriations subcommittees are just as sympathetic toward the military as are the Armed Services Committees. There is, in fact, considerable overlapping in the membership. Senator Russell, for example, is chairman of both the Senate Armed Services Committee and the Senate Defense Appropriations subcommittee.

Like the Armed Services Committees, the Appropriations subcommittees have only a handful of staff assistants. Seldom are adequate preparations made for the appropriations hearings, by either the staff or the members of the subcommittees. Consequently, the sessions are frequently taken up with such momentous questions as the one brought up by Senator Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana at a Senate hearing last spring. "To what extent, if any, are helicopters taking the place of automobiles in transferring generals and colonels from one spot to another?" he asked Assistant Secretary of Defense Charles J. Hitch. "I play golf at the Army-Navy Club, and every five minutes during the weekend there is one passing over." He did not say how many putts he had missed because of the noisy helicopters.

The Senate and House Government Operations Committees are charged with overseeing spending by any government department or agency, but they make only sporadic and often inconclusive efforts to check up on the biggest spenders of them all in the Pentagon. Another would-be watchdog, the General Accounting Office, issues a stream of reports on wasteful Pentagon buying

practices but the GAO findings are made only after the money has been spent. The GAO also is handicapped by having a limited staff. Only the Joint Economic Committee, under the direction of Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, has tried to investigate the economics of defense spending.

Meanwhile, defense budgets increase, the services promote their favorite projects among contractors and their friends on Capitol Hill, the politicians try to advance their careers by announcing and sometimes influencing the awarding of defense contracts, the White House continues to take an avid interest in seeing that Democrats get the maximum political mileage out of defense spending, the services butter up their pals on Capitol Hill with bases in their states as well as brandy—and big contracts as well as black cigars—and officers move off active duty onto retirement lists and into jobs with contractors that, during their Pentagon days, they were supposed to hold at arms' length.

An investigation headed by Representative F. Edward Hebert of Louisiana disclosed that the 100 biggest defense contractors had on their payrolls more than 1,400 retired officers of the rank of major or higher, including 261 generals and admirals. And just last year Representative Earl Wilson of Indiana, who has been conducting a one-man crusade in the House for more competitive bidding on defense contracts, noted that 134 former Navy officers and employees had gone to work for Collins Radio Company, a big Navy communications contractor.

"I wish you could see," Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania wrote a friend not long ago, "the steady flow of mail which I get, pleading for, or demanding, more defense contracts for Pennsylvania. These letters do not come only from businessmen and contractors. They come from labor unions and working people without jobs . . . who have come to think of defense contracts as the only way of bringing new jobs into the state." For the big defense contractors as well as for thousands of smaller businesses, "defense spending is a life-and-death matter. They have dual interests: to keep the pie as large as possible, and to cut themselves as big a chunk of it as they can manage.

"What the complex wants," Clark concluded, "is defense—and more and more of it."

Next month: How the \$50-billion-a-year defense budget is divided up. The disturbing trend away from competitive bidding. The close relationships between the military services and their contractors.



Playing the Ponies with a Pair of Experts

by Priscilla D. Willis

Who could give you a hotter tip than professional horse trainers—especially when they put their own money on it?

In Florida one day a friend of mine who owns horses invited me to go to the races with him. His trainer, Barney Weener, and a friend of Mr. Weener's, another horse trainer, joined us in his clubhouse box right above the finish line. For an amateur like myself whose knowledge of racing begins and ends at the two-dollar windows in the grandstand, the day augured well. Surrounded as I was by pros, I would certainly learn a great deal about the sport; furthermore, I reflected pleasantly, I could hardly fail to make a hatful if I bet the way these fellows did.

I placed the *Morning Telegraph*, my scratch sheet, a program, and Madame Pearl's Selections, clipped hastily from the noon paper, on the vacant

chair in the box, anchoring them in a lively breeze with a pair of brown walrus-hide binoculars given my father for Christmas, 1908, by a grateful office staff. I was the only one who came prepared. The others had nothing, not even a program, and apparently their vision was so excellent they didn't need binoculars.

In gray fedoras and perfectly pressed business suits, the two trainers looked as if they had just stepped out of a bank executives' meeting instead of a horse's stall.

"Jack's colt's going a little dinky," Barney Weener observed, watching the horses for the first race canter by on their way to the post.

"That's the Amber glo Jack bought at Saratoga," the other trainer commented. "He damned near bowed in the slop at Aqueduct last fall. Jack had to stop with him and turn him out."

Mr. Weener and my friend nodded slightly in acceptance of a fact they apparently already knew.

"He could still be a good one, though," Barney insisted.

"Not if they run him on an off track. His mother backed up ten lengths in the mud—couldn't handle it at all—and this colt's just like her. He likes to hear his feet rattle."

"I caught him in fourteen and change away from the gate the other morning," Barney declared. "He seems to grab holt of this track real good."

"Horses for courses," my friend opined, and the others nodded their heads.

"That's a grand-looking big colt of Charlie Five's," Mr. Weener remarked, peering out from under his snap brim. "He's got plenty of foot, but I don't believe he'll go around two turns."

"He carries a double cross to Sir Galahad," my friend mused. "That should help him."

"Could be," his trainer replied.

"Personally, I like the bottom horse," the other trainer declared. "Last time out he win laughing."

"He's picking up ten today," Barney cautioned. "That's a big package for a three to tote this early in the season."

"Yeah, but he's got class. Real class. His last start the boy on him made every mistake in the book, and still the colt win by two."

"I heard he quits if he's hooked. Backs up if anything looks him in the eye," Barney Weener said, not too pleasantly.

"I still say he's got class."

The horses were at the post. Nobody had gone out to make a bet. Number five was fifteen to one on the tote board, and Madame Pearl had him as the best bet of the day, but I didn't feel like crawling over these experts and running to the two-dollar window. It just didn't seem like the thing to do, so I sat there, watched the gate spring, and through my brown walrus-hide binoculars followed number five all the way around. He won with consummate ease. When the numbers flashed on the tote board I saw dismally that my inactivity born of what I considered good manners, had cost me \$34.40, not princely, but not puny, either.

"The way the race was ran," Mr. Weener explained, "Jack's horse never had a chance. First

thing the ground broke out from under him at the start, and when he finally got himself untracked he had no place to go. He was in a blind switch the whole trip. I can't see why Jack rides that little bug boy."

"What," I ventured, "is a bug boy?"

"An apprentice. Apprentices get a weight allowance, usually five pounds. To denote this they put one of those asterisks after his name. The asterisk looks like a bug."

Four races went by and no one had made a bet. Madame Pearl, especially bright today, had two other long-priced winners. By not betting I was losing money fast. Furthermore, I was beginning to feel that I was in Zurich where everybody speaks Suisse-Deutsch and you're lucky if you catch every eighth word.

"I've had pretty good luck with bug boys," Barney's trainer friend was saying. "Take that kid, Terry Marshall. He's got a clock in his head. You ask him for a half in forty-nine in the mornings and he'll give it to you right on the line. Don't ever ride his brother, though. That kid's a pinhead. I let him take my big horse a mile and a quarter in the afternoon so I could get the weight off, and told him to lay off the pace for the first half-mile. So what does he do? He jumps out of the gate on top, opens up ten lengths, and when the horse is finally hooked at the eighth pole he begins to look around for his stick. I taught him to whip left-handed myself, but in this case he couldn't whip left- or right-handed. He'd dropped his stick in the starting gate. We beat one horse that day, and the kid's back walking hots for Looney Sanders."

Before the fifth race, in which my friend had a horse entered, Barney Weener's friend hissed, "How d'you like your chances?"

Without moving his lips or turning his head Barney hissed back, "I think we got a mortal lock."

The men left the box, my friend and the second trainer fanning out through the crowd toward the windows while I followed Mr. Weener down to the saddling enclosure. There I watched him tighten the girth and listened to the instructions he gave his rider.

"This colt breaks real fast," he told the boy. "Take him back off the lead and lay about third or fourth going down the back side. Let him move on the elbow. If you can't get through on the rail at the head of the stretch, circle the others; he'll have plenty left."

The jockey who had been staring at the sky, brought his eyes earthward, jerked his head once,

Priscilla D. Willis has written books for young people and articles and stories mostly about animals and farming; she is now writing a book about a rare horse of her own which earned \$142,000. She is married to a Chicago business executive whose recreation includes farming in Indiana and raising cattle in South Georgia.

spat on the ground, and stuck out his tiny booted foot. The trainer seized him by the ankle and threw him up on the horse.

"You won't have to take your lunch with you this trip, Johnny," Barney joked, and the jockey's little nut-brown face responded with a grin.

Turning on his heel, the horse trainer dove into the crowd, snaking in and out of bystanders studying the tote board, bending around lunch counters, brushing past gaily painted pillars. Panting like a shaggy dog on a summer day, I trotted along behind, just barely managing to keep him in sight. He didn't stop until he reached the fifty-dollar window. He peeled off two bills and pushed them through the wicket.

"You gonna bet?" he asked me. "He's six to one now, but he'd ought to go off closer to eight."

In the pressure of this moment all reason failed me. A kind of numbing torpor fell over me. I watched my fingers fumble in my wallet like ten clumsy sausages, slowly extracting its entire contents.

"Here," I heard myself say to the face in the window, a blur of nostrils and eyeglasses, and the face pumped out a ticket that was a different color from any I'd ever seen. Once the ticket was in my hand, however, my composure returned. I felt suddenly wealthy. Striding confidently away I noticed two somber-faced men as inconspicuously dressed as a pair of morticians carefully observing Barney.

"Beards," he replied to my unspoken question. "Beards hang around the big windows to see how much a trainer bets on his horse. If he loads, they figure he thinks he has a real chance. They carry the word to their stooges, who scatter to the small windows so the winning tickets can be cashed without the Revenue fellows taking their slice. You pick up a grand at one window and right away you have to pay the tax."

Back in the box I tried to focus my glazed eyes on the field going postward. I must have looked pale, because my friend leaned over and patted my arm with the side of his hand that held six one-hundred-dollar-win tickets between the thumb and forefinger. "You haven't a worry in the world," he reassured me. "There's a saying that the only two times a man shows all his teeth is in the dentist's chair and in front of the camera in the winner's circle. You'll be right there with us, boy!"

"Really?" I said stupidly, and looked at my own ticket stuck to the palm of my wet hand. My sensation of wealth had left me.

The horses were in the gate, stamping and

tossing their heads. One of them reared up and threw his rider. The horse's number, I noted, was four. I didn't think the disturbance had bothered my friend's horse, number eight, on the extreme outside, but Barney Weener jumped to his feet and exploded, "That son of a bitch done the same thing last time! He almost come down on my horse! He'd ought to be on the stewarts' list. The stewarts shouldn't let him start till he learns how to come out of a gate!" His face, under his gray hat, had turned a nasty purple.

An instant later the gate sprung. A wall of horses plunged forward. Our horse, number eight, outbroke the field just as Barney Weener told the jockey he would. The boy steadied him, taking him back until he was lying third according to his instructions. Such accuracy was amazing. Rounding the turn out of the backstretch the horse made his move. At the stretch turn he was shut off by the two leaders drifting in close to the rail, but the jockey circled them and found a path in the middle of the track. He drew off by three lengths.

With astonishing mental clarity I computed the return on my ticket. A new roof, a trip to Nassau, that rose garden we'd wanted, danced like sugarplums through my befuddled head. I regarded almost scornfully the men leaning out over a row of petunias in front of the box, waving their arms, snapping their fingers, roaring like the zoo lions at feeding time: "Go on with him, Johnny!" "All the way, boy!" "That's carrying the mail, kid!"

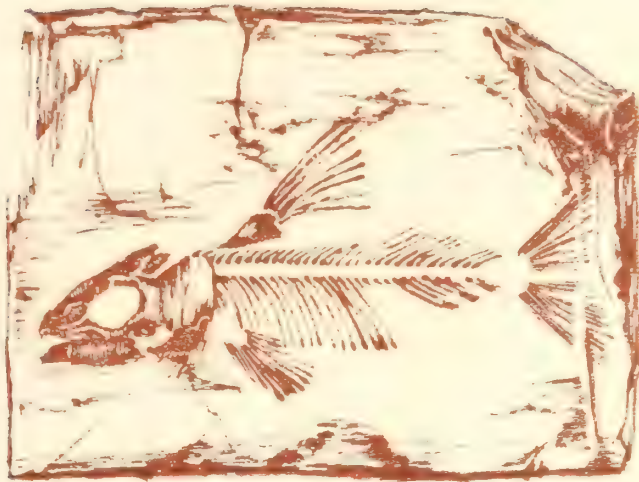
All at once they stopped. Suddenly they were as silent as an empty well.

Wedging myself between their shoulders I saw a horse come blazing out of the pack, ears pinned, head low, gaining on ours with every desperate stride. It was the number four horse, the one who threw his rider in the gate. A jump from the wire he caught my friend's horse to win by a long chestnut neck.

Growling that his horse had spit the bit out at the eighth pole, Mr. Weener scrambled out of the box and down the steps to meet him when he came back to be unsaddled. The other trainer evaporated wordlessly into the crowd.

"Well," said my friend with a smile that showed only his two front teeth, "it's always a horse race, isn't it?" He tore up his tickets into little pieces and hurled them into the petunias.

As I picked up my papers to leave, my eye fell upon the clipping of Madame Pearl's Selections. In the fifth race it was number four, a horse with the insinuating name of The Boob. He paid \$68.20.



The Uncompleted Man

by Loren Eiseley

A distinguished authority on evolution examines the possibilities ahead for the human race—and our chances for controlling our own development.

The nature into which Shakespeare's Macbeth dabbles so unsuccessfully with the aid of witchcraft, in the famous scene on the heath, is unforgettable in literature. We watch in horrified fascination the malevolent change in the character of Macbeth as he gains a dubious insight into the unfolding future—a future which we know to be self-created. This scene, fearsome enough at all times, is today almost unbearable to the discerning observer. Its power lies in its symbolic delineation of the relationship of Macbeth's midnight world to the realm of modern science—a relationship grasped by few.

The good general, Banquo, who, unlike Macbeth, is wary of such glimpses into the future as the witches have allowed the two companions,

seeks to restrain his impetuous comrade. "'Tis strange," Banquo says,

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.

Macbeth who, in contrast to Banquo, has immediately seized upon the self-imposed reality induced by the witches' prophecies, stumbles out of their toils at the last, only to protest in his dying hour:

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd . . .
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope!

Who, we may now inquire, are these strange beings who waylaid Macbeth, and why do I, who have spent a lifetime in the domain of science, make the audacious claim that this old murderous tale of the scientific twilight extends its shadow across the doorway of our modern laboratories? These bearded, sexless creatures who possess the faculty of vanishing into air or who reappear in some ultimate flame-wreathed landscape only to

mock our folly, are an exteriorized portion of ourselves. They are projections from our own psyche, smoking wisps of mental vapor that proclaim our subconscious intentions and bolster them with Delphic utterances—half-truths which we consciously accept, and which then take power over us. Under the spell of such oracles we create, not a necessary or real future, but a counterfeit drawn from within ourselves, which we then superimpose, through purely human power, upon reality. Indeed one could say that these phantoms create a world which is at the same time spurious and genuine, so complex is our human destiny.

Every age has its style in these necromantic projections. The corpse-lifting divinations of the Elizabethan sorcerers have given way, in our time, to other and, at first sight, more scientific interpretations of the future. Today we know more about man, where he has come from, and what we may expect of him—or so we think. But there is one thing, in my belief, which identifies Macbeth's "juggling fiends" in any age, whether these uncanny phantoms appear as witches, star readers, or today's technologists. This quality is their claim to omniscience—an omniscience only half-stated on the basis of the past or specious present, and always lacking in genuine knowledge of the future. The leading characteristic of the future they present is its fixed, static, inflexible quality.

Such a future is fated beyond human will to change, just as Macbeth's demons, by prophecy, worked in him a transformation of character which then created inevitable tragedy. Until the appearance of the witches on the heath gave it shape, that tragedy existed only as a latent possibility in Macbeth's subconscious. Similarly, in this age, one could quote those who seek control of man's destiny by the evocation of his past. Their wizardry is deceptive because their spells are woven out of a genuine portion of reality—which, however, has taken on this always identifiable quality of fixity in an unfixed universe. The ape is always in our hearts, we are made to say, although each time a child is born something totally and genetically unique enters the universe, just as it did long ago when the great ethical leaders—Christ, the Buddha, Confucius—spoke to their followers.

Man escape, definition even as the modern phantoms in militarist garb proclaim—as I have heard them do—that man will fight from one side of the solar system to the other, and beyond. The danger, of course, is truly there, but it is a danger which, while it lies partially in what man is, lies much closer to what he chooses to believe

about himself. Man's whole history is one of transcendence and of self-examination, which have led him to angelic heights of sacrifice as well as into the bleakest regions of despair. The future is not truly fixed but the world arena is smoking with the caldrons of those who would create tomorrow by evoking, rather than exorcising, the stalking ghosts of the past.

Even this past, however, has been far deeper and more pregnant with novelty than the short-time realist can envisage. As an evolutionist I never cease to be astounded by the past. It is replete with more features than one world can realize. Perhaps it was this that led the philosopher Santayana to speak of men's true natures as not adequately manifested in their condition at any given moment, or even in their usual habits. "Their real nature," he contended, "is what they would discover themselves to be if they possessed self-knowledge, or as the Indian scripture has it, if they became what they are." I should like to approach this mystery of the self, which so intrigued the great philosopher, from a mundane path strewn with the sticks and stones through which the archaeologist must pick his way.

Contemplating the Fish

Let me illustrate what I mean by a very heavy and peculiar stone which I keep upon my desk. It has been split across; carbon black, imprinted in the gray shale, is the outline of a fish. The chemicals that composed the fish—most of them at least—are still there in the stone. They are, in a sense, imperishable. They may come and go, pass in and out of living things, trickle away in the long erosion of time. They are inanimate, yet at one time they constituted a living creature.

Often at my desk, now, I sit contemplating the fish. It does not have to be a fish. It could be the

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long-horned Alaskan bison on my wall. For the point is, you see, that the fish is extinct and gone, just as those great heavy-headed beasts are gone, just as our massive-faced and shambling forebears of the Ice Age have vanished. The chemicals still about us here took a shape that will never be seen again so long as grass grows or the sun shines. Just once out of all time there was a pattern that we call *Bison regius*, a fish-like amphibian called *Ichthyostega*, and, at this present moment, a primate who knows, or thinks he knows, the entire score. In the past there has been armor; there have been bellowings out of throats like iron furnaces; there have been phantom lights in the dark forest, and toothed reptiles winging through the air. It has all been carbon and its compounds, the black stain running perpetually across the stone.

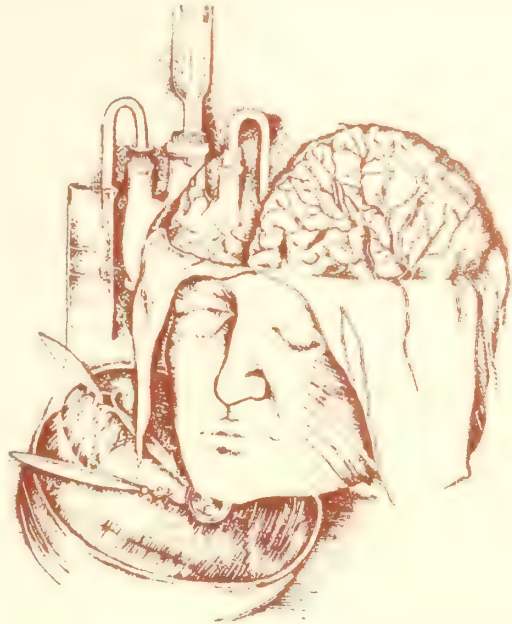
But though the elements are known, nothing in all those shapes is now returnable. No living chemist can shape a dinosaur, no living hand can start the dreaming tentacular extensions that characterize the life of the simplest ameboid cell. Finally, as the greatest mystery of all, I who write these words on paper, cannot establish my own reality. I am, by any reasonable and considered logic, dead. This may be a matter of concern to you reading these words; but if it is any consolation, I can assure you that you are as dead as I. For, on my office desk, to prove my words is the fossil out of the stone, and there is the carbon of life stained black on the ancient rock.

There is no life in the fossil. There is no life in the carbon in my body. As the idea strikes me—and believe me it comes as a profound shock—I run down the list of elements. There is no life in the iron, there is no life in the phosphorus, the nitrogen does not contain me, the water that soaks my tissues is not I. What am I then? I pinch my body in a kind of sudden desperation. My heart knocks, my fingers close around the pen. There is, it seems, a semblance of life here.

But the minute I start breaking this strange body down into its constituents, it is dead. It does not know me. Carbon does not speak, calcium does not remember, iron does not weep. Even if I hastily reconstitute their combinations in my mind, rebuild my arteries, and let oxygen in the grip of hemoglobin go hurrying through a thousand conduits, I have a kind of machine, but where in all this array of pipes and hurried flotsam is the dweller?

From whence, out of what steaming pools or boiling cloudbursts did he first arise? What forces can we find which brought him up the shore, scaled his body into an antique, reptilian

shape and then cracked it like an egg to let a soft-furred animal with a warmer heart emerge? And we? Would it not be a good thing if man were tapped gently like a fertile egg to see what might creep out? I sometimes think of this as I handle the thick-walled skulls of the animal men who preceded us, or ponder over those remote splay-footed creatures whose bones lie deep in the world's wastelands at the very bottom of time.



A Question at Night

With the glooms and night terrors of those vast cemeteries I have been long familiar. A precisely similar gloom enwraps the individual life of each of us. There are moments in my bed at midnight, or watching the play of moonlight on the ceiling, when this ghostliness of myself comes home to me with appalling force, when I lie tense, listening as if removed, far off, to the footfalls of my own heart, or seeing my own head on the pillow turning restlessly with the round staring eyes of a gigantic owl. I whisper "Who?" to no one but myself in the silent, sleeping house—the living house gone back to sleep with the sleeping stones, the eternally sleeping chair, the picture that sleeps forever on the bureau, the dead, also sleeping, though they walk in my dreams. In the midst of all this dark, this void, this emptiness, I, more ghostly than a ghost, cry "Who? Who?" to no answer, aware only of other smaller ghosts like the bat sweeping by the window or the dog who, in repeating a bit of his own lost history, turns restlessly among nonexistent grasses before he subsides again upon the floor.

"Trust the divine animal who carries us

through the world," writes Emerson. Like the horse who finds the way by instinct when the traveler is lost in the forest, so the divine within us, he contends, may find new passages opening into nature; human metamorphosis may be possible. Emerson wrote at a time when man still lived intimately with animals and pursued wild, dangerous ways through primeval forests and prairies. Emerson and Thoreau lived close enough to nature to know something still of animal intuition and wisdom. They had not reached that point of utter cynicism—that distrust of self and of the human past which leads finally to total entrapment in that past, "man crystallized," as Emerson again was shrewd enough to observe.

This entrapment is all too evident in the writings of many concerned with the evolutionary story of man. Their gaze is fixed solely upon a past into which, one begins to suspect, has been poured a certain amount of today's frustration, venom, and despair. Like the witches in *Macbeth*, these men are tempting us with seeming realities about ourselves until these realities take shape in our minds and become the future. It is not necessary to break the code of DNA in order to control human destiny. The tragedy is that men are already controlling it even while they juggle retorts and shake vials in search of a physical means to enrich their personalities. We would like to contain the uncontainable future in a glass, have it crystallized out before us as a powder to swallow. All then, we imagine, would be well.

As our knowledge of the genetic mechanism increases, both scientists and journalists bombard our ears with ingenious accounts of how we are to control, henceforth, our own evolution. We who have recourse only to a past which we misread and which has made us cynics would now venture to produce our own future out of this past alone. Again I judge this self-esteem as a symptom of our time, our powerful, misused technology, our desire not to seek the good life but to produce a painless mechanical version of it—our willingness to be good if goodness can, in short, be swallowed in a pill.

Once more we are on the heath of the witches, or, to come closer to our own time, we are in the London laboratory where the good Doctor Jekyll produced a potion and reft out of his own body the monster Hyde.

Nature, as I have tried to intimate in this little dissection, is never quite where we see it. It is a becoming as well as a passing, but the becoming is both within and without our power. It is this lesson, with all our hard-gained knowledge, that is so difficult to comprehend. All along the evolution-

ary road it could have been said, "This is man," if there had then been such a magical self-defining and mind-freezing word. It could have immobilized us at any step of our journey. It could have held us hanging to the bough from which we actually dropped; it could have kept us cowering, small-brained and helpless, whenever the great cats came through the reeds. It could have stricken us with terror before the fire that was later to be our warmth and weapon against Ice Age cold. At any step of the way, the word *man*, in retrospect, could be said to have encompassed just such final limits.

Not Starry Influences

Each time the barrier has been surmounted. Man is not man. He is elsewhere. There is within us only that dark, divine animal engaged in a strange journey—that creature who, at midnight, knows its own ghostliness and senses its far road. "Man's unhappiness," brooded Carlyle, "comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bring under the Finite." This is why hydrogen, which has become the demon element of our time, should be seen as the intangible dagger which hung before Macbeth's vision, but which had no power except what was lent to it by his own mind.

The terror that confronts our age is our own conception of ourselves. Above all else this is the potion which the modern Dr. Jekylls have concocted. As Shakespeare foresaw:

It hath been taught us from the primal state
That he which is was wished until he were.

This is not the voice of the witches. It is the clear voice of a great poet almost four centuries gone, who saw at the dawn of the scientific age what was to be the darkest problem of man: his conception of himself. The words are quiet, almost cryptic; they do not foretell. They imply a problem in free will. Shakespeare, in this passage, says nothing of starry influences, machinery, beakers, or potions. He says, in essence, one thing only: that what we wish will come.

I submit to you that this is the deadliest message man will ever encounter in all literature. It thrusts upon him inescapable choices. Shakespeare's is the eternal, the true voice of the divine animal, piercing, as it has always pierced, the complacency of little centuries in which, encamped as in hidden thickets, men have sought to evade self-knowledge by describing themselves as men.

Herculaneum

Italy's Neglected Treasure Trove

by Joseph Jay Deiss



Only a small part of this rich man's resort has been dug up since it was buried eighteen centuries ago . . . it probably still contains an untold wealth of art objects and historical findings . . . but it is now being inexplicably overlooked, both by the Italians and by the American tourists.

On the still-born morning of August 24, A.D. 79, a shipment of fine glassware arrived at a well-to-do house near the forum in Herculaneum. The glass was of elegant design and considerable value, and had been carefully packed in straw within a special case to shield it from breakage. The quality of the glass was such that certainly it would be the talk of the next dinner party.

The owners were impatient to open the case, choosing to disregard the sporadic earth tremors which had been shaking the town for the past four days. Neapolis and Pompeii, along with other towns of the Campanian coastal region south of Rome, had felt the tremors too; but the shocks had nothing of the intensity of the great earthquake of seventeen years before. Nearby Vesuvius, as always in human memory, remained a pacific mountain of pastures, orchards, and vineyards.

On this August morning all was as usual in Herculaneum. It was the ninth day before the Kalends of September, near the seventh hour (about midday). The air was breathlessly hot. The ever-present donkey in the street flicked his tail to shoo flies, stamped his feet, and brayed. The cicadas among the palms and oleanders in the gardens rasped away at their normal metallic rhythm. Lizards basked in the broiling sun. In the cool patrician house, the slave opening the package of glassware had torn away the first protecting layer, and was about to dig into the straw.

Without warning, the atmosphere was convulsed by a violent cracking sound. The earth roared and heaved and shook. Acrid gases permeated the air while the yellow sunlight turned abruptly to a brassy overcast. People gasped and screamed. Some shouted that Vesuvius had exploded. All ran into the streets in panic. In that moment the case of fine glassware was abandoned to its fate—an abandonment to last for nearly nineteen hundred years.

Newest of the most exciting discoveries in the Herculaneum excavations, that carton stands before us today as a miracle of survival. Buried under sixty feet of volcanic mud, and happily missed by the eighteenth-century Bourbon tunnelers in search of loot, the glassware at last is unpacked and ready to be set at table. Its beauty is so distinct that the most important contemporary glassmakers have been notified of its discovery, and our own tables may soon be set with glass inspired by its design.

This is but one of the many treasures Herculaneum still holds in secret, for only a small portion of the town has been uncovered. Along

the shore of the Bay of Naples, a short three or four miles from the outskirts of the city, the main road passes over the buried town. A poverty-stricken modern suburb, called Resina, stands today where rich and handsome Herculaneum once stood. The ancient remains are known to the Italians as "Ercolano."

Throughout the years the fame of Herculaneum has been eclipsed by that of its sister in disaster, Pompeii. Few Americans visit Naples without finding time to "do" Pompeii: sailors in uniform, prosperous couples from Mediterranean cruise ships, student groups on tour. The streets of Pompeii are jammed with people speaking every language, while the streets of Herculaneum mostly go empty.

Pompeii has become well-known for a number of dramatic reasons, such as the massive loss of life within its walls, and the frescoes and statues revealing the sexual behavior of its inhabitants. But primarily it has overshadowed Herculaneum simply because it was easier to excavate. Yet one hour in Herculaneum recreates for the visitor more of the past than three in Pompeii.

The physical facts of the burial of the two cities were quite different. The vivid description of the eruption by the eighteen-year-old Pliny the Younger, who viewed the phenomenon from a distance, remains one of the classics of literature. In a letter to the historian Tacitus he described the rescue operations undertaken by his uncle Pliny, the naturalist, then commander of the Roman fleet, who was killed by the volcanic gases.

Pompeii was smothered by twenty to twenty-three feet of volcanic ash and burning-hot small stones, called *lapilli*. Houses caught fire, bronze melted. Herculaneum, farther from the volcano and on a different slope, was inundated by a torrent of mud-lava—hot but not so hot as the *lapilli*—which flowed like a viscous river into, around, and over the town, sealing it as though encased in plastic. Thus submerged under mud which hardened like tufa, Herculaneum was preserved more completely than Pompeii, but also was made more difficult to excavate.

Only recently have techniques been developed

and refined to a point which makes possible the uncovering of Herculaneum on a large scale—revealing the preservation of such details as chicken bones on the dining table, eggs in the cupboard, cakes in the oven, rope on its windlass, fishnets and hooks on the line, thimbles and needles in a sewing kit, and even writings on papyrus. And these are only a very few. A doodle on a latrine wall in a patrician house (signed by a physician to the Emperor Titus) has been preserved for us.

The streets and houses of Herculaneum emerge markedly more complete than those of Pompeii. Not long ago, as I browsed in a wineshop, paused in the *atrium* of a house to admire a colorful fresco, appraised the walnuts on the counter of a snack bar called "The Drinking Priapus," and rested for a moment in a garden beside a marble faun, I had the uncanny sensation that life had merely been suspended at the point of interruption almost two thousand years ago. Only my clothes are ugly and wrong, I thought. And Resina, on the bluffs above, continued to remind me of some of the more hideous aspects of modern civilization. . . .

The Looters Came Next

Herculaneum was already an old town at the moment of its suffocation. The oldest written mention of it to survive was in Theophrastus (314 B.C.), who called it "Heracleion." It was not large—about five thousand inhabitants, a quarter of the population and a third the area of Pompeii.

As the Greeks dominated the whole Campanian coast from the sixth century B.C., and as the town plan strongly resembles that of ancient Neapolis (not modern Napoli!), it is reasonable to assume that Herculaneum was one of the early Greek colonies, located at a settlement of the indigenous Italic peoples. According to legend, however, Hercules himself was supposed to be the father of the town, so he came to be worshiped as its patron god. Paintings and statues of him abound—including a marble "drunken Hercules" which is highly irreverent: he is portrayed in the act of relieving his bladder.

After the fatal Vesuvius eruption, the town seems slowly to have been erased from human memory. With the passing centuries, the slopes of Vesuvius again were cultivated with orchards and vineyards. Rumors of buried treasures nevertheless persisted and were intensified with the Renaissance and its antiquity fever, when a Greek or Roman carving might almost be worth

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its weight in gold. The Greek and Latin references to Herculaneum were read once more. Yet no digging took place, and in 1631 Vesuvius poured new layers of fire-lava atop the stricken town.

In 1709 a well in Resina went dry. A peasant, sinking the well deeper, found not water but rare kinds of marble. The marbles were brought to the Austrian Prince d'Elboeuf, who was building a palatial villa close by. As he considered the materials a windfall for his villa, the well was enlarged and lateral tunnels were dug, expanded at some points into chambers.

Even so, d'Elboeuf remained unaware of the true significance of his find. The diggers had stumbled directly on an ancient theatre, seating almost three thousand, adorned with stuccoes, paintings, sculptures, rich polychrome marbles—and a stage prepared for the next performance, complete with scenery, musical instruments, machines to make the gods appear and disappear, costumes in the actors' dressing rooms, and even greasepaint. But d'Elboeuf unfortunately was interested only in plunder, and the second destruction of Herculaneum began.

The subsequent history of the excavations, until modern times, was a series of starts and stops. Systematic work did not begin until 1738, and it was by no means systematic in our sense, for it was under the direction of a Spanish military engineer, who committed such appalling blunders as removing bronze letters without bothering to record the inscription. Ten years later, the excavation of Pompeii was begun, with the same regrettable objective of carrying away every treasure of marble, bronze, or gold.

It was in this period that the fabulous suburban Villa of the Papyri was discovered. Lying on the hillside overlooking the Bay of Naples like Herculaneum itself, it was as big as a whole block of Herculaneum. Its length alone is over 800 feet. In the garden, the fish pool or swimming pool, supplied with water by an ingenious hydraulic system, measures some 22 feet wide and 200 feet long. This villa was explored solely by tunnels poorly ventilated and often made dangerous by mephitic gases, but from it was recovered a whole library (hence its name), including the nearly complete works of the Epicurean philosopher Philodemus, and more than sixty magnificent bronze statues.

Among these bronzes were several which have become world-famous, and were a prime target for Goering's thievery during the past war. Now they have been returned to the Museo Nazionale in Naples—the Mercury in Repose, the Drunken



The tinker's shop, with a bronze statue of Dionysus standing just as found. (Photo from the Superintendent of Antiquities in Campania, Naples.)

Faun, the Wrestlers, the Dancing Women (who still show traces of color on their bronze garments and lips), busts of philosophers, poets, statesmen like Scipio Africanus, lifelike animals such as the Alert Deer, and many others.

Whose was this amazing villa? An answer may be provided when and if the villa is ever fully excavated. As of now, scholars believe that the villa was the property of Lucius Calpurnius Piso, father-in-law of Julius Caesar. In 1765 the exploratory tunnels were filled in, the shafts closed, and the villa returned to that dark repose from which it has never since been disturbed.

All these discoveries made an enormous impact throughout Europe, and "Pompeiiian" designs immediately appeared in eighteenth-century architecture, furniture, clothes, dishes, painting, and sculpture. Nevertheless, digging continued only sporadically, and in 1875 the landowners of Resina managed to stop the work altogether. The *padroni* did not want to destroy the slums of the present to reveal the palaces of the past. This problem has not yet been resolved.



Excavations in progress at the forum in Herculaneum. Above can be seen the slums of the modern town, Resina. (Photo from the Superintendent of Antiquities in Campania, Naples.)

Not until the year 1927 was any effective effort made by the Italian state to resume digging. Even with new machines becoming available, techniques had to be devised which would expedite excavation without destruction of artifacts—bulldozers, for example, are not exactly selective. Amedeo Maiuri, who directed these efforts, became one of the best-known of modern archaeologists, and at his recent death large new sections of Pompeii and Herculaneum stood revealed as monuments to his labors.

The new director, officially the Superintendent of Antiquities, is Dr. Alfonso de Franciscis, a university professor. He worked with Maiuri for a number of years, has conducted excavations in Greece and elsewhere, and has written extensively on Greek sculpture and Roman painting. He assumes control of the program at a critical point in Italian cultural life, when new riches created by Italy's industrial progress threaten to obliterate much of the artistic grandeur of the past. But on the other hand, never has a new phase in the Pompeii-Herculaneum excavations

begun at such a peak of world interest in archaeology.

Today the visitor enters Herculaneum from the clamorous streets of Resina, seeing it first from a bridge high above the level of the town. A causeway of the hardened mud leads over and around to what was once the waterfront. From above, the ancient tile-roofed houses harmonize in color and line under the brilliant Neapolitan sun and sky. These admirable houses are part of the new excavations, with everything being retained, as far as possible, where it was found.

Bathing as a Way of Life

Statuary and frescoed walls stand in the cool recesses beyond the gardens. In the typical *atrium*, or entrance court, a marble-lined basin still catches rainwater and reflects blue sky from the opening in the roof above. The *nymphaeum*, its mosaics gleaming, seems once more to echo the whispering of nymphs. The windowed portico, glass-enclosed to utilize solar heat, remains a pleasant place to stroll on windy days. The little shaded rooms, designed for the siesta on hot summer afternoons, retain their freshness. And in the covered pergolas, marble benches invite the fatigued to sit and enjoy the view.

I was greatly taken by the skilled woodwork—sliding panels, folding doors, accordion partitions, worm gears for a cloth press, cupboards for food, chairs, cradles, lathe-turned beds, many carbonized but a substantial number intact. There is a masterly carving in bas-relief of a nude Telephus, the son of Hercules who was suckled by a doe. And notable too are the Bacchic revels portrayed on both sides of a revolving *oscillum*—a kind of marble “coin” two feet in diameter, hung from the ceiling. It is obvious, from the paintings on the walls, that here nudity was considered a normal state. The men were deeply tanned by the sun, like Hercules, while the women remained a creamy white, like Venus.

The owners of these houses did not go to the public fountain for water; the water came to their houses through pipes and pressure chambers of an intricate hydraulic system, and waste was carried away through sewers laid beneath the streets. For running water, there was a valve very like those we turn today.

No one had need, actually, for a private bathroom, though some existed. The public baths were far superior to anything an individual house might boast. Two separate installations of

thermae have been exhumed thus far in Herculaneum, of which the newest is the most complete ever discovered anywhere. The steam rooms, the cool rooms, the hot plunges and cold plunges have been preserved in very nearly all their ancient beauty. The brass tap feeding water to the fountain of Apollo still turns, still works. Firewood, to heat water and circulate hot air through the ducts of the double walls of the *calidarium*, is still stacked in its original place—uncarbonized, as are the shutters to the windows. I found most striking of all the architectural daring of rows of arches upon arches in the entrance hall; the detailed modeling in stucco of the naked warriors who adorn the walls inside; and the lifelike fresco of fishes and sea creatures so painted on the vault of the *frigidarium* that they are reflected in the blue-green water of the cold plunge below.

Comparable in luxury to the public baths was the *palaestra*, an open games and sports area surrounded by a columned portico, now less than half revealed. In the center is a large swimming pool in the form of a square cross, and at the intersection a bronze serpent, twice the length of a man and thick as a man's arm, which spurted water from its five crested heads into the pool. Still untouched, except by tunnels, is the basilica, where great columns stand locked in mud, askew on their pedestals. It is here that one best realizes the formidable character of the mud-lava, its density and overwhelming mass.

On the upper floor of a patrician house, in the servants' quarters, is a little windowless room containing a carbonized oratory; and above is the imprint of a Cross hastily torn from the wall. Was this room actually a place of Christian worship? No one can say with certainty, because the Cross itself is missing; but if so, it is the only evidence of the existence of Christianity yet found at either Herculaneum or Pompeii.

In the shops remain some of the intimate minutiae of small-town life. On the counter of the grocer Aulus Fufer are grain and beans placed out for sale; nearby is a seal with his name. In the bakery of Sextus Patulcus are twenty-five bronze pans and many loaves of bread, pastries, and pizzas, all bearing his initials, imprinted in baking. In many shops a *lararium*, a niche for the household god, invokes the aid or protection of a deity—much as a saint or Christ or the Madonna is invoked on the walls of Italian shops today.

For the harassed modern city dweller, it may be a comfort to observe that the housing crisis had already arrived in the year 79. Though



Part of the shrine to the Divine Emperor Augustus in Herculaneum. On the left wall is a painting of Hercules, Minerva, and Juno. (Photo from the Superintendent of Antiquities in Campania, Naples.)

Herculaneum was not, like Pompeii, an important commercial town, nevertheless changes in the houses show the rise of the new artisan and business classes and the decline of the old aristocracy. Many of the patrician houses have been altered on the ground floor to make way for a shop; and rooms above have been converted into apartments to let. Already in existence was a kind of tenement house: a block of flats around a central courtyard, with separate entrances. In fact, the techniques of building light partitions with reeds, cement, and plaster are best seen in these remodeled houses in Herculaneum.

Recent digging has centered around the forum. To date only a very small section has been uncovered. The equestrian bronzes which adorned this area are not yet unearthed, but there are fragments of what appears to be the largest four-horse bronze chariot ever recorded. Facing directly on the triumphal arch of the forum is a building called the College of Augustals—so known from the inscription recording the formal consecration of the shrine to the cult of the

Divine Emperor Augustus. Even so, Hercules is prominently displayed within, along with Minerva and Juno. The edifice now is particularly interesting because it has been restored in such a way as to reveal all of its construction details; even the temporary wooden poles supporting the roof after the earthquake of 62 A.D. have been retained.

Within it is one of the rare victims found at Herculaneum: the skeleton of a man, cringing face down on a spindle-legged bed. The bed is behind a "temporary" partition shutting off an alcove; and the small square window, though interior, has bars. Who was this man? Was he ill, or was he imprisoned in this shrine?

Not far from this building is a tinker's, or small foundry, complete with charcoal for the forge, bellows, ingots of metal. Among the scraps were found a candelabrum and a graceful bronze statue of Dionysus, waiting for repairs. They are waiting still. . . .

Open Now to the Rain

As very little activity is currently observable at Herculaneum, I decided to ask Dr. de Franciscis about the state of affairs.

I called on him in his high-ceilinged office at the Museo Nazionale in Naples—a seventeenth-century *palazzo*, once a riding school for the aristocracy. It is generally considered by scholars to be the most important Greco-Roman museum in the world. It is often missed by American tourists though it is the chief repository of the priceless items of art and of daily life recovered from both Pompeii and Herculaneum. Actually, a visit to the rediscovered cities without a visit to the museum leaves the visitor only half-informed.

For Dr. de Franciscis, the museum is a natural habitat. Above his desk is a copy of the famed "Winged Boy with a Dolphin," a bronze from Pompeii. The Superintendent is a smallish man with a slender face, a brush of graying hair, and a rather shy but pleasant smile. He often walks through the museum with his hands clasped behind his back, deep in thought.

I was concerned to know what policy changes might be in prospect, and was reassured that the policies of Maiuri are to be continued. The greatest problem of the moment, the new Superintendent said, was lack of funds, which slows down the excavation and places emphasis on reconstruction rather than discovery.

Recently, even the museum itself has been

threatened with collapse, as great cracks have appeared in the two-yard-thick stone walls. An unthinkable disaster—to lose the art and artifacts of Pompeii and Herculaneum for a second time! The world can only hope that adequate repairs will be made by the government, with the speed and thoroughness the situation requires.

Even rudimentary maintenance, it seems, is now gravely jeopardized by lack of staff (the ultimate irony, considering the number of Neapolitans unemployed). I myself had noted how blackberry vines were overwhelming the back streets of Pompeii, how walls and gardens need clearing of weeds, how intricate mosaic floors are falling apart, how roofs at Herculaneum had collapsed from last winter's alternate rain-and-ice (luckily rare). Unprotected from the sun are advertisements and political exhortations, written on the walls with red paint in flowing Latin characters. Equally saddening was the lack of adequate protection for those delectable *graffiti*, bequeathed to us by long-dead scribblers whose doodling makes them seem so completely alive and modern. What a shame to lose forever Livia's public good-bye to Alexander: "What do I care about your health, good or bad? Do you think I care if you drop dead tomorrow . . .?"

What a shame to see invaluable ruins crumbling into greater ruin, from lack of simple care! Herculaneum stands without question as one of the greatest treasures of antiquity. It could become a unique showplace—a kind of Williamsburg of antiquity, not restored but authentic. It should be so regarded not only by tourists but also by any government engaged in enticing tourists to these shores. The resettling of Resina's slum dwellers and the complete uncovering of Herculaneum would be clearly a profitable investment, as well as a gesture proving that the government takes seriously its responsibilities to history.

Back in 1904, an English archaeologist attempted to start an international organization for the excavation of Herculaneum. The attempt failed, for neither governments nor philanthropists were then interested. Perhaps today an international effort led by an organization such as UNESCO might remedy the shortsightedness of national vision. The inheritors of the Greco-Roman culture, particularly, have a certain responsibility for its continuation. Not only were Italian, and all European, roots nourished in such towns as Herculaneum but our own "early-American" architecture—epitomized in Williamsburg—drew much inspiration from that ancient past.

A Minute Forty Seven of the Second



A story by Tom Mayer

My little brother Johnny went into training on a Wednesday in April, two and a half weeks before the fight. That afternoon I got a note in my two o'clock study hall telling me to report to the office of Mr. Emory D. H. Bascomb, the principal, after school. Mr. Bascomb was the principal of both Barrington Junior High, where I was in the seventh grade at the time, and of Goodey-Gormley grade school across the street, where my brother was in the fourth grade.

When I got the note I thought maybe they had found out about the brass knuckles I had made in shop class, but that was unlikely because I had sneaked them out and now they were at home. Even so, I was somewhat nervous when I got to the office.

Mr. Bascomb was a very dignified-looking man; he could have passed as a bank president or the chairman of the board of a big company in the movies, and he was always very nice to me. This was because he was a strong Republican, and my mother is something of a wheel in state Republican politics, a big wheel in fact, and Mr. Bascomb wanted a nice tenure job with the state system. The pay was better than in the city

system. He had to act like a nonpartisan, of course, so that he wouldn't get the city school board on his tail, but he wanted my mother to know what his principles were, and that was pretty lucky for me more than a couple of times. I didn't know any of that then, only that he seemed to like me.

"Sit down, Jerry," he said to me, and pointed at a chair. "I've got grave problems to discuss with you."

"Yes sir," I said and sat down.

"It's about your brother Johnny," he said and I relaxed.

"He's done something wrong, sir?" I asked.

"Not exactly wrong," Mr. Bascomb said. "In fact the whole situation is very unusual, and I'd like to have your help in trying to solve it peaceably."

"Sure, sir," I said.

"Well, it seems your brother's been threatening people. He's terrified one boy so thoroughly that the boy's mother has called and asked that I intervene."

"No bull?" I asked. "Johnny got sore at somebody for real?"

Johnny was by about two inches and ten pounds the puniest kid in the fourth grade, and the only argument he ever had with anybody before that I knew about was when he made me beat up Larry McGurk, the undertaker's son. That was when Johnny was in the second grade and McGurk took all his marbles, including a good steelie and some clearies I had given him, so I had to beat McGurk up, which wasn't exactly easy.

"Watch your language, Jerry," Mr. Bascomb said.

I said I was sorry, but I was surprised to hear that Johnny had had an argument, much less threatened anybody.

"So was I," Mr. Bascomb said. "But the boy's parents have called on me and I have to do something."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Melvin Oglethorpe," Mr. Bascomb said, and I couldn't help laughing. Melvin Oglethorpe was not tough or anything, but he was one of the biggest kids in the fourth grade and he must have been at least a foot taller than Johnny.

"It must be some kind of joke," I said.

"No," Mr. Bascomb said. "It's no joke. In fact, it's very serious because the boy's future well-being is involved. Mrs. Oglethorpe called me up and told me Johnny has been threatening young Mel on his way home from school, and Mel is so upset that he isn't hungry anymore. Mrs. Oglethorpe took him to Dr. Barnaby, who said the boy is growing very fast. He's five ten already, and malnutrition could be disastrous to his future health."

I said, "Well what can I do?"

"We have to find out what's at the bottom of this," Mr. Bascomb said. "Of course I'd like to settle it peaceably—it's not good to let grade school children indulge in violence—but if we can't patch it up we'll have to put the gloves on them. I want you to explain this entire situation to your mother, and between the two of you perhaps you can discover what's troubling Johnny and help me solve this. I'd appreciate it if you'd tell that to your mother."

"I will, sir. I'll see what I can do."

"That's fine," Mr. Bascomb said. "Let me know when you find something."

"I'll probably know by tomorrow," I said. "I imagine Johnny'll tell me about it."

"I hope so," Mr. Bascomb said, "but one thing's for sure, this threatening has got to stop. It's a terrible thing when a boy can't walk home from school without being molested."

"Yes sir."

"If Johnny is intractable you can tell him I said that, and you can also tell the young man that I'll have to call him in here if he doesn't shape up."

"I will," I said.

"Remember," Mr. Bascomb said, "we'll settle this with gloves if we have to. I don't like violence, but we'll do it that way if necessary."

I told Mr. Bascomb that I understood, and he said that was fine, and then we talked awhile about what a fine woman my mother is.

When I got outside it was four thirty, and I saw I would be way late to practice so I decided to skip it. I wasn't overconfident, but I knew I was the only good right-hand pitcher Apodaca's General Store had, which was why the manager, Martín Lopez, picked me first choice in the Little League player draft. Also because I could catch, and you can never carry enough good catchers. I figured I could tell Mr. Martín Lopez I got kept after school and he would believe me.

I ran home and found my brother in the TV room watching TV. He was waiting for Crusader Rabbit, a five-minute cartoon serial, and I knew I couldn't talk to him about anything until after that. Personally I always found Crusader Rabbit very frustrating, because they spent three minutes out of the five telling you what happened the last time, and you had to watch almost every show anyhow or you lost the thread. Each story went on for about a year, and Johnny watched every one while my mother kept waiting for him to outgrow it.

When Crusader Rabbit was over, Johnny turned off the TV set and got up on a straight-back chair and began punching the bag. The TV room was also the playroom and my father kept a light punching bag there. My father was the two-time middleweight champion of the Australian Army, and he once knocked out "Bopo" Quintana, the light-heavyweight champion of the Southwest—a nationally ranked contender at the time—with one punch in a street fight at the Plaza. I have a newspaper clipping to prove it. "Bopo" said something vile about my mother, and my father knocked him through the plate-glass window at Woolworth's.

My father didn't fight in the gym anymore, but he punched the bag for a half-hour two or three times a week to keep his eye sharp and

Tom Mayer, who has spent a season writing in Santa Fe after completing his sophomore year at Harvard, will have a book of stories, including this one, published by Viking Press this year.

did some roadwork on Sundays when he got the chance. He could hit very hard, they said, had shoulders like a heavyweight, and he never let himself get above one seventy. His only weakness as a fighter, something not his fault, was that he had a long straight brittle nose that got broken the first time anybody even jabbed it hard.

Johnny banged away at the bag for awhile, not saying anything, and doing an awful job of it. Even standing on the chair he was way too low for the bag, and he didn't know how to hit it. My father showed me a little about boxing when I was a kid, and I used to spar and fool around a lot with him, but Johnny was never interested and my father didn't make him learn.

"What the hell are you doing?" I asked.

"Practicing," Johnny said, and almost fell off the chair.

"Don't hook it so much," I said. "Don't try to hit it so often. Let it bounce."

"Like this?" Johnny said, and hooked it again so that it bounced back at him on a diagonal.

"No. Jab it," I said.

"How?"

I got up and shadow-boxed a few jabs for him. "Straight. Like this. Left, left. Cross with the right when you got him set up."

"I'll try it."

He jabbed on the bag a few times, and it went back and forth on a straight line so that he could keep hitting it.

"That's better," I said.

He jabbed it again.

"Whatcha doing this for?" I asked him.

"Nothing," he said. Johnny has always been good at keeping his own secrets.

"What for? Come on and tell."

"I feel like doing it," he said.

"That's bull," I said.

"All right. I don't feel like doing it." He jabbed the bag twice, the second time nicely, and then he hooked with his right. The chair slid when he swung, and he had to grab the back of it.

"Hit it straight," I said. "Jab it straight, but throw the right straight too. Straight line is the shortest distance between two points. A straight punch gets there first and hurts the most. Hookers are nothin' but brawlers. Boxer with a punch can lick a hooker any day."

"Is this it?" He threw a straight right, but it hit the side of the bag instead of the center.



"That's the idea," I said. "Now why are you doing this?"

"I want to."

"Ha ha. I know better."

He stopped punching and looked over at me. Then he started punching again.

"I hear you're out to get Melvin Oglethorpe," I said.

That stopped him completely and he said, "Who says?"

"Mr. Bascomb," I said and smiled at him.

"No kidding, Jerry?" Johnny asked. Mr. Bascomb's name shook him up some.

I nodded. "Mr. Bascomb says you're having a blood feud with him. His mother called up and complained about you being so big and tough."

"He's chicken," my brother said.

"How come you're sore at him?" I asked. "Mr. Bascomb told me to find out, but I won't tell him if you don't want me to. What happened?"

"He didn't do anything to me," Johnny said.

"Aw come on," I said.

Johnny looked at the bag, and hit it once. He didn't hit it again, just stood there on the chair looking at it until it stopped swinging, and then he turned to me and said, "I can't tell you."

"I won't say anything," I said.

"Honest."

"Yes you will."

"No I won't. You can count on me."

"I'd like to tell you," he said. "But I can't tell anybody."

"Well give me some idea."

"He insulticated me," Johnny said.

"How?"

"He just did."

"Did he hit you," I asked, "or what? I could've beat him up, like Larry McGurk."

"He just insulticated me."

"And what did you do to him?"

"Nothing."

"You haven't hit him?"

"No."

"Well what's going to happen?" I asked.

"I don't know," Johnny said. "I gotta learn to fight."

"It's about time," I said.

"Oh yeah?" Johnny said.

"Dad can show you a lot," I said. "He's good himself."

"I know," Johnny said, "but I don't want him to find out about it."

"Why not? He won't care."

"I just don't."

"He's going to anyway," I said.
"come?"

"I gotta tell Mother."

"Why?"

"'Cause Mr. Bascomb told me to. He will himself if I don't. You know how he is."

"You have to tell her?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then I guess it's okay to tell Dad too," Johnny said.

"Okay?" I said. "It's better to tell Dad. He can be a big help."

"I guess so," Johnny said.

We talked about it awhile longer, and decided to tell my father after dinner that night. The more Johnny thought about it the more he agreed with me that Dad could show him how to fight, and, what's more, would probably jump at the chance to do it.

After dinner we said to Dad that we had some big business we wanted to talk to him about alone, without my mother and grandmother. He said okay, but not too long, he had some work to do, and we took him into the TV room and explained the whole thing to him. He thought about it a minute, and said we had to get Johnny into training right away. Then he asked Johnny what Melvin had done to him to get him riled up, and Johnny said Melvin had insulted him. Dad said he understood.

We talked it over, because Dad said good managers always make up their preparation plans long before the match, so they can play all the angles, and we decided I should go to see Mr. Bascomb the next day and explain that Johnny wanted to fight. Dad said I should get the date of the bout set as far in the future as possible to give Johnny training time.

Dad said Johnny had better get started right away. He put Johnny up on the chair and watched him punch the bag awhile. Then he said the bag was too high for Johnny, but I told him that didn't matter, because Melvin was too high for Johnny too. My father took me aside and said we had to build up Johnny's confidence, so I shouldn't say things like that anymore.

My father showed Johnny how to jab that evening, and how to keep his hands up. He told Johnny to keep his hands in front of his face, elbows down in order to block punches with his forearms, and his chin behind his shoulder. Then if he jabbed a lot, my father said, he could keep the other guy off balance until he opened him up.

Dad said legs were very important, and he got an old jump rope from the closet in his office and showed Johnny how to jump with it. Dad had good timing and he could do all sorts of fancy stuff himself, crossovers and the like, but Johnny just got tangled up. Dad said that was happening because the rope was too long, so he took out a pocket knife and cut the rope down to where Johnny could use it. That helped, and Johnny began to get the idea, although he still tripped pretty hard a couple of times.

Dad said diet was very important. He said we would have to get Mother to feed Johnny the right things, and both Johnny and I said that might be pretty tricky. Mother didn't approve of boxing.

Just about then Mother came in anyway, and wanted to know what we were up to. Both Dad and Johnny were sweating considerable amounts, and Mother wanted to know if they were trying to shake the house down. She said she had just had the ceiling in the hall plastered, and it was flaking down all over the place.

My father explained that we were training Johnny for a fight.

"Little Johnny?" my mother asked.

My father said yes. He said Johnny was already learning a jab, and they were going to do some running together the next morning. Johnny liked to sleep late, he never got up until just before breakfast, and even then you had to shake him, and he didn't look too happy about the running bit.

Mother said we weren't going to turn her baby into a fighter, and that was that. Then my father and I explained about Melvin and Mr. Bascomb, and Mother said Mr. Bascomb was a blithering idiot. She kissed Johnny sweetly on the forehead and said it was mean of my father and me to make him fight. Johnny said he wanted to fight, and Mother said she didn't believe him.

"Got no choice," he said. Mother asked what Melvin had done to him, and Johnny wouldn't tell her any more than he had me.

Mother saw it was no use, Johnny was the stubbornest one in the family when he made up his mind about something, and my father told her she would have to start fixing training meals. He said Johnny should have steak twice a day, preferably three times, and lots of milk and orange juice. That made Mother mad, and she said Johnny and all the rest of us ate very well as it was. My father was embarrassed and said that was true, she and Ramona were the best cooks in the business, but a fighter in training was different and he'd settle for steak once a day.

Mother said she'd think about it. Then my father said that Johnny ought to cut out between-meal snacks, and no candy, and of course no cigarettes or liquor. My mother looked at my father as if he were crazy, and my father said he knew Johnny didn't drink or smoke, but he wanted to emphasize the importance of condition. He asked Mother if she'd like to see Johnny's jab, and Mother said not particularly, but she stayed while Johnny shadow-boxed. "Snap it hard," my father kept saying, "stick it in his face, make it sting. That's a boy."

My father said it was time for bed, because Johnny would have to get up early for roadwork, and he asked Johnny if he wanted a rubdown. Johnny said okay, and my father detailed me to give Johnny a massage. Johnny took a bath and went to bed, and I rubbed down his arms and legs and back. He said it felt good, and I told him he had been looking sharp, trying to build up his confidence. He said he didn't think roadwork sounded like much fun, and went to sleep.

The next morning my father got him up at six, and they ran around the block three or four times before breakfast. My father ate four eggs when they came in, said he hadn't felt so well in years, and Johnny looked tired. My father made him drink three glasses of orange juice, and told Mother to get some wheat germ and vitamin pills.

At school I went to see Mr. Bascomb and told him that Johnny wanted satisfaction. I told him Johnny had been mortally insulted and wanted to fight Melvin.

"But what did Melvin do?" Mr. Bascomb asked.

"Terrible things," I said. Then I asked Mr. Bascomb when he wanted the fight. He said something about the sooner the better, and would next Saturday be suitable. I lied and said we were all going to the ranch the next Saturday for spring roundup, how about a week after that? Mr. Bascomb said that was fine with him, but he didn't look forward with any relish to telling Mrs. Oglethorpe about it.

When I told my father about the fight date he said he wished I'd gotten more time. I said I'd done the best I could, and he said that was okay, he thought he could have Johnny ready, but he wished he had more time to strengthen up those legs.

He ran Johnny a lot the next week and a half, and taught him how to punch straight. I sparred

with Johnny, not hitting hard, and it was amazing how he picked up moves. He was very coordinated, which was something we had never suspected before because he hated sports so, and in no time at all he could do a fine bob and weave. Dad made him carry a small rubber ball around in each pocket, and told him to squeeze them all the time. After about a week Johnny began to have some sting to his punches. Dad kept working with him mainly on the simple stuff, keep the right up, the chin tucked in, the left jabbing; cross to the jaw when you get a clean shot, bob and weave when you get in trouble. Dad bought a medicine ball and tossed it to Johnny to toughen up his middle, but the ball was too big and it knocked Johnny's wind out. That happened a couple of times, but Johnny got right back up and asked for more, and I was astonished at how tough he was getting.

The last week Dad had him running around the block ten times before breakfast, eating wheat germ, steak, and orange juice, taking four kinds of vitamin pills, and sparring six rounds after school in addition to rope skipping and bag work. The Wednesday before the fight Dad bought Johnny a new pair of red silk fighting trunks, a jock, and a steel cup. The trunks fit fine and the jock was okay, but the cup was too big, and Johnny had to walk around bow-legged with it on. Dad said he had to have a cup, can't fight without protection, and the next day he spent most of the morning buying up boy's-size protectors. He brought about twenty of them home, and at least ten fit.

On Friday Johnny just skipped rope and sparred a round with me. Dad wanted to keep him home from school to make sure he took it easy, but Mother said she wouldn't hear of it. My father said, "But it's the day before the fight," and Mother said no, absolutely no. Dad fed Johnny a huge steak that he cooked himself, and put him to bed at eight-thirty after giving him a sleeping pill to make sure he relaxed well.

The fight was scheduled for ten o'clock, and we got to school at nine-thirty. Johnny changed at home, and wore a blue bathrobe in the car. Dad asked him three or four times how he felt and if he had the right size cup in place. Mother wouldn't come with us. She said she hated fights, any fights, they were brutal, and she wasn't about to watch one with her last baby in it.



The fight was in the Goodey-Gormley gym, and the ring was a joke. They had put down a wrestling mat in the middle of the floor, with a steel folding chair at each corner. No ropes at all. The referee was Mr. Nestor Gonzalez, one of the sixth-grade teachers. He was hunchbacked, wore glasses, and talked in a high thin voice. I had had him the year before and he was very nice, and very intelligent.

Melvin Oglethorpe and his parents showed up at a quarter till. Mrs. Oglethorpe had a red scaly face that looked as if she had just been yelling at someone. Lots of blood in her cheeks. Mr. Oglethorpe was huge, around six four, with hairy hands. Melvin *was* at least a foot taller than Johnny. He had black hair he was always brushing back out of his eyes, and he was very pale, scared stiff, I figured, and he was dressed in a regular shirt and khakis. When he took the shirt off he was skinny underneath.

Mr. Bascomb was there too, and the first thing he did was run up to my father and ask how my mother was. Then he asked if there wasn't some way we could solve this peaceably, and my father told him to ask Johnny. Mr. Bascomb asked Johnny, and Johnny said, "I wanna fight."

Mr. Bascomb said he guessed fight it was, and Melvin looked very unhappy.

I was going to be Johnny's second, of course, and I had a bucket filled with ice water, four towels, a big box of Band-Aids, and some iodine. I picked a corner and told Johnny to sit down in the chair. Mr. Gonzalez gave us some school gloves, twelve-ouncers, and I tied them on Johnny, being careful to tuck the laces in. This was according to plan. My father had been working Johnny out with sixteen-ounce gloves, figuring the school would have twelve-ouncers, so Johnny's hands would feel light and fast.

Mr. Gonzalez asked if everybody was ready. I said Johnny was, and Melvin sort of nodded. Mr. Gonzalez told the boys to come to the center of the ring.

"We'll fight three rounds," he said, "of two minutes each, and after that everyone should be happy. I don't know much about boxing, but no hitting below the belt, no biting, and no kicking. The edges of the mat are the out-of-bounds lines. You both sure we can't talk this thing out?"

"Yes," Johnny said.

"All right, if that's the way you feel about it. Back to your corners. Mr. Bascomb is going to

be the timekeeper and he'll ring the bell. Don't hit each other after the bell."

Johnny came back to his corner and I said, "Go get him." Johnny nodded. I took off the blue bathrobe, having trouble getting it over the gloves. My father had gotten Johnny a mouthpiece, and I put it in. It made his face look swollen. Johnny did a couple of deep-knee bends, which Dad said would loosen up his ligaments. Then he jabbed the air a couple of times, and I had to admit it looked impressive. Straight with lots of snap.

Mr. Bascomb said, "Everybody ready?" and rang the bell. Johnny came out fast, hands up high, and had to wait for Melvin at the center of the ring. Melvin was moving cautiously. When he got within range Johnny feinted a jab and circled around him twice, doing a little bobbing and weaving as he went. Dad told him to be careful in the first round and feel his opponent out. Dad said only rank amateurs and club fighters went rushing in. Melvin swung softly, a long roundhouse right, and Johnny ducked it easily. Johnny countered with a hard jab that landed square on Melvin's shoulder. Melvin said ouch, and you could tell Johnny's short reach was going to be a problem. Melvin swung again and missed and Mrs. Oglethorpe yelled loudly, "Murder him."

Melvin looked a little embarrassed. Johnny faked a one-two to the jaw, and when Melvin pulled his hands up Johnny hit him in the gut. Dad had told him to give the guy's midsection a going over early in the fight. That would slow him down. I looked around and Dad was smiling.

Melvin backpedaled a bit and then swung with his right again. Johnny ducked it with his head and hit Melvin with a right of his own square on the chin. Considering Johnny weighed all of about eighty pounds at the time, it was quite a punch. Melvin's knees buckled, and he went staggering back off the mat. His shoes squeaked loudly as he caught his balance on the hardwood floor, and Mr. Gonzalez said, "Wait a minute, are you okay?" Melvin nodded and rubbed his chin. Melvin got back on the mat, though he took his time about doing it, and they circled around some more, with Melvin heaving wild haymakers from time to time, until Mr. Bascomb rang the bell.

Johnny came back to the corner and bobbed up and down to show how strong he felt. I took his mouthpiece out.



"Take it easy," I said. "You got two more rounds."

"It works," he said.

"What works?"

"The things Dad says," he said.

"I told you they would. Now sit down. I gotta sponge the sweat off you."

Johnny sat down and I dipped one of my towels in the ice water and rubbed over his face. The towel must have gotten in his mouth, because he spit two or three times after I took it away. "You're not supposed to stuff it down my throat," he said.

"Sorry," I said. "You got any cuts you want bandaged?" I had stripped the wrappers off several Band-Aids and stuck them to the back of the chair in case I had to use them fast, and the iodine was in my pocket. I also had a roll of cotton.

"He didn't hit me," Johnny said. "How could I have cuts?"

"I can't see everything from here," I said. "Sometimes your back is turned to me. I thought he might've got you."

"Didn't touch me."

"Don't get overconfident," I said. "You can take him but don't get cocky."

Just then Mr. Bascomb rang the bell, and I said, "Hey, you can't do that."

Mr. Bascomb said, "Why not?"

"You're supposed to give me a thirty-second warning," I said. "I haven't got his mouthpiece back in."

"Oh," Mr. Bascomb said.

"Well, get it in," Mr. Gonzalez said, and I stuffed it back in Johnny's mouth.

"Get him," I said. "But don't be cocky."

"Kill the little snot," Mr. Oglethorpe yelled.

Dad said that if the first round went well it would be okay to open fast in the second, which is what Johnny did. Melvin had his hands up to protect his face, and Johnny got him with a four- or five-punch combination in the belly before he knew what hit him. Melvin grunted and dropped his hands and Johnny got him on the chin again. Not as hard as the time the round before, because Johnny was off balance when he threw the punch, but Melvin was stung. Not hurt, but stung.

"Clobber him," Mrs. Oglethorpe yelled.

Melvin rushed at Johnny and swung a terrific roundhouse left. Johnny had his hands up the way he had been taught, and he caught the punch on his forearm, picked it off clean, but Melvin had all his weight behind it and it knocked Johnny halfway across the ring. Johnny landed

on the seat of his pants with a thump, and sat there.

"Get up," I yelled.

"Take your time, Johnny," my father yelled. "You're not hurt."

"Kick him," yelled Mrs. Oglethorpe.

Mr. Gonzalez began to count. "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . ." At six Johnny got up. He was about to cry, so I knew he was mad, and there was a red spot on his forearm from the punch.

"Keep cool," my father yelled loudly, and I could tell Johnny had heard because you could see him relax. "Bob and weave."

Melvin started in on Johnny again, and Johnny began to bob and weave. Melvin missed him three or four times, and then hit him on the top of the head. That knocked Johnny back again, but he didn't go down. Melvin came after him, displaying vast amounts of the old killer instinct, and missed with a big right. Johnny was fighting smart. When Melvin missed with the right, and left himself wide open off balance, Johnny hit him with a perfect one-two in the solar plexus. You could hear the air rush out of Melvin. He doubled over and my father yelled, "Take him."

"You got him," I yelled as Melvin staggered. "Bomb him."

Melvin was bent over now so that he was closer to Johnny's height, and Johnny went to work. He hit him with two good straight lefts to the chin, and then he caught him with a beautiful right cross to the nose. That was what did it. Melvin was set up, his hands over his gut, hair flopping in his eyes, and Johnny pasted the right square into his nose, from good balance, with all his power behind it.

Melvin stood up straight. Then he sat down hard, arms hanging at his sides. Then he began to cry. Then his nose began to bleed. The blood ran down over his upper lip, and dropped off his chin in two streams starting from the corners of his mouth.

Mr. Gonzalez began to count with Johnny standing there looking down at Melvin, and my father yelled, "For Chrissake get to a neutral corner. Quick! Remember Dempsey and Tunney." Johnny didn't hear him, though, and stayed there standing over Melvin. When Mr. Gonzalez saw the blood he stopped counting and said, "The fight is over."

Mr. Gonzalez and Johnny helped Melvin up and began to walk him around. "Keep your head back," Mr. Gonzalez said. I brought over one of my unused towels and said, "Here. Take this."

Johnny was walking with Melvin and finally he said, "Are you okay, Melvin?"

Melvin nodded.

"I'm sorry," Johnny said. "I'm not sore at you anymore."

Melvin nodded again. He was still crying.

Then Mr. Oglethorpe and my father came over, and we all stood around Melvin, who was standing in the middle of the mat with his head back and a towel over his face. Except for Mrs. Oglethorpe. She stayed in her seat and she looked very mad.

My father said to Mr. Oglethorpe, "You got a game boy there," and Mr. Oglethorpe said, "Yours is okay too."

"You fought hard," my father said to Melvin. "You got pretty fair power." Melvin looked as if he might be trying to smile underneath the towel.

"That boy a yours," Mr. Oglethorpe said. "If I was his size I wouldn't a climbed in the ring with nobody, much less a kid the size a mine."

"My boy's been training," my father said.

"I could tell."

Then Mr. Bascomb, who had been standing there listening, said, "Are the young men reconciled?"

"I think so," Mr. Gonzalez said.

"I'm not sore anymore," Johnny said.

Melvin shook his head to show he wasn't sore either.

"Let's get out of here," Mrs. Oglethorpe said loudly from her chair. Mr. Oglethorpe turned around and looked at her and said, "As soon as I get ready."

My father told Mr. Gonzalez he did a fine job refereeing, and Mr. Gonzalez said if the truth be known he didn't like anything about boxing. My father didn't know what to say to that. He knew that I had liked Mr. Gonzalez from the year before when he was my teacher, but Dad thought only women didn't like fights. I got Dad away before he'd have time to think about it any and ask Mr. Gonzalez questions about why he felt the way he did. Dad probably wouldn't have said anything more though anyway, because he never did well in school himself and is still afraid of teachers and only talks to them when he has to. He always thinks teachers are different from other people.

In the car on the way home my father didn't

say anything, and neither did Johnny, but you could tell they were happy. Johnny would jerk his head to the side every so often, without moving any of the rest of him, and I knew he was practicing a head feint Dad had showed him that he hadn't had a chance to use.

When we got home we told my mother all about it, and she made Johnny sit on her lap, which he plainly didn't want to do. She felt his forearm where he had been hit, and said perhaps it was broken and ought to be X-rayed. It was getting black and blue. My father said he knew it wasn't broken. Then my mother asked Johnny again why he had been mad at Melvin.

"He insulted me," Johnny said.

"But what did he do?" Mother asked. "You must have had something happen to you to bring all of this on."

"I was insulted," Johnny said. "It's all over now."

"You're not the slightest bit angry anymore?" "No."

"Well at least we can quit this ridiculous training program," my mother said.

"For awhile," my father said.

"Training was kind of fun," Johnny said.

"I can't imagine how it could be," my mother said.

"You fought a good fight," my father said.

"Yeah," I said.

"Showed you can take it too," my father said. "Fighter's got to be able to do that."

"I wish Mr. Bascomb had kept time right," I said. "I didn't know when to put his

mouthpiece back in."

"Johnny is not going to fight anymore," my mother said. "Not ever."

"I might have to," Johnny said.

"No." Mother said.

"You can't tell about things," Johnny said.

"He can hit too," my father said, more to himself than to the rest of us. "I was keeping time myself." My father had a wristwatch that was a stopwatch too, if you needed it to be. It was a flyer's watch from World War II that he picked up surplus.

"That was a good right in the first," my father said, "and he TKO'd him in a minute forty seven of the second. That's not bad at all, for the first time out."



Justice With a Southern Accent

Do our federal courts need emancipating?

by Louis Lusky

*How the President, the Congress, and the U. S.
Supreme Court can repair the serious breakdown
in federal law enforcement in parts of the South.*

An effective judiciary establishment, commensurate to the legislative authority, [is] essential. A government without a proper executive and judiciary would be the mere trunk of a body, without arms or legs to act or move.

—James Madison, at the Federal Convention
June 5, 1787

The United States Supreme Court, speaking with rare unanimity, has declared time and again that the Fourteenth Amendment imposes upon the states a comprehensive requirement of impartiality between the races. It has applied this principle in one context after another—public education, the franchise, travel by common carrier, municipal recreation facilities, privately owned places of public accommodation, and on and on. Yet, in the deep South, acceptance of the principle is still the exception. The most powerful government in the world seems powerless to enforce its laws against local resistance.

The late Earl Long once observed to Leander Perez, the king of Louisiana's Plaquemines Parish: "What are you going to do now, Leander? The Feds have got the A-bomb." Governors Faubus, Barnett, and Wallace have learned that open efforts at nullification are no more effective now than when John C. Calhoun

first proposed them. Naked defiance of the federal law, as at Little Rock, Oxford, and Tuscaloosa, is doomed by its candor. When the prestige and authority of the federal government are overtly challenged, there can be no compromise.

But cleverer men, more interested in results than in cheap drama, have devised other defensive weapons, quieter but far more effective. Skilled legal tacticians, they know the weak points of the federal judicial system and how to take advantage of them. Their rearguard legal operations have been successful enough to cause grave concern. By hamstringing the federal mechanism for peaceable resolution of divisive issues, they have invited civil disorder and directly jeopardized the openness of our society. Local prejudices have too often been allowed to prevail over the mandates of the U. S. Supreme Court. And in too many cases, the lower federal courts have declined to interfere.

Consider the Negro father whose ten-year-old son attends the same Mississippi school that he attended, and his own father before him. The year his son was born the Supreme Court unanimously declared public-school segregation unconstitutional. Yet not a single grade school or high school in Mississippi has been integrated.

From all appearances the child—and even the adults—through segregated

Negro child in Prince Edward County.

For his parents' boldness in demanding his rights, his education was completely interrupted for four years. Last summer a private school supported by charity was established. It will enable the child to resume his education in a segregated school while the courts ponder abstruse problems of federal-state relationships.

Or the NAACP in the state of Alabama, where that organization has been prevented from operating for the past seven years. The end of the resulting federal litigation is not even in sight.

Or the Negro who, ninety-four years after the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, wants to vote. The Supreme Court has repeatedly declared that the franchise cannot be denied on racial grounds. In 1957 Congress empowered the Justice Department to intervene directly in voting cases. But in 1960 professors at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, despite their Ph.D.s, were able to register—if at all—only after exhausting investigations of their literacy by voting registrars who, to put it rather mildly, do not have graduate degrees. Any person who offers to instruct a Negro in the intricacies of application forms and state constitutions must also accept certain risks. He must remember the pistol-whipping administered one John Hardy two years ago by the voting registrar in the sheriff's office in Tylertown, Mississippi, and the tear-gas attack on the registration school in the Hopewell Baptist Church last year. Nor will he forget the murder of Medgar W. Evers, whose offense was that he served an organization dedicated to firm pursuit of Negro voting rights through orderly legal channels.

Figures are hardly adequate to describe this breakdown in federal law. But by the end of 1962, the 1954 Supreme Court decision had brought *four-tenths of one per cent* of all Negro students in the eleven Southern states into schools attended by whites. The most recent re-

port of the Civil Rights Commission showed that 72 per cent of all Negroes of voting age in ten of those states were registered, compared with 65 per cent of the whites. (This excluded Mississippi, where figures were not available.)

Rigid Mandates to Act

Our Constitution allocates to the federal courts the primary responsibility for enforcing federal law over local resistance. The need for this enforcement, in fact, was the only reason the Constitutional Convention of 1787 provided for the lower federal courts—the eighty-nine *district courts*, which are trial courts, and the eleven regional *courts of appeals*, which can review their decisions in most, but not all, cases. The Convention readily saw the need for a supreme court to serve as final arbiter of the federal law. Two of the South Carolina delegates, however, argued that a supreme court was enough. They favored a system under which the state judges would be obligated to uphold federal law, with a single federal tribunal to review their decisions. It was James Madison who argued—properly so—that the federal trial courts were indispensable for the effective enforcement of locally unpopular federal law; the Convention yielded to his logic.

The secret of the present Southern resistance lies in canny exploitation of weaknesses in the federal judiciary as it is now organized and manned. The U. S. Supreme Court is simply too busy to decide each of the myriad cases arising from local disobedience. It must concentrate upon a relatively few key rulings in which controlling principles can be enunciated, and rely on the lower courts to implement those principles.

The federal district courts are manned by judges drawn from their localities, a necessity since much of the law they apply is the law of the state where they sit. Being human, these district judges have not remained unaffected by the entrenched social patterns of their communities, of their friends and former colleagues at the bar. These pressures do not affect the federal court of appeals judges in quite the same way. They serve multistate regions; they are spared the daily contact with the local community which is involved, for example, in jury trials. Ordinarily they act in panels of three or more rather than individually.

"What the district judges need—and what most of them want," political scientist J. W. Peltason has written, "is not the responsibility

James Madison was a professor at Columbia Law School, was a clerk to Supreme Court Justice Harlan F. Stone before he joined the New York firm of Root, Clark, Buckner & Ballantine. He had grown up in Kentucky and returned to practice in Louisville. There he represented "Shufflin' Sam" Thompson in a crucial case in which the Supreme Court decided that a state court conviction must be reversed on due-process grounds when there is a lack of supporting evidence.



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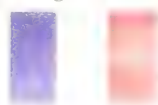
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It is therefore the federal courts of appeals—particularly those for the Fourth and Fifth Judicial Circuits, sitting at Richmond and New Orleans and serving all the states of the Old Confederacy except Tennessee and Arkansas—which can best take the laboring oar in implementing the principle of racial equality. They have performed gallantly. But there are limitations upon the scope of their operations. Unless they are emancipated from these limitations, the constitutional promise will continue to be flagrantly broken.

What the President Can Do

The most crippling limitation lies in the unwillingness of many federal district judges to avail themselves of the services of the federal courts of appeals in the assumption of unpleasant responsibility. It is one thing for a district judge to avoid breaking new ground by refusing to apply the equal-protection principle to situations not previously decided in the courts. It is quite another matter, and a more dangerous one, for him to use his office as a fortress of resistance to the mandates of the Constitution as interpreted by the higher courts.

The President of the United States has the power—and the obligation—to appoint judges who, however opposed they may be to integration, however reluctant to go against local mores, will acquiesce in the discipline of the law.

There have been some outstanding federal district judges in the South. Judge J. Waties Waring, a native South Carolinian appointed to the district bench at Charleston in 1942, made clear his intention to enforce the law as he understood it. He did not shrink from admonishing Democratic party officials, in a voting case, to follow "the American way of elections." He dissented from a three-judge district-court ruling which upheld segregation. He became the target of intense abuse, his life was threatened, and his wife slandered. He resigned in 1952 and moved to New York, where he still lives as a reminder of judicial integrity.

Despite their admittedly exposed position, other Southern district judges too have set high standards. I cite only a few. Judge Frank M. Johnson of Montgomery saw to it in 1959 that the Civil Rights Commission gained access to voting records which his friend and former classmate, Alabama Judge (now Governor) George C.

Wallace, had taken into his personal custody. Judge William Augustus Bootle of Georgia enjoined the diehard voting registrars of Terrell County in 1959 from discriminating against Negroes. Judges J. Skelly Wright and Herbert Christenberry of Louisiana have stood firm for school integration in New Orleans. Last November, Judge Lewis R. Morgan of Georgia joined with Circuit Judge Elbert P. Tuttle in a two-to-one decision enjoining the prosecution of Negro sympathizers on preposterous capital charges under the Georgia insurrection statute, which the Supreme Court had held unconstitutional in 1937.

The federal district judge can do his job, and do it well, only so long as he accepts the view of Judge Bootle: "If a man is happy or sad to get a case, then he shouldn't get it." For unless a judge regards himself as a servant of the law's objectives rather than his own, he does not belong on the bench.

It is absolutely crucial that a President limit his judicial appointments to men who satisfy this minimum test. There are political difficulties, but they must not be allowed to stand in the way. The anachronistic custom of "Senatorial courtesy" and the seniority rule for committee chairmen, which accords strategic Congressional positions to veteran legislators from one-party Southern states, has made the task especially hard for a Democratic President. Appointment of a Mississippi federal judge, for example, who is personally unacceptable to Senator James Eastland would not only face a rough time in Eastland's powerful Judiciary Committee, but would encounter opposition on the Senate floor itself, where all judicial appointments must be approved. It is odd but true that Republican federal judges in the South have generally been more progressive and responsible than Democratic appointees.

The President holds the basic initiative. If political pressures prevent him from appointing avowed integrationists, he must surely refrain from choosing men who have made known their distaste for the job the federal courts are supposed to perform. Yet such men were even among the appointees of President Kennedy, who worked more effectively for racial justice than any other recent President; and their performance on the district bench has caused profound resentment among civil-rights groups.

Judge William Harold Cox of Mississippi is an old friend and former law partner of Eastland. Judge J. Robert Elliott of Georgia once explained why he favored rural domination of Georgia politics: "I don't want these pinks, radicals, and

black voters to outvote those who are trying to preserve our segregation laws and traditions." Judge E. Gordon West of Louisiana called the 1954 school ruling "one of the truly regrettable decisions of all time." Judge Frank B. Ellis of Louisiana helped uphold the legality, in 1962, of a state law requiring that the race of all candidates for office be printed on ballots. A Truman appointee, Judge Frank Scarlett of Georgia, went so far as to forbid integration in a school which was ready to admit Negroes, saying that the rights of white children would be violated. (His decision was quickly reversed by the court of appeals.)

The role of the federal district judge is important because of his vast discretionary authority. Within very broad limits he has the power to decide whether quick provisional relief will be granted, by temporary restraining order or by preliminary injunction. He has the power to expedite or delay a trial. He has the power to decide what evidence goes into the record. He can decide a case quickly, or hold it for months or years. Even the court stenographer, who must transcribe court notes before an appeal can be heard, is subject to his orders on priority of work.

A judge who is willing to abuse his discretionary powers can stultify the law. It is an absolute necessity for President Johnson to appoint district judges who, however they may decide cases, will decide them quickly, facilitate rather than obstruct the appellate process, and, when the higher courts have spoken, enforce their mandates ungrudgingly.

What the Supreme Court Can Do

In declaring the meaning of our basic law in terms consistent with the needs, desires, and aspirations of the people as a whole, the Supreme Court has performed its primary role magnificently. But it has another responsibility: to administer the federal judicial system in a way that will obtain from the lower courts the full measure of effective law enforcement. The Supreme Court's performance here leaves something to be desired.

Its most notable error was the "deliberate speed" formula, laid down in 1955. The Court had decided the year before, in *Brown v. Board of Education* and a group of similar cases, that public-school segregation is a denial of the equal protection of the laws guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment. Ordinarily the writ of *habeas corpus*

in a lawsuit gets at least part of what he sued for; if he sues for breach of a contract to buy a house and wins, for instance, the court directly orders the defendant to perform the contract.

But the successful plaintiffs in the school cases did *not* get an order directing their admission to school. What they got was a promise that, at some time in the indefinite future (perhaps after they themselves had finished school), some other Negroes would be given the rights which the Court *said* those plaintiffs had. Coupled with this promise was an admonition to the local school boards to accomplish integration "with all deliberate speed," and a direction to the federal district courts to ride herd on them. The effect was to shift the responsibility for judicial initiative, in cases demanding drastic change of settled local customs, to the very sector of the federal judiciary least fit to assume it.

It is time to write off the "deliberate speed" formula as a sad mistake; the Supreme Court, in the spring of 1963, gave some basis for hope that this might be done—serving notice that the conditions which originally led to the adoption of the formula no longer prevail. But this in itself is not enough. The demonstrated need of the federal district courts for relief from the primary burden of changing local mores must be recognized as a general tenet of judicial administration. A lesson bought so dearly must not be forgotten.

The Supreme Court has further invited evasion of judicial responsibility by the district courts by developing the novel and curious doctrine known as "abstention." Until 1941, the Court had proceeded on the premise that federal courts are obligated to decide cases within their jurisdiction, even though this involved judging doubtful questions of state law. There had been no departure from the emphatic affirmation of Chief Justice Marshall in 1821: "With whatever doubts, with whatever difficulties, a case may be attended, we must decide it, if it be brought before us. We have no more right to decline the exercise of jurisdiction which is given, than to usurp that which is not given. The one or the other would be treason to the Constitution."

But in the 1941 *Pullman* case, a very involved Texas public-utility case, the U. S. Supreme Court under special circumstances directed the federal district court to abstain temporarily from exercising jurisdiction—which it admittedly had—until the parties in the case had obtained a ruling from the Texas Supreme Court, that is, from a *state* court. Justice Felix Frankfurter, speaking for the U. S. Supreme Court, tried to make it

clear that this abstention on the part of the federal court would be appropriate only in exceedingly rare cases. But the Pandora's Box had been opened.

In recent years, despite the efforts of the Supreme Court and the federal courts of appeals to confine the doctrine of abstention to narrow bounds, it has been a continuing temptation to the district courts and has been used widely in racial cases. Nearly all these cases have required interpretation of state laws of one kind or another by state courts—segregation laws, trespass ordinances, breach-of-peace statutes—and not a few district judges have learned the siren song: "Don't assume that the state law means what it seems to say; the state court may 'construe' it into something constitutional." The fact that abstention often involves a delay of some years, and that justice delayed may be justice denied, tends to be forgotten in the amiable glow of judicious respect for sister courts, and relief at deferment of a distasteful duty.

Again there is need for Supreme Court action. The abstention doctrine, if retained at all, should be so explicitly circumscribed that no federal district judge can honorably employ it as a device for avoiding locally unpopular decisions. And, again, there is a broader lesson to be learned: the federal district judges should be left with no subtle routes of escape from the unpleasant but essential task that Madison and the Convention envisioned for them.

What Congress Can Do

The creation of new legal rights against racial discrimination is needed in a number of fields: employment, housing, public accommodation, federally aided activities of all kinds. A still more urgent need, however, is for effective enforcement of rights which the Supreme Court has already declared to exist. The pending civil-rights bill proposes several sound provisions for the creation of new rights, and in one area—the increased assumption of litigation by the Justice Department—it puts more teeth into established rights. President Johnson, whose quick reaffirmation of his predecessor's civil-rights program is the more heartening because he is a Southerner, can—without disparagement of that program—broaden it to include at least four other vitally needed reforms.*

For a more detailed discussion, see my article in the *Columbia Law Review*, November 1963.

The Pullman Doctrine

Justice William O. Douglas, in a recent Supreme Court case dealing with some of the consequences of the abstention, or *Pullman*, doctrine, warned that its application to controversies involving rights of Negroes will have "serious effects." He cited two Virginia cases in which seven years elapsed between the first litigation and the final decision.

Most civil-rights suits, he said, require interpretation of state statutes and court decisions, city ordinances, and the like. "Under the *Pullman* doctrine," he wrote, "a Negro who starts in the federal court soon finds himself in the state court and his journey there may be not only weary and expensive but also long drawn out. . . . The whole weight of the status quo will be on the side of delay and procrastination. . . ."

(1) The traditional reluctance of the federal courts to interfere with state *judicial* proceedings, which is based on a vague federal law on the books in one form or another since 1793, should be severely qualified if not altogether abandoned. The federal statute derives from the theory, which used to be reasonably safe, that however lawless the political officials of the states may be, the state *judges* will not engage in wholesale defiance of the U. S. Constitution which they have been sworn to uphold. Elective state judges all over the South have bowed to the general hatred of federal law on racial discrimination, making no secret of their determination to ignore it. It is a politically profitable position. It won the Alabama governorship for Judge George C. Wallace, and brought promotion from the circuit court to the Mississippi Supreme Court for Tom P. Brady, who had written in his book, *Black Monday*: "The Negroid man, like the modern lizard, evolved not. He did not evolve because of his inherent limitations."

Under such circumstances the presumption of legality which has surrounded Southern state court decisions has become a fiction on racial questions. Congress must affirm the power and duty of the federal courts to prohibit by injunction *any* state action which frustrates the enjoyment of federal rights, and to jail *any* state official—even a judge—if he persists in violating the injunction. Many lawyers think this is already the law. But in 1962, in the Mississippi Freedom Rider cases, the Supreme Court declined an opportunity to decide the question, and it may not do so for years.

Confirmation by Congress of this crucial in-

junction power would provide a solution in the many cases where Negroes are being prosecuted in state courts without any evidence of wrongdoing whatever. The Freedom Rider prosecutions in Jackson in 1961, where 315 people were convicted of breach of the peace solely because they had used the "wrong" waiting rooms in interstate terminals—which they had every right to do—provide a perfect example of this situation.

(2) Often it can be shown that Negroes are unable to get a fair and impartial trial in state courts. In such cases the remedy should be removal from the state to the federal courts for trial. Congress included this provision in civil-rights legislation soon after the Civil War, and it is still formally on the books. But in 1879 the Supreme Court, evidently unwilling to believe that federal rights would systematically be denied in state courts, gave the statute a restrictive interpretation which has deprived it of most of its force. This removal statute should be restored to full vigor without delay.

(3) The process of appeals to higher courts also needs to be changed. On its face, the statute on appeals says that if a federal district judge refuses to accept jurisdiction of a case removed from a state court, his refusal—which is in legal terms called a "remand order"—cannot be appealed. This means that even if the right to removal were clearly established, it might be frustrated by a weak district judge. The federal court of appeals—which stands between the district court and the Supreme Court—would be powerless to accept responsibility for the removal of a case. An important case now pending in the courts argues, on the basis of a careful analysis of the legislative history, that the relevant statute does not apply in civil-rights cases. But Congress should not wait.

1 In most cases appeals from the federal district courts go to the federal courts of appeals. There is one crucial area of litigation, however, in which the appeal is directly to the U. S. Supreme Court. If a party seeks to enjoin—to stop the enforcement of—a state statute or local ordinance, as is necessary in many racial cases, then the case is heard not by the usual one-judge district court, but by a specially convened district court composed of three judges. Appeals from the decisions of such courts must go directly to the Supreme Court.

Hence a frightfully busy Supreme Court is deprived of the aid of the federal courts of appeals. In other cases these intermediate appeals courts perform the important function of keeping the district courts in line with principles

announced by the Supreme Court, so that the Supreme Court need not take the time necessary for full review when no unsettled point of law is involved. But a direct appeal from an erroneous decision places the Supreme Court in a genuine dilemma. Either it takes the case, at the cost of time needed for creative decisions on other appeals, or it declines jurisdiction and leaves the district courts, the most conservative sector of the federal judiciary, with full responsibility.

Appellate review is obviously needed to keep the difficulty of the district judge's task within tolerable limits. But the direct-appeal procedure puts the Supreme Court under great pressure to refuse cases on strained and technical grounds, pressure to which it has sometimes succumbed. Congress should alter this process. Appeals from the decisions of *all* district courts, including three-judge courts, should be sent to the intermediate federal courts of appeals.

The Real Meaning

Abstract as some of these reforms may seem to the non-lawyer, let there be no mistaking their profound impact on racial matters in the South. The Mississippi Freedom Rider cases, which made yesterday's headlines, have given rise to a complex series of obstructionist legal maneuvers reaching from a municipal court through the lower federal courts to the U. S. Supreme Court and back again. They offer a good illustration of the real meaning of the abstention doctrine, the reluctance of federal district judges to interfere with state court proceedings, the doubts about the right of removing a trial to a federal court, the apparent unappealability of remand orders, and the general conservatism of Southern district judges.

These cases, which I know well at first hand, went to the courts in May 1961. They show defiance of federal law in its baldest form—clear legal right opposed by naked power.

All the Freedom Riders did was enter the white waiting rooms at the interstate terminals in Jackson, Mississippi. They were not armed, or profane, or loud, or threatening; they were testing, in an orderly way, their rights. The federal right at issue was the right to travel unsegregated on common carriers, a relatively peripheral right when compared with education, or employment, or the franchise. The U. S. Supreme Court had held in a line of cases going back to 1946 that no state could require or permit segregation of interstate or intrastate transpor-

tation by railroad, bus, or airline. In 1960 it had *specifically* held that this principle applies to the terminal facilities as well. If the federal law, which clearly precludes the remotest possibility of successful prosecution under local segregation statutes, could be frustrated in these circumstances, it could be frustrated in just about every case conceivable.

Frustrated it was. In a campaign of attrition a criminal conviction is a valuable thing, simply because getting it reversed takes time, lawyers, and money. The local authorities launched a skillful, exquisitely executed legal operation. The methods they have used—delay and technicality—have since been successfully used in thwarting legal rights in cases all over the South involving schools, voting, and public accommodations.

Some 315 Freedom Rider arrests were made throughout the spring and summer of 1961. Of the 315 defendants, 279 appealed their convictions in Mississippi courts.

It is now *thirty-four months* since the Freedom Rider cases first went to the courts. Because of the delays and the failure of the federal courts to act swiftly and decisively, most of these cases—except those in which the defendants gave up for lack of bail money—have now been processed only through the county court, the next to the lowest step on the judicial ladder.

A few of the convictions have been decided, and affirmed, in the state circuit court. None has yet been decided by the Mississippi Supreme Court. If the Mississippi high court affirms the convictions, the United States Supreme Court will reverse them some time in 1965, barring unforeseen delay. Then the local prosecutor will have to decide whether to set the cases down for retrial and start the whole process over again, if (in accordance with customary practice) the Supreme Court's mandate permits him to do it.

In the federal courts themselves, the first suit against the Mississippi segregation statutes was filed by the defendants in June 1961. *Twenty-seven months* later the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals ordered an injunction against future arrests, but did not interfere with the cases still pending in the Mississippi courts. Years could elapse before the United States Supreme Court finally determines the real question: whether federal courts can and should enjoin obviously groundless state court prosecutions whose purpose is to nullify federal law.

The estimated outlay required for exercising

clearly established federal rights in entering the white waiting rooms in Jackson has been more than \$2,000 (including \$1,500 cash bail) for each of the Freedom Riders who appealed his municipal-court conviction as high as the state circuit court. The moral damage has been incalculable.

Why It Matters

I wish it were possible for me to say that this anemic judicial performance is a lone aberration. Having begun my career as law clerk to a great federal judge, I have perhaps even more reverence for federal judges than do most lawyers. Having engaged in private practice for twenty-five years, I feel the practicing lawyer's normal reluctance to criticize judges. As a law teacher, I must be wary of denigrating the calling which my students are approaching. But the plain fact is that the lower federal courts are not doing the job for which they were established.

Unless these courts are activated, and soon, the consequences will be serious. Denial of clearly established legal rights violates the pivotal compact of the open society, whose terms are acceptance of present law in return for effective access to the processes of orderly change. Time and again, the Negro has resisted the preachments of separatism and violence. Yet who is to blame him when he feels that litigation has too often been a sham?

But while protection of minorities from invidious discrimination is a large part of the constitutional structure which secures our open society, it is not the whole of it. Individual freedom is many-sided; it must include, within limits, even the freedom to implement wrong-headed and neurotically prejudiced attitudes. The Negroes themselves would suffer, along with the whites, if racial equality had to be purchased at the price of the broader freedom. They are entitled to as good a society as the whites now enjoy—not to a Southern police-state society. Little Rock and Oxford provide no more useful model for the future than does South Africa.

That is why the lower federal courts are so important. It is up to them to reestablish the rule of law, which has been so severely impaired by the lawlessness of state officials, without depreciating the general freedom of our society. And it is up to the President, the United States Supreme Court, and Congress to provide them with the support they so desperately need to execute their mission.

The Strange Twilight of Harry Bridges

A labor leader turns businessman

by Burton H. Wolfe

How the longshoremen's militant leader—once the radical boogeyman of the West Coast—won the friendly respect of his old enemies . . . and how his once-flaming hopes have turned into faded dreams.

It is a temptation these days to dismiss Harry Bridges, the aging president of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, as an old radical gone soft and conservative. The same journals which once headlined his suspected communist affiliations now emphasize his preference for some Republican leaders over Democrats, his divorce from all major labor leaders with the exception of the Teamsters' Jimmy Hoffa, his businesslike relations with the shipping lines, and his handling of some union projects with an eye on that familiar target of his wrath: the profit motive.

The argument is persuasive. Today Bridges moves among his former enemies in shipping circles with the same respect he always commanded among the longshoremen. He has negotiated a succession of back-slapping deals with the shipping lines, culminating in an unprecedented automation agreement which will permit a steady reduction of the work force on the docks.

The West Coast has been the pioneer in labor-management agreements dealing directly with automation. This is, as Bruce Bliven writes, not just a coincidence, for the West "seems somewhat freer from the rigidity of conservative tradition than the East, more willing to experiment boldly." Two other major contracts with profound implications for the future have recently been negotiated in the area, one involving Kaiser Steel and its steelworkers, the other Southern Pacific Railroad and its clerks. Although in their details all three agreements differ considerably, their broad outlines are similar. Each union has pledged not to fight automation. In return, man-



agement in all three contracts is paying out big money as part of a guarantee that no worker will suffer from the introduction of labor-saving machinery.

In Harry Bridges' automation settlement, the Pacific Maritime Association, on behalf of the shipping lines, has exchanged a share in the profits to be made from automation for an end to old ILWU-negotiated work rules. These rules were designed to give longshoremen the greatest possible number of paid work hours; they created unnecessary jobs and caused the operation of equipment at less than capacity.

Bridges agreed to junk these work rules, for which he and his men had fought many bitter battles, and to permit full-scale automation in return for a longshoremen's trust fund into which the employers would pay \$29 million during the five and one half years of the pact. The fund is used for vested early retirement rights and a no-layoff guarantee for the fully registered work force.

Bridges insists that the word automation in the settlement is a misnomer. "Mechanization is the proper term—machines and their use by the employer to increase profits. You can't go getting mad at the employer, because under our system he's in business to make profits. So you have to try to work out a solution within the system, and ours is admittedly a pretty selfish solution."

His agreement provides that not a single worker can be laid off, no matter how many machines are brought in. "We'll have a dwindling work force," Bridges admitted to me one day. "But what is disappearing is not jobs." Bridges eased his skinny frame far back into a swivel chair. One leg, jerking up and down nervously, rested on a big, cluttered desk. Gray-haired, dressed in a conservative suit, with a white collar and a tie, he might have passed for some minor corporation executive. "Under our agreement, if there's no work for a man in one part of the docks, he's switched to another job. But there is no new work force. It is being replaced by machines. Our membership will slip." (It has already slipped from a peak of 90,000 to 65,000.)

The longshoremen are guaranteed a thirty-five-hour work week, without speedups or increased work loads; retirement benefits—\$7,920 on actual retirement and \$115 a month income after the age of sixty-five (plus maximum social security); and full medical coverage for the workers and their dependents.

"In all of this," Bridges says, "a share of the savings of the machine goes to the worker. It goes to him in the form of job security, early retirement, and guaranteed work opportunity. The workers, as such, are entitled to a share of the machine, over and above shorter hours, increased wages, or any benefits. Under our agreement, we've got a mortgage on all of the ships that come into port. We've got a fund, based on tonnage—26 cents a ton on every ship that moves across the dock. The money goes into that fund whether the company's got any profits or not. That's not my concern. I'm looking out for the working man."

Last of the Crusaders?

This is the executive side of the new Harry Bridges. But it is a miscalculation to take this aspect of his curious and contradictory personality as the only one.

Just three years ago Bridges was caught by television cameras in the center of the fracas in San Francisco over the House Committee on Un-

American Activities. Notwithstanding HCUA's inflammatory film, *Operation Abolition*, which pictured him as a leader of the demonstrations, he was cleared of inciting a riot against the committee. But he most definitely was there to oppose the committee, and he continues to do so with every weapon he can find. In his column in the ILWU's official newspaper, the *Dispatcher*, he stresses the theme of peace with Russia and China. His union has refused to write a clause into its constitution banning communists from office. A dock worker, Archie Brown, who holds one of thirty-five minor positions on the executive board of an ILWU local, has been convicted by a jury in the U.S. District Court in San Francisco, under a clause in the Landrum-Griffin Act making it an offense for a communist to hold office in a union. His case is on appeal. Bridges maintains that in a democracy a union's members must have complete freedom of choice in an election.

Bridges further tries to maintain an image of the last of the crusaders among major labor leaders by making his union a leader in civil-rights activities. It was the ILWU, along with a Negro church group, which organized a rousing civil-rights march down Market Street in San Francisco. The demonstration drew 20,000 participants, the largest of any kind in the city since the end of World War II. While other unions were conspicuous for their lack of participation, Bridges had an integrated drum-and-bugle corps marching in the parade.

There is a considerable disparity between Bridges' expressions and his actions. On the one hand he denounces the leaders of some of his own locals for casting aside idealism, confining themselves to moneymaking, and establishing "job trusts." On the other hand he admits that his automation agreement was bound to mean a limited work force. His stated preference for Richard Nixon in the 1960 election is just as ironical, although he denies that he actually gave support to the Republican candidate.

"I have no illusions about the Republican party being the party of the working class," he says. "But I have no illusions about the Democratic

party being the party of the working class either. Now, the bulk of our membership believes there is a difference in the parties, and they are Democrats. But as for me, I'm anti-capitalist. I believe in the planned economy type of thinking. But that doesn't mean I'm necessarily a socialist or communist or anything." He ranks the "proponents of war" in the United States as (1) the AFL-CIO, (2) the Democratic party, (3) Wall Street and the Republican party. "In that order," he says.

A Life of Harassment

Those who believe that Bridges has gone soft fail to understand the effects of his long isolation from the respectable levels of society. No major labor leader in the United States, including John L. Lewis and Hoffa, has been more continually harassed. He has been labeled a communist and attacked as a sinister figure not only by business, government, and the press, but also by a large segment of the American union movement itself.

Bridges was born in Melbourne, Australia, sixty-three years ago. His father, a prosperous real-estate agent, had Harry collect rent from poor families, an experience which bore heavily on the young man's mind. Later, in search of adventure, he shipped as an ordinary seaman and soon found himself in San Francisco.

In 1923 he started work as a longshoreman on the San Francisco docks. He became a leader against the attempt of an employer-controlled longshoremen's association to impose dictatorial controls on the dock workers. Eleven years later, in 1934, he obtained a ruling from a board appointed by President Roosevelt that foremen on the docks could no longer line up gangs of laborers and, with the help of strong-arm men, work them sixteen hours a day without overtime pay. The board's ruling established the policy of employers' obtaining crews from union-controlled hiring halls.

In the same year came the famous "Bloody Thursday" maritime strike, in which police shot some of the militant picketers, killing two and wounding hundreds. Bridges headed the strike committee, which allegedly accepted aid from the Communist Party. On the basis of that allegation Harper Knowles, head of the American Legion's subversive-activities committee, charged that Bridges was a communist and that the strike had been directed by Moscow. Bridges was not yet an American citizen, and Knowles urged deportation. This was the first move in a deportation

Burton H. Wolfe got to know Harry Bridges while publishing "The Californian" magazine (now defunct) in San Francisco, home of the ILWU. Previously he was a reporter in the San Francisco bureau of International News Service, and for the Burlington (Vermont) "Free Press." He has won awards from the Associated Press and the Catholic Press Association.

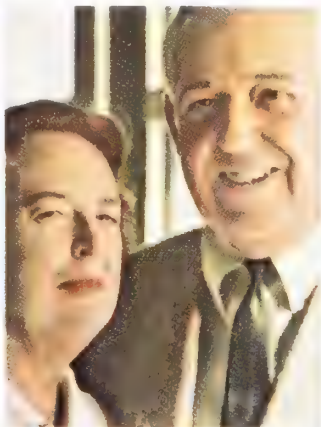
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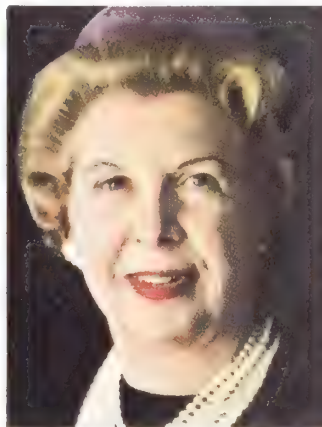
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campaign against Bridges which was to continue for the better part of two decades.

It took five years to work up a full-scale deportation hearing and by that time Bridges was monarch of the Pacific waterfront. Dean James M. Landis of the Harvard Law School, the first of many judicial figures to denounce the campaign against Bridges, presided over the 1939 hearing. Landis called much of the testimony by key witnesses "a morass of prevarication." After a 7,700-page transcript had been filled, Landis ruled that there was no proof of Bridges' being a communist. After another hearing in 1941,* Judge Charles B. Sears, a retired New York judge, decided that Bridges had been "affiliated" with the Communist Party and recommended that he be deported. The CIO rallied to Bridges' side, and its leaders became particularly incensed when Attorney General Francis Biddle, despite a reversal of the Sears decision, ordered Bridges deported anyway.

In 1945 the U. S. Supreme Court ruled, five to three, that Bridges had received "an unfair hearing on the question of his membership in the Communist Party," and Biddle's deportation order was canceled. In his concurring opinion Justice Frank Murphy said: "The record in this case will stand forever as a monument to man's intolerance of man. Seldom if ever in the history of this nation has there been such a concentrated and relentless crusade to deport an individual because he dared to exercise the freedom that belongs to him as a human being and that is guaranteed to him by the Constitution." Four months later Bridges became a naturalized citizen.

His troubles, however, were not over. In 1949 a parade of witnesses, one of them Bridges' former wife, testified in federal court that he had been a communist during the 'twenties and early 'thirties. After two government witnesses swore to seeing Bridges at the Communist Party convention in New York in 1936, defense attorney Vincent Hallinan (who later got a six-months suspended sentence for contempt of court for his wild courtroom antics) proved that Bridges had been in Stockton, California, at the time. Hallinan also showed that the government's key witness had been paid \$5,000 to testify and that the Immigration Service had persuaded the Los An-

geles courts to expunge the witness's criminal record. The jury was not impressed, convicting Bridges for perjury and for conspiring with others to conceal a communist background. He was sentenced to five years, a decision which was eventually overruled by the U. S. Court of Appeals. In 1952 the U. S. Supreme Court brought the lengthy dispute to an end by ruling that the statute of limitations had expired.

Although his court battles were over, Bridges still had to face continuing recriminations from organized labor and the press. In 1950, during his final trial, Bridges and the entire ILWU had been ousted from the CIO after having been accused of infiltrating the union with communists. From that time until Jimmy Hoffa took the spotlight away from him, Bridges was to remain the whipping boy of organized labor.

Incorruptible and Underpaid

Many of Bridges' activities today must inevitably be a reaction to a past which has left him embittered. He takes great satisfaction in thumbing his nose at the rest of organized labor. His power on the West Coast docks is supreme. The jurisdiction of his union is absolute, and his new automation agreement amounts to an impregnable bulwark against any worker who cannot be sent to work through the ILWU.

Life under Bridges has been good for the longshoremen. They are a respected element in the community. In San Francisco they average more than \$6,000 a year in wages, compared to the \$4,000 average of other laborers. In Los Angeles the contrast is even greater, with the average for longshoremen \$6,700 and for other laborers \$3,600. These averages, according to the 1960 U. S. Census, are also higher than those for clergymen, social workers, mail carriers, carpenters, auto mechanics, painters, and truck drivers in the area.

Bridges has achieved this standard of living for his workers without the slightest trace of union racketeering. One shipping magnate calls him "incorruptible." Despite the communist charges, he can hobnob with the leaders of industry and reach business agreements with big shipping interests with greater facility than any other unionist. Yet he himself remains the lowest paid of all the well-known labor leaders in the country, drawing a salary no higher than the top pay for some ILWU members—\$235 a week. He lives unpretentiously in a pleasant section of San Francisco's Mission District. He is the only na-

* The most amusing development during the time of the second hearing was an editorial in *Business Week* which stated: "Many businessmen, who might once have welcomed his deportation, have learned to work with Australian Harry and they are concerned about the instability of labor relations which might follow in the wake of his martyrdom!"

tionally known labor leader in San Francisco I know of who "makes the scene," as they say here, with the ordinary people. He can be seen taking his child to a playground where everybody else goes. He is not a country-club man. John Dos Passos wrote in *Midcentury* that Bridges had been "keen about herding Pacific Coast Japanese into concentration camps" after Pearl Harbor. Actually Bridges and the ILWU fought the relocation of the Japanese-Americans. In fact Bridges is now married to a nisei who, as a girl, had been sent to one of the camps.

There are vast differences between Bridges and other big names in labor, and he is quite blunt in telling anyone what they are. "George Meany," he says, "is the darling of the big corporations and big business." When Bridges starts on this subject, his eyes grow wider and the sharp Australian accent he never lost seems to take over from any acquired Americanisms. "Meany was never on a picket line or on a strike in his life. The way he thinks of the working man is the way it affects me, George Meany. He has to bring about some benefits to make it look good, but he doesn't care about the working man. All he cares about is George Meany."

Bridges' attitude toward Meany is not mysterious. Meany himself admits to being a strong devotee of capitalism, and he once boasted before a meeting of employers that he had never been in a strike or walked a picket line. He enjoys living high, rides in a chauffeured Cadillac—the symbol of the boss in union literature and songs—and conducts himself to a great extent like a corporation president. Furthermore, he is vigorously anticommunist, and anyone who is vigorously anticommunist is certain to become the enemy of Harry Bridges, the foremost defender of Russia and China in the American labor movement.

"Labor Is Going No Place"

It is somewhat more difficult, however, to appreciate Bridges' attitude toward Walter Reuther. "Reuther is a stooge for the Kennedy Administration," he told me. "They all are. The AFL-CIO leaders put respectability above their interest in the working man. They were more guilty than the politicians in bringing on Landrum-Griffin. They were concerned first and foremost with their own personal images, their own respectability. They have to be thought of first as the champions of free enterprise."

To understand Bridges' bitterness, one has to

remember that Reuther came up through the ranks of labor as swiftly as he did in the 1930s because he was a Socialist at a time when it was advantageous to be one—at least in the United Auto Workers and the CIO. Moreover, when Reuther was leading a faction against the dictatorial, strikebreaking president of the UAW, Homer Martin, he permitted members of the Communist Party to do much of the necessary infighting. This is not to say Reuther was undisturbed by the alliance, but only that he went along with it because he considered Homer Martin the greater danger. Reuther was vigorously opposed to the business unionism of the Gompers school, which was adopted by Martin and also by George Meany. While Meany moved to the top of the AFL through his conservative business unionism, Reuther won his fights by projecting the image of a labor leader who, while opposed to communism, was even more militant and effective than the communist faction in the CIO.

Reuther later adopted new political positions, however, which were to alienate Bridges. First he quit the Socialist Party to become an all-out New Dealer. In 1946 when he was elected president of the UAW with an opposing board, he eliminated his opposition by convincing the union membership that Communists were still a strong force in the CIO.

Two years later, in 1948, Bridges became engaged in an irrevocable clash with the other CIO leaders over Henry Wallace's Presidential candidacy. Bridges supported Wallace; the CIO backed Truman. "They are not trade unionists," Reuther said, in a famous speech assailing the Wallace supporters. "They are colonial agents of a foreign government using the trade unions as an operating base."

Bridges denounced Reuther and the other CIO leaders, arguing that in making peace with the Truman Administration they were abandoning the class struggle between employers and workers. As for the anticommunist attack, Bridges said: "It is a sad day for American labor when the workers themselves fall for the bosses' time-honored trick of red-baiting."

When Bridges assails Meany and Reuther these days, he concentrates on communism, socialism, and the Cold War. "Right now the labor movement is going no place," he says. "The official AFL-CIO leadership is more concerned about the residents of West Berlin than about getting jobs for all in the AFL-CIO. The leaders of the AFL-CIO are the leading warmongers in this country. They don't want to do anything about unemployment. They just want to get us into a war over

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Berlin or Cuba. Within the AFL-CIO there are no solutions for unemployment. The AFL are the greatest supporters of free enterprise, of capitalism, in this country. In all other countries, the trade-union movement leads to some kind of socialized type of planned production."

The most ironical aspect of Bridges' conduct today is that his paradigm for the rest of organized labor could easily be directed toward his own leadership. If AFL-CIO unions are run on the principle of business first, so is the ILWU.

Today Bridges is more closely identified with Hoffa than anyone else. But this is for practical reasons. Both are opposed by the AFL-CIO and they need to rely on each other in jurisdictional disputes, lest they weaken their positions still further. Even though Bridges and Hoffa are friends, they stand far apart in their union methods and ideals. In these Bridges and Reuther—the enemies—are much more similar. Hoffa has tied himself in with hoodlums, used union funds to arrange big business deals, retained batteries of lawyers to keep himself out of jail, taken the highest salary of any labor official for himself, and raided one field after another to increase the size of his empire.

Bridges and Reuther are strict moralists, absolutely above hoodlumism. Both keep their unions' funds out of speculation, take salaries so small that they are actually niggardly for men in positions of such responsibility, and use much of their union machinery to deal with social problems. Hoffa is known to the public—although not to all of his own men by any means—as the big-money man; Reuther and Bridges are known to all as the little man's heroes.

When Bridges is pressed to spell out his specific differences with other labor leaders, he has much to say on peace, civil rights, and money. On other subjects, such as the solutions to unemployment which he says the others don't have, he falls back on a condemnation of the system:

"I don't think under our present system we can do anything to stop unemployment and layoffs. Our present social system is based on the idea that when you can't use a worker for profitable production, you get rid of that worker without any concern over what happens to him afterward—his food, medical care, education, or anything else."

But his own solution to unemployment and layoffs has been to get a share in the savings resulting from automation for his present union members—without regard for dwindling future membership. Agreements like the Bridges automation contract are not works of a militant

For an Absence

by Jack Marshall

THERE is not much time left I am afraid.
I cannot watch your eyes turned away
From the kitchen door like beggars
And not know how it shall be for me also.
Again, if I repeat the ancient lie, forgive me:
I love you now, and loved you those nights
Our shadows brushed each other on the stairs.
A nod, nothing more. Words could not redeem
Our lives from their contending chores.
(I almost choked from keeping still so long.)
As though a bearhug gagged your lungs
In answer to how the grieving goes,
Like a trained, toothless lion you swallowed
the soggy bread
Of a lifetime spent before your life was through.

Father, you are ridiculous as a saint.
In a time of sleek cars and gay sport fashions
Your socks are mismatched in high-button shoes.
The visored look, the eggwhite yoke of hair,
Closed eyes rehearse the posture of a stone
Till now you age me with a glance.
Love's own miser outdone, I turn my pockets
Inside-out, but tell me, why do you mourn
So religiously? What, in the desert, did you
overhear
The water whisper to the rock? On the plains
Where old gods led their avenging hordes,
What have you seen that makes of our love
a bloodless war?

While pride, like the bad teeth in your mouth,
Sours and rots to the passionate root,
In the no-man's land of your eyes
I watch the years' limping casualties
Lug half their exile yet to go.

Old man, be done with it.

idealism. They are a retreat from the awesome problem of unemployment in future generations.

For the most part Harry Bridges remains alone, isolated from all but the Teamsters, with whom he will not become involved in an outright alliance. He is without the national influence of which he once dreamed. The hopes have not vanished, but they have now become an old man's hopes, talked about at times with the animation of the past, but no longer pursued because pursuit has become impossible. He now spends most of his time taking care of the needs of 65,000 longshoremen. There is little else he can do.



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A Man With a Country

by Milton Mayer

Feeling like David, a lone writer is taking on a whole platoon of Goliaths—including Dean Rusk, the State Department, and the federal courts—in defense of the basic American right to travel wherever he pleases.

Mrs. Mayer and I stood fidgeting in the plenipotentiary presence of Mr. Robert C. Ode, the American Consul in Berne. The date was January 18, 1963, and the weather was the reason we fidgeted (though Mr. Ode may have thought we had other reasons). We had half an hour to get the last train to connect, via Meiringen and Brünig, with the postbus back to our mountain; and Switzerland, including Berne, was disappearing under the heaviest snow in a century.

We had each slipped Mr. Ode ten dollars for a new passport. Ours would expire while we were making a quick trip home in March, and we figured we'd get the new ones now and have it over with. We had completed the application forms and handed them to Mr. Ode, who bade us swear solemnly that we would support and defend the Constitution of the United States. We said that we swore neither solemnly nor jocosely, nor, indeed, at all; but we would affirm, in the fashion permitted people who follow the Biblical injunction against swearing; and affirm we did. Whereupon Mr. Ode should have handed us our shiny new passports.

Whereupon, instead, he handed us a sheet and said, "Now, if you'll just sign this . . ." The

sheet contained the following mimeographed words, and no others:

WARNING

Section 6 of the Internal Security Act of 1950 (50 U.S.C. 786) prohibits application for or use of a passport by and issuance or renewal of a passport to a member of an organization registered or required to register as a Communist organization under Section 7 of the Act. The following organizations are registered under Section 7:

The Communist Party of the United States of America.

* * *

I am not and have not been at any time during the period of 12 full calendar months preceding the date of this application (and no other person to be included in the passport is or has been at any time during the said period) a member of any organization registered or required to register under Section 7 of the Subversive Activities Control Act of 1950, as amended. (50 U.S.C. 786).

Signature

"Who issues this?" I said.

"The Department of State," said Mr. Ode plenipotentiarily.

"Since when?"

"Oh, quite recently."

"And it has to be signed?"

"If you want a new passport."

"But not sworn to?"

"Apparently not."

"And what organizations besides the Communist Party are required to register?"

"I'm afraid I don't know."

"But how am I to know that I am not a member of any such organization when I don't know what the organizations are? Aren't you asking me to sign a blank check?"

"Well," said Mr. Ode, "I'll go upstairs and get the regulations. Nobody has raised any objection before"—with which he gathered up all the papers on his desk, put them in the safe, locked the safe, and went, I suppose, upstairs.

He returned with a sheaf and went through it. "I can't read you all of this," he said finally, "because some of it is Classified. But it says here that any person who objects to signing the statement may submit his reasons to the Department for its further determination. Do you object to signing the statement?" I said I did.

"And you, Mrs. Mayer?"

All of our papers and most of our books, clothes, and furnishings, our car, and two of our children were in Switzerland; somebody would *have* to have a passport to return from the Free World to get them. And time was wasting and the snow getting heavier. Mrs. Mayer signed and got her passport. I got nine of my ten dollars back (the house taking its usual commission), and we went out into the glittering dusk and got back to Brünig in the frozen-fingered dawn.

I warmed my fingers and submitted to the State Department my reasons for refusing to sign the statement, sending a copy to Attorney Francis Heisler of Carmel, California, who specializes in supporting and defending the Constitution of the United States against attack by anybody (including the U.S. government).

I explained that I had assignments in Europe for two religious organizations (the American Friends Service Committee and the Fellowship of Reconciliation, to attend the Christian Peace Conference in Prague) and four publishers (the *Christian Century* to report on the Conference; *Harper's* to report on life in Prague; the *Progressive* to report on Eastern Europe; and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to report on the Americanization of Europe). Thus my freedom of press and worship was involved. My freedom of assembly, too, in that the requirement would penalize me (if I *were* a Communist) for associa-

tion. And of course there was Article 13, Section 2—but who cares? a member nation?—of the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights: "Everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own."

I forgot to invoke the Old Fifth, but I remembered to say that it looked like cruel and unusual punishment to me to deprive a man of a passport who had never been charged with or convicted of an offense against the United States or any state, territory, or insular possession thereof. In conclusion I shot my cuffs at posterity: "I am willing, indeed eager, to witness openly to all of my personal and organizational beliefs and associations past and present; but I am unable to do so under duress. The test oath—and the Warning sheet in question is tantamount to such oath—requires a man to deny a crime with which he has not been charged. It is the historic instrument of tyrannies for the reduction of free men to servility. It is unworthy of my country and my government, and I hope that my protest will weigh against it. . . ."

Sincerely yours, and *Ruat coelum*.*

A Test Case

A few weeks later, on my arrival in the United States, I sidled into the San Francisco passport office to see if my new passport was waiting there for me. It wasn't, but "Washington" had instructed "San Francisco" to ask me to fill out a new application form. The new form included the non-Communist disclaimer as a part of the oath that has always appeared on the application. I complied, inking out the disclaimer. I knew that the San Francisco application was meaningless because the Berne application was (1) prior, (2) pending, and (3) complete (the Warning sheet having been wholly separate from it).

Nevertheless the State Department latched on to the San Francisco form so that it could claim that my application, with the disclaimer inked out, was incomplete. The Department was thereby estopped (I can see it rolling words like "estopped" around) from processing (more rolling) the application. It had to make that claim or admit that it was denying me a passport. And such admission would at once entitle me to a hearing under *Kent v. Dulles*, which in 1958 established travel as an inherent right of citizenship which may not be denied without due process of law.

The Kent case required (for the first time in

* Though the heavens fall.—*The Editors*

Milton Mayer lectures, teaches, and preaches; and writes. (He has won the Polk Memorial Award and the Benjamin Franklin Citation for Journalism.) His next book, to be published this spring by the University of Chicago Press, will be "What Can a Man Do?"—containing this article and other essays selected from the many, many he has written.

the melancholy history of McCarthyism) that the about-to-be-injured party be confronted with the evidence against him. The Passport Office opposes confrontation, which would disclose the ~~reces~~ of its information. Mr. Abba P. Schwartz, the State Department's Administrator of Security Affairs, favors confrontation (and Mr. Abram Chayes, Legal Adviser to the Department, supports Mr. Schwartz); in the midst of which slow swordplay I came clattering along in my dusty sandals and nailed my dusty theses to the door of the State Department. I do not doubt that I am a pawn (on whosever side). But what "these Bernards"—as Dostoevsky would say—always forget is that this is a game in which even a pawn can play and, in the end-game, play a mortal role.

But the end-game was a long time developing. My lawyers—whose name was now Phalanx—decided that every possible administrative remedy should be exhausted before I sued, so that the case would be solidly bottomed (more rolling). All spring they roamed the State Department corridors in the ingenuous hope that somebody would step out of an office and say Yes or No. Came June and Miss Frances Knight, Director, Passport Office, finally told me in writing that she was estopped, etc., and I buckled on the whole armor of the law which, in its impartial majesty, alike forbids the government to oppress the citizen and the citizen to oppress the government.

The issue inside the Department (so my over-cover agents informed me) had gone all the way up to an Assistant Secretary, who overruled Mr. Chayes on "policy grounds." Mr. Chayes had advised the Department to give me the passport and get shut of me; its legal grounds for refusal were, he thought, untenable. But Miss Knight told the *San Francisco Chronicle* that she understood that this was to be a test case of the Department's passport policy.

The Devil's Own Polity

So *Mayer v. Rusk* went to court. The lawsuit (in which I disappear now except for the title of the pleadings) goes on apace, and the pace would pleasure a senior snail. We—for I am now multi-~~colored by a red carlin~~—were granted a statutory three-judge court to hear the matter in the first instance and were thus assured a direct appeal to the Supreme Court. But one of the three judges was just moving to Washington, so the hearing went over from July to October. We pleaded the urgency of my situation and offered, as friends of the court, to carry the judge's piano

for him. No go. October it was. On December third, the decision was given against us, the buck being expected, in such cases, to pass to the nine-judge court above. It is now passing, sedately.

I was aware that it might be months or years before I came out the other end of the juridical process. With my new passport (if I got one) I would just about make it from the house to the old people's home. The prospect didn't please, so I thought I would try to intimidate the State Department into a quick carriage of justice. I put in a person-to-person call to Miss Knight's mouth-piece, Mr. Robert D. Johnson, Deputy Director of the Passport Office in Washington, and when he answered I said, "Johnson, old boy—" "This is not Mr. Johnson," said the man in Washington, "this is Mr. Whacker [or maybe it was Tibble, or Veepings] in Mr. Johnson's office." Nothing undaunted, I tried to tell Veepings just how it was. He replied: "Mr. Mayer, the Department takes the view that it is the citizen's duty to help his government enforce the law."

These words of Veepings—I report them verbatim—lay the foundation for the devil's very own polity. They mean perpetual martial law and the perpetual alienation of a man's natural right (especially a small man's) to pass by on the other side of the street when one policeman is arresting a dozen thugs with blazing guns. If we do not pin back these Veepings' ears, we shall find our own amputated because we did not interpose to give the man from the municipal animal shelter a pants-leg up on a rabid dog. If we do not strike down the Veepings Doctrine, there is no limit to government, and we may as well confess that we are no better off than the Russians.

But there is no arguing doctrine with a Veepings, and I thought I would try a more primitive gambit. I wrote Miss Knight a Dear Sir letter, calling her attention to Section 6(a)(2)(b), which forbids her to issue a passport "knowing or having reason to believe" that the applicant is a Communist. I asserted (without saying I was or I wasn't) that she did not have such knowledge or belief. Unless, therefore, she informed me that she did, I respectfully demanded that she issue me a passport at once. She did neither.

I concluded that I might fare better with a man of my own sex, namely, my adversary in *Mayer v. Rusk*. I directed Mr. Rusk's attention to Section 6(a)(1), which makes it a felony for a Communist to apply for a passport. Pointing out that I had applied for a passport in Berne, not to men-



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California
Burgundy

tion San Francisco, I respectfully demanded that he either give me a passport or charge me with a felony. He did neither.

But these Rusks, Knights, and Veepingses are only accomplices, after the fact, of the United States Congress in a fraud perpetrated, like all frauds, for gain; the gain being the defeat, in the next election, of the opposing candidate's furious anti-communism by one's own fierouser anti-communism. This is the actual "intent of the Congress"—which the courts are always trying to determine—but even its putative intent does not authorize the State Department to make me swear that I am not a Communist. The Department thought that one up itself. The accomplices are fraudulent in their own right.

Postcard to Aunt Kate

Their fraud is not even impalpable. Say that I'm a Communist agent, using my American passport to further my infamous interests. How best do I disguise myself? Best, I submit, by posing as an independent (if not wholly obscure) journalist who is able to rig up assignments taking him almost anywhere on a moment's notice; and by affecting, on the side, to be a religious man with an ecumenical outlook and an affiliation of some amorphous sort with a cheerful institution like Quakerism. And that is just what I am.

Why, then, do I blame the State Department for requiring me to purge myself of suspicion? Because where I come from (which is Justinian Rome, via Missouri), the burden of proof is on the accuser and my answer to him is, "Show me." I am paying J. Edgar Hoover a handsome wage to find out whether I'm a Communist. Why should I do his work for him at my own expense? Mr. Hoover is the head of what Attorney General Kennedy calls the greatest investigative body in the world. If the greatest investigative body in the world can not find out whether I'm a Communist without my help, it is not the greatest investigative body in the world.

Say that I'm a Communist agent, bent upon disguise. Would I be a member of the Communist Party? I would not be, not only because I would not be so silly as to bait the trap for myself, but also (and much more crucially) because the State Department will give me a passport if I'm a Communist agent *provided I am not a member of the Communist Party*. Just listen to this, from page A-19 of Mr. Rusk's answer to my complaint: "To obtain a passport a present member need only sever his *organizational* connection with the com-

munist organization; he is not required to alter his beliefs or convictions." (*Emphasis added.*)

Say, then, that I'm a Communist agent. I am asked to swear (solemnly) that I am not a member of the Communist Party. I do so. I wouldn't boggle at perjury—not if I were a traitor to begin with—but the fact is that I have told the truth. But say that I'm neither a Communist agent *nor* a Party member. In that case I must answer the question the same way the Communist agent answers it.

Is this—as Milt Gross used to say—a system?

It is not a system, but a fraud, perpetrated, like all frauds, under a false pretense: the pretense of keeping Communist agents from going abroad. As any fairly mature infant knows, there is no way to prevent the flow of information between the two worlds anyway. All I have to do in, say, Prague—in order to tell the CIA that the Russians are using aspirin, and not bicarb, to trigger their new device—is to put three twenty-heller and two sixty-heller stamps in a prearranged order on my picture postcard to Aunt Kate.

So palpable is the pretense that the State Department only pretends to enforce it. On April 19, 1963, Miss Knight wrote me that the oath I declined to take "is required of all applicants." But several weeks later applicants of my acquaintance were still being handed the old forms without the oath; and this, mind you, was at least fifteen months after the State Department announced the new regulation in January 1962 (after the Supreme Court upheld the order requiring the registration of the Communist Party) and at least twelve months after its new forms were issued in May 1962.

In all that time the Department had not got around to getting its new forms to all of its passport application offices, and in all that time it had issued, I suppose, a half-million passports, most of them, doubtless, to Communist agents who sped to Tiflis and sent Aunt Kate a picture postcard with an interesting arrangement of stamps. Either I should get my passport or the half-million Communist agents who got theirs should have them revoked, I don't care which; I want the equal protection of the laws guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment.

The Only Loyalty

The last refuge of a Department is a stall, in the hope that something will turn up. In *Mayer v. Rusk* the Department's hope, in its succession of stalls, appeared to be the Flynn case. Elizabeth

Gurley Flynn, who *claims* to be a Communist, had her passport revoked and was suing. If the Department could get the Flynn case up to the Supreme Court before mine, the Court might hand down a careless enough opinion in her case to bolster the Department in mine; an opinion, for instance, that the national security puts travel within the sole competence of the executive power. The executive power was vastly extended by Mr. Roosevelt's emergency a quarter-century ago. The emergency is still on. Nowadays it is, of course, communism.

The defendant in *Mayer v. Rusk*, having no other stick to beat me with, has to use the Red Menace—the same Red Menace that the *Chicago Tribune* was using fifteen years ago to prove the disloyalty of the Rockefeller Foundation (of which Mr. Rusk is ex-president). Mr. Rusk ought to know better. He ought to know that I am not arguing that the Reds are or aren't a Menace. He ought to know that I am not arguing that the Internal Security Act is a good or bad thing. (It is as bad as it was when Mr. Truman vetoed it and said we were throwing our liberties away.) I am arguing that Miss Knight is not empowered to ask me whether I'm a Communist.

My political affiliation is none of a free government's business, and a government makes itself unfree when its Congress and its courts decide that communism is only a criminal conspiracy and not also a theory of man and of history to which an honest (if mistaken) man might repair. The reason that communism is outlawed in America and Germany—and only in America and Germany among republican countries—is that only Americans and Germans will let it be defined for them as a criminal conspiracy and nothing more. I reject godless communism—along with godless capitalism—but that is *my* business.

The Catholic Council on Civil Liberties condemns the loyalty (or, rather, the non-disloyalty) oath in general as "un-American, coercive, discriminatory, prejudicial, and ineffective." The standard oath of allegiance required of every officeholder (and of every soldier, and of every passport applicant) may be ineffective, but it is none of the rest of the things that the Catholic Council complains of. And it is the rest of the things that stick in my craw. I can take (or affirm, in my peculiar way) the oath of allegiance without its sticking. As St. Thomas said of the lady's belief that the names of the blessed were inscribed on a golden scroll in heaven—if it does no good, it probably does no harm either.

But this is the first time that I myself have had to face the loyalty oath in all its fatuous

panoply and its design to make wall-to-wall people out of us. My rejection of it in the past has cost me a couple of jobs I could do without, and I sympathize with my thirty-four million countrymen who have had to take it or be blacklisted. In a high school in my neighborhood, all seventy-one of the teachers protested the oath—and all seventy-one of them took it. They do not love their country the more for having taken it, and Mr. Rusk is smart enough to know that the only loyalty is love.

My real objection has no merit in a three-judge, a nine-judge, or a twenty-seven-judge court: This oath is repugnant to me as an American. If my Republican father had been told he had to take it, he would have said, "What do you think this is—Russia?" Every Sunday afternoon in Chicago he used to take me to a bosky dell called Bughouse Corner in Washington Park and listen to a succession of rabid revolutionaries, each more rabid than the last. A solitary copper named Big Tom shook his club at the kids to keep them quiet so their fathers could hear the Bolsheviks. Big Tom was the FBI, the CIA, the Internal Security Act, and the Subversive Activities Control Board all in one, and between him and the ruin of the Republic stood nothing but my father's attachment to the Republican Party. Had my father come to believe that the Bolsheviks were right, not Big Tom nor the FBI nor the CIA could have saved the country from him. No police power has ever saved a country from subversion or ever will.

"Why Not Say So?"

R*uat coelum*. Though the heavens fall, I do not intend to take that un-American, coercive, discriminatory, prejudicial, and ineffective oath. But what will I do if, some months or years from now, the Supreme Court holds against me? I don't know what I will do, but I think I know how I will feel. I will still feel like resisting.

It would be much more useful if a Senator or a Congressman—or a President who vetoes it—would resist a bad law like the Internal Security Act or a bad regulation like the State Department's; but they will not. They say, "It's the law. We may not like it, but it's the law." But we hanged the Nazi leaders at Nuremberg for saying that, and properly; a man who will obey the law, whatever the law, wants a form of government in which man exists for the state and not the state for man.

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the vitiation of one of them, mobility for instance, is the vitiation of them all. My sophisticated neighbor says it's a small matter, this anti-Communist jag, but a simple-minded Nazi told me, when I spoke of the mass persecutions, that "that was much later. At first it was only the Communists." And so, when my neighbor says, "If you're a Communist, why not say so?" I have got to say what we say where I come from (which is where we say *Ruat coelum*). I have got to say, *Principiis obsta* and *Finem respice*.

Resist the beginnings. Envisage the end. Maybe these aren't the beginnings. Maybe they won't proceed to the end. And maybe a stand should be made somewhere further along the road. But I didn't intend to make a stand; not I. I was tending to my business when I was confronted by Leviathan commanding me to do something un-American. It is not as if I were, say, a teetotaler confronted by the Volstead Act.

Something like this happened to me five years ago, when I was invited to Hungary by the Reformed Church of that country. Informing President Eisenhower (by registered mail from Switzerland) that I was going to go, I noted that my passport was inscribed, "Not valid for travel in Hungary," and I assured him that I would not use it for that purpose (and I didn't: the Hungarians gave me a separate visa). I added that the inscription, if it meant that my government *forbade* me to travel in Hungary, would not deter me from the free exercise of my religion.

Like so many of us, Mr. Eisenhower is not much of a letter writer. But when I returned from Hungary, and was safely inside the American landmass, the State Department wrote me that my continued entitlement to a passport was under review because of my "violation of the restrictions contained in your passport and in contravention of existing United States foreign policy." I was given thirty days to assure the Department under oath that I would not again violate its present *or future* regulations. I replied that my religion forbade me to take an oath, and that my Americanism forbade me to agree to obey any regulation whatever in advance of its promulgation. The Department replied that it would not take any further action "at this time," since my violation had not been of such a nature as to interfere with the conduct of existing United States foreign policy.

I had not been able to discover what the existing United States foreign policy was, nor am I yet. In the interval communist Hungary has been put on limits and communist Cuba off, and some of the students who went to Cuba last

summer (as I went to Hungary five years ago) have been indicted by a federal grand jury (as I was not). The State Department has never told us that we can not go to communist East Germany (which, according to existing United States foreign policy, does not even exist). And if we are *very* good, the Department will send us to communist Russia at its expense but under no conditions let us see for ourselves how bad conditions are (the Department assures us that they are very bad) in communist China.

Where Would I Go?

On the occasion of my going to Hungary I suppose I disobeyed a bad law. Just how I would do so, in the instant case, if the Supreme Court holds against me, I do not know. I should certainly notify the government of my intentions (since they are honorable) in advance; I am none of your hole-and-corner men. And I suppose that the government would then use force and violence and other lawful means to keep me locked up in its great big continental jail. I should then have to renounce my citizenship and abandon the ashes of my fathers and the temples of my gods and go for good. Where?

I blush to say it in these supranational days, but I love my country, and I could no more leave it lightly than I can remain and stand by while it is being pulled to pieces. This is my own, my native land. I am an American. But I am a man before I am an American; not a good man, and getting no better, but a man, and a man has the overriding duty, in jail or out, to be free.

But when did expatriation ever mean freedom? Suppose that another republic accepted me. I say "suppose" because, though they all despise the American demonology, they may hesitate to offend the American government.) What would become of me if I resisted a bad law in, say, England? I should then depart thence for some place like Russia where, as a non-Communist, my right to travel abroad would be exactly what it is here as a non-anti-Communist. And I'd be short more than a few other rights besides.

If I were not imprisoned (in a small jail) when I outraged a government that was not my own, I suppose I should be deported. And go where at the last? At least my own government is not threatening to deport me—just the opposite—and that is something among many things I have to be thankful for. What I want are the things to be thankful for that we have lost in this country between my father's time and mine.

To Take Away the Lollipops of Self Delusion

A related point, and one which I don't believe I've heard discussed among us enough, is that while our competitors in mass communications are mostly in an all-out popularity contest, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING feels called upon fairly frequently to chide some portion of the public, or take away some comforting belief in magic, or directly alienate some sizable group of the misguided.

Television, I suppose, would present the outstanding contrast: Almost all of its offering is predicated upon a least-common-denominator approach, and whenever by inadvertence or the rashness of some momentarily unfettered creative individual it offends even the tiniest fringe group, the entire industry conspires to maintain it could only have been a misunderstanding—or a mistake which will be rectified instantly. Newspapers, by and large, have lost the individuality of attitude which made some of them great and most of them distinguishable from each other. In the same way, many magazines—including the two others in what advertisers insist upon referring to as “our field”—have mostly embarked upon efforts to please and please and please.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, on the other hand, has for at least fifty years considered it part of its own mission to rub readers' noses in reality; to take away the lollipops and crutches of self-delusion; to attack, not the man-eating shark or sin itself, with everyone clucking empty pieties together, but the mighty and plausible and significantly damaging beliefs and agencies and persons—those with facilities to hit back, or adherents who can retaliate against us.

This means that in some regards ours is a harder row to hoe; we feel it is also a better one.

The above is an excerpt from an internal memorandum dated March 19, 1961, from Editor Wade Nichols to the editorial and advertising staffs of Good Housekeeping. Its purpose was to restate the basic editorial platform of the magazine. Good Housekeeping feels it provides an insight, possibly of public interest, into the magazine's continuing editorial policies and functions as interpreted by its editor.

Every Artist Needs a Hard-boiled Patron

by Edgar Wind

Artists today might be much better off without the "freedom" and seclusion forced on them by their over-respectful customers.

In reflecting on the will it is important to admit that the range of its influence is limited. Belief in the truth of a proposition, for example, cannot be changed by an act of the will. I might wish, under certain circumstances, that two and two made five, or that all men were good, or that the climate of England were dry and sunny, but it is beyond my power to believe in any such thing; and no effort of the will can change the fact that my belief on these points is settled. I might find it prudent at certain times to disguise a belief, or to refrain from expressing it in public, and such decisions are certainly subject to my will. Even in my own private thoughts I may occasionally refuse to face an uncomfortable fact, and prefer to think of something else. Hence a friend may say: "Be a man and face the facts," but he could not possibly say: "Be a man and, recognizing these facts for what they are, use your will and believe them to be different."

Over such trivial beliefs as I have mentioned—that two and two make four, or that the climate of England is damp—no one would deny that the

will is powerless. But when it comes to more vital beliefs, which are passionately held by some and incomprehensible to others—religious beliefs in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, or economic beliefs today—the charge is often made that dissent is willful. Heretics have been persecuted not only for holding views which were not approved, but for their pertinacity in refusing to change them, as if their beliefs could be formed by their will.

As is well known, tyrannical acts of the will are not confined to external pressures. Internally, too, our will intrudes into regions where it does not belong. A scientist or historian is sometimes unwilling to give up a theory to which he has become attached, even though he comes across facts that do not quite fit it. Rather than relinquish the theory, he tries to explain the facts away, ascribing them to secondary causes which might account for the facts without disturbing the theory. The will can thus obstruct a necessary revision of belief. Thinking becomes warped because it is willful.

Nevertheless, in his famous essay *The Will to Believe*, first published in 1897, William James pointed to one important province of thought where the will must remain an active force: in the approach to new and uncharted regions of experience for which rational guides are not yet available. In considering this particular problem,

James cast some doubts on the common rule of scientific prudence by which we are taught to suspend our judgment until we have the evidence before us, and not to commit ourselves mentally one way or the other for fear of being duped. According to James, this is an act of the will rather than an act of reason, and if applied to important and vital issues, an unproductive act at that; for by it we refuse to take the kind of risk that generally attends the discovery of new truths. James was surely right in suggesting that this risk has almost always been taken by productive thinkers. The scientist acts on a hunch, for which the scientific evidence is incomplete, and his decision to act on that hunch, at the risk of being disappointed, is as certainly an act of the will as is the contrary and more common decision, namely, not to run the risk of that disappointment, and hence to forgo the chance of making a discovery.

The Forecourt Is Empty

In turning to the experience of art, we may find that here the role of the will is exactly the same as in the pursuit of knowledge. Whether we go to the theatre or not depends on our will; and whether on leaving the theatre we declare our feelings about the play, or keep them to ourselves, or decide to see the play again rather than trust our first impression, all these are matters in which our will is involved. However, in the presence of the play itself, our response would not be genuine and right unless our will were temporarily suspended. Persons who can never forget what they want, and exert their own will in the presence of a work of art, are debarred from authentic artistic experience. The work of art, no less than a truth, demands a genuine and complete oblivion of the self—an attitude repugnant to many persons while others perform it with natural ease.

And what is true of the spectator applies equally to the artist himself. In the moment of creation his personal will must be suspended; otherwise his work will be contrived and forced. A tyrannical act of the will must falsify art as it falsifies belief. Only a misguided artist "wills" his art. Hence Keats associated poetic power with what he called "negative capability"; and Byron wrote in *Don Juan* of the divine raptures of the soul that

... 'tis in vain

We would against them make the flesh obey—
The spirit in the end will have its way.

But this does not mean that the artist's will is not engaged when he prepares himself for these moments of rapture by regular exercise and drill. Imagination needs a great deal of prodding and restraining to issue at the right moment in full bloom. It is also by an act of the will that the artist releases the finished work to the world, or withholds it, or neglects it, or whatever he may do—or refuse to do—with it. The creative act, although quite beyond the will, is thus surrounded by acts that are willed by the artist, and they include questions that concern his points of departure, his choice of scale, for example, or of medium or any parts of the general framework of ideas within which he sets his imagination to work. These are questions which are raised in the forecourt of art although it is only in the temple itself that they find their ultimate resolution.

In discussing art and the will, I am talking about the forecourt of art in relation to the temple. When we treat art as sacrosanct we clearly refer to the temple and to nothing else; there the artist is necessarily alone with his genius. But in the forecourt he should not be left alone. And yet we leave him alone there as well, because we mistakenly extend to the porch the same veneration as belongs to the sanctuary. Even in the exercise of the artist's will, we think that no pressure should be brought to bear on him, for fear that it might disturb his inspiration, and so all his preliminary decisions must be made by him *in vacuo*. For whom, for what purpose or place he will plan a new work, or from what sources he should draw his themes—these are matters rarely suggested to him by an external assignment; as a rule they are left for him to imagine, to invent. Today we place an excessive burden on the artist's personal choice because, in contrast to artistically more gifted and lively ages, no points of reference are given. For all practical purposes the forecourt is empty. The only persons to be met there are a small circle of friends and the artist's dealer, who is there on business. The patron remains modestly outside and waits.

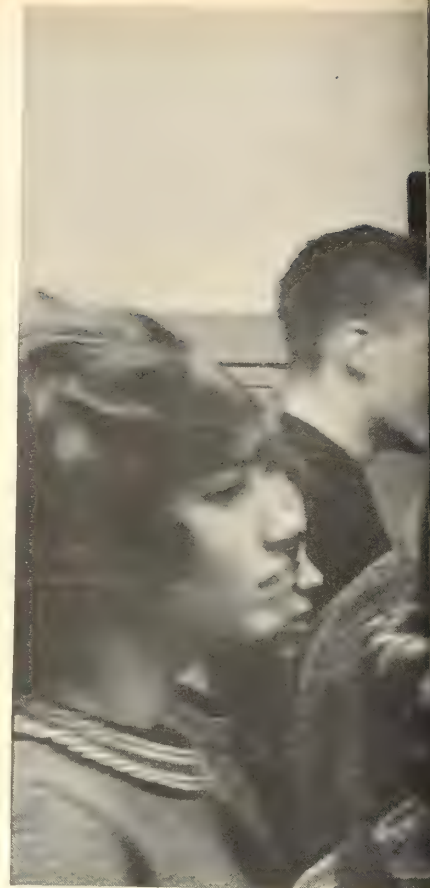
It is very unlikely that a person wishing to acquire a painting today would tell the artist what he wants him to paint; he would think it

This article follows Edgar Wind's "The Long Battle Between Art and the Machine," published last month in "Harper's"; both will be part of his book, "Art and Anarchy," to be brought out by Alfred A. Knopf in April. Professor Wind teaches the history of art at Oxford and is the author of "Pagan Mysteries in the Renaissance" and other works in iconography and philosophy.

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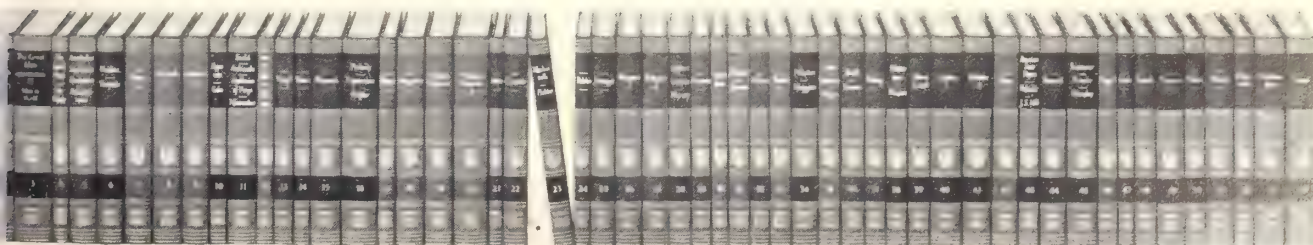
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disrespectful to do so. Instead he visits an exhibition in which works of art can be purchased ready-made; and in acquiring one of them, he cherishes it as a "find," a sort of *objet trouvé*. The heroic battles between artist and patron that fill the annals of the Renaissance would seem improper and wasteful to the modern amateur. He prefers not to enter the fray. Communication with the artist is left to the dealer, who often shoulders the kind of responsibility that the patron and the public no longer discharge. It would be most unfortunate if one day the dealer in his turn were to be displaced by the auctioneer, who would neither prod the artist, nor plan for him, nor take any risks, but merely sell him.

In the eighteenth century a lively exchange between the artist and his public was still taken for granted. Hogarth laughed at poets who lived in garrets and pursued their fancies; he ridiculed musicians enraged by the popular music of the streets. The true artist was in contact with his public. The Romantics, however, introduced the fable that the poet dreaming in his garret, who writes only as the spirit moves him, is an image of the true poet; and although we know that the image is largely false, it still lingers in our imagination. We are well aware that most poets do not live in garrets, and that artists work not only regularly, but that they work harder and longer than businessmen; and yet we hold fast to the belief that they should work only as the spirit moves them, undisturbed by our requests and unemboldened by our indifference.

Bickering over the Medici

The great patrons of the Renaissance were active patrons, and as such they had an unpleasant trait in common. Each was to the artist what Lord Bridges—in an interesting lecture on "The State and the Arts"—thinks a good patron should not be, "an awkward and uncomfortable partner." They had definite ideas about their patronage and did not hesitate to assert them. It is difficult to imagine, without reading the documents, what amount of bickering went into the planning and replanning of the Medici Chapel. Michelangelo's designs for the Tombs were corrected by Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, who had commissioned them, and whenever Michelangelo submitted new designs, the Cardinal was ready with counter-suggestions. Finally, after agreement had been reached and Michelangelo was in the process of cutting the stone, the Cardinal became Pope Clement VII, and on that occasion he appears to have

changed the project all over again, proposing a new plan, from which emerged the sublime figures that we know today.

Since Michelangelo was not easily pleased with anyone, one might think that he would feel bitter about such a disruptive patron, but quite the contrary: he explained to his pupil Condivi, apparently with considerable warmth, that Clement VII had an exceptional understanding of the artistic process. It is evident that Michelangelo felt the pressure of his patron's will as beneficial, but it requires the resilience of a forceful artist to transform such an impact into art; weaker spirits might well be crushed by it.

In the large but imperfectly preserved correspondence in which Isabella d'Este pursued artists and art, there are fifty-four letters referring to a single painting by Perugino. The patron who cared for art was fussy in those days; and as a rule artists prefer patrons who fuss to patrons who do not care. Perugino, it is true, was not a strong master, nor did the excessive attention of Isabella d'Este improve him, but it is characteristic of Mantegna that his art prospered under her trying commands.

Among recent patrons, a comparable case is that of Ambroise Vollard, the French picture dealer and publisher. This brilliant speculator in fashions of taste had a singular gift for annoying, bullying, teasing, and flattering an artist until he produced the kind of work that Vollard wanted of him. How a victim responded to such treatment is shown in a rapidly sketched self-portrait by Renoir, which bears a charming dedication to his torturer. The inscription reads: "*à mon raseur sympathique*." This does not refer to Renoir's shaggy beard, but the word *raseur* ("shaver") is a colloquialism for an "insufferable bore." *Il me rase* means "he grinds me down." The affectionate tone of the dedication shows the artist's gratitude to his gadfly.

That such treatment of artists has gone more or less out of fashion might be ascribed to a variety of reasons. In the first place, amateurs of art live under the impression that they do not have the time to exchange fifty-four letters about one picture, but that is an illusion. A casual glance at the lives of Renaissance patrons would reveal that they had far less time to spare than a fully occupied man of affairs today. They were haunted by daily business of an urgency and personal danger that it is difficult for us to imagine. If in the midst of these frightful troubles they found the time to battle with artists and bend them to their will, it is because art was as indispensable to them as their daily food—they



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could not live without it. And that, I think, is the root of the matter. If art were as indispensable to us as it was to them, we would not leave the forecourt of art so empty.

Moreover, the Renaissance patrons took far greater risks than the average modern collector would care to take. They asserted their "will to believe" at the crucial moment, when the outcome of an artistic enterprise was still in the balance, whereas we prefer to wait until the artist has finished his work, so that we may decide whether we care for the outcome or not. Participation is thus postponed to a less critical moment; our artistic life is more sedate. No doubt, William James was right in saying that the person who will not risk disappointment is in the end no safer than the one who does. The pressure of our artistic climate is lowered by the absence of an active patronage, with the result that the prudent collector, who thinks he has diminished his risks, has actually diminished his chances of getting as many significant works as he might.

Even the State has become a timid patron and

holds no one responsible, least of all itself, for the bad design of bank notes and coinage. Architecture, the last of the arts in which the client still continues occasionally to assert his will, has found its own no-man's-land in the evasive diplomacy of committee rooms, if not in the vast offices of contractors who supply architecture ready-made, conceived and designed *in vacuo*.

When he began his sculptures for the UNESCO building in Paris, Jean Arp was astonished and disappointed that not even the architects could spare the time—he uses the expression "spare the time"—"to discuss in earnest with the painters and sculptors" how their work was to be conceived as part of the general plan. Although the patron was a corporate body, and had commissioned a group of artists including Miró, Moore, Picasso, and Tamayo to decorate a building of a well-defined purpose, the usual method was adopted of leaving the artist to himself, so that each might follow his individual will. Their wills were not made to clash and then to work out their harmonization. The result of this loose notion of *laissez-faire* was a visual and intellec-

tual paradox: in this building devoted to the cultural work of the United Nations the arts loiter about the place without function, distracted and disunited.

Dangers of Seclusion

The effect of leaving the artist far too much to himself is clearly shown in paintings by the Abstract Expressionists. These artists have carried introspection to an extreme, and nevertheless try to break out from the seclusion it imposes on them. Theirs is an art searching desperately for substance, and seeking it in two directions: by reverting to the artist's instinctive impulses and by projecting them outward on a scale that is larger than life. We generally doodle on small bits of paper, and our psychoanalytical friends tell us that this untidy habit integrates our personality. To doodle monumentally brings forces of integration into play which raise the artist beyond his private self. I believe, therefore, that the huge size of these paintings is not at all accidental; it is, on the contrary, their *raison d'être*. Today many artists who search for substance in their art, try to find it by an increase of scale. The size is a kind of test whether the imagination will hold its own in such enlargements. To speak of abstractions as "larger than life" is not as odd as it may sound; for the artist's idiom is related to the scale of man but seems raised to a higher pitch by a tour de force in projection. This is splendidly shown in some of the "action paintings" by Soulages, flawless exercises in massive calligraphy, which derive a superior authority from the fact that they are so huge. It is as if the artist himself had to invent the obstacles that are no longer supplied from without.

Although it would be fantastic to make the artist responsible for the seclusion in which he is compelled to work, his own attitude to that condition has helped to shape it and tends to encourage its continuance. What is more, an uncanny affinity has become apparent between "pure art" and the demands of mechanization—because pure patterns are the easiest to mechanize. No art lends itself to reproduction quite so glibly as a painting by, say, Manessier. In music, serial compositions offer the best chances to the computer. If a novelist withdraws to an inner realm of experience where all events appear as purely subjective sequences, his technique comes close to that of the film. The "interior monologue" is a case in point. Invented as a literary device to suggest immediacy, it serves as a prop (a sort of

basso continuo) in the comprehensive style of film-capriccio which—in the words of Robbe-Grillet—"admits simultaneously, alternately, and on equal level instantaneous fragments of reality accessible to eye and ear, and fragments that are past or distant or future or altogether phantasmagoric." It is a common error in such discussions to mistake *immediacy* for *concreteness*, thus forgetting the philosophical truism that the most immediate sensations are the most abstract. Since immediacy always requires a large apparatus of exclusions, it is a construct that can be fed to a machine, and this is the ultimate irony of dissociation: while cutting the artist off from the external world, it finds outward support in mechanization because both are dehumanized procedures.

It ought therefore to cause no surprise that machine art and the sort of introspection that is encouraged by depth psychology are likely to reinforce each other. As has been shown by recent films and also by a variety of plastic arts that rely for their effect on *bricolage*,* mechanical devices can embody those highly irrational "invasion experiences" which James described in his Gifford lectures as "uprushes into the ordinary consciousness of energies originating in the subliminal parts of the mind." What struck him as a radical innovation of psychological science and a triumph in technique—the disclosure of "whole systems of underground life, . . . buried outside the primary fields of consciousness and making irruptions thereinto"—has since been accepted as a commonplace; and as such it has helped to remove some of the volitional restraints that would otherwise block the flow of the imagination. The suspension of the will is no longer reserved for the exceptional moments of artistic intuition: it has become an occurrence in daily therapy, which certain artists attempt to rival in their efforts to equate the creative act with an automatic catharsis.

Once art thus aspires to what Janet called *l'abaissement du niveau mental*, which is a state of mental decomposition or dissociation particularly conducive to incursions from the unconscious, creative friction between artist and patron must seem superfluous and out of date. In the new forecourt of art the only challenge to the artist is supplied by managerial questions: "Will it

*The word "*bricolage*," originally used in billiards or tennis for the skill of causing a ball to rebound, is now applied in France to any unexpected use made of ready-made objects, particularly when taken from the sort of stock likely to collect in an attic.

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record well?" "Will it reproduce well?" "Will it distribute well?"

For wherever a vacuum is left by the will today, it is bound to be filled by mechanical forces.

Although by temperament a sanguine philosopher, James wrote *The Will to Believe* in a vituperative style directed against what seemed to him a niggardly trust in salvation by machinery. In the supposedly prudent idolaters of science he detected "a passion for conceiving the universe in the most labor-saving way"; and he accused the logicians of having spread that confusion by a misuse of what they call "the law of parsimony." Invented by Occam and hence called "Occam's razor," the law of parsimony prescribes that in forming a theory we should not introduce any more hypotheses than are indispensable for its construction. Those extending this rule from a useful assumption of logic to a technique in life James called "the knights of the razor." And he added, not too confidently: "The knights of the razor will never form among us more than a sect."

This was written in 1881. Today the knights of the razor are not a sect, they are the majority; and they are not—in any sense of the word—*raseurs sympathiques*. They prefer not to wrestle with the angel: it takes too long; it is uneconomical; and one is likely to get one's thigh out of joint. The avoidance of risk has become a ruling passion, and many of the forces affecting art today can be related to this overriding impulse: a desire to spread all manner of art so widely that its effects cancel each other out. Nietzsche saw modern man in his aesthetic Eden "surrounded with the styles and arts of all times so that, like Adam with the beasts, he might give them a name." Classification has indeed proved a comfortable way of neutralizing the deeply disturbing effects of art: it spares one the trouble of participation; and above all, it eliminates the will.

"These most conscientious gentlemen," as James put it, "think they have jumped off their own feet, . . . but they are deluded. They have simply chosen from among the entire set of propensities at their command those that were certain to construct, out of the materials given, the leanest result."

In defense of diffusion it has sometimes been said that in order to give a fair account of the matter, the increased number of offerings should be divided by the increased number of recipients: we may then find that the loss of density is deceptive. I am afraid that this argument will not hold. In music, for example, diffusion affects each

single listener; he hears more music than he used to hear and, thanks to mechanical means of reproduction, he often hears it in a form prepared for diffusion. To say that a diffused experience becomes more dense if it is divided by the number of persons who share it, is like claiming that if more people drink diluted milk, there is less dilution.

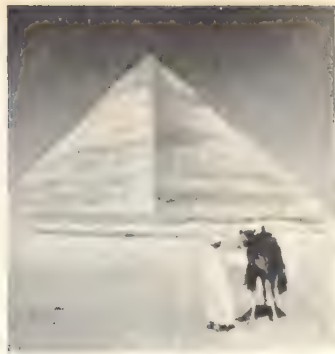
More Than a Passing Show

It would be well to keep this discussion clear of any biased views on popular education. The complaint against mass distribution of art is not that it serves too many people but that it serves them badly. Personally, I have little patience with the supercilious belief that art for the many is a waste; self-flattery of the few is far more wasteful. If we judge the situation fairly, it is not the number of persons who look at art that is alarming; it is the number of works of art they look at, and the reduction of art to a passing show. Benevolent societies seem persistently engaged in bringing things together that are apart, and taking things apart that are together, thus fostering the perpetual mobility of art which is destructive of genuine concentration.

To check this course will not be easy because the forces behind it are very strong. Yet the recognition of a force for what it is, itself produces a measure of resistance. The impact is broken by reflection, and if the reflection continues long enough, even the strongest impact may lose its power. Nevertheless, it would be imprudent to feel very certain that "the spirit in the end will have its way." The knights of the razor are astute; they do not expel the artist from the city, they receive him there on their own terms. Benevolent neutrality eliminates friction and keeps the forecourt of art safely closed to disturbance. When an experience is exceptional, it must be multiplied; and soon it will cease to be exceptional. Baudelaire foresaw that this destructive tolerance would one day be hailed as a form of "progress"; in this complacent receptacle, a friendly abyss, the anarchic energies of creation would be soaked up into nothing.

"Man's chief difference from the brutes," James said, "lies in the exuberant excess of his subjective propensities"; and "had his whole life not been a quest for the superfluous, he would never have established himself as inexpugnably as he has done in the necessary."

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care of all the things we do not
to be associated with.
assie: Name for any book one
which is more than ten years
As an adjective it means "swell"
essessing some quality I like but
e identify."

ontadian, Jamesian: Again,
e general terms of approval, in
case for fiction. If you can fit
look into one of these plegma-
s, you have nothing to worry

about. Gets pretty sloppy though.
"Jamesian" can come to signify some-
ing more than that your author has
writes about Americans in Europe,
or that he, too, has a certain unde-
fined complexity, or that his writing
is different from Dreiser's or Sinclair
Levy's.

credo: A "knowledgeable" man
who has a "discipline" usually has
not a creed or a set of beliefs or
principles, but a "credo." Another
common meaning: beliefs when I
hold them.

dialogue: A process in high favor
today—but just how one participates
in this laudable activity is generally
left uncertain. Suggests conversa-
tion, discussion, forum, debate, play,
teaching, but personal confrontation
does not seem to be part of it. Has
connotation of polite remoteness, dis-
tance.

discipline: Any field of thought
one respects (starting with one's
own, of course) appears to be a
"discipline," but nobody seems clear
as to what makes a discipline a dis-
cipline. (Do its ends do this? or its
methods? or its data?) When you
want to praise someone, you refer to
what he does as his "discipline." But
you walk off if someone asks whether
you are referring to his subject, his
way of thinking about the subject,
or to the information he has on it.

empathy: If you think he both
likes and understands something—
scarier tapagers, *Emrod*, a Yeats
poem, Miss Jones, the President—
without being able to say why, he
has "empathy," that is, "a state of
empathy" exists. When you "empa-
thize" you "identify with" something
or somebody; one seldom identifies
something anymore.

excellence: Something all dis-
ciplines, credos, rhetorics, films, and
lives should have. Something we
should all spend our time in pursuit
of. One always tries to end a speech
or article with this word, especially
if he has already dismissed to the

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JARGON IN THE HUMANITIES

categories of "commonplaceness" and "mediocrity" those things of which he disapproves.

format: Everything—a speech, a book, a grant of money, a research study, a novel, a picnic—has to have a format. Layout not quite synonymous today. Plan, maybe?

image: Everybody has to have at least one. There are, apparently, good and bad images, respectable and unrespectable images, and it seems that you *create* them.

insightful: Seeing things the way I see them.

knowledgeable: If you are interested in the things someone else is interested in and if you approve of his views on these matters, he's knowledgeable. How much he knows about the subject does not have really very much to do with the word as used in its heyday, which is now.

literature of social purpose: This phrase has undergone a dramatic drop in "status" from its jargonish use as a term of praise in the 1930s to its jargonish use as an expression of boredom, sometimes edging toward anger, in the 1950s and '60s. Now you use it when you want to downgrade an author, never when you want to send him upstairs; for most critics Dickens is no longer "a social novelist."

meaningful: What all statements—phrases, clauses, sentences, articles, books—should be. Synonyms: understood by me, important, true. In short, O.K.

myth: Retains its denotations of "something imagined or made up," "an imaginative explanation"—but now seems to imply a belief firmly and aggressively held that this making up is the realest reality. In a novel or poem you try hard to find something you approve of to call "a mythic element."

occult: Like myth, this has become a nice word; in fact, its most common meaning seems to be "beyond ordinary experience, but nice." ("Intuitive" has likewise gained some respectability; most writers, however, prefer the verb "intuit" to the adjective or adverb.)

orthodox: In intellectual circles this has, like "respectable," lost its former taint. Although it can still mean "strict adherence to a certain accepted set of beliefs," more and more it is coming to suggest "strict

adherence to a certain accepted set of beliefs—and I approve of both such strictness and such beliefs."

respectable: Now completely losing its former pejorative quality ("Pejorative" an increasingly fashionable word, too.) Means that person, idea, or thing has my respect and the respect of people I respect. Synonyms: swell, jim-dandy, dapper, fine, excellent.

rhetoric: Something many of us feel we should have, although we are not sure just what it would be in our particular bailiwick. We think brightly of a "rhetoric of politics," "a rhetoric of morals," "a rhetoric of cinema," "a rhetoric of urban planning," etc. A few decades ago "rhetorical matters" were dismissed as somewhat trivial; now they very significant and should get the fullest attention.

status: Whenever anyone is envious or ambitious these days, it seems to be for "status." Usually conveys a sense of disapproval, or, at least, condescension.

structured: Something that has happened to something the moment it got hold of it. Other people's things, writing, committees, family life, and cocktail parties are unstructured.

style: A certain quality held in high regard everywhere today. Arguments arise when anyone starts wondering what that quality is. Anyway, it is what all of us, whether we be poets, newspapermen, taxidermists, or tax collectors, are supposed to have a *sense* of.

syndrome: A complicated ailment that someone else—or some institution you don't support—has. Used in such phrases as "the United Nations syndrome," "the science syndrome," "the private college syndrome," "the textbook syndrome," "the slow-reaction syndrome," and "the Platonic syndrome."

tough-minded: A convenient label for all persons who are not soft-minded. Soft-minded people are those who disagree with you.

ultimate values: These are—whatever the ultimate values. They are as far as you can go in saying your authority, religion, college, neighborhood or "discipline" is on the side of the angels. The general implication, of course, no matter what the vagueness about what they are, is that there are such.

by Joseph Kraft



CHRISTIAN ARNDT/REUTERS

Presidential Politics in LBJ Style

is not the man, much less a ment or a party. But paperback and TV have made psycho-awareness rampant. Ideology, and legislative programs are urily complex, and hence too for wide comprehension. Perry, accordingly, has become the tone of politics—the measuring which programs, policies, and are assessed and compared. sion is to deduce matter from r. And in that respect, at least, ent Lyndon B. Johnson is pre- tly in fashion. To see him in hite House—or even more at on his ranch in Texas—is to ence as pronounced a style as blic man can boast.

onic activity is the hallmark of nson style. The President ap- es his job like a spirited foot- am breaking out of the huddle. ore than eighteen hours every rom six thirty in the morning one at night—he is on the go. typical that Mrs. Johnson, in to caution him to take it easy, o pin a warning note to his and not only hand-wringers oe concerned about his health. aid that he takes more than a ed phone calls per day. He must only man in the world who has phone installed beside a ham- Visitors not only stream in ut of his office, but join him at or in swims before lunch and .

almost all his meetings, the lent forces the pace, walking up own, sawing the air, raising and ng his voice, jabbing with his finger. After one session, the able dean of the Senate, eighty- ar-old Carl Hayden of Arizona,

was heard protesting: "You know, Mr. President, I'm older than you are." To which the President replied: "I don't care how old you are. Do it. Do it now."

If anything, the pace the President sets while ostensibly on holiday at the ranch is even more formidable. During his Christmas vacation, every day on the ranch was a permanent floating press conference, with the President first addressing reporters, then allowing them to trail behind as he loped over his acres. Relatives, friends, politicians and publishers, most of the Cabinet, the Joint Chiefs, a goodly share of the White House staff, and a full delegation from West Germany headed by Chancellor Ludwig Ehrhard came and went. The President did everything. He chaired negotiations; he shot deer; he guided visitors; he drove friends in his car; he made appointments and signed bills; he acted as MC at a barbecue, attended the opening of a synagogue and the funeral of a local mayor and a New Year's Eve party thrown by the press. One official, working on an exceedingly complicated program, discussed the matter with the President in at least ten different forums—including a dinner for fifteen people, riding in a helicopter, driving around the ranch, and at the mayor's funeral.

Old West, with Monogram

Like all public styles, the Johnson style mixes nature with art. Nothing shows the mixture more plainly than the LBJ ranch. The basic elements are the authentic stuff of Western life: hard-scrabble soil and a scraggly river; sunsets and sage; boots, saddles, and guns; horses and cattle;

foreman and hands; Howdies and Hi Podners; towns marked only by a widening of the road and a post office. But the President wears his Western shirts monogrammed. He tours the ranch in a whitish Lincoln Continental. The barbecues are catered by a firm from Fort Worth. Muzak pipes "The Yellow Rose of Texas" into his living room.

The combination suggests an instinctive understanding of the role of image in politics. For in image politics, aspiration replaces identity as the bond between voter and candidate. The cement is not so much self-interest as dreams. There lies the strange connection between the angry racists of the extreme Right and the part-Jewish merchant, personally the least angry man in the world, who is named Barry Goldwater. Between them one would have expected deep antipathy. But in fact Goldwater is the perfect symbol of the world as his followers would like it to be: simple and easygoing, and the place where the veriest *arriviste* finds himself snugly at home. John F. Kennedy, for the same reason, appealed to the Irish: far from being like them, he was what they wanted their children to be like. Similarly with Adam Clayton Powell and his Harlem constituency. In the case of Lyndon Johnson, he has played to a small-town clientele with dreams of the big time. The LBJ ranch is a faithful reflection of local aspiration—a brilliant example of image politics in action.

Whether an image calculated to please the Southwest can also appeal to the Northeast is, of course, the major question in the Presidential election. Much depends on the candidate the Republicans put against Mr.

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Johnson, and perhaps the most impressive argument for Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania is that he contrasts so elegantly with the President. Scranton or not, however, no one who saw Mr. Johnson campaigning in Queens in 1960, and failing to campaign in Michigan and Wisconsin, can imagine that even as President he will have an easy time of it in the Northern cities and suburbs. Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, and Michigan will all be hard for him—the more so as he will probably not be running with brilliant Democratic candidates for Governor and Senator in those states. And the expected difficulty provides the key both to the policies of the Johnson Administration and to its relations with the chief political operators of the Kennedy Administration.

Strategy for the North

It is one of the features of image politics that where style doesn't work, issues must be brought into play. There is what Sidney Hyman calls a "policy of reverse images." In line with that theory, President Johnson, being relatively secure in the South for personal reasons, has worked up a program that caters almost exclusively to Northern interest. He is going down the line for an undiluted civil-rights bill; at one point he even endorsed a petition to discharge the bill from the House Rules Committee, not because the petition had a chance, but because it had been instituted by the chief Northern liberal in the House, Richard Bolling of Kansas City, Missouri. He has recast the elements of the Kennedy social-welfare program into a "war on poverty" specially calculated to appeal to the Northern cities. Perhaps most important of all, he has turned his back on the defense and space spending that was once his stock-in-trade, and that has always been dear to the West and South. In the same vein, he came within an ace of vetoing the public-works bill passed in 1963. Though so brief that it could spare only one sentence to the whole complex issue of Latin America, the State of the Union Message gave three sentences to immigration—an issue almost dormant except for the Italian and Jewish communities in the big cities.

It is true, of course, that President

Johnson's emphasis on cutting budget and the deficit has dealt what is probably a death blow to Kennedy view that big budgets, big deficits were not bad in themselves, but only appropriate or appropriate according to changing economic conditions. For years come now, big budgets and big deficits will bear a stigma; the intense educational effort to bring the economic sophistication of the American people abreast of their economic system has been brought to nought by the President's economy drive. But outside academic circles and the managerial community, the educational effort never caught on anyway; certainly not among the urban industrial workers. Measured by their direct interest, it is probably fair to say that Lyndon Johnson is the most liberal President in American history.

To supplement the appeal on issues he has the political general staff of the Kennedy Administration—Attorney General Robert Kennedy, White House aides Kenneth O'Donnell and Lawrence O'Brien. Normally the accession of a new President would have argued their swift replacement. Entry to the White House is almost always accompanied by the elimination of rival power structures in the ruling party. Consider how rapidly Kennedy overshadowed Stevenson, Humphrey, and Johnson once he became President; or how swiftly Taft was submerged in 1953. The traditional pattern seemed more likely after Mr. Johnson took over because of something less than good blood between himself and Attorney General. But, in fact, Kennedy political people are staying on, with, if anything, expanded roles.

The reason is very plain. Better than anyone else in the Democratic party, they know what it is to run a national campaign. They have personal access to the city bosses and county leaders of the Democratic organization—many of them created by the Kennedy Administration. Nearly half the Democratic county chairmen in New York, for instance, were put into office by Robert Kennedy. For that reason the Kennedy politicians are vital to Johnson—opening to the North.

The same continuity is eminently not true of the mode of operation in the White House and the rest

ment. Nowhere else, indeed, the President and his predecessor fast more sharply. John F. Kennedy liked to act the part of the desk r. He would get into his mind elements of a problem, and reach ions by sifting, sorting out, aring, and rearranging the els until the pattern that seemed emerged. Principal advisers in Cabinet and the White House were frequently brought into analytic process. As in the Cuba iles crisis, they would thrash out s and explore alternatives in a that became known as a "dia-e." The intrusion of personalities the "dialogue" was abhorrent to edy; when it seemed to be deying in the Cuba missiles crisis, liberately absented himself from meetings of the executive com-ee of the National Security cil. The White House staff he fly used to bring before him and advisers the raw material for sion. Staff members would watch the work of the Departments agencies, and pull issues into the te House before they had worked r way up the bureaucratic ladder. hat sense, the staff served as a of Super-Cabinet.

The Johnson Way

or President Johnson the source ght seems to be much less analysis i experience. The poverty prom, with its heavy New Deal over-es, was congenial to him from the inning; in talking privately of the gram, he repeatedly cited the k of Roosevelt's Secretary of In-or, Harold Ickes. He was par- larly adept at cutting the space defense programs, because he known them (and their weak- ses) from the beginning. Indeed er his thirty years in the thick of gs, there is almost no issue which President does not approach with ong convictions. His characteristic nbit in dealing with aides is: "I nt to do this, you tell me why I uldn't." Perhaps more than any esident since Theodore Roosevelt, has a strong inner sense of what wants.

n translating impulses to action is extraordinarily sensitive to sonality. If Kennedy's instinct confronting a problem was to ana-

lyze it, Johnson's is to be in touch with the man who knows the answer. He has expressed his foreign and defense policies chiefly by praising Secretaries McNamara and Rusk. His first two important decisions both centered on individuals—the naming of Chief Justice Warren to head the investigation of the assassination of President Kennedy; and the designation of Thomas Mann to be a Special Assistant to the President, and Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America. One reason the President is on the phone so much is that he is always checking impulses and information with men he has come to know and trust in the government, Congress, and private life.

Here lies the real function of the so-called Kitchen Cabinet of informal advisers: the Washington lawyers and ex-New Dealers, Abe Fortas, Ben Cohen, James Rowe, and Thomas Corcoran; the Texas banker and former Secretary of the Treasury in the Eisenhower Administration, Robert Anderson; and Harry Truman's Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, and White House counsel, Clark Clifford. Some of them may undertake special jobs for the President: Fortas, for instance, put together the commission to investigate the assassination. But mainly the Kitchen Cabinet serves as a sounding board for the President. Its members comprise a miniature spectrum of opinion. And by testing their reactions to his impulse, the President gets a fast reading of more general public reaction.

The White House staff, in these circumstances, has far less scope for substantive work. The President's personal entourage—Walter Jenkins, Horace Busby, Bill Moyers, George Reedy, Jack Valenti, Cliff Carter—are men of undoubted ability. But their talent runs to expediting—arranging appointments, getting meetings together, turning out the immense volume of paperwork connected with high office. "We fit pipes together," one of them once said. So far, the main substantive work has been undertaken by the old Kennedy staff. But Sorensen and Schlesinger have already left and it is a question how long the others will stay.

The changed status of the White House staff opens a place that can be filled by other institutions of the

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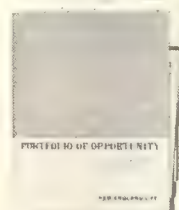
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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

government. The first of these, of course, is the Congress. Despite the early hassle with the Hill on aid, it is evident that President Johnson pays more heed to the Congress than President Kennedy did. Indeed, the early hassle caused the President to appoint a public commission to reconsider the whole aid program. On a matter so dear to him personally as the appointment of Thomas Mann, he checked first with leading Senators. The budget-cutting operation, while undertaken at least partly to neutralize Republican charges in the 1964 campaign, was also a nod in the direction of the economizers on the Hill.

Moving in tandem with the Congress are the old-line Departments. State made a grab for the aid agency before the new Administration was a month old, and succeeded in making off with the Alliance for Progress. The Labor Department—not the Council of Economic Advisers which originated it—swings the big weight in the anti-poverty program. Interior, within the first two weeks of the Administration, took control of oil policy which had previously been administered in the White House.

Potentially, at least, the tipping of influence away from the White House and toward the Congress and the Departments has its dangers. If he can only choose between rival views, if he has to be broker among competing interests, if he must play Solomon to two mothers each wanting the baby, the President is in trouble. To make good decisions, he needs to have the raw materials of decision in his hands before possibilities are narrowed by bureaucratic interests and Congressional committees. Still, to write off the President as the captive of the bureaucracy and the Congress is to reckon without his enormous personal force. If anyone has the working capacity to run the vast machine that is the United States government, if anyone has the flexibility and adroitness to steer around pitfalls and backtrack from blind alleys, it is President Johnson. Only weeks after taking office, he was able to put a distinct personal imprint on the budget: a truly formidable feat. And it is thanks in main to his formidable energies that a transition period, full of dangerous possibilities, has been traversed with miraculous ease.



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By Sir Fitzroy Macle



Interest, Human and Otherwise

by Paul Pickrel

Contemporary historians have been good deal criticized for their failure to tell a good story, their neglect of the play of personality and the role of great events in favor of a sterile abstract account of trends and causes and factors and developments. The publishing industry abhors a vacuum, and the need for history as popular entertainment has been filled in various ways. One that has enjoyed very considerable commercial success in the last few years is represented by a kind of book that essentially consists of a group of touching, amusing or exciting anecdotes strung around an historical event. A slice-of-time or the-day-Lydia-Pinkham-died school of American historiography is utterly innocent of trafficking with abstractions. It has allegedly marooned professional historians on their island of unreadability; it presents the past as a matter of human interest, and anyone can write enough to deal with a tabloid. Often he won't be able to tell the difference.

In *When the Cheering Stopped* (William Morrow, \$5.95), Gene Smith has applied much the same technique to the biography of Woodrow Wilson. After prefatory chapters on the death of the first Mrs. Wilson, the courtship of the second Mrs. Wilson, and the President in Paris at the Peace Conference, the book settles down to its main subject, a portrayal of the years during which the immense hopes for peace based upon Wilson's leadership gradually collapsed—when he decided to take his fight for the League of Nations directly to the people, his breakdown, his tenure of office when he was too sick to work, his last years as a broken and isolated

man. All this is presented as a purely personal story, as human interest. No public issue is presented as such: Senator Lodge's reservations to the peace treaty, for instance, must be mentioned at least a score of times, but we are never told what they were, although we are told what kind of furs and what shade of Georgette Mrs. Wilson wore on innumerable occasions.

As a human-interest story, *When the Cheering Stopped* is a decidedly superior performance. It has been very carefully researched; Smith has made conscientious use of the extensive archive left behind by Mrs. Wilson, and he is in a position to speak more freely and probably with more authority of that remarkable woman than any historian could have before her death in 1961. He clears away a mass of gossip about her marriage to the President and her role in running the government during his illness. He avoids the various oversimplified or overingenious efforts to explain Wilson's readiness to break with his friends by not explaining it at all, which leaves the impression, perhaps correct, that Wilson was a man with more loyalty to ideas than to men. Details about Wilson's taste in his later years are revealing: he loved the tawdrier forms of theatrical entertainment and liked to look at *Film Fun*. (Scratch a puritan and you'll find a pornographer.)

All this is fascinating. Less fascinating are the endless stories of little boys coming to the door of the house where Wilson lived in retirement and handing in one perfect rose, of old ladies sending the former President sweaters of their own knitting, of people bursting into tears.

The trouble with presenting the

past simply as a human-interest story is that in the end it is all reduced to a flat level of triviality. It may be human but it is not very interesting because it denies that the past has any relevance, any significance. Action is replaced by gesture; the little boy proffering the rose is as important as Senator Lodge proffering his reservations, and a great deal nicer.

The later years of Wilson's Presidency raised the most profound questions about leadership in a democracy; the later years of his life raise equally profound questions about human destiny. But *When the Cheering Stopped*, by omitting the issues, offers the reader no evidence on which he can form a judgment of such matters. History as human interest fails on its own terms, because it tells a lesser story than the events; what makes a human being interesting is not in the end the number of sentimental anecdotes that cluster around his name, or the clothes his wife wore, or his taste in movies, but his ability to confront the great issues of life with passion and purpose, and out of their wreckage to achieve some perception of the world, to take upon himself the mystery of things. For all its fascinating detail, some of it genuinely illuminating, *When the Cheering Stopped* makes a small and manageable and rather sentimental story out of something that was much more like a tragedy. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

Adventurers

In *The Day of the Lion* (Coward-McCann, \$6.95), the British historian and journalist Roy Macgregor-Hastie has written an account of the political career of Benito Mussolini that is

book more concerned with historical method than Wilson the Cavalier Stripped. It painstakingly plows down human history: Mussolini's mistakes and family scandals, for instance, in terms of concentrating on the man that confronted Italy and her leader in the twenties and thirties. It makes no attempt to engage the emotions, but it does attempt to enlarge the understanding. It steadfastly resists the temptation to sentimentalize, sensationalize, or simplify the historical record, and it makes no use of the various available theories of dictatorship and totalitarianism beyond the assumption that people desperately afflicted will seek desperate remedies.

Macgregor-Hastie brings an unusual kind of stereotypical vision to bear upon his subject. He is a left-wing democrat by conviction, but he has married into an Italian family prominently connected with fascism and has known many of the men associated with Mussolini in his days of power. He sees Mussolini primarily as an adventurer, but he also sees him as a man of far more intelligence and ability than the swaggering figure on the lecture circuit in a thousand forgotten universities. Up to the Ethiopian war Macgregor-Hastie finds considerably to admire in what Mussolini did for Italy; thereafter he traces a pattern of gradual deterioration. Hitler's admiration was a halting influence.

In the deterioration of Mussolini there is one curious parallel with the career of Woodrow Wilson. In most respects any comparison is of course absurd; the two men were as different as two men can be—the one a Scots Presbyterian minister's son educated in ivied halls, the other the son of a militantly atheist peasant, educated in the bitter in-fighting of socialist movements, the one dignified and austere in appearance, learned and scholarly, others with a program of radical what was to be done; the other the humbly born, strutting Mediterranean male, his mind full of ideas and words of European thought, impressing ideology to catch up with the movement he led.

Yet power had one effect that was similar on both the man of pure principle and the adventurer. As time went on, both broke with those advisers who could oppose their wills

with intelligent criticism, they became increasingly isolated and turned to the direct confrontation of the masses for their support, confident that the people loved them and would carry their policies to triumph over all opposition. The election of Warren Harding and the Presidency of Woodrow Wilson the enormousness of his misadventure, the enlightenment of Mussolini was more gradual but even more brutal.

AN adventurer of a more agreeable kind is the subject of *Burton* by Byron Farwell (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$4.95). This is a biography of Sir Richard Burton, the nineteenth-century English explorer, linguist, and author, now chiefly remembered as the translator of *The Arabian Nights*. (He seems not to be related to the contemporary actor of the same name.)

Burton was one of those extraordinary Englishmen of the last century who went everywhere, learned everything, and wrote endless books (usually in two volumes) about what he had done. He got into the holy city of the Mohammedans, almost discovered the source of the Nile, and visited exotic Salt Lake City. He knew something like thirty non-Indo-European languages and investigated subjects that are still treated by anthropologists only in the specialized dialects of their trade. He produced endless theories, usually quite valueless, and prophesied all kinds of things about the future development of the world, usually quite mistaken, except for his notion that a profitable beverage might be made from the plant said to provide the chief ingredient of Coca-Cola. Nobody knows how many books he wrote because his devoted widow burned many unpublished manuscripts.

Yet Burton was in some ways oddly provincial. He had nothing but contempt for most of the people he encountered on his travels; he was disgusted to visit a city in South America and find it lacking an English club. He was less than generous to rival explorers, less than conscientious in performing the consular duties that supported him most of his life. He was a careless, boastful, repetitious writer.

Farwell has written a scholarly and judicious biography. He has

visited many of the places Burton visited, read all his extant work, tried to clear up the conflicting testimony and to fill in the gaps in information left by earlier writers, including Burton himself. At the same time he does not neglect those details that make for human interest; he makes no attempt to account for Burton's extraordinary career. It will fit remarkably well the theory advanced by Alex Comfort that nineteenth-century British explorers went to Africa and elsewhere to see what repressive Victorian society refused to let them see at home (notably naked people), except that Burton's upbringing was not typically Victorian and apparently not very repressive. But certainly Burton belonged among the counter-Victorians, like his friend Swinburne—that extraordinary group of people who devoted their lives to those kinds of experience that official morality pretended did not exist.

The Counter-movement

ONE of the startling facts about literature today is that nearly every writer of importance belongs to the counter-movement. We have no Tennysons but innumerable Swinburnes now that Robert Frost is dead, would be difficult to think of an American poet who could participate in an official public occasion like Presidential inauguration without looking ridiculous. What is central in society is peripheral in literature and the reverse.

In fiction the dominant vehicle of the counter-movement is the novel of the open road. It is often a rather squalid tangle of adventure, confusion, and fantasy, as it was in the hands of the beatnik writers who were attracting so much attention only a few years ago. They produced no very impressive books, though their great original, the Frenchman Jean Genet, did and continues to do so. The more lasting and important kind of novel of the open road in England and America is the modern picaresque, such as Kingsley Amis' *Lucky Jim* or Saul Bellow's *Adventures of Augie March*. The contemporary picaro, like the picaro of other time, lives by his wits, but his object is not (or not merely) to get much gold or as many girls as possible.

The Swivel Chair



In the folklore of publishing, winter is the time for solid non-fiction, thereby adding one more insidious and perilous pleasure to the season. For as fiction holds the reader spellbound far into the night, so nonfiction exercises a subtler hypnosis — it leads to reading related books far into the spring.

The most acute form of this contagion emanates from books of literary criticism. Consider Arthur Mizener's **The Sense of Life in the Modern Novel** (\$5.00). Suppose the unwary lunch-hour browser turns to page 150, for instance, and happens on the provocative parallelism of situation and protagonist in a Dos Passos novel and in one by Fitzgerald.



Each writer is describing a moment of arrival, but the areas of sensitivity are very different indeed. So what happens to the browser — not only must he have the exegesis but he will be back again another day for the original texts that Mizener had impelled him to survey.

Two other titles give fair warning of a similar involvement, **Notes on Some Figures Behind T. S. Eliot** (\$5.50) by Herbert Howarth, and **The Selected Letters of Bernard Berenson** (\$5.00), edited by A. K. McComb. The first of these is a literary excursion through St. Louis in the



90's, Boston in the 'teens, Paris in the 20's, London in the 30's. The second will send the browser off to the art galleries. Then, if he has not yet chosen sides in the latest and hottest Jacobite engagement, let him, at his peril, pick up Maxwell Geismar's **Henry James and the Jacobites** (\$7.00). Neutrality is thereafter impossible.

And the bestseller list yields one of the liveliest of such literary temptations, **Dorothy & Red** (\$6.95) by Vincent Sheean. One cannot read what those two extraordinary people wrote to each other in private without determining to reread something of what they were writing for the public eye.



Sometimes a newspaper headline triggers this reaction. Dozens of the most incendiary of late 1963 might lead to **Birds' Nests in Their Beards** (\$4.50) by that liveliest of foreign correspondents, William Stevenson, whose offbeat adventures in the far East make exotic reporting.

Or for political adventures in England, **The Fight for the Tory Leadership: A Contemporary Chronicle** by Randolph S. Churchill (paperbound, \$2.65), a report on that almost incredible maneuver from a ringside seat. Half a dozen cartoons by Osbert Lancaster add such piquant footnotes as this —

'Every now and again I'm overwhelmed by a terrible feeling that life has passed me by — 40 years in the Foreign Service and not a single indecent proposal!'

OSBERT LANCASTER — *Daily Express*, April 26, 1963



Mr. Churchill's English publishers call him "one of Britain's most fearless publicists today" and they do not overstate the case.

Some years ago a statistician in a sardonic mood came up with a foolproof composite for the number one bestseller. The reverse of his Lincoln's-doctor's-dog formula might be a collection of short stories by an unknown foreign writer. When such a book triumphs, therefore, it is good reason for rejoicing. Yuri Kazakov has made this breakthrough with **Going to Town** (\$4.95). *Esquire* started a critical landslide by featuring four Kazakov stories, noting the author as one of the "brightest literary lights." A trade magazine made him their cover story, *Time* called him "outstanding," and the *New York Times Book Review* considers him "the most promising exponent" of the new Soviet fiction. The excellent translation is by an *Atlantic* contributor, Gay Azrael. But the trap here for our browser — "these stories will stand up with the better work of our own writers," *Chicago Tribune*.



There are a lot of hours in these books, hours of literary detection and discovery and delight. So let the March winds howl and rage — and read.

Editor-at-Large



About two years ago, a small, paper-covered book burst on the political scene and caused the kind of explosion usually observed only in the closing moments of Presidential campaigns. It was called *The Liberal Papers*, and it was a compendium of articles on various aspects of this nation and our world, today and tomorrow.

All the pieces in that volume were written from positions of marked political and economic liberalism. And now a contrasting book has been published, giving the other side in the most important debate of our time. It's called, reasonably enough, *The Conservative Papers*, and its editor is Congressman Melvin Laird of Wisconsin.

Representative Laird is, however, the only professional politician writing in *The Conservative Papers*. The other 14 contributors could fairly describe themselves as working intellectuals: they are scholars and educators whose professional credentials are of the highest, which may discomfit those unfortunate Americans who feel that no conservative can be intellectually respectable.

It seems to me a very satisfying thing that this year's voter will be able to look over — besides the countless pieces of standard campaign literature — two books as straightforward, as intelligent and as important as *The Liberal Papers* and *The Conservative Papers*. One final suggestion: first purchase the book written by your political adversaries, and save the one you'll agree with anyway for later.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Both *The Conservative Papers* (\$1.45) and *The Liberal Papers* (\$1.25) are Anchor Books, published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

THE NEW BOOKS

sible; he is trying to get through the world in one piece, his sense of humor and his sense of himself intact.

The latest example of this kind of novel to appear is *A Fine Madness* by Elliot Baker (Putnam, \$4.95). The very title indicates the modern picaresque's approach to experience: even madness is fine if it is a strategy that enables a man to save his soul's skin from the fell clutch of social circumstance—the psychological equivalent of the grease that Channel swimmers used to smear over their bodies as protection against an element they wished both to penetrate and escape.

Baker's hero is named Samson Shillitoe, an echo of the rather absurd, antinaturalistic, alliterative names of eighteenth-century picares, like Roderrick Random or Peregrine Pickle. By occupation Shillitoe combines two of the callings least likely to bring a man to eminence in modern society—he is a poet and a rug-shampooer, and in trouble as both. As a shampooer of rugs he has been working for some time in the apartments of East Side Manhattan, and since, like the literary rogues of all ages, he stirs illicit longings in any woman at a glance, he has found the demands of East Side matrons for attentions beyond the shampooing of their carpets distinctly enervating. (He is in his forties.) As a poet he is in far more serious difficulty: he suffers from writer's block. This is the form evil takes for the modern picaresque; the worst that can happen is (in the beatnik tongue) to be "hung up," not to be "with it," to fail to move joyously through life realizing your own being.

A Fine Madness is essentially an account of Samson Shillitoe's successive efforts to lick his hung-upness and the various situations these efforts land him into. In the end he is once more with it.

Baker has a fine comic invention; with a light hand he spins out a plot full of outrageous encounters and kaleidoscopic recombinations. The book has some extremely comic scenes. It also has one defect. The traditional rogue or picaresque never goes soft, never whines, never feels sorry for himself. He has undertaken to live by his wits and his morality lies in abiding by the consequences. He is not a social critic; he is simply playing society's game by his own rules. Shillitoe, like many other modern picares, takes

himself more seriously than that. He does not see society simply as something whose ways are not his way, but as a conspiracy (toward the end of the novel, a very dangerous conspiracy) against him, an effort to keep him from leading his own life with grace and joy. And when he thinks about his poetry he goes soft; writing loses its edge.

Such a change may be inevitable: the picaresque novel becomes a more serious form of literary expression than it was in the past. However that may be, *A Fine Madness* is one of the best comic novels to be written by an American in a good while.

Mirror Image

In Jubb (Putnam, \$3.95), by the young English novelist Keith Waterhouse, author of *Billy Liar*, we have a kind of mirror image of *A Fine Madness*; it is an account of a man as far from fine.

The chief character, from whom the novel takes its name, is an Englishman in his thirties working as a rent collector in one of the new towns constructed near London since the war. Unlike Samson Shillitoe, he has no desire to stand outside society; in his opinions and, as far as possible, his behavior, he is a perfectly conventional suburbanite, taking an active part in the community as a youth leader, belonging to a vaguely religious movement dedicated to self-improvement (at least self-advancement), trying to live a normal and respectable life as he understands such an enterprise. But in fact he is in the grip of a set of psychological compulsions that make him an outlaw. He has been stranded on the shores of sexuality, unable to take the plunge, and as a consequence is driven to spend his days in relentless pursuit of paraphilia: voyeurism, pornography, correspondence with pen pals with "unusual interests," pursuit of women in the hope that they will escape him, and so on. Pathologically hung up.

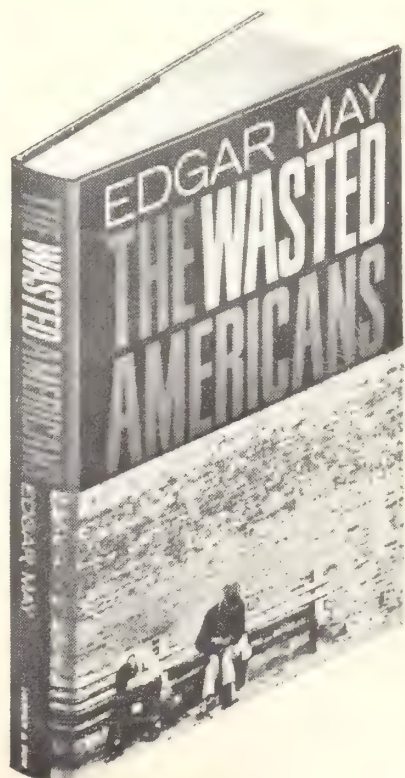
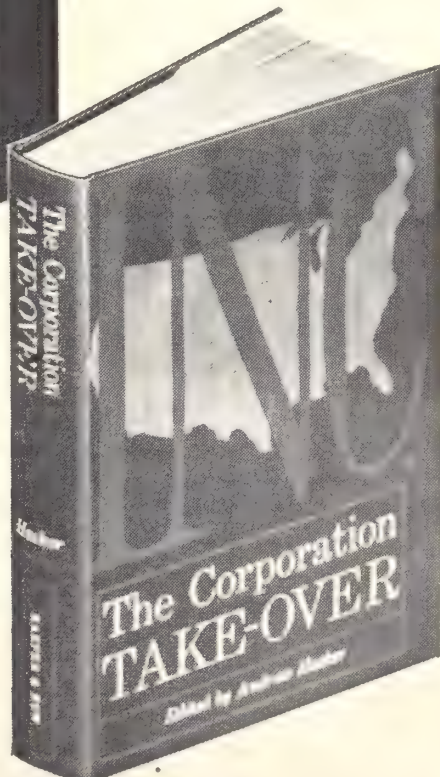
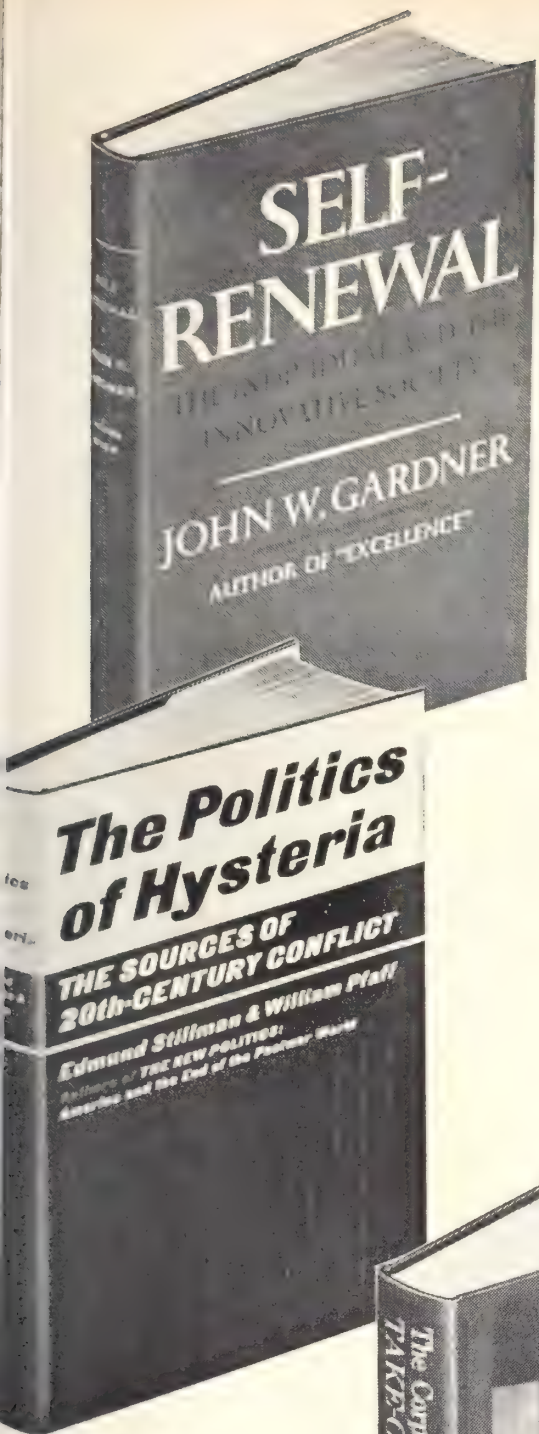
In theory, perhaps, a writer shouldn't be able to make much of a novel out of such a character. A character like Samson Shillitoe, moving toward freedom, is capable of significant action, and therefore through situations he moves through can make, and in Baker's hands can

SELF-RENEWAL is the title of the inspiring and challenging new book by **John W. Gardner**, author of *Excellence* and President of the Carnegie Foundation. "John Gardner is the most perceptive living observer of American society. In warm, hard-hitting wisdom, he defends the major principles and rules by which individuals renew themselves and develop their own creativity and, by this, develop a self-renewing society."—A. A. BERLE. \$3.50

THE POLITICS OF HYSTERIA: The Sources of 20th-Century Conflict by **Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff** reveals the origins of the true political crisis of our time—a crisis, the authors contend, which has been consistently misinterpreted. "A profound and highly original re-evaluation of Western civilization and of its impact on other societies. Strongly recommended for all thoughtful readers."—*Library Journal*. \$4.95

In **THE CORPORATION TAKE-OVER**, edited and with a concluding chapter by **Andrew Hacker**, nine noted authorities discuss the effect of business corporations on the future of this country—and "the increasing irrelevance of people." The contributors: SCOTT BUCHANAN, R. W. BOYDEN, GARDINER C. MEANS, A. A. BERLE, W. H. FERRY, ARTHUR S. MILLER, HEINRICH KRONSTEIN, DONALD N. MICHAEL and SOLOMON BARKIN. \$6.00

With the President mounting a new, massive assault on poverty, **THE WASTED AMERICANS** by **Edgar May** becomes *must* reading. Mr. May, a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter, looks deep into the nation's welfare problem to discover why millions of Americans are living on relief in the midst of affluence. "The picture this book presents of the largely unrecognized conditions of poverty in our country will be startling to many people."—LOULA DUNN, Director, American Public Welfare Association. \$4.50



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Perhaps people are reading *The Rise of the West*, in our disturbing times, because McNeill's unexcelled grasp of the past is reassuring in its confidence in "the unexampled plasticity of human affairs." Perhaps they are reading it because of review comment such as H. R. Trevor-Roper's: "the most stimulating and the most fascinating book that has ever set out to recount and explain the whole history of mankind."

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THE NEW BOOKS

tainly do make, a good story. But Jubb is incapable of any action more significant than the action of a squirrel in a cage, perfectly circular.

Or so it seems. Waterhouse has had the skill, however, to concentrate his story on a brief span in Jubb's life, a few days in which, by more and more frenzied circling, he finds that it is in fact a cage he is in. The slow growth of this terrible knowledge constitutes action of a sort and makes *Jubb* an impressive book. It cannot be dismissed merely as a case history; it is too solidly imagined, too close to the center of human experience, a reminder that it is not always or only the world out there, society, that hampers our freedom; we bear within ourselves dread necessities.

A Special Talent

The centralness of the outlandish in our lives is brilliantly communicated in *Because I Was Flesh* (New Directions, \$5), a book that bears the subtitle "An Autobiography by Edward Dahlberg," though it is much less the author's autobiography than it is a memoir of his mother.

Lizzie, as her son calls her (the question of her last name is complicated) was born in Central Europe of mixed (partly Jewish) ancestry; under family auspices she came to this country and married respectably, then eloped with a professional lady's man named Saul. Saul fathered Edward, taught Lizzie the barber trade, then deserted her, and most of her life she spent, improbably, as proprietress of the Star Lady Barbershop in Kansas City.

Such a woman obviously has the kind of human interest newspapers pick up, like the business manager of a flea circus, but she was eccentric only in the superficialities. Dahlberg does not exploit the oddities of her existence or make of her the occasion for telling jokes about lady barbers; rather, he reveals, with great skill and affection, her remarkable gift, amounting to something like genius, for being a woman.

She lived, of course, at a time when there was less expectation of women that they should be something else, and her elopement and occupation put her far enough down on the scale of propriety so that she was

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t greatly hampered by considerations of social acceptability, though she always had her own standards, secure though they might be. She freed by her wits out of no conviction that society was to be fleeced, out of fondness for her own shrewdness (shrewd she could be, but she was so very gullible), but because there is no other way to stay alive. When she followed her heart, which led her into a series of dead ends but never quite betrayed her. With her savings she gave her son a start on his literary career, and she died alone in a cheap flat in alien New York, several days before the neighbors found her.

This is a great portrait, reminiscent of certain portraits of women in Dreiser's novels, women in whom the energy of the personality is gone into ideas or self-examination but all has been addressed outward, to living. There is something utterly American, one suspects, about it too, at least as America once was, in its unqualified confrontation, its innocence of how experience should be classified and motives cultivated. To Socrates' celebrated remark that the unexamined life is not worth living, a woman like Lizzie could reply (if she understood what he meant) that the unlive life is not worth examining.

Modest Mural

In comparison with so powerful a performance a lesser autobiographical effort must inevitably suffer, but Allan Seager's *A Frieze of Girls* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95) is a pretty light book by any standard. This is a collection of anecdotes about the 1920s—the author's high-school days in Memphis, his college days at the University of Michigan, and his years as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, interrupted by a period as a tubercular patient at Saranac Lake.

The narrator seems to have devoted his youth to an array of interests that included liquor, girls, swimming, and literature, more or less in that order. Since grown men have been known to devote themselves to only one of that array without necessarily wasting their time, there is no occasion for censure here; but most of the stories to which these interests give rise are close to



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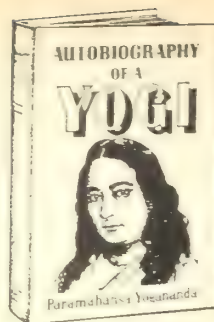
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Autobiography of a Yogi is available at bookstores in the United States (\$4.00) and Canada.



SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP, Publishers, Los Angeles

THE NEW BOOKS

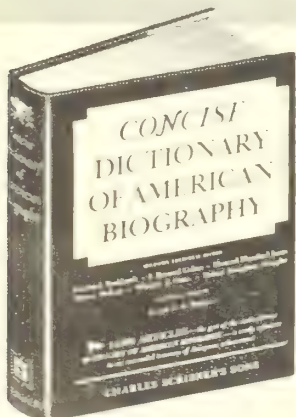
trivial. The reason seems to be again that they usually remain at a merely anecdotal level, the level of "human interest," without being related to any purpose. They do not reveal the character of the writer or what he was up to in the world; they are the gracefully recorded, rather impersonal, reminiscent conversation of a pleasant raconteur, adding a few embellishments to the received version of youth in the jazz age.

One story goes beyond this. It is an account of the funeral of the narrator's grandfather, a fierce old Michigan farmer whose middle-aged children, fortified with whiskey, gather after the ceremonies to lay his fearsome ghost by telling each other how much they had always hated him. Here there are strong emotions at work and a story to be told. The narrator, accustomed to thinking of his grandfather as a wispy old man, suddenly realizes that the past has been passionate, even cruel; that its accomplishments have not been cheaply bought; and that his is not the first of the world's generations to feel.

Antithesis

The Martyred by Richard E. Kim (George Braziller, \$4.50) is set in the Korean War, in which the author served as an officer of the ROK Army. It concerns the execution of a group of Korean Christian clergymen from the border city of Pyongyang by the North Korean army. The ROK Army wishes to capitalize on the event by making martyrs of the clergymen in order to rally their citizens and also to please their American allies, who may be expected to be sensitive to the execution of local leaders of their own religion. But a question arises whether the men actually went to their death as martyrs; circumstances may have been such that the whole thing will bear very little investigation. Only one man knows; he is one of the two clergymen (the other has lost his mind) who were present at the killing and escaped.

From this situation arises a series of complex moral problems: Should the truth be suppressed to advance a good cause? Should it be suppressed out of consideration for the feelings of others, on the assumption that humankind cannot bear very much reality, and shouldn't be asked



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Is faith a conspiracy that the strong must maintain for the protection of the weak even at the expense of lying?

Behind *The Martyred*, for all its dating in recent history, lies a tradition of European fiction from Dostoevsky's *Grand Inquisitor* onwards (the book is dedicated to the memory of Albert Camus); it is not as abstract, as near to a purely intellectual argument, as a novel can and retain the grounding in action that fiction requires. It is the analysis of the novel of human interest: it is spare, elegant, and a little cold. The answer the book reaches is somewhat predictable, but it arrives there through a skilled use of narrative and theme.

Downward Drift

The counter-movement in American society which, after a considerable period of comparative neglect, has recently received a new burst of attention, largely as the result of the publication of several fine books on the subject, is the continuing (perhaps increasing) downward drift to poverty of many Americans, in an economy of generally increasing affluence. *The Wasted Americans* by Edgar May (Harper & Row, \$4.50) makes another valuable contribution to the study of the impoverished; it is an account of our program of public welfare.

The book has its limitations. The title is misleading; it prejudices the case in a way the text is careful not to. The writing is rough-and-ready journalism, combining with a minimum of finesse statistics, personal experience as a welfare worker, reports of attempts to change welfare administration (notably in Newburgh, New York), excerpts from interviews with welfare recipients, and absurd figures of speech.

Yet there are probably few Americans except those professionally concerned with welfare administration who could not learn something from nearly every page of this book—something about where their taxes are going and where their society is failing. Public welfare is deeply intertwined with every major domestic problem of the United States: obviously with unemployment and education, less obviously but just as

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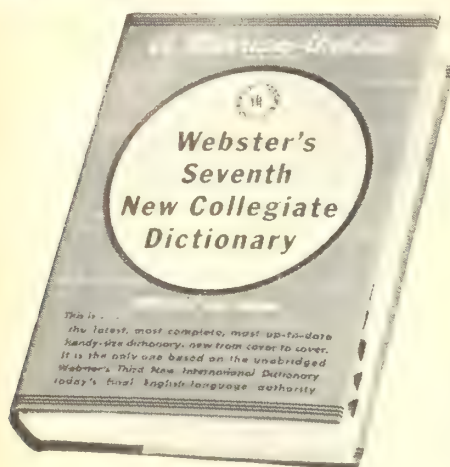
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

profoundly with race (the Newburgh proposals seem to have had more to do with resentment against Negroes in the town than anything else), with population control, geriatrics, illegitimacy, and on and on.

May took a job briefly as a social worker in Buffalo to get the feel of welfare administration. He found the profession there and elsewhere dispirited, understaffed and undertrained, overworked and overbureaucratized. It does not usually attract men and women of much ability; the pay is poor, the prestige minimal, and the turnover immense. May's proposals for improvement are perfectly predictable, but that does not mean that they are wrong.

Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Next Door, by Johanna Moosdorf.

Since the end of the war people have been wondering how guilt would take the Germans—those who performed the crimes, those who acquiesced in them, and those young who would grow up to learn beyond question the crimes their Führer, their fathers, and their Fatherland stood blamed for in the eyes of the world. This novel is at least a three-decker study in guilt in no traditional mold. It gains stature because it is written by a woman who, with her husband, was a victim of Nazi persecution and who seems to be explaining that the innocent and the victimized are bound in some inextricable way with those who were guilty of what happened in Germany under Hitler. Her heroine is an Aryan, daughter of a Nazi historian and married to one of the doctors who performed experiments on concentration-camp prisoners and killed children by injections. Her knowledge of this and the belief that her lover thinks she betrayed him to the Nazis drive her mad. When the book opens (in 1958) she has escaped from an asylum to relatives in a German city where she takes care of the children

and so is tolerated in spite of her harmless dream world in which no lives.

There also is the agonized guilt of the Jew who had to let his own name be led off to be killed and the self-questioning of those who, at long last recognizing the man who has tortured them, want to take the law into their own hands and shoot him. And finally there is the mounting terror of the doctor himself, now owner of a large pharmaceutical plant and a respected member of the community, as he feels suspicion close in on him. This, of course, is the point of the story. Those deaths did not just happen years ago; many of the men who planned and perpetrated them are still at large. In Germany, they, or men just like them, may be the man "next door."

Such an outline gives no notion of the intricate weavings of the plot that finally build up to a dramatic climax. They are often too intricate, what with a mad heroine and the frequent shiftings back and forth in narrators and in time and place. But from impatience at a complicated beginning, one goes on to involvement and belief. These are real people. This is the German problem.

Knopf, \$3.50

The Nature of Witches, by Joa Sanders.

Miss Sanders has taken on with a easy assurance some ticklish literary problems in this, her third, book. She manages them with great aplomb. In the first place, she takes a man as her protagonist, a young American professor, just separated from his wife, who has a year's scholarship at Uppsala University in Sweden. She makes a woman who never appears on-scene—the wife who stays home—the dominating character in the book. And she handles not one but a continuing series of occult happenings, if not as matters of fact, at least so that they are as expected and predictable as the morning's bacon and eggs. This is not to say there aren't continual surprises. Her picture of a Bohemian winter spent by a group of assorted foreign students at the Swedish university is interesting and endearing. Without belaboring her readers or her characters, she gives the temper of sev-

BOOKS IN BRIEF

eral rather complicated minds—a bright and gregarious Italian doctor, an encyclopedic but outgoing young American girl who grows up before one's eyes, the seductive but cold young wife of a distinguished Swedish scientist, an English couple, and of course, the unhappy but likable American professor. The book is knowledgeable without being pretentious, and it does start one wondering again, in a vaguely disturbed way, at the power of one person's mind and wishes over the life of another. Short, subtle, and stimulating.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50

The Golden Fruits, by Nathalie Sarraute.

Madame Sarraute, *nouvelle-vague* author of *The Planetarium* and other novels, is now in America on a lecture tour which will take her to universities and colleges across the country. I wish I could hear one of those lectures. Perhaps I would understand better what she is trying to do. This novel, shorter than her others, is also supposed to be the most readily comprehensible. It still asks a lot of the reader. In accordance with one of the conventions of the "new wave" there is no particular setting in time or place. Through pages of dialogue and internal monologue, with characters never identified, one follows, or fails to follow a discussion (I think) of the vagaries and nonsense of modern criticism and pretentiousness in taste. She seems to be pointing out the absurdity of those who always know with absolute certainty what is a good book, a good painting, a good piece of sculpture, and can point at some tiny thing that makes it so. There is the counterpoint voice (and perhaps it's this she mocks) who is always unsure and inarticulate, who says: "The only words I have at my disposal being poor ones that are completely worn out from having been used by everybody for everything," and, "Of what importance are those vessels and constructions with world dimensions if they don't contain the not yet open crocus, the child's hand . . . Is it there or not? That's the entire question."

It's a guessing game, fun for a little while, but in the end to me not worth the candle. Yet it's the literary

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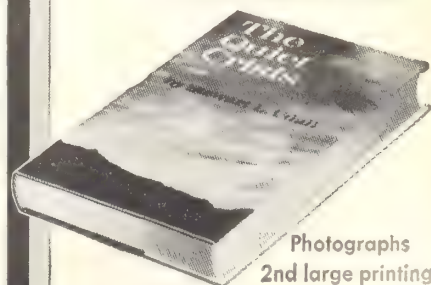
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

rage. Witness Madame Sarraute's invitations to all those colleges.

Braziller, \$4

Nonfiction

James Drawbell: an Autobiography.

The name James Drawbell means nothing to me, but there is entertainment and perception in this story of a young boy growing up in a poor home in Scotland, later soldiering in World War I, and then slowly working his way into the world of journalism in Edinburgh, Montreal, New York (at the height of the mad 1920s), and London. The sketches he draws of people he has met or known have the good journalist's flair for quick and vivid characterization—Scott Fitzgerald, G. B. Shaw, A. J. Cronin, D. H. Lawrence, Noel Coward, Michael Arlen, Margot Asquith. And in addition one gets the story of the exciting but difficult and exacting job of editing the (London) *Sunday Graphic* for twenty years. A good journalistic saga.

Pantheon, \$5.95

James Forrestal: A Study of Personality, Politics, and Policy, by Arnold Rogow.

Professor Rogow's title tells something of what his book is about but gives little hint that his real concern seems to be with the potential incidence of psychosis and other illness among VIPs in the government and how they can be prevented. His scholarly and careful (and also dramatic) report of the last days and tragic death in 1949 of James Forrestal, first Secretary of Defense under Truman; his study of Forrestal's childhood and relations with his family; his minute examination of the criticism in the newspapers and elsewhere of Forrestal's policies and personality while in office all seem directed toward showing that this was a man whose illness could have been recognized and treated long before it was. He believes that there is a dangerous Washington mythology which prevented it:

The essence of it . . . is the denial that any Very Important Person can become mentally ill while in office. Thus it follows that while ordinary people holding ordinary jobs can and do become psychotic, VIPs do not. It also follows that ordinary people

who can afford it visit psychiatrists, but not VIPs. Finally, it follows that ordinary people may spend some time in mental hospitals, but never VIPs.

He recommends some sort of regular tests, both physical and mental for VIPs, somewhat like those the astronauts are required to take. He realizes this would perhaps necessitate a reassessment of the traditional privacy of the doctor-patient relationship—an attitude which at present, he says, "makes it difficult if not impossible to investigate in a systematic fashion the extent to which medical resources are involved in the complex interplay of politics, personality, and policy."

Professor Rogow is a professor of political science at Stanford who took his M.A. and Ph.D. at Princeton. It will be interesting to know what doctors and psychiatrists make of his venture into their fields. In any case his questions are worth raising. In raising them, he in no way belittles Forrestal's talents, but he makes him seem a cold and smaller man—not because of his death but because of his life. Perhaps this picture was necessary to his purpose. "Only by detailed study of the Forrestal case and other cases will future breakdowns and suicides be prevented."

Macmillan, \$6.95

Cooper's Creek, by Alan Moorehead.

In 1860, in a new and expanding Australia, a government expedition led by Robert O'Hara Burke set out with great fanfare from Melbourne to cross the continent from south to north. He and his companions knew the hazards of this trek across uncharted deserts and bush, but they were hopeful of what they might find to help develop the new country—gold, cropland, grazing land, inland lakes? Who knew? The author of *The White Nile* and *The Blue Nile* tells the story of the expedition, as dramatic as it is tragic in its mixture of heroism and bad judgment. It ended in disaster when the Cooper's Creek supply base was deserted—after weeks of waiting for the main scouting party—only hours before the exhausted and depleted company returned. Only one of the party was rescued, a near-skeleton, long after he had been counted dead.

Though long ago and far away, this has the fascination of all well-

BOOKS IN BRIEF

tales of heroism and adventure, especially when told by a master of craft. Maps and illustrations. Harper & Row, \$5.95

Short History of Australia, by Manning Clark.

This is a very concise and readable history of Australia—a paperback original—which makes a good cross-reference book for the Cooper's Creek story, which it covers in two lovely pages. Professor Clark was born in New South Wales, educated at the University of Melbourne and Oxford, and has been professor of history at the Australian National University since 1949. He has just finished a five-month lecture assignment at Duke University in this country.

Mentor, 65 cents

The Myth of the Britannica, by Harvey Einbinder.

Of course all encyclopedias are fallible, but Dr. Einbinder claims that the "Great" EB is so imperfect that it can't be trusted. He charges that the 1958 edition (chiefly) and the 1963 as well are a hodgepodge of half-truth, obscurity, propaganda, hearsay, prudery, and some good writing. Moreover, editorial practices are crepit and commercial interests glutinous.

What is impressive about this one-man war (beside the fact that a consulting physicist would bother to wage it) is his strategic selection of important examples. Dr. Robert Hutchins (chairman of the EB editorial board) may rightfully commend, as he did in an early bout with Einbinder, that any such selection represents a small sample of the 2,000 entries; but the "small sample" contains such historically important matters as the negligent treatment of Hiroshima and the concentration-camp atrocities, and of the nuclear fallout threat. There is, on another front, the sore point that *Britannica* pays authors only two cents a word for articles (Einstein was paid \$86.50 for his piece on "Space-Time") while district sales managers collect \$70,000 a year.

Dr. Einbinder isn't an authority on most of the items he discredits, but this book aims a peppery volley at a sacred cow the size of a dragon.

Grove, \$7.50

LEADING CONTENDERS

National Book Awards

The judges for the 1964 National Book Awards are reading widely to find the books that they will choose in March as the most distinguished books by American authors published in the United States during 1963. Some of the books they find most outstanding are listed below:



POETRY

At the End of the Open Road LOUIS SIMPSON Wesleyan
Collected and New Poems: 1924-1963 MARK VAN DOREN Hill and Wang
Moving Target W. S. MERWIN Atheneum
Selected Poems JOHN CROWE RANSOM Knopf
To Mix With Time MAY SWENSON Scribners
Judges: Jean Garrigue, Anthony Hecht, John Hall Wheelock



FICTION

The Centaur JOHN UPDIKE Knopf
The Group MARY McCARTHY Harcourt, Brace and World
Idiot's First BERNARD MALAMUD Farrar, Straus
V THOMAS PYNCHON Lippincott
The Will HARVEY SWADOS World
Judges: John Cheever, Robie Macauley, Philip Rahv



OTHER

Anti-Intellectualism in American Life RICHARD HOFSTADTER Knopf
Apollinaire: Poet Among the Painters FRANCIS STEEGMULLER Farrar, Straus
Beyond the Melting Pot NATHAN GLAZER and DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN M.I.T.
Change, Hope and the Bomb DAVID E. LILIENTHAL Princeton
The Civil War SHELBY FOOTE Random
The Fabulous Life of Diego Rivera BERTRAM D. WOLFE Stein and Day
The Fire Next Time JAMES BALDWIN Dial
The First New Nation SEYMOUR M. LIPSET Basic Books
John Keats: The Making of a Poet AILEEN WARD Viking
John Keats WALTER JACKSON BATE Harvard
The Last Horizon R. F. DASMANN Macmillan
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The Quiet Crisis STEWART UDALL Holt, Rinehart and Winston
The South and the Southerner RALPH MCGILL Atlantic Monthly Press
Success Story: The Life and Times of S. S. McClure PETER LYONS Scribners
Wasp Farm HOWARD ENSIGN EVANS Natural History Press—Doubleday
Judges: Arts and Letters—Charles Rolo, John K. Sherman, Wylie Sypher
Science, Philosophy and Religion—Houston Peterson, Paul B. Sears, George Shuster
History and Biography—Benjamin DeMott, James Thomas Flexner, C. Vann Woodward



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Watch for announcement of the winners—Tuesday, March 10

MUSIC in the round

by Discus

Something for the Civilized

Concertgoers continue to stuff on the same old masterpieces—but the audience for new recordings has much to explore.

Want to listen to an unusual pair of orchestral works? Carl Maria von Weber, the composer of *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon*, wrote two **Symphonies**, and both have been recorded by the Lausanne Chamber Orchestra conducted by Victor Desarzens (Westminster 19034, mono; 17034, stereo). Both were composed in 1807, when Weber was twenty years old. Have they ever been performed in America? One doubts it. Certainly there have been no performances in our time, just as there have been none of either of his piano concertos. (But the *Concertstück* for piano and orchestra still gets occasional performances, even if there no longer is an available recording of the score.)

And why, one may ask, the interest in so minor a pair of symphonies? Do they even deserve to be resurrected? The answer is yes. Only in music does the public demand a diet of nothing but masterpieces. We all go to museums and study, with interest and even relish, minor painters. We can read plays by Middleton or Hauptmann and enjoy them, knowing full well that they are period pieces. But the public, by and large, is simply not interested in hearing a repertoire much away from the standard works that turn up again and again. One result is that orchestral programs these days are becoming more and more stultified (look at the New York Philharmonic this season, with virtually nothing but the old chestnuts peppered with a few fashionable moderns). And audiences are equally deadened by getting only what they are used to.

We need variety in repertoire. Conductors, faced with the demands of

program making should look into music like these Weber symphonies, and present them for what they are. Of course the Weber symphonies are derivative. Haydn, Mozart, and Rossini can be heard in them, and so can Beethoven. It was impossible for any progressive composer in 1807—and Weber was a progressive, even if he professed to dislike Beethoven—to avoid the influence of the great German composer. But along with all of those influences is music of considerable fluency, charm, and professionalism. Yes, the two Weber symphonies are well worth hearing. They are pleasant works in themselves; and they help us understand not only Weber better, but also the musical world in which he lived.

Why Always "Carnaval"?

Instrumentalists, too, could well ponder the stereotypes into which their programs fall. While listening to Charles Rosen's performance of Robert Schumann's *Davidsbündlertänze* (Epic LC 3869, mono; BC 1269, stereo), one thinks: Why isn't this lovely work played more often in concert? It is, once in a while, but with perhaps one-fiftieth the frequency of the same composer's *Carnaval*, also on the Rosen disc. While *Carnaval* is that much more popular, it most certainly is not fifty times better. Indeed, one could ask whether it is as good. The *Davidsbündlertänze* are Schumann at his most original, most whimsical, most daring, most kaleidoscopic, most melodic. Rosen's neat, small-scaled, and essentially unimaginative (because inflexible) pianism is not the best medium for this piece of music. More passion is needed, more color and vitality. But at least Rosen plays the notes capably, with taste and order.

If solo recitals fall into patterns, soloists with orchestra these days are virtually stultified. What have we,

over and over again? Standard works by Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Prokofieff, played season after season. It is as if there were no other repertoire. Yet any good musician can rattle off several dozen fine concerted works that deserve to be heard. On a pair of Westminster records are three of them. Robert Gerle, with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Robert Zeller (Westminster XWN 19045, mono; WST 17045, stereo), plays the **Violin Concertos** by Frederick Delius and Samuel Barber; and, with the same orchestra under Laszlo Somogyi, Rudolf Firkusny is heard in the **Piano Concerto in G minor** by Dvorak (Westminster XWN 19044, mono; WST 17044, stereo).

The Delius (composed 1916) and Barber (1941) works have a certain family resemblance. Neither is a "great" piece, but both are rhapsodic, sheerly lyric, full of subtle melody and a great deal of personality. The Barber, with its sharper contours, is easier to grasp; the Delius, more loosely organized, gives a first impression of meandering all over the place. Several hearings will be needed to fix the structural and melodic relationships, but the effort is worth it. The Delius Violin Concerto is a remarkably lovely piece, and infinitely better music than the Bruch, Wieniawski, and Vieuxtemps virtuoso concertos that the violinists are constantly foisting on us.

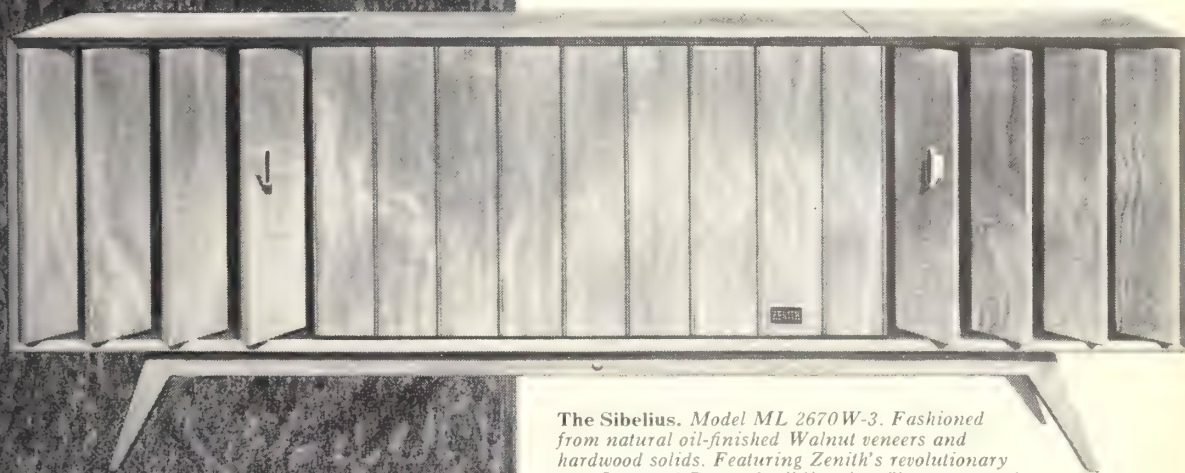
As for the Dvorak Piano Concerto, it is played by Firkusny in an arrangement by Vilem Kurz. Dvorak was not a pianist, and his pianistic figurations are uninteresting and (for the pianist) ungrateful. Kurz arranged the piano part for greater virtuoso effect, and Firkusny invariably uses the Kurz adaptation. Sviatoslav Richter, during his first American tour, played the Dvorak concerto in Philadelphia and used the original version. Richter has not recorded the work. Firkusny, Czech-born, has made a prior recording, but this one is better. Firkusny, one of the least-publicized of the great pianists, plays the concerto with extreme elegance, pianistic and musical security, subtle rhythm. It is an enchanting performance of an enchanting work. Dvorak was one of the finest of the late-romantic melodists, especially when composing national music; and the



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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

G minor Concerto is a strongly nationalistic work. Perhaps the most beautiful section is the slow movement, though one thinks of some of the ravishing modulations in the last movement. One magic shift from D major recalls a comparable effect in the slow movement of Schubert's B flat Trio.

Deserving Unknown

About the statement above—that there are several dozen seldom-played concerted works that deserve to be heard. Here are some that come instantly to mind—works that, by any large, are on the rim of the repertoire or completely out of it: Mozart's Piano Concertos in A (K. 414), B flat (K. 450 and 456), and C (K. 503); Paganini's D minor Violin Concerto (not the D major!); Hummel's A minor Piano Concerto (the precursor of Chopin's E minor); Spohr's Violin Concerto No. 9 (with a lovely, salon-like, last movement); Liszt's *Malediction* for piano and string orchestra; the Fauré *Ballade* for piano and orchestra; Tchaikovsky's G major Piano Concerto; Chopin's *Krakowiak*; Schumann's Violin Concerto and Introduction and Allegro for piano and orchestra; Rubinstein's D minor Piano Concerto; D'Indy's *Symphony on a French Mountain Air* (piano and orchestra); Elgar's Cello Concerto and Violin Concerto; Poulenc's Piano Concerto (not the D minor for two pianos, which is played fairly often); Stravinsky's Violin Concerto and *Capriccio* for Piano and Orchestra; the Hindemith Violin Concerto; Bartók's first two Piano Concertos; Prokofiev's Piano Concertos Nos. 1, 2, and 5; the Haieff Piano Concerto; Wallingford Riegger's Variations for Piano and Orchestra.

A lot of fine music is here. Admittedly it is not music on the order of the *Emperor* concerto or the Brahms D major for violin. But we know the D major and the *Emperor* inside out, backwards and forwards, while most of the above music most listeners know hardly at all. Unfortunately, the way things now are going, the chances are slight that much of it ever will be heard in concert. The civilized listener with intellectual curiosity is too much in the minority. And our musical establishment panders to the majority.



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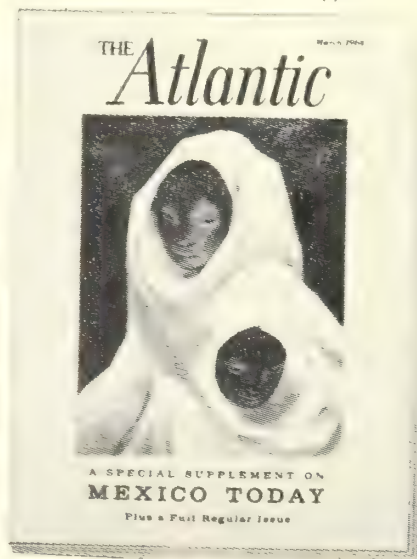
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NOW ON SALE

JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

Three in One

Roland Kirk puts me in mind of Salvador Dali. He is the man—Kirk, it is—who plays a number of instruments at once. His normal complement is in fact five: a tenor sax, a manzello, a strich, a flute, and a whistle siren. The first three he hangs around his neck, the flute he tucks into the bell of the tenor, and the whistle siren he lets off *ad lib.* Kirk doesn't try to blow more than three of these at once, but when he goes into action he still resembles a highly educated one-man band.

Kirk's problem is to get listened to the way Dali's is to get looked at. Both are skilled craftsmen who really pull it off. Full well that skilled craftsmanship alone is not enough. Both have opted the technique of irrelevant trage, of virtuoso buffoonery, as a way of getting attention for what might otherwise be lost in the shuffle of ordinary, unremarkable excellence. In 1962 Kirk won the *Down Beat* critics' poll in the category for Miscellaneous Instrument, prompting someone to remark that he was without doubt the most miscellaneous instrumentalist in the history of jazz. Kirk compounds the oddity by the oddness of the instruments he plays. The manzello, as Leonard Feather writes, "looks a little like an alto sax] but has a big, flat, odd-looking bell"; the strich "resembles a soprano sax] with a thyroid condition." Both have a nasal, wheezy sound that goes well with Kirk's particular combination of melodiousness and energy; it adds another touch of flavor and distinctness to mere talent.

Kirk's newest record strikes me as far-and-away his best. On one whole he plays with the Benny Golson Orchestra; on the other, with the rhythm backing of his own quartet. Something about the combination with Golson seems to have set him going, though he is heard to best advantage on his own—all three of him.

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Answer to Poser on Page 34

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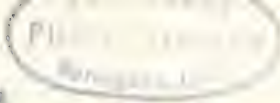
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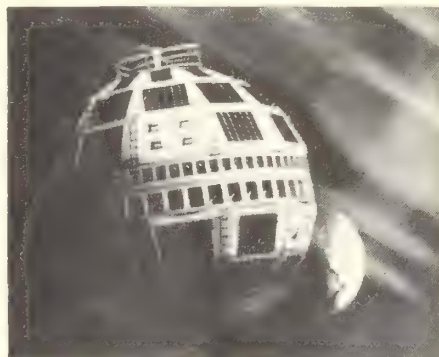
It was bringing out new equipment to help its Communications Consultants tailor more efficient services for business.



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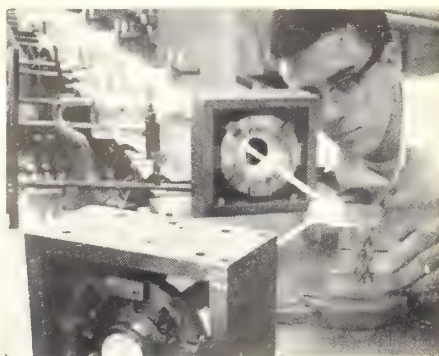
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Cover by Janet Harrison

I'll buy
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I'll sell
my stock



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Orders from all over the country are brought to the stock's trading post on the Exchange floor. Many come from individual investors. Others from large

institutions, such as pension funds and banks.

Or the buyer of your stock might be an Exchange member known as a specialist. Within practicable limits he is expected to buy or sell for his own account the stocks in which he specializes—to narrow any unusually wide spread of prices between what a seller asks and what a buyer will pay.

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money or money into stock quickly and easily, in this two-way auction market, is known as liquidity.

And liquidity is remarkably important.

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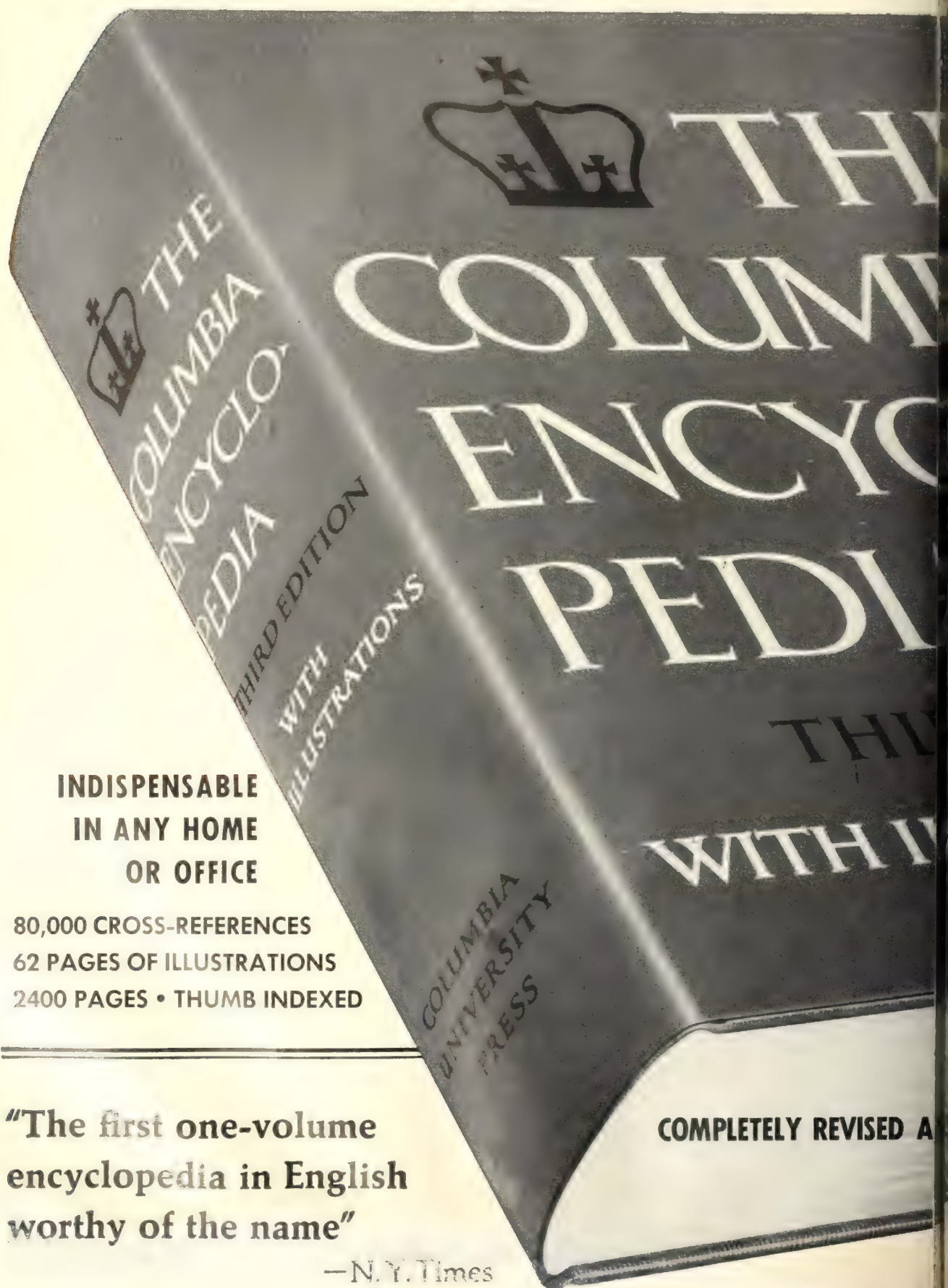
But also to the country, because liquidity encourages investment by giving investors freedom to change from one investment to another according to their wishes and needs. And it makes possible the freeing of money for investment in new and expanding businesses where investment is essential to growth.

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OF 13 YEARS

Panza and Quixote

It was Anatole France who pointed out that within every one of us there live both a Don Quixote and a Sancho Panza to whom we hearken by turns.

Don Quixote sounds the call to adventure and pushes ahead, heedless of danger. Sancho Panza counsels caution and plods along behind. The trick, of course, is to listen to the right one at the right time.

And nowhere is that principle more important than in investing. If you were to heed Don Quixote all the time, you might well lose your shirt in speculative derring-do in the market. If, on the other hand, the Sancho Panza in you were to allow you to risk investing your money at all, you would probably end up owning nothing but triple-A bonds that might safeguard your capital but wouldn't offer any opportunity for growth.

If you're an investor or would-be investor, our advice to you is to lend an ear to both Panza and Quixote. In short, mind your P's and Q's.



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LETTERS

No Southern Comfort

Your readers are deeply obligated for the illustrative value of your February article, "A Draftee's Diary from the Mississippi Front" [Charles Vanderburgh]. Not since the latter years of Jack London have we had such a clear case of conspicuous befuddlement. Not since the death of Hitler have we had a finer example of the noble art of hate-making.

DEAN WALTER F. TAYLOR
Blue Mountain College
Blue Mountain, Miss.

This article is one of the most informative footnotes on the "Mississippi incident" that I have ever read. I was saddened not so much by those who took part in the insurrection, but by those in the public trust (*i.e.*, the law-enforcement agencies of the State of Mississippi) who by their silence encouraged such a situation. . . .

JOHN H. BENNETT
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Second Thoughts for Agnostics

No religious illiterate could possibly become a literate in Christianity by reading Herbert J. Muller's "Second Thoughts on the Religious Revival" [February]. . . . Muller is like a fish on dry land—he's out of his element.

Those of us who grow up in the churches know our shortcomings, sins, obstinacies . . . quite well. We do not need the would-be, know-all agnostics to try to confuse us. If they have a helpful word for us, we'll listen. But, so long as they themselves remain aloof with their agnosticism, we say: Either come in and help us toward improvement or leave the driving to us!

KURT C. HARTMANN, Ed.
The Southern Lutheran
La Vernia, Tex.

Mr. Muller sounds like an honest seeker rather than an agnostic, and he certainly made some pertinent

points that all Christians should ponder. . . . The Christian answer to seekers is always that of Philip the Nathanael, John 1:46: "Come and see." John 3:19 may be apropos here also: "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

REV. E. H. PURYEAR
Singers Glen Baptist Church
Singers Glen, Va.

How to Write Good

While I am in agreement with most of what John Fischer says in "Why Nobody Can't Write Good" [Easy Chair, February] I felt his attacks were a bit intemperate. . . .

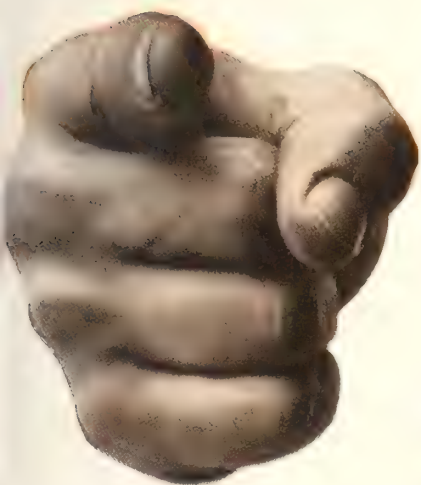
At times he talks as though it were all a monster plot dreamed up by the English literature professors. This would be a nice simple solution. But it is a fact that these professors have succumbed to the pressures of our society, which pays for higher degrees and book publication rather than the teaching of composition. Mr. Fischer is flailing the wrong ass.

Every week I start two of my graduate classes with a clutter of words on the board that purport to be a sentence. I call it "The Beaut of the Week," extracted from my students' own prose or often anonymously from that of one of my musicological colleagues' publications. We take the would-be sentence apart and repair it, a regrettable investment of time in a graduate course but well worth doing. . . .

JAN LARUI
Prof. of Music
New York University
New York, N.Y.

Let's be honest with ourselves and go back a step further to the elementary grades where . . . good writing *should* begin. It is upon those of us who receive these students first, at the time when interest in the manipulation of words is at its height, that I place the blame. . . . True, our public schools are hampered by lack of funds, but smaller

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classes, departmentalized teaching at lower levels, and better teachers (dedicated to the abolishment of true-false and multiple-choice tests), with time to work together—all these are musts before much progress can be made. . . .

MILDRED T. PETERSON, Head
Middle School (Elementary)
Pace Academy
Atlanta, Ga.

I edit a line of magazines published on the west coast, and I find that the same lack of skill exists even among the writers who call themselves professional. Syntax is a sin to them, grammar an anathema, punctuation a decorative device.

DALE KOBY
Van Nuys, Calif.

I am disturbed to see Paul Roberts in the role of spokesman for these teachers who wish to do something about the current low standards of writing instruction. It is Professor Roberts who opines, in his modern linguistic textbook, *Patterns of English*, that "writing is not really language at all. It is just marks we make on paper to suggest sounds we make in our mouths when we talk." To tell this to the student, only to attempt later on to promote what one hopes is "good writing," implies an eventual exercise in pedagogical nimbleness more gracefully performed by, say, a ballerina. But perhaps the Professor has changed his mind of late. I hope so.

CHARLES PACKARD
Latin Dept., Middlesex School
Concord, Mass.

Combine the teaching of English with the teaching of journalism and let the students compete for space in one or more periodicals edited by the instructors. That is how to teach the spasmodic thinker to write right. . . .

KELLY JANES
Monterey, Mass.

"Why Nobody Can't Write Good" tells the whole, gruesome story in a straightforward way. . . .

Here at Stevenson, we have embarked on an experiment which we hope will result in a green oasis in the parched desert, at least. Realizing the inadequacy of precollege preparation in English (. . . half of the

LETTERS

high-school graduates accepted for admission to the University of California failed to pass the simple entrance examination in English) we have organized a course in "Thinking and Writing." . . . The result, to date, has been most encouraging. A pilot study involving twelve freshman students from twelve different California high schools was undertaken last summer and the results [showed that] these ninth-grade boys were writing more effectively at the end of the program than the average college-bound senior. We . . . hope that the program will be, ultimately, of some value to the entire profession.

ROBERT U. RICKLEFS, Pres.
Robert Louis Stevenson School
Pebble Beach, Calif.

. . . A Ph.D. program in a good graduate school with good professors can be the thrilling opposite of brain numbing. Some of the classics of scholarship were originally the doctoral theses of my contemporaries. S. H. Monk's *The Sublime* and J. W. Hendren's *Study of Ballad Rhythm*. My own attempt at a thesis has led to a lifetime study of inexhaustible interest. A much more recent thesis by Martin Battestin of Virginia quickly became a standard work of Fielding. Of course, some brains are numb on arrival at graduate school.

RICHARD L. GREEN
Prof. of English
Wesleyan University
Middletown, Conn.

Hootenanny

I strongly feel that Eric Larrabee made a mistake in his Jazz Note ["Civil Rites," February] when he stated that Joan Baez, "after her generation, is 'cool,'" and that Peter Seeger's style belongs to the 'thirties. I'm sure many of our generation would support the efforts of Peter Seeger and his "self-deprecating—'folksy'" style long before Miss Baez's vain, holier-than-thou attitude. . . .

TODD M. WITHERS
Wellesley, Mass.

Tax Reform

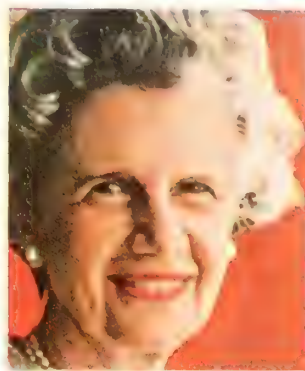
In "The Slow, Quiet Murder of Tax Reform [December], Philip

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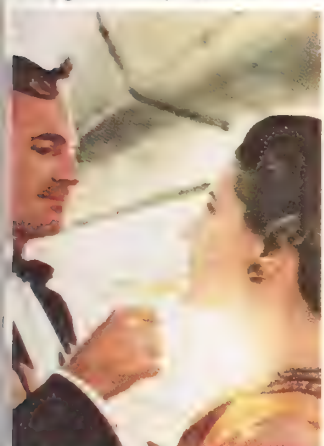
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California
Napa Rose

LETTERS

M. Stern makes the statement, "... Chairman Byrd himself had shepherded through a measure tailor-made to bestow up to \$4 million of tax relief on the estate of Mrs. Gerard Swope, wife of the former president of General Electric."

Enclosed is a letter [not included here] from Mr. Colin F. Stam, Chief of Staff of the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation, in connection with the charge made against me in the article, as I think you should have the official record of what happened.

I did not initiate this amendment, and I had no direct connection whatever with it. The facts are that the amendment, with the approval of the Treasury Department, originated in the House, and not in the Senate. It was taken up on the floor of the House by Mr. Jere Cooper, then Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. The ranking Republican member of that Committee, Mr. Reed, recommended the bill on the floor of the House. It was passed unanimously by the House of Representatives, as well as by the Ways and Means Committee.

When the measure came to the Senate, it was referred to the Senate Finance Committee and was unanimously reported by that Committee. When it came to the floor of the Senate, President Johnson, then Senator, brought the matter up for action by the Senate, where it was likewise passed. I never had any communication in any way, shape, or form with the Swope family, and in view of the above record of events, I hardly think anyone could accuse me of having "shepherded" this legislation through the Senate.

SENATOR HARRY F. BYRD
Washington, D. C.

PHILIP STERN REPLIES:

I neither stated nor implied that Senator Byrd had ever communicated with the Swope family. Actually, the letter from Mr. Colin Stam, to which the Senator refers, confirms (a) that it was Senator Byrd himself who presented and defended the bill in the Senate and (b) that the measure was indeed tailored to accommodate the particular tax problem of the Swope family—a fact which Senator Byrd failed to mention to the Senate and which, moreover, was never dis-

closed in any of the Congressional proceedings on the bill.

Presidential Ode

William Butler's poem, *November 25, 1963* [February] will long be a historic piece of literature. For in these four short verses he has artfully expressed not only his personal feelings but those of the nation.

RICHARD P. GREENWOOD
State College, Pa.

Is Mental Illness a Myth?

As a psychiatrist, I found "What Psychiatry Can and Cannot Do" by Thomas S. Szasz, M.D. [February] extremely interesting. Unfortunately, he jeopardizes some of the very important points he makes by the use of sweeping assertions. For example, he states that "There is . . . no way to 'help' an individual who does not want to be a psychiatric patient." I would agree only with a qualification providing for the psychotic patient who is so flagrantly irrational that he cannot be considered a responsible decision-maker in any sense. There are many such psychotic individuals who can be helped even though they may not "want" help. . . .

I believe that Dr. Szasz is quite correct in pointing out the confusion that has arisen from the defining of personal and social "problems in living" as "diseases." However, he has done this elsewhere with far more astute logic than he employs here when he makes the distinction on the basis of whether society—as well as the patient—benefits from therapy. . . . His own book, *The Myth of Mental Illness*, is an excellent exposition of this important theoretical problem.

ALLEN S. MARINER, M.D.
Canandaigua, N. Y.

Highest praise for Dr. Szasz's article. He has done a fine job of sifting out the inadequacies of psychiatry while at the same time paying due respect to its achievements. . . .

VALERIE WINN
Riverdale, N. Y.

It is indeed unfortunate that you assigned the important subject of what psychiatry can and cannot do

dare



for the woman who
dares to be different...

EMERAUDE
parfum de **COTY**



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"If I have seen farther than Descartes,
it is by standing on the shoulders of giants."

Sir Isaac Newton

Giants that help chemical research
today are not all flesh and blood.
Or great minds.

Some are giant computers.

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seven thousand key chemicals
have been programmed for one of ours.

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instrumentation, however, is more time
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to Thomas Szasz. When an author starts with a special frame of reference—e.g., mental illness is a myth—the conclusions follow from this. The article therefore should have been entitled, "What Psychiatry, As Psychiatry Is Perceived by Thomas Szasz, Can and Cannot Do."

ALFRED A. MESSER, M.D.
Prof. of Psychiatry
Emory University
Atlanta, Ga.

A more detailed critique of Dr. Szasz's article—with his reply—appears on page 96.

Blocking the Bulldozer

There is an extraordinary parallel between the Safe Progress Association described in "Small Rebellion in Miami" [Polly Redford, February] and the Ozark Society, an organization to save a natural river in the Ozark mountains of northern Arkansas. The Miami rebellion began when Biscayne Bay was threatened with the building of an oil refinery and the rebellion in the Ozarks when the beautiful Buffalo River was threatened, as it still is, with destruction by two high dams. . . .

A detailed survey of the Buffalo River area by the National Park Service . . . speaks in terms of high praise for this lovely, free-flowing stream and recommends for it national status. . . . We in the Ozark Society believe people can and will rise up in large numbers in defense of the river. They are already doing so.

MRS. L. ARCHER, Secretary
The Ozark Society
To Save the Buffalo River
Fayetteville, Ark.

Dr. Joseph Bard and "Dorothy and Red"

We deeply regret that the excerpt from the book, *Dorothy and Red*, by Vincent Sheean, which we published under the title, "The Tangled Romance of Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson," in our issue of October 1963 should have caused distress to Dr. Joseph Bard and his wife, Eileen, and we offer our sincerest apologies for this distress.

The Editors
Harper's Magazine



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more Americans flying (300,000)—than any other airline in Europe**

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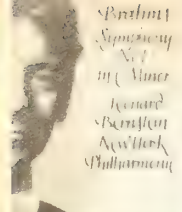


passengers flew BEA last year—about a quarter of all the air traffic within Europe! ■ BEA flies Europe's largest jet-powered fleet. Exciting BEA first: the triple-jet Trident, world's newest jet aircraft in service. ■ Seasoned and sophisticated travellers know all about BEA.

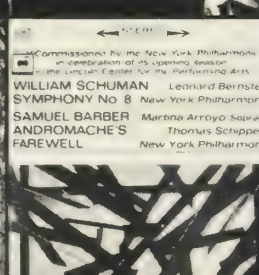
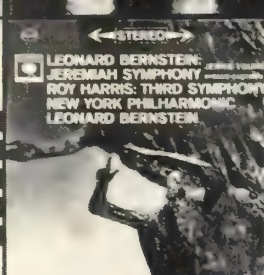
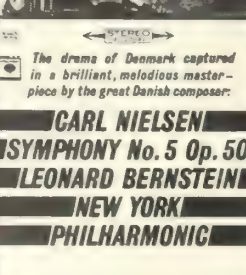
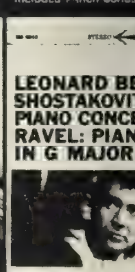
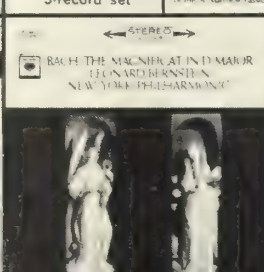
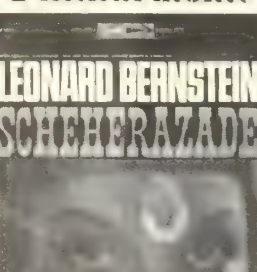
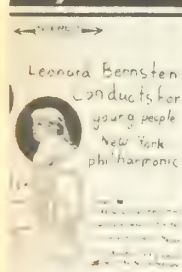
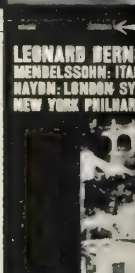
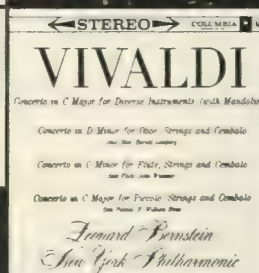
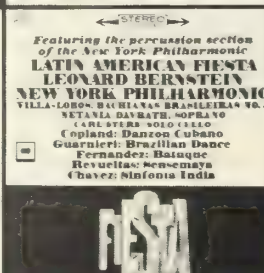
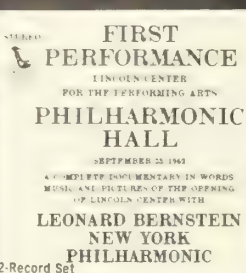
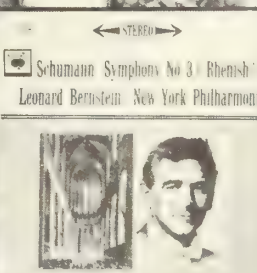
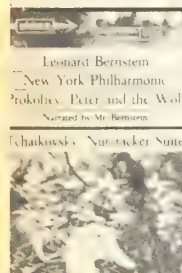
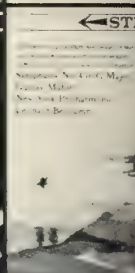
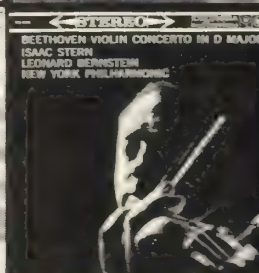
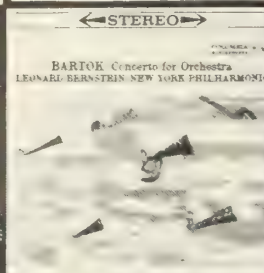
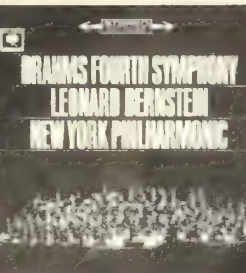
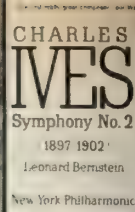
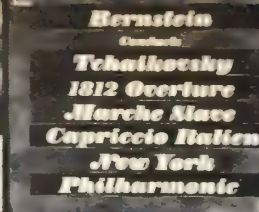
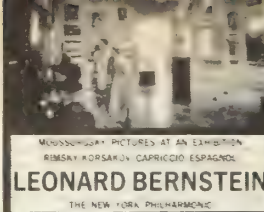
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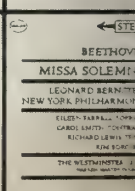
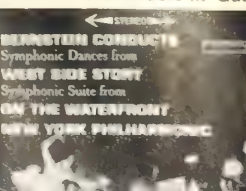
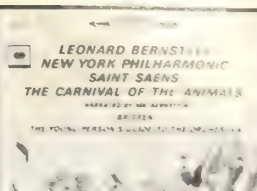
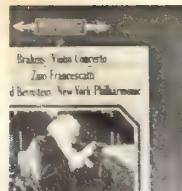



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If I Were a Company President

by Peter F. Drucker

The Easy Chair has as guest this month the highly respected management consultant and author of "Landmarks of Tomorrow" and other books. Mr. Drucker also teaches in the Graduate School of Business of New York University.

If I were a company president, it wouldn't worry me at all that I am not a celebrity.

A few generations ago, the "captains of industry"—a John D. Rockefeller, Sr., a J. P. Morgan, a Henry Ford—were as much in the public eye as Hollywood starlets or baseball immortals. Today the president of Universal General Corporation—500,000 employees, billions in sales, and plants in forty-two countries—goes unrecognized even by that expert in snobbery, the *maitre d'* at the fashionable restaurant. Even with a reservation he waits for thirty minutes like the rest of us, until he gets a table in the darkest corner, next to the swinging doors into the kitchen. No one points him out, no one asks for his autograph. There are not many people in the country who, offhand, even name the chief executives of our ten or twenty largest corporations.

When these men pick up the telephone and talk to someone in the government, in business, they are instantly recognized and treated with respect, if not with deference. But a great many of them seem to hunger instead for the tawdry publicity of the "public personage" and chafe under their anonymity. They build huge public-relations

staffs to get their names into the papers. There are half a dozen companies which send me every few weeks a first-class, special-delivery letter (marked, of course, "confidential—for immediate release"), informing me what their president thinks about the situation in Africa or the Senate hearings on the tax bill, or containing the speech he is going to make to the Kiwanis in Shoulderblade, Tennessee. High-ranking executives by the hundreds proudly display on their office walls, beautifully framed, the "certificate" that appoints them "Admiral of the Fleet" of one airline or "Ambassador" of another one—a distinction every salesman who flies frequently can aspire to. And I know one extremely able and powerful man in a very large company who pays a substantial sum to a press agent to have himself called and paged by name whenever he is in a public place, such as a hotel lobby, a theatre, or a restaurant.

A few generations back, the "captain of industry" was regarded as something of a freak—as much of a phenomenon as Barnum's midgets. He was either a "genius" or a "malfactor of great wealth," but in either case something out of the ordinary. Today he is accepted as a professional man doing a job. Such a man need not be a "celebrity"; he is too important. He need not cultivate headwaiters or reporters; he is too busy. The first-rate doctor, for instance, rarely is a "medical personality" or wishes to be one.

In fact, the business executive is

still far too much a "public personality" for his own good. In the normal course of his work he makes enough public appearances to satisfy even a Southern Senator's need for an audience. He has to speak to the salesmen, the company's dealers, the two dozen industry associations to which the company belongs, the financial analysts, and so on. No man in the top management of a large company would have any time for his own work were he to accept one tenth of the additional chairmanships, speeches, community offices that are pressed on him. And whenever we have to fill a tough and truly thankless job—from integrating the public schools in the suburbs to finding a Secretary of Defense—we reach for a business executive. But who minds the public in the meantime?

Indeed, if I were a company president, I might hire someone to keep me anonymous. Reporters are altogether cynical in their conviction that the standing and importance of an executive are in inverse ratio to the length of his entry in *Who Is Who in America*. Certainly the executive who really wants to do his job had better shun publicity like plague.

If I were a company president, I would pay little attention to the great bugaboo, "public hostility to business." It existed yesterday—it may well come back tomorrow. In today's America, business, especially big business, is accepted as a necessary fact of life.

GOOD MIXER

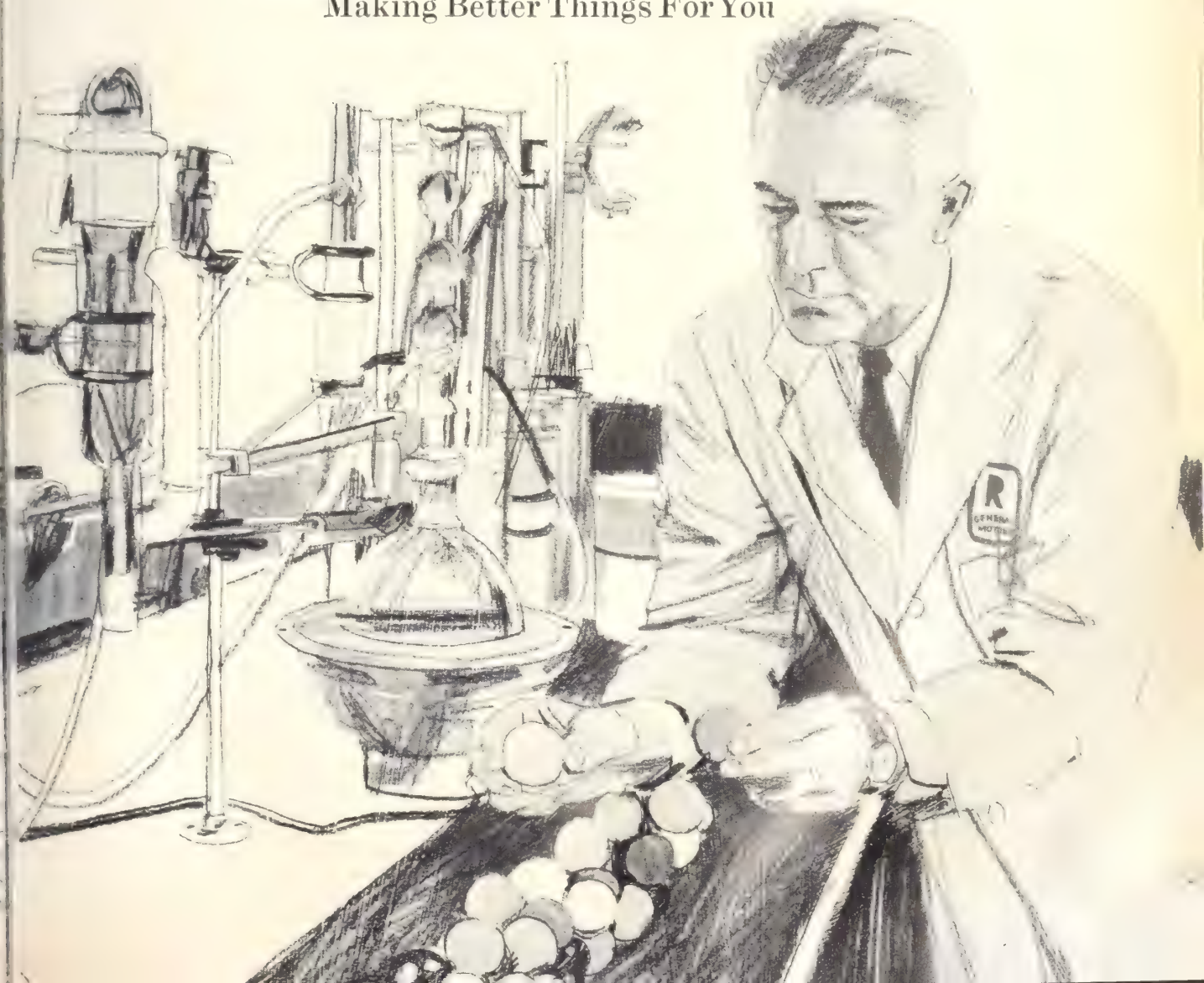
Research chemist with a mission! He's changing the atomic arrangement of a complex molecular structure. *Objective:* create an entirely new material with new properties. *Application:* an improved adhesive for bonding metals together.

He's one of more than 400 graduate engineers and scientists at the General Motors Research Laboratories, Detroit, who devote full time to pure and applied research . . . seeking new information, new and better ways of using existing knowledge.

Their work is not confined to discovering new products for GM or improving present products. A good share of their time and talent is aimed at answering basic questions. How do metals wear out? What factors govern the properties of semiconductors? Why is one lubricant better than another? To make the unknown *known* in the sciences of physics, chemistry, mathematics, mechanical engineering, metallurgy and electronics—that's the continuing aim of the General Motors research team.

GM's vitality is people—more than 600,000 employes, thousands of dealers and suppliers and over a million shareholders. Today and in the future . . . the basic essential of GM is *people*.

GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE .
Making Better Things For You



There is—and must be—controversy over what the role of the corporation should be, what its responsibilities are, what limits there should be to its powers, and so on. But today, even the professional liberal in the English department of the college faculty takes it for granted that big business is the organ of economic performance in industrial society, the provider of goods and services, of economic growth and innovation, of jobs and career opportunities. Even "profit" is accepted as a necessity and as the flywheel of a growing economy.

Big business in America is indeed accepted as much more than an economic institution alone. Business is called upon to rehabilitate the alcoholic and to prevent mental disorders. It is expected to take the lead in integrating racial minorities at home and in representing American democracy at its best abroad. The list of things for which big business is expected to take responsibility is practically endless: the public schools and higher education; attendance at church on Sunday and at the polls on Election Day; renewal of our cities and promotion of the arts—to name just a few. The American public today, in other words, may greatly overdo the acceptance of business—to the point of loving it to death.

But business blithely keeps on defending itself against a New-New Deal plot to destroy it. It views with alarm, it cries out, it warns, it suffers. The gloom-mongers with their publicity megaphones all but drown out the responsible, serious voices of business, such as the Committee for Economic Development. Because so many of the loud campaigns of business consist of tilting at windmills, the justified warnings of businessmen get no hearing. There is, for instance, a very good case to be made against tax laws which so combine high tax rates and big tax "loop-holes" as to reward economically irresponsible business decisions. There is considerable force to the argument that in spite of high corporate earnings in peak years, business does not accumulate capital fast enough to give us the investment needed for rapid economic growth and full employment. And one need not be for bigness or for monopoly

to wonder whether the recent tendency to use the antitrust law to fight bigness—to inhibit rather than protect competition—is altogether in the public interest.

But as long as business persists in fighting virtually every proposal—to the point of complaining simultaneously that it is "anti-business" to increase government spending, and also that it is "anti-business" to cut the defense budget, where 50 per cent of the spending occurs—its voice will simply be lost in the din of the corporate brass bands blaring forth against a nonexistent "hostility to business."

If I were a company president, I would worry not at all whether my company and I are "liked." I'd gladly leave popularity contests to Miss Universe.

But I would worry a good deal about the public relations of my company and of American business. For they are not in good shape. Indeed the real public-relations problems have hardly been tackled.

True acceptance of business and of the corporate executive imposes, for instance, new rules of conduct. Rather than trying to change the "public image" of business, top managements might therefore think through what changes in their own behavior are in order. What does business have to do (or to stop doing) to live up to its public standing as an accepted institution? Are hit-and-miss promotion policies, for example, in keeping with the social role of the big company and with its being the largest single employer of highly educated people? And is the headlong rush into demanding advanced schooling as a prerequisite for every job compatible with the commitment to open opportunities in our society? Is it even in the company's own best interest? Or is it not highly probable that if one big company worked hard at finding the ablest among the 50 per cent of American young men who do not go to college, it would get better people than the five hundred who compete to get the same "high-potential" people out of the other, college-educated half of the population? Is it compatible with the role of big business to put a big plant into a small community so that it becomes the domi-

nant employer whose every move endangers the whole town? Is it smart business?

The same questions might be asked about the changes in behavior which acceptance as a profession imposes on the executive. Most stock-option plans today are merely legal tax avoidance. Others compensate men for the tremendous risk taken in leaving a safe job to rescue a sick company. Others aim at giving executives an ownership stake in the business they manage. Are all these equally compatible with the role of the executive? And if they are not, should the executive himself not take the lead in making perhaps even in enforcing, the distinction?

If I were a company president, I probably would not worry too much about the great headlined business "scandals." Crooks are unfortunately always with us; all one can do is put them in jail when one catches them. But I would be very deeply worried by any symptom of moral laxness or insensitivity on the part of respectable executives who would never dream of doing anything illegal. The big corporation executive who takes a stock participation in a firm which is a supplier to his company, or who goes into a tax-avoidance deal with one of his company's debtors, may not break the law, but does something much worse: he betrays his trust. And the one thing demanded of anyone with professional status is that he put his trust before and above self-interest.

If I were a company president, I would worry me the most that my big corporation and its executives are not understood by our society. They are fully accepted; they are indeed very widely admired (by the majority, for one). But even people who are commonly considered "management"—research engineers, for instance, or experienced district sales managers—have little idea as to what their own top management does, let alone what makes the business tick. Yet they understand more than the worker on the assembly line or the clerk on the translating machine—not to mention people outside of business altogether: the minister, the teacher, the housewife, or the career civil servant.



Why everybody and his brother is trying to make an electric toothbrush

(and why they still can't beat Broxodent, the one from Squibb)

Back in 1960, thousands of people started brushing their teeth in an entirely new way. The Squibb Division of Olin had just introduced Broxodent, the first automatic toothbrush. They ran their tongues over their teeth and said: here at last was a way to get teeth thoroughly clean, gums completely refreshed. Thousands more have switched to Broxodent brushing over the years. Now everybody's making automatic toothbrushes. Shaver manufacturers. Mixer manu-

facturers. Here's why we think Broxodent is still the best of the bunch:

1. There are no batteries to weaken or conk out. You get full power every time you plug it in.
2. The Broxodent handle is waterproof.
3. The action is up-and-down, up-and-down.
4. It's thorough, but it's gentle. The speed is controlled to 120 strokes per second.
5. Every part was designed for automatic toothbrushing and nothing but. Motor. Bristles. Brush head.

6. The tiny head, with its concentration of over 1500 bristles, was designed to get around easily and dislodge even the tiniest food particles. (It's good for tiny mouths, too.)

7. Broxodent was tested in dental clinics for two years before Squibb would let you have it. And Squibb never stops testing.

When you switch to automatic brushing, remember two things.

It's our business.
It's *your* teeth.





How General Electric is helping add an extra day of fun to your week

If you're tired of getting up at dawn to get on a course, try night golf—one of many ways we're trying to extend the time America's sports enthusiasts can enjoy their favorite activity

There are 6,000,000 golfers in America, and half a million more are attacking par (and the fairway tort) every year.

Bowlers are increasing at an even faster pace. New tennis players descend on the courts at the rate of 250,000 a year, and it seems as though anyone within a hundred miles of water has a boat.

Keeping all the sports enthusiasts happy puts a strain on facilities, and General Electric is trying to help. Lighted golf courses now welcome the foursomes until midnight; lighted marinas let more sailors enjoy the water for more hours.

We're helping to speed up play, too. General Electric-powered ski tows give skiers more runs on the slopes. Automatic pin machines, powered and controlled by General Electric equipment, make it possible for more bowlers to bowl more often.

Helping you enjoy longer hours of recreation is just one of the ways General Electric is trying to meet the needs of people. Many of us are golfers, bowlers and boating buffs, too. Day and night.

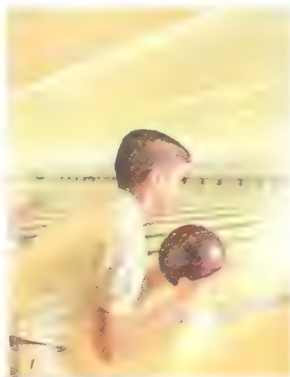
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heavy and becalmed. But still the royal crown remains. *How can you go to London?* When you go to Britain, make your promise. Visit at least one of the great cathedrals. Their famous pinnacles! Durham and Armagh. Chime! Lincoln and Canterbury. Sometimes they whisper. Winchester, Norwich, Salisbury and

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THE EASY CHAIR

em are interested in big business. Indeed few topics so fascinate American public as the doings of business. Yet the popular idea that goes on in the executive suite is no closer to reality than the financial vice president's office. The financial vice president's office is no closer to reality than the financial mapmaker's picture of the world, with its monsters and its monsters. John.

years past this could be blamed on business secretiveness. That time is gone, though. American business today suffers from a near-common to tell all. Only it quite busily neither knows what it has nor how to say it.

at all our "public relations" singularly failed to convey are every executive knows, in-takes for granted.

business is first *an idea*. And individuals have ideas. No business ever grew and prospered unless it was a man—at most a few—who dared to think for themselves and to go counter to "what everybody knows." The idea under a business may be an "invention"—a new piece of scientific knowledge and its application. Or it may be a social or economic phenomenon.

the Bell System in the United States and Canada is the *only* telephone system in industrially developed countries which is privately owned rather than publicly owned and managed. This is not accident. It is the result of an idea: Theodore Vail's ultraradical idea, when he was president half a century ago, that it could be the business of a privately owned company to give telephone service.

years, Roebuck's success rests on an equally radical idea of hard Sears and Julius Rosenwald, years or so back, that the economic isolation of the American merchant was so much an opportunity to get from him money for inferior goods, as it was an opportunity to do for him the rational, reasonable, selective buying of superior merchandise he could not do himself.

business is *risk*. Every business limits present resources to future expectations. Every business commitment is a leap into the dark, and of courage and of faith. In every

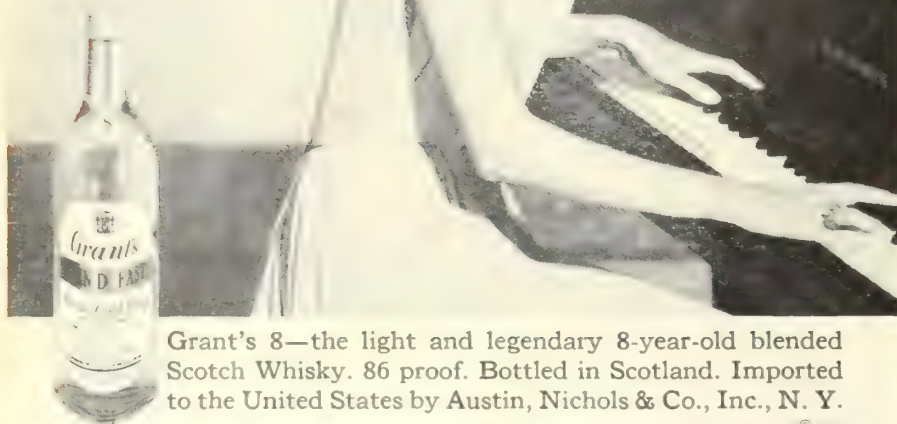


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business decision, men undertake make the future rather than to submit to the past. Hollywood would hardly pick the middle-aged, overweight financial vice president for the part of the daring venture. But every time he presents a proposal for a new plant, a new product or a new research project, he pits judgment and his reputation, if his future, against the known, the safe, the probable, and the easy.

A business has excellence—or does not survive in a competitive economy. Being merely competitive may earn a salary. Only the exceptional earns a profit. To be exceptional a business must excel in something. In one business it may be mastery of a scientific technology; in its closest competitor it may be ability to turn scientific knowledge quickly into marketable products; a third, manufacturing. One retail chain may excel as a designer, developer, and buyer of merchandise; another at customer service. In wherever a business succeeds—alone prospers—there is excellence at doing one important job.

Excellence does not come through reading books, with control of materials or machines. It is a quality of the human mind, the human hand, the human spirit. Excellence cannot be bought by money. It demands price only the individual can pay: hard work, high resolve, and integrity.

The kind of excellence a business chooses largely decides what kind of people it will attract and hold. All ambitious people want to be where there is scope for the excellence they can contribute. And in a free society a man can always quit. The excellence chosen will also determine who buys the products or services of a business. In a market economy customers can always stop buying what they don't like.

A business is decisions. They are decisions about the future, about ascertainable facts. This means that there must be hesitation and doubt; controversy and compromise; half-right and half-wrong; halting plodding work and sudden, brilliant insight; the temptation to leave well enough alone and the equally great temptation to rush into the new; wisdom and experience of the old and the impatience and energy

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THE EASY CHAIR

the young. Above all there is never any certainty—not until it is far too late.

A good example is the highly controversial decision of the present Secretary of Defense to award the \$7-billion contract for the new TFX fighter plane to the General Dynamics Corporation. Robert McNamara, the Secretary, is known as a man who makes "quick" decisions; it was this quality above all which brought him in fifteen short years from a financial analyst's job to the presidency of the Ford Motor Company, and then into the top defense spot. But as the Senate Hearings on the TFX contract brought out, the decision took even Mr. McNamara more than two years and countless studies. And it was only on the third or fourth try that he finally made it. Business decisions do not involve as much money, of course. But on any subject of importance they run a similar course.

Yet the public hears nothing of this, and nothing of the "big ones that got away," nor of the fumbles. Nor does it ever hear of the nagging feeling every intelligent executive lives with: By ordinary probability many more of my decisions must be wrong than can possibly be right. All the public ever hears are the bland words of the Annual Report: "I am pleased to report another good year for your company."

The most important decisions are also the toughest: *the decisions on people.*

There are a great many "controls" in a business; accounting controls, financial controls, expense controls, and so on. But there is only one real "control": the decision whom to hire, whom to promote, whom to let go. Every time a man is promoted or passed over, a business reaffirms or denies what it stands for, the idea on which it is founded, and the excellence it professes. It may loudly proclaim: "The foreman's job is human relations." But when three times in a row it promotes the foremen who get their paperwork in on time, even the dumbest cluck on the assembly line knows what management really rewards. And management will get what it promotes for: paperwork rather than human relations.

People decisions are both the most

important and the most difficult ones. A business will not survive unless it has chosen on balance the right men rather than the wrong ones. At the same time it has a fewest facts about people, must take them as they come, and cannot fashion them to a job design.

Business, in sum, is a human activity; and the business enterprise is a human achievement. But pretending that the big company is "just folks"—as so much of the public relations of business does pretend—obscures this and further confuses the public. The individual executives of the Telephone Company or of A & P is indeed a pretty ordinary fellow, not very different from the neighbors on the street or the other worried parents at the PTA meeting. But the realities of a big organization—and even a business with a hundred employees is a pretty big and complex affair—are not a bit "common," just as the realities of a physician's practice are not. The president of the 70,000 employees of a steel company who said at a recent convention, "You Main Street hardware merchants and our company are in the same business; we both deal in nails," was just ludicrous. The entrepreneurial idea, the risk-taking decision, the building of an organization of people—these are well beyond everyday experience. This is precisely why these things need to be told, for people who do not think of themselves as executives cannot imagine them. This is also why they will be talked about and written about, for nothing fascinates us so much as experiences which are truly human and yet beyond the range of our own lives.

If I were a company president I would stop worrying whether business and businessmen in America are loved enough, noticed enough, respected enough. Instead I would ask: What must we do to get across what we ourselves so clearly see as the adventure of man's mind, man's courage, and man's work; the human achievement that is this business?

This may be asking too much. But at least business should stop worrying and shouting about the wrong things, the things that assuage managerial ego rather than create public understanding.



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After Hours



The Little Churches of Ohrid, Etc.

by Mary Jean Kempner

Mary Jean Kempner lives near the East River in New York—between her extensive trips to the far parts of earth. She has reported previously for "Harper's" on Baffin Island and the life of polar bears.

We have to improvise . . .," I was told in Belgrade late last summer; "luckily for us, Karl Marx didn't foresee the potential of tourism." Although there isn't much Marxism showing below the Yugoslav petticoat, the flounces of improvisation are flamboyant. In the city of Sarajevo, for instance, there's the retired Washington, D.C., streetcar system might on rummage-sale terms and running just fine; discarded double-decker buses bustle through Diocletian's city of Split; DC-3s fly tight domestic schedules off grass fields and concrete runways; Yugoslavs are hired as maids and valets to an American-financed hotel in Frankfurt to learn the service techniques buried off self-respecting Communist textbooks. (Mike, a Belgrade taxi driver, wears a monocle, and a waiter kept addressing me as "Altes".)

Travel in Yugoslavia is written in capitalist letters; the government grossed \$40 million from tourism in 1962. (There were practically no visiting Czechs, Bulgarians, Romanians, or Hungarians, and as for Albanians, wiseacres said, "We'd have to import Chinese to interpret for them.") I myself went to Yugoslavia without much interest in political eccentricities, but determined to explore its still little-known marvels of Byzantine painting and architecture and sample the delights of roaming through unfamiliar scenes. My primary destination was Ohrid, in southern Macedonia, not exactly an easy place to get to, as the dust of the Skopje earthquake had barely settled; but the right word spoken in the left ear is miraculously effective in totalitarian countries.

From Belgrade to Ohrid is a short flight, often turbulent because of the gaunt thrust of the Macedonian mountains. Hedge-hopping between these rock, scrub, and golden broom-covered peaks, one rarely sees even a donkey trail—just vast, impregnable loneliness. Over Ohrid aerodrome, pilots often have to hold

to allow a hay wagon to make its ponderous way across the grassy strip. Nineteen miles of translucent blue lake water—one-third of it Albanian—rimmed by mountains is setting that suggests Switzerland. But in place of the ubiquitous Swiss hydrangeas, geraniums, and salvia, the Ohrid lake shore burgeons with oleander, willow, wisteria, cypress, enormous fig trees, and rose trees.

According to hydrobiologists, the lake is the result of an ice-age cataclysm, and of absorbing scientific interest. Its depth, by recent soundings, is over 900 feet; in it can be found Gastropoda—the only remaining descendants of the Tertiary—as well as seventeen varieties of trout, one of which, a salmon trout known as *letica* and found nowhere else, has been considered a gourmet delicacy since Byzantine times. Constantine's reign, relays were said to have left Ohrid—then called Lihnidon—each week for Salonica and Constantinople to supply the Emperor with his favorite fish, whether it was salted, high, or dried alive in barrels of lake water remains a matter of conjecture. One day, eaten fresh from the lake and lightly grilled on a bed of herbs, is truly delectable.

Although it was hot when I arrived in Ohrid, the peasant women wear their coarse white wool skirts with brightly woven and embroidered aprons and blouses. Love of pattern is deep in these southern Slavs; richness means everything, and embroidery in particular reflects this skill in the number of stitches to the inch and the variety of pattern. Yugoslavia, as everywhere else, where folk art, but Ohrid's markets old embroidery of superb quality can still be found.

Sheep grazed in warm squares and burros picked their contemplative way along well-swept dirt-and-cobble streets that slanted upward like cobwebs and smelled like mandarin balls. Ocher-colored seventeenth- and eighteenth-century houses seem to lean on each other's shoulders for support and gossip. Fine old Muslims in baggy pants and black fezzes smoked crooked pipes voluptuously. Finely boned old women with proud spines glided past wearing anonymous ankle-length black dresses, with some eleven hundred

1



You look as if you lost your
commutation ticket. I've got the world on my
shoulders.

2



You can talk to me. I have a nice house, a new
car, a wonderful wife, some
great kids and a parakeet
that calls me "cool cat."

3



That's a problem? I also have a big mortgage,
a car loan, four mouths to
feed—not counting me and
the bird—the kids to
educate and so on. I feel
like a walking obligation.

4



Listen, a lot of guys are in
the same boat. Besides, you're
young and you have a good
job with a future. You'll get
out from under. But what if something
happens to me? You know,
man is not immortal.

5



You look pretty rugged
to me. You can't tell about those
things. I have an idea I'm prone
to poison ivy. I have to think
about protecting my family.

6



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they need with Living Insurance
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are two of the things
I appreciate most.



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...tion written on their
... of Byzantine churches
... monasteries honeycomb Ohrid
... the hills around it, some dating
... the ninth century. St. Paul's
... said, "Come over to Mace-
... and help us": but one forgets
the historic sequence of events. St.
... obeyed and was followed by the
Greek disciples, Methodius and Cyril
... originators of the Cyrillic alpha-
... then by their two advocates,
Naum, who was later canonized, and
Clement, who became Archbishop
and preached the Gospels in Cyrillic
at Ohrid in 893. Today, crouching in
the Macedonian hills, trying not to
call attention to themselves—much
as they did in the early days of
Christianity or later under the Turks—
are hundreds of extraordinary
small stone churches, ornamented
with geometric brick designs, magi-
cally lovely and alone.

Although there's a regrettable
tendency in Yugoslavia to confuse
... and beautiful, there's a growing
enthusiasm for the antiquities, par-
ticularly now that it's politically the
"done thing." (Almost anyone can
tell you that England's Robert Adam
adapted details of Diocletian's palace
in Split to his eighteenth-century
architectural use.) Buildings are be-
ing propped up, roofs replaced, fres-
coes rediscovered. Ironically enough
fifteenth-century Turkish conquerors
slapped whitewash over all Infidel
images to obliterate them, a proce-
dure which acted as a preservative
of the Byzantine frescoes, many of
which are now emerging in mint

Unlike the palatial grandeur of
the Gothic cathedrals, the churches
of Ohrid are primarily houses of
perhaps an explanation of the
spirituality they transmit.
... interiors are stripped
... are dazzling.
... instance, there
... of fresco
... flat surface
is painted ... by the thir-
teenth-century Euthije and
Mihailo, with the con-
stellation of ... with the
radiance of the ... con-
temporaries. ...
And in Sancta ...
of the ...
the development of B...

from the eleventh to the fifteenth
century in frescoes of poetic gran-
deur. The procession of angels
around the choir, for instance, sur-
passes even those of Ravenna's Sant'
Apollinare Nuovo; the Ohrid angels
seem detached from the walls on
which they were painted, ready to
float into the vault of heaven, al-
though momentarily they hover on
dragonfly wings.

I walked through Ohrid up a rocky
cliff to the little church of St. Jovan,
with its complex cupola, its doll-like
gables and columns, perched on an
outcropping of rock beside the fisher-
man settlement of Kaneo; then back
along narrow, stony streets to the
minute church of Constantine and
Helen, nestled between humble dwell-
ings, its unique architecture sug-
gesting that more blazing beauty
might some day be uncovered if the
blackened frescoes were ever cleaned.
I drove over atrocious roads and
mountain passes right to the Al-
banian border, where austere and
doctrinaire on a high perch above
the lake and the willow gardens,
stands the monastery of St. Naum.
There the Saint is buried in a tenth-
century church under a fresco por-
trait thought to have been painted
by a contemporary and friend. (For
centuries, right until the end of
World War II, people came to this
tomb to be cured of melancholia and
other neuroses by prayer.) Of all
the churches I visited none spoke
more plainly for that ancient need of
a secret refuge for private com-
munion than the church of the Vir-
gin of Zahum, which can be reached
only by water, usually in a rowboat.
Although few of these Macedonian
churches are big, this small gem
measures only eighteen feet square,
and could fit into the chancel of most
churches.

Ohrid has hundreds of lesser
churches and monasteries. Like peel-
ing an onion, each layer reveals an-
... and still another. Most of them
... be sought out on foot, usually
... ver harsh terrain. However,
... ple to hire a burro, provided
... mind a detachment of vil-
lage children on one's architectural
rounds—... saves energy, preserves
shoe leather, and the children love to
offer restoratives in the form of
steaming ears of horse-corn on the
cob. Church services, incidentally,

are rarely held in such "national
monuments," as the precious Byzan-
tine relics are now classified; but
functioning churches exist every-
where, in fact a common definition
of size is a "one-church town." The
role of the Church in Yugoslavia
mirrors the government's ingrained
ambivalence. Churchgoing is neither
forbidden nor encouraged, but it is
definitely no asset in a man's dossier.

Politics were not my concern, but
their ambiance was apparent even to
the superficial observer. Freedom of
thought after all is relative, and in
general the Yugoslavs consider them-
selves free. Most of them certainly
have never been better off. The do-
mestic climate, however, resembles
an international club more than a
country (one should remember that
Yugoslavia was an invention of
Woodrow Wilson's): the "club" con-
sists of five nations, six republics
and two autonomous minorities; its
members speak four languages, use
two alphabets (Latin and Cyrillic),
stem from three major religions—
Orthodox, Muslim, and Catholic. Ad-
mittedly that's an indigestible stew,
but Tito, the master chef, keeps
it at a comfortable simmer on the flame
of regionalism and local option. Most
Yugoslavs delight in the Marshal's
international tease, but being opi-
onated people they enjoy taking a
mild crack at the regime. I was re-
peatedly asked what was "wrong
with the country. Like all parvenu
political or otherwise, they are sensi-
tive to outside opinion even when
it's of doubtful value like mine. Al-
though there is no overt sign of the
secret police, no one underestimates
its efficiency.

Tourists, however, are free to
come and go as they choose, within
town, throughout the country, with
or without guides, by plane, boat,
railroad, or car. Plane travel remains
a bargain—about nine dollars and
ninety minutes will get you almost
anywhere. There's a rumored driv-
it-yourself program. The roads gen-
erally range from fair to fierce,
almost inevitably scenically splen-
did but terrifying—for Yugoslav drivers
lean toward the horn, the principle
of who gets there first, and a cavalier
attitude with regard to the rules of
the road. They label what they con-
sider reckless as "French driver."



If you knew Suzy like they knew Suzy — oh! oh! oh! what a girl!

Y Solidor had a pow effect on paint-
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men on the city streets—Belgrade, Zagreb, Sarajevo—are well-dressed in much the same style as inumont, Texas; Nancy, France; Bristol, England. There's a high degree of informality; clothing is casual. Neckties are for officialdom, on the beaches the men's swimming caps are more conspicuous than their bathing trunks.

To me there was a pervading air of good humor and complacency. People tend to live for the day, to spend a little they make, and rely on casual securities to take care of the future. There's a relaxed vitality to these handsome people. Soccer is the national sport and enthusiasm equals that of the most passionate Dodger fan. Non-classical music, whether Polish, Viennese, gypsy, or American ("Taking a Chance on Love") topped the summer's hit) acquires square-dance kind of beat. Slivovica, the national plum brandy, and Turkish coffee are drunk day and night. There are some good wines; particularly enjoyed a dry white wine called Zilavka and a heavy, golden brew called Grk—especially good when well-chilled and drunk at which followed by a siesta. (The last should be saved to pour over freshly peeled figs.) Most experienced travelers know that one usually eats better in restaurants and private houses than in hotels; in Yugoslavia there are additional reasons why this is so. The best raw materials just aren't available to the sanctioned hotels. Farmers and herdsmen aren't interested in selling them, preferring to rely on the open markets that brighten every Yugoslav town with a profusion of flowers, herbs, spices, vegetables, oil, fish, fruit, and cheese. There is a cash transaction—no triplicate bills or tax problems.

One eats well in Yugoslavia, particularly by sticking to regional dishes instead of international ersatz. It is of course presupposes digestive stamina as well as gourmet curiosity. Among the dishes I liked was the osciutto called *damatinski prsut*, which has a somewhat smokier flavor than the classic *Parma*; for salami connoisseurs, one cannot beat *salama vrilonic*. Meats are best in stews, grilled on skewers. Cabbage leaves, or better still, vine leaves stuffed with minced meat and rice

(or just spiced rice), and called *sarma*, are delicious. Puff paste of superb delicacy shows up practically everywhere: stuffed with cheese or meat at the counter of the Belgrade airport; filled with chopped spinach puréed with sour cream, in Sarajevo; sticky-sweet with honey and chopped nuts—the national dessert, *baklava*—to be eaten at least once to appease a sweet tooth for a considerable time.

The best hotels are adequate, clean, and comfortable in a sparse way. The electric current tends to be low at night, but so is the tariff—eight dollars provides a room and bath as well as breakfast and dinner. Confirmed reservations at the best hotels—only the best are good—are essential. If tea or coffee is a ritual, better take with you an instant brand. People get up early (it seemed to me every bed I slept in faced due east); offices open at 7:30 A.M. and close for the day at 2:30 P.M.; museums and churches keep idiosyncratic hours; the siesta is respected and so is the evening stroll. Some streets are closed to traffic for the benefit of strollers.

Travel in general retains a picturesque flavor without any tarting-up. Country women wear local costume every day; oxen and sometimes buffalo plow the fields; wheat is flayed by hand in the farmyard; women plait wet straw into yards of braid to be tied together for village mattresses. There's more rural electrification than one sees in France but plumbing is likely to remain rudimentary. (Well, open sewers ran through the center of some Milan streets in the 'twenties.) Imperturbable geese cross roads on the outskirts of Belgrade. In Macedonia small boys, scrambling like squirrels, spin waterwheels with their bare feet. In Bosnia-Herzegovina—where three crops of tobacco are often harvested in a year—almost every hovel wears swags of tobacco leaves drying gold and pungent in the sun. Peasants still wave at infrequent motorists driving through acres of Serbian sunflowers, or Vojvodina corn, or the olive groves of Montenegro, where during five centuries of Turkish domination a man could not marry until he had planted fifty olive trees.

Yugoslavia still gives the tourist a three-way break, visually, financially, and courteously. Although only

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by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

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AFTER HOURS

about the size of Wisconsin, the variety of its sight-seeing choices is impressive. There are the Slovenian Alps, a seacoast to make the Côte d'Azur blush, unrivaled lakes (from Plitice to Ohrid), Byzantine art treasures, and the voluptuous architectural idiom of Venice. There are lemon trees and pines, figs, partridge and bear, skiing and winter beaches. I stayed in a hotel whose corridors were the village streets — a fifteenth-century pirate village, Sveti Stefan, an islet on the Montenegrin coast, recently converted its fifty-odd houses, a church, and a *piazzetta* to hotel life. Descendants of the original villagers were just relocated along the shore.

And for the egg in the travel beer, there's the incomparable Dubrovnik. Someone once complained of the quantity of purple prose written about Dubrovnik (nee Ragusa), adding "unfortunately all of it true." Dubrovnik is exquisite and no amount of reading or hearsay prepares the tourist for its impact. Two and a half miles of Renaissance walls, punctuated by five fortresses, embrace the old town. Nothing whatsoever has been built since the eighteenth century and the city plan hasn't changed in five hundred years. Lining the marble-cobbled Placa, or main street, are twin rows of seventeenth-century houses all built in the same style, of identical pale, butter-colored limestone blocks. A coat of arms gives each house individuality. The general effect is more or less that of a stage set by Eugene Berman. Wheeled traffic is forbidden but this past summer when Khrushchev visited Tito the two chiefs of state drove the length of the Placa in an aged Rolls Royce to the cheers of what reminded me of the extras in a Verdi opera. If Ohrid is the stalwart sight-seer's magnificent onion to be pared down layer by layer, Dubrovnik is the idler's glorious peeled grape!

Besides its unique beauty, Dubrovnik might easily claim the world's oldest social conscience. By the star of the fourteenth century it had a pharmacy in the Franciscan monastery, which still exists today. Drug gists as well as doctors were paid by the state. Before the end of that century an elementary school was founded and a sanatorium for the

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AFTER HOURS

aged. Small lazarettos existed on the outskirts of town to house travelers suspected of being exposed to plague. By the fifteenth century an orphanage was established and a freshwater system built with two fountains—one as big as a chapel and just as beautiful—engineered and designed by Onofrio della Cava. This early liberalism perhaps accounts in part for the vitality of the citizenry—something of a rarity in a museum town; the Ragusans, many still call themselves, don't appear to live off the tourist trade although what else they do for a living is hard to fathom. Perhaps they've learned to live above it and with themselves.

They seem to enjoy the bustle of the Summer Festival (July 10 to August 24), which draws on the best international and domestic talent to entertain capacity crowds both chic and beatnik. The city's ancient courtyards, cloisters, and battlements are the settings for theatre, ballet, and music always under open skies with rarely a postponement because of weather. Performances of *Hamlet* oddly enough invariably open and close the Festival, given on the ramparts of the somber Lovrijena fortress; as I saw it played last summer in Serbo-Croat by a cast selected from Yugoslavia's best repertory companies, even Ophelia's madness seemed eloquent, almost reasonable in its Slavic metamorphosis.

The arts in general get something of a break. Theatre, ballet, and music surely could not survive without government subsidy. Painters are free to produce what they like—be it abstract, impressionist, or naïf—but the state is art patron number one. (Tourists can buy pictures—very good ones for a song.) The state tends to be contradictory in all its dealings—there's hardly a city square or park or museum without its heroic statue by the contemporary sculptor Mestrovic, an anti-Tito self-exile to his death.

The lure of hard currency inspires the Yugoslavs to put their best foot forward. The national unpredictability offers a certain charm added to the always enjoyable but rarely enjoyed fact that one gets a lot for one's money in Yugoslavia, maybe more than most of us can take in

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SCIENTISTS have found an answer to protein starvation, the world's biggest killer of children. A new cereal food called Incaparina is the hero of this marvelous news. When mixed with water, it costs about a penny a glass and provides as much protein as milk.

An IBM computer helped scientists to develop this life-saving powder. Here is the story from problem to solution.

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Not so long ago the smiles of these Guatemalan children were listless stares. Read how Incaparina®, found with the help of an IBM computer, made this transformation possible.

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Kennedy's Voyage of Discovery

By Sander Vanocur

One golden week last September JFK found out some unexpected things about the West, the Radical Right, and how Americans feel about disarmament.

This trip began, as had so many others before it, on the South Lawn of the White House. It was the morning of September 24, 1963, and John F. Kennedy was leaving by helicopter for Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington, there to board his jet which would take him to eleven states in five days. The theme of the trip was conservation. Its purpose was political. When it had ended, President Kennedy had confirmed for himself what he already suspected—that the test-ban treaty enjoyed wide public support, that the John Birch Society's strength in the West was exaggerated, and that he was extremely popular with the voters. It was for him a trip of discovery.

He waited that morning until the Senate had ratified the test-ban treaty by a vote of 80 to 19. The vote was a great personal triumph. He was a man who seldom displayed emotion before others; but he cared passionately about bringing

an end to nuclear testing, even a partial end to it, and he had made the test ban the touchstone of his entire foreign policy. The House would vote the following afternoon on the tax bill. He had been assured by aides that they had the votes to see it passed, that his presence in Washington would not be required. The news pleased him, for he enjoyed the opportunity to get out of the White House whenever possible. Few Presidents could have loved the White House the way he loved it, in both the personal and the political sense. Yet he had persuaded himself that he could run the country as well from the rear cabin of Air Force One as he could from his office.

I was the network representative in the group of reporters assigned to his plane for the first leg of the trip to Milford, Pennsylvania, that morning, and as he left the White House, he seemed happier than I had seen him in several months. The extent of the grief he felt over the death of his premature son, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, in August was not widely known, and it had only served to intensify his affection for Caroline and John Jr. He had scarcely known Caroline while he was off campaigning first for the nomination and then for the Presidency, but since he had come to the White House, he came

to know and love his children. He was taking his son along on the helicopter to Andrews that morning—as he always did when leaving on a trip—and there John-John would make a fuss about being left behind. As I watched them, I remember thinking what a great shock that child would have when one day he was told the helicopters came from the Air Force and not F. A. O. Schwarz.

When the trip was first announced, late in the summer, Press Secretary Salinger smiled as he described it as “nonpolitical.” He had good reason. The President was flying to eleven states, only three of which he had carried in 1960—Pennsylvania, Minnesota, and Nevada. In ten of these states, there would be Senatorial elections in 1964, with nine Democrats trying to retain their seats. Three of them—Quentin Burdick of North Dakota, Gale McGee of Wyoming, and Frank Moss of Utah—were reported to be facing difficulties. A trip through the West would permit the President to come to the aid of himself and his party in an area where both needed help.

A conservation tour seemed the perfect arrangement. Such a trip had long been urged on the President by such Westerners as Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall and New Mexico's Senator Clinton Anderson. The President had always seemed somewhat reluctant. But in 1963, a freshman Democratic Senator, Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin, joined with the others in urging him to make the trip. Nelson told him that not only was conservation a worthy theme for a President to support, it was also one which could win votes. A great many Americans were becoming worried about the demands of a growing population on recreational space, Nelson argued; hunters, fishermen, and campers all voted, and they cared strongly about this issue.

The idea began to appeal to JFK. Apart from the political advantages, a conservation tour was in the tradition of Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Of the two, I always believed that JFK fancied himself more in the tradition of the first Roosevelt than the second. I never told him whether this was true, so my judgment is personal and subjective. But there were other ties: the belief in the vigorous, outdoor life; the dual role of politician and historian; and the hope that he was the first President since

Teddy Roosevelt to raise his young children in the White House. But on the subject of the West, I always felt the comparison paled. JFK liked the West. He liked its people. But I don't think he was ever completely comfortable there, and for him, the only recognizable phenomenon of nature between Mayor Richard Daley in Chicago and Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh in Sacramento was Old Faithful.

I was never able to understand why. The best judgment I could make was that he was, by temperament and by region, a man governed at all times by a sense of restraint and proportion, qualities which are valued in the West, but not so highly as he esteemed them. On all his trips West, as candidate and as President, he somehow always managed to avoid putting on a cowboy hat, a sombrero, or Indian headdress. He dreaded the idea that he might look ridiculous, so he always accepted such headgear with grace and a remark similar to the one he offered to the Indians in Pocatello, Idaho, who presented him with a war bonnet in September 1960. “The next time I watch television,” he said, “I'm going to root for our side.”

He wasn't helped much by some of his closest aides, especially the Irish Mafia: Kenneth O'Donnell, his appointments secretary, and Lawrence F. O'Brien, his special assistant for Congressional affairs. On one Western trip in 1962, we spent the night at the Ahwahnee Hotel in Yosemite National Park. The Ahwahnee is one of the last of the great railroad hotels in the West. Yet when O'Brien walked through its spacious lobby, breathing in all that good mountain air, he insisted the place was too stuffy and vowed he would speak to Stewart Udall at the earliest opportunity about having the hotel air-conditioned. Later the same night, O'Donnell and O'Brien stood at a hotel window watching the Fire Fall, a park ritual, in which glowing embers are dropped thousands of feet down a canyon wall. When it was over, after much hoopla and delay, O'Donnell turned to O'Brien and said: “I haven't been so excited since my First Communion.”

But JFK became more and more fascinated with the West and was planning to spend a summer vacation with his family on a ranch, possibly just before the 1964 campaign began. He was also increasingly interested in its political importance, for, as he surveyed the country—looking for areas where he might compensate for the expected loss of some Southern states—the West appeared to him to be a political target of opportunity. O'Donnell, sensing the importance of this particular trip, called in Jerry Bruno from

Sander Vanocur, who covers general politics for NBC News, spent a year, as White House Correspondent for NBC during the Kennedy Administration. He is a Northwestern graduate who studied in London and worked for the Manchester "Guardian" and the "New York Times."

the Democratic National Committee to go out and make the advance arrangements.

Some day, a candidate for a Ph.D. in political science is going to enrich the literature with a study of "advance men." In campaigns, they go ahead of the candidates, making all the local arrangements. Most of the time, they act as abominable no-men, for their candidate's interests are not always the same as the interests of the local officials. When this occurs, the advance man, especially if his name is Bruno, always has the last word—which is "no." On the advance for this trip Bruno said "no" so often in Northern California that one local politician started calling him a dictator, telling his aides to clear everything with "Mussolini." But when Bruno had returned to Washington, so great was JFK's interest in this trip, that he walked into the Fish Room of the White House one day as O'Donnell was reviewing arrangements with Bruno and made a few alterations in the plans.

At Milford, the first stop on the trip, JFK spoke at ceremonies dedicating the home of Gifford Pinchot, a pioneer in conservation, as the Pinchot Institute for Conservation Studies. In Ashland, Wisconsin, that afternoon he was reminded of a stopover during the 1960 Wisconsin Presidential primary campaign and he told the crowd: "I am, I think, the second President of the United States to spend the night in Ashland. Calvin Coolidge was here for some weeks, some days, but he never said a word. I was here for one night and spoke all the time."

That night, at the Duluth branch of the University of Minnesota, he made a perfectly dreadful speech, one of the worst reporters could remember. He rambled all over the lot, touching all bases, including conservation. Not once during the speech was he interrupted by applause. The following morning at the University of North Dakota in Grand Forks, reporters groaned as he told a story about Prince Bismarck categorizing the students of Germany: "One third broke down from overwork, another third broke down from dissipation, and the other third ruled Germany. I do not know which third of the student body of this school is here today." We had heard the story a hundred times and we marked down the speech as another lackluster performance.

Though the crowds were large and friendly, the President had not set them on fire and it was becoming increasingly difficult for us to compete in our stories with the news breaking elsewhere. The House was voting that afternoon on the tax bill, and the news was out that American wheat traders had gone to Ottawa to talk with Soviet

trade representatives about the possible sale of our surplus wheat. Reporters on the President's trip sought to make the story better than it really was by concocting vivid leads. The prize that second day went to Peter Lisagor of the Chicago *Daily News*, who began his story this way: "John F. Kennedy has been wandering through the West for the past two days like a strolling repertory player, alternating between the roles of Paul Bunyan and Smokey the Bear."

What Happened in Billings

But late that afternoon of Wednesday, September 25, both the President's mood and style were to undergo a remarkable change. He had been informed by O'Brien by phone from Washington that the tax bill had passed by a greater margin than had been expected. This plus the passage of the test-ban treaty constituted Kennedy's greatest legislative achievements. The crowd which welcomed him in Billings, Montana, was enormous and, considering this was Republican territory, it was enthusiastic. At the Yellowstone County Fairgrounds he was introduced by the state's senior Senator, Mike Mansfield, the Majority Leader. He rose to praise the leadership of Mansfield and of Minority Leader Everett Dirksen in securing ratification of the test-ban treaty. When he mentioned these three words, there was prolonged cheering and applause. He knew that radioactivity was a source of some concern in the West and that the 150 Minuteman missile silos in the state caused anxiety. But even knowing this, he appeared to be somewhat surprised by the reaction to his reference to the test-ban treaty.

JFK had many faults as a speaker—he often threw away his best lines—but one of his more remarkable qualities on the political stump was his ability to shift gears if he sensed his audience was drifting away. In the same way, he could quickly begin to enlarge and embellish a theme if he sensed it was catching his audience. In Billings, he knew after the first response to his mention of the test-ban treaty, that this crowd was his, and he started to develop the peace theme, his right forefinger stabbed the air, and the strident tone of the campaign days returned to his voice.

He talked about the nuclear confrontations of the past two years, the one over Berlin in 1961 and the more menacing one over Cuba in 1962. "What we hope to do," he said, "is lessen the chance of a military collision between these two great nuclear powers which together have the power to kill three hundred million people in the

short space of a day. That is what we are seeking to avoid. That is why we support the test-ban treaty. Not because things are going to be easier in our lives, but because we have a chance to avoid being burned."

We left Billings and flew to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, for the night. I suppose that in retrospect it is easy to make too much of this time and that place as the moment of truth or the instant of discovery. But I thought that night, and have had it since confirmed by those in a better position to know, that the President knew from then on that people in the West were really not very much interested in hearing him talk about conservation. Many of them had come long distances and had brought their children to hear him. They knew more about dams and reclamation projects than he would ever learn. What they wanted from him, what they wanted to hear from any President was a discussion of the more cosmic issues—peace and war, the economy, automation, and the kind of education this society was going to provide for their children.

He welcomed the discovery. It fit the mood he was in. During his campaign for the Presidency, he had often cited Teddy Roosevelt's description of the office, "a bully pulpit." But at least during the first two years in office, JFK showed some reluctance to play to the full the important role of the President as educator. As a total rationalist, he hated to preach and to harangue. But during his third year in office, he felt compelled by events to place more emphasis on this role. His experience in Billings brought into focus what he was to talk about during the rest of the trip.

In Jackson Hole that night, there was a sense of excitement. We finally had a story. Actually, we had only the faintest glimmerings of what had happened, that what we had embarked upon the previous day in Washington had changed from a routine political excursion into an exercise in political discovery. For myself, I remember vividly on two events that night: Salinger and O'Donnell looking up from the dinner table and staring at Stewart Udall in amazement when he suggested that the President might like to get up at five-thirty the next morning for a nature hike; and later in the evening, sitting next to Robert Baskin of the *Dallas News* as he telephoned his office to confirm that JFK would be coming to Texas in November.

In Great Falls, Montana, the next morning, the size and warmth of the crowds continued to amaze the President and Mike Mansfield. At the stadium, the President continued to develop the theme of peace and the test-ban treaty and wove into it

education, a subject which he was planning to use as an issue in the 1964 campaign. He talked about our children as our greatest natural resource and asked: "What chance do they have to finish school? Will their children grow up in a family which is, itself, deprived, and so pass on from generation to generation, a lag, a fifth of the country which lives near the bottom while the rest of the country booms and prospers?"

On the way back to the airport, the President stopped off to see Mansfield's eighty-six-year-old father. It was the President's idea. Mansfield urged him not to bother. But the President insisted. It was gracious and characteristic. When he asked the elder Mansfield how he thought his son was doing, the old man replied: "I think you're both doing a pretty good job."

In the Mormon Tabernacle

On the way from Great Falls to Hanford, Washington, reporters were given the advance text of the speech the President was to make that night in the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. Salinger had been assuring reporters all morning that the speech was not an attack on Senator Goldwater but rather an exposition of the President's views on the complexities of foreign policy. Yet, as I sat on the press plane reading the advance, I came across a passage which deplored the idea that "we pick up our marbles and go home" if we did not get our own way in the world. Salinger was sitting in front of me enjoying a beer, and I leaned forward to remind him that the line was vintage Goldwater. He bolted for the pilot's compartment and got on the radio to Air Force One, demanding to know from a secretary how that line from the original text had found its way into the finished version of the speech. It had been a mistake and he returned to the cabin to advise reporters to substitute a line which no one could say came from the mouth of Barry Goldwater. It was an exercise in futility. All of us wrote stories saying the speech was a refutation of Senator Goldwater's views.

After a brief stop in Hanford, Washington, for ceremonies dedicating a nuclear power reactor, the President flew on to Utah. Salt Lake City that night was the climax of the trip. I could only remember one other occasion like it, that moment during the campaign when John F. Kennedy came to Houston, Texas, in an effort to convince Protestant ministers that a President could be true to his Catholic faith and to the Constitution of the United States. We had heard in Washington

that JFK was not very popular in Salt Lake City, that the area was a bastion of John Birch Society strength. Yet the trip from the airport to the center of the city made us realize that what we had heard in Washington did not square with what we could see in Salt Lake City. The crowds along the route were large, they were enthusiastic, and when he arrived at the Hotel Utah, he was mobbed.

In the Mormon Tabernacle that night John F. Kennedy found his vindication. He had once told an aide who was very close to him personally that if he had to lose the 1964 election because of his stand on the test-ban treaty, then he was willing to pay the price. But from the moment he entered the Tabernacle, he must have known that particular sacrifice would never have to be made. The reception was incredible. The audience applauded him for at least five minutes as he entered, interrupted him many times during his speech, and gave him a prolonged, standing ovation when he had finished. The speech was a plea for acceptance of a complicated world where oversimplification and withdrawal had no place, nor any virtue. Just as he had stood in the center of Europe three months before, urging Europeans not to withdraw unto themselves, he now stood in his own land and asked the same of his countrymen.

"The Best Job in the World"

In Tacoma, Washington, the following morning, he was in a marvelous mood and after hearing a description of the wonders of Mount Rainier, he told the crowd in the stadium to go and see "the Blue Hills of Boston, stretching three hundred feet straight up, covered with snow in winter; then you'd know what nature could really do." He continued the theme that he had been developing since Billings, that the problems we faced—unemployment, school dropouts, and economic growth—were complex, but they would have to be met and solved if we were to be able to maintain our commitments around the world. As he left Tacoma, he was further cheered by news from the State Chairman that his stand on the test-ban treaty would help him greatly in a state where many women voters were concerned about fallout.

The President was due to spend Friday night in the superintendent's cabin at Lassen Volcanic National Park in Northern California, an arrangement which prompted among the press corps many variations on the theme that it was still possible in America for a President to be

born rich and grow up to live in a log cabin. On the flight from Tacoma to Redding that afternoon, Jerry Bruno, still sweating and nervous in the finest tradition of all advance men, stopped to chat with Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln, the President's secretary. He asked her if the President had been pleased with his reception in Salt Lake City. She told Bruno she had never seen him happier. Perhaps it was this satisfaction which prompted him to allow photographers to be brought up from Redding to take pictures of him feeding bread to a tame deer, the kind of corny set-up shot which he had always avoided in the past. He was happy and relaxed that night and told Dave Powers and Kenny O'Donnell that the park superintendent had the best job in the world.

Saturday was the final day for speeches. The first was at the Whiskeytown Dam and Reservoir, where for the first time in public he seemed to accept the idea of a thirty-five-hour work week, and he asked whether or not there would be green grass for people to see when finally they could spend more and more time away from their jobs. In the Convention Hall in Las Vegas a few hours later, in his last speech of the tour, he wove together all the themes he had been developing over the past four days—peace, conservation, education, and the necessity to find jobs for a population which would total 350 million by the end of this century. Here, as in Billings, Great Falls, Salt Lake City, and Tacoma, the crowd was his, and you knew this was no longer a tour, it was a campaign. If John F. Kennedy ever had any doubts about his reelection—and I think he had none—they were dispelled by this trip.

The President relaxed Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday at Bing Crosby's home in Palm Springs, watching football on television, taking an occasional swim in the pool, and discussing with Powers and O'Donnell how well the trip had gone. He returned to Washington, Monday, September 30. Shortly after he walked into his office, he called Evelyn Lincoln in to dictate this letter to Jerry Bruno:

Dear Jerry:

The Western trip represented an outstanding job of organization and planning. Please accept my warmest thanks.

With every good wish,
Sincerely,
John F. Kennedy

Bruno has the letter in his desk at the Democratic National Committee in Washington. He had worked for John F. Kennedy since 1959, but this was the first letter he had ever received from him. It was also the last.

Oswald in Moscow

Priscilla Johnson

What a lonely, intimate interview revealed to one reporter about the troubled personality of President Kennedy's accused assassin.

On a frosty November evening five years ago, I sat in the Moscow hotel room where a twenty-year-old American expressed his soft Southern accent and desire to defect to Russia. With his pale, almost pleasant features and his dark hair, even the young man looked like any of a dozen college boys I had known back home. His name was Lee Harvey Oswald.

I had sought him out a few hours earlier on the advice of an American colleague in Moscow. A man named Oswald was staying at the hotel, the *Moskva*, my friend remarked casually. He was eager to overthrow American and impatient to become a Soviet citizen. "He won't talk to any of us," my colleague added, suggesting that, as a woman, I might have better luck.

An American defector was always good copy for a magazine in Moscow, and I had knocked, I recall, on the door of Oswald's room late that afternoon to find out what I had been told. I fully expected to find a man who would talk. Instead the young man who opened the door readily assented to an interview. He promised to smile that he would be at my room at seven o'clock in the evening.

He came at seven and stayed until two or three

in the morning. Throughout our conversation he sat in an armchair, sipping tea from a green ceramic mug. More tea bubbled softly on a tiny electric burner in the corner. Except for a small gesture of one hand or an occasional tightening of the voice, Oswald's manner was unemphatic. His words seemed chosen to rule out even a hint of emotion. Yet in the notes I made as we talked I find, years later, the repeated marginal reminder to myself: "He's bitter."

In spite of his conventional appearance, I found Oswald, from the outset, extraordinary. From experience I knew just how formidable the long trip from the United States to Moscow can be, even if the traveler has money and a command of the Russian language. Here was a boy of twenty who, with only the money he had been able to save in less than three years as a Marine Corps private, had come six thousand miles with no thought but to live out his life in a country he had never seen, whose language he knew only slightly, and whose people he knew not at all. It was, I thought, a remarkable act of courage or folly.

I was touched by something homemade about him, the way he had tried, as he told me, to teach himself Russian alone at night in his Marine Corps barracks, using a Berlitz grammar, and how he had been reading economics on his own ever since he had discovered Marx's *Das Kapital* at the age of fifteen. I saw him as a little lost boy and, as such boys often are, rather lonely and proud.

Finally, Oswald impressed me because he was the first and, as it turned out, the only "ideological" defector I met in Moscow. Of the two or three other American defectors I encountered, one claimed to be motivated by a belief in communism. All appeared to be fleeing some obvious personal difficulty, such as an unhappy marriage back home. "My decision is not an emotional one," Oswald insisted. He was acting, he maintained, solely out of an intellectual conviction that Marxism was the only just way of life. For this alone he was memorable. In the months, and years, that followed our conversation, I had thought of him often, hoping one day to write a profile of this highly unusual defector. I never wrote it, however, for I felt that the key to this curious boy had eluded me.

Dismally Lonely

I have suggested that nothing about Oswald was more striking than his burial of the emotional actor—a denial, almost, that he had any feelings at all. And yet, looking back, I have two conflicting recollections. One is that he was struggling to hide his feelings from himself. The other is of emotion that would not be hidden. It was the counterpoint between the two, I suppose, that gave me a sense that there were gaping chinks in his armor and that he was too frail, psychologically, for what he had set out to do.

Among the feelings Oswald could not conceal was anxiety as to whether Kremlin officials would grant his request for Soviet citizenship, and whether his funds would stretch until he could go to work or become a state-supported student at a Soviet technical institute. Another was anger, directed mainly, at the time, against officials of the U. S. Embassy in Moscow. These officials, Oswald felt, had stalled him when he tried to take an oath renouncing his American citizenship. Here the tension between his feelings and his effort to suppress them became articulate: "I can't be too hard on them. But they are acting in an illegal way."

He also felt strongly about his mother. About his childhood Oswald was reticent to the point of mystery. He would only say that he grew up first in Texas and Louisiana and had then gone for two years to New York City with his mother. He refused even to say what section of the city he had lived in. Of teachers, or of friends he had played with there, he said not a word. Only that, in New York. "I had a chance to watch the treatment of workers, the fact that they are exploited.

I had been brought up, like any Southern boy, to hate Negroes." When, at fifteen, "I was looking for a key to my environment, I discovered socialist literature. I saw that the description it gave of capitalist conditions was quite correct. It opened my eyes to the economic reasons for hating Negroes: so that wages can be kept low. I became a Marxist." To me, it was as though Oswald wanted to convince us both that he had never had a childhood, that he had been all his life a machine, calibrating social justice.

About his father he was so evasive that I was nonplused. "My father," he told me, "died before I was born. I believe he was an insurance salesman." That was all. Not another word could I pry out of him.

He sounded quite different when it came to his mother. She was ill, Oswald told me, living in Fort Worth with his brother. "My mother has been a worker all her life," he went on, "having to produce profit for capitalists. She's a good example of what happens to workers in the United States." He refused to specify what work she had actually been doing. I asked whether his mother was disillusioned, like him, or worn-out beyond her years? "That's the usual end of people in the United States, isn't it?" he countered. Then came the denial of his own indignation. "It's the end of everyone, in any country. It's a question of why they end up that way. For whom and under what system they work." In spite of Oswald's effort to depersonalize, to blame his mother's suffering on Marxist "social processes," I felt that here was a bitterness too deep for tears. Shortly after this he remarked: "I cannot live in the United States, so I shall remain here, if necessary, as a resident alien." Earlier he had told me that even if Soviet officials refused to grant his application for citizenship, "I would not consider returning to the United States." Throughout the interview he referred to the Soviet government as "my government."

Since Oswald had traveled thousands of miles to build a new life in Russia, I expected that he would be wasting no time learning all he could about the country. He would be anxious, I as-

Priscilla Johnson may be the only person who has met both J. F. Kennedy and Lee Oswald. After getting her M.A. in Soviet studies at Harvard, she worked for a short time in 1953 in the office of Senator Kennedy as his researcher on Southeast Asia. Her meeting with Oswald occurred during her two-year stay in Moscow as correspondent for North American Newspaper Alliance. She is now in Cambridge, Massachusetts, at work on two books on Soviet affairs.

sumed, to see how the socialist economic theories he believed in were working out in practice. That was where I had my biggest surprise. The life he was leading in Moscow was a dismally lonely one. Most of each day he spent sitting alone in his hotel room waiting for the telephone to ring. If he thought it was his mother calling from Fort Worth to beg him to come home, he wouldn't answer. Every time it rang, though, he hoped it was some Soviet official calling to announce that his request for citizenship had been granted.

Oswald seemed to feel helpless in the Russian language. "I was able to teach myself to read and write," he said. "But I still have trouble speaking." The only expedition he had taken on his own in nearly a month in Moscow had been a walk to Detsky Mir, a children's department store only two blocks from our hotel. He seemed proud that, in the scramble of Soviet shoppers, he had managed to elbow his way to the fourth floor buffet and buy himself an ice cream cone. He insisted that he had seen the "whole city of Moscow" and "the usual tourist attractions." But he would not name a single landmark he had actually visited. For all his struggle to get to Moscow and his efforts to stay, he appeared to lack even the curiosity of the ordinary American tourist.

Although Oswald claimed that he had visited Russians in their homes, his vagueness left me uncertain as to whether he had actually struck up a single unofficial friendship. He would only say: "Moscow is an impressive city because the energy put out by the government is all used toward peaceful and cultural purposes. People here are so well off and happy and have so much faith in the future of their country. Material poverty is not to be seen here." These generalizations and, above all, Oswald's own walled-in existence led me to conclude that he was strangely blind. Not only was he not looking at the life all around him. He was making an heroic effort not to see it.

I had a similar surprise when it came to his grasp of Marxist economics. For hours we discussed this; apart from his defection, it was the topic that seemed to interest him most. Worried at him now, I tried to warn him of the disappointment which I felt he might encounter if he came in contact with Soviet life as it really is. I argued that there are poverty and injustice in any country, including the Soviet Union, which is undergoing rapid industrialization. The worker has to be paid less than the value of what he has created if there is to be capital for new investment. Oswald agreed. To him, however, the

social system for which this injustice is endured was the crucial thing. Soviet workers, like Americans, he observed, "are paid a wage. But the profit they produce is used to benefit *all* [here he gave one of his rare waves for emphasis] of the people. *They* have an economic system that is not based on credit and speculation." Somehow, after listening awhile, I concluded that his views were rigid and naïve, and that he did not know his Marxism very well.

In one sense, however, his outlook seemed to fit that of orthodox Marxism. Not once in all our hours of conversation did Oswald so much as mention a single political leader, not President Eisenhower, nor Fidel Castro, nor then Senator John F. Kennedy, nor Josef Stalin, nor Nikita Khrushchev, nor anybody else. If he saw individual statesmen as either heroes or villains, he certainly gave no sign. On the contrary. For him impersonal Marxist social categories—"exploitation of the worker," the "capitalist system of profits," "militarist imperialism"—were explanation enough of the world's ills.

Destroying an Abstraction

Since this brings us to the assassination, I am impressed by the terrible irony of that deed, if Oswald was, in fact, the assassin. For Marxism has traditionally rejected assassination as a weapon of political struggle. According to Marxist philosophy, those whom we call leaders only appear to lead. In reality it is they who are led by the historical forces around them. The latter, in turn, are determined by the economic modes of production. Thus, in the view of Lenin, assassination was at best irrelevant. I doubt that Oswald was aware that he was violating Lenin's writings on individual terror when—and if—he pulled the trigger last November 22. I suspect, rather, that he was not Marxist enough to realize that his was the ultimate anti-Marxist act.

I should like to make another observation that is outside my recollections. Oswald's defection to Soviet Russia could, as it happened, have been a dry run for the assassination, if he was—again—the assassin. For both actions he had to acquire a skill: in the one case, Russian, which he had learned imperfectly at the time I met him; in the other, marksmanship, which he evidently mastered much better. Both deeds took months to prepare. For the first he spent, as he told me, two years saving money, learning how to get cheaply to Russia, where to apply for a Soviet visa (Helsinki), and how to go about contacting the

proper Soviet officials once he arrived in Moscow. For the later deed he had to purchase a rifle inconspicuously, wait for Kennedy to visit Dallas and for a route to be announced, arrange to station himself along it without arousing suspicion, and so forth. Lee Oswald was a failure at nearly everything he tried. But two supremely difficult feats he did accomplish. I saw two qualities in him that could have been crucial to his success in each: single-mindedness and secretive-ness.

"For the past two years," Oswald told me, raising his voice a little, "I have been waiting to do this one thing [defect to Russia]. For two years I was waiting to leave the Marine Corps." Throughout those two years, during which he had been saving money and learning the mechanics of defection, he had been so single-minded that he had even taken care to "form no emotional attachments" to girls, since such attachments might weaken his resolve.

Throughout those two years, moreover, he evidently concealed his intention to defect from all who were closest to him. No one at home suspected which way his ideas were tending even when, at the age of fifteen, he began reading Marxist literature. "My family and my friends in the Marines," he explained, "never knew my feelings about communism." Yet he had harbored those feelings for five years, and for the past year had been studying Russian at night in a Marine Corps barracks with inquisitive buddies all around him!

If Oswald was secretive about his personal life, refusing even to reveal to me how his mother earned a living, what section of New York City he had lived in, or how many brothers he had, he was equally evasive about the circumstances of his defection. He declined, for example, to say whether he had informed Intourist, the Soviet travel agency, of his intention to remain in Russia, how much he was paying for his room at the Metropol, who, if anyone, back in the United States had advised him on how to go about defecting, what Soviet government agencies he was dealing with in his request for citizenship, or even what books by American communist authors he had read. While discretion was no doubt appropriate in response to some of these questions, he was, I felt, making mountains of secrecy where other boys might have made a molehill. This tight-lipped, conspiratorial attitude that was already so pronounced when I met him could, however, have been invaluable during the long months preparing for the act of November 22.

To enter again into the realm of speculation, I

should like to mention that from the moment he was arrested on November 22 it seemed to me unlikely that Oswald would confess to shooting the President. Unless, of course, his resistance were broken by extraordinary methods. If I understood him at all, I believe that refusal to cooperate with authority, expressed in a refusal to confess, would have been nearly as much a part of the social protest he was trying to make as the act of assassination itself. In my opinion, the two would have gone inseparably together.

Another of the ironies in which this case abounds has to do, it seems to me, with Oswald's attitude toward Kennedy as a man. I believe that Oswald may well have been less jealous of Kennedy's dazzling personal attributes—his wealth and good looks, his happy fortune in general—than many men to whom the idea of shooting the President never even occurred. Oswald was preoccupied with himself, not with other men. The good fortune of others, their riches and fine features, did not define him to himself as poor or ugly. Less than many men did Oswald strike me as "desiring this man's art and that man's scope." I believe that the John Kennedy he killed was not, to him, another human being who was richer and better endowed than he, but a surprisingly abstract being, a soulless personification of authority. (In a scornful aside about Marine Corps officers Oswald indicated to me his contempt for anyone in authority over him.) That Kennedy, perhaps more than any world leader of his time, happened also to wear authority with a gaiety and grace that might well have aroused the envy of others is probably beside the point in assessing the motives of Lee Harvey Oswald.

The Desire to Stand Out

No matter how steadfastly he might have resisted the efforts of his inquisitors to break him down, I believe that Oswald yearned to go down in history as the man who shot the President. Even if he would not and could not confess, he had, at least, to be caught. For if there was one thing that stood out in all our conversation, it was his truly compelling need—could it have been a response to some childhood humiliation?—to think of himself as extraordinary. A refusal to confess, expressed in stoic and triumphant silence, would have fitted this need. In some twisted way, it might also have enabled him to identify with other "unjustly" persecuted victims, such as Sacco and Vanzetti and the Rosenbergs.

While in one sense Oswald may have wanted to go down in history with a question mark over his guilt, surely in another sense he had to be marked for all time as the man who killed President Kennedy. Conflicting as these two needs—to be caught, yet not to confess—may appear, in reality they were part of a single compelling desire: the desire to stand out from other men.

To the trained psychiatric eye this desire must, I believe, have been written all over Lee Oswald. It became apparent to me, however, only after I had asked several questions arising from a suspicion I had that, for all his unassuming appearance, Oswald was merely another publicity seeker. How, I asked, did ordinary Russians view his defection? "The Russians I meet," he replied, "don't treat me as any celebrity." Somehow the way he said it made me feel that to himself, Lee Oswald really *was* a celebrity.

Later on, I asked Oswald if he would suggest defection as a way out for other young men who, like himself, might be dissatisfied with conditions

back home? "I don't recommend defection for everyone," he warned.

It means, he went on, "coming to a new country, always being the outsider, always adjusting." Lesser men, he seemed to imply, might not be up to it. But he was.

As a means, however, of proving his "differentness," if that is what it was, defection seemed to have failed Lee Oswald. Back in Texas, people forgot all about him. Even among the Russians, he ceased after a while to stand out as a curiosity. To be marked as the extraordinary person he needed to be, he had to perform a yet more memorable, and outrageous, act.

That Oswald did, in fact, see himself as extraordinary came out unexpectedly when I asked him why he had been willing to grant me an interview at all. I expected a simple response. That he was homesick, maybe, and wanted someone to talk to. Instead, he surprised me. "I would like," he replied, "to give the people of the United States something to think about."

The Man from the Alaska Highway

by William Stafford

SOME rainy mornings before citizens get up
a foreigner in a white raincoat wanders
the schoolground, appearing and reappearing,
putting mushrooms in a plastic sack sopped with rain.
I watch through my dim window
wavy with water from the eaves.

He's a road builder. He told me once
the more a big freeway seems to wander in level
country the more planned it is: "A straight
road puts drivers to sleep. The knack is
to find the curve and lean the driver's
shoulder needs to find."

Geese came over last night.
Once he told me the Yukon bends millions
of dollars worth, even without any gold.
I looked at a map and saw that Alaska, the way
it happens along, can never—no matter what
anyone says—be just a state.

Today I went out at first light.
The road builder wasn't around, but I
leaned with my umbrella and saw
hundreds of mushrooms, almost hidden,
gleaming here and there,
nudging up through the playground.



Isabell the Inscrutable

by Charles G. Finney



It was in 1931 that we hired a Papago girl, one generation removed from what was in most respects still the Stone Age, to be our housekeeper. There were the three of us maintaining bachelor hall in Tucson; my brother, who was with the Forest Service; our friend, who was with the Border Patrol; and myself, who worked for the *Arizona Daily Star*. We lived in a large house near the already-beginning-to-decay Snob Hollow of Tucson, and paid only token rent for the place; it was part of an estate which was in litigation and would remain so for a number of years. It was a substantial, two-story house, built before 1900, with five bedrooms and two baths, full of once-expensive but now old-fashioned furniture. All its pipes and wires and drains were in good repair, and it was cool in the summer and warm in the winter. It was no beauty, but it was the most comfortable house I have ever lived in. After we had been there for nearly four months, we agreed that the place deserved better care than we were giving it. The beds should be made once in a while; the furniture needed dusting and polishing; the sink ought to be cleaned up. So we hired Isabell to do those things for us, plus some simple cooking.

To the west and southwest of Tucson is the San Xavier Indian Reservation, a 4,500-square-

mile expanse, which has been the home of the Papago Indians for some fifteen thousand or more years. Isabell had been born out in its vastness eighteen years before we hired her. Her family then had lived in a daub-and-wattle shack, and her grandmother had used stone utensils—*mano* and *metate*—to grind corn with, and a clay, igloo-shaped oven to cook it in. Isabell was the first of her family to learn to read and write. In 1931 in Tucson there was a small settlement of Papago along Twenty-second Street, a few huts of adobe brick and mud roofs. Isabell was staying in this settlement when we hired her.

Shading the street where we lived were big chinaberry trees; it was an unpaved, rutted mud street and had once been the Camino Real of the Conquistadores. The Papago from the reservation or the Twenty-second Street enhutment would tether their horses and wagons to those chinaberry trees after they had sold their firewood, pots, and baskets, and then go wandering off to downtown Tucson to spend their money. The squaws and children, after a fill of window-shopping, soda pop, and sweet rolls, would return to the wagons to await the return of the bucks, who had gone out looking for firewater and would not come back until they were in the almost-passed-out stage. This firewater, though banned

throughout the land by the Volstead Act, was made readily available to the bucks by enterprising Latin Americans who made a precarious living selling bootleg liquor to Indians. Tucson police rarely arrested a Papago; it was simpler just to get him back to his wagon and dump him in and let his squaw drive him back home, often a day-and-night trip. It was the buck's right and privilege to get soused whenever he could afford it.

Just how word got around that we three bachelors were looking for someone to keep house for us, we never knew, but get around it did; and the first of those who came seeking the position was Isabell. The usual wagons were under the chinaberry trees, and the Papago themselves were off on their usual rounds downtown when Isabell came knocking at our door, catching all three of us, for a wonder, at home. She wore a blue cotton dress, was the color of dull mahogany, stood about five feet four, and was as round as a dumpling. Her face was without expression. Her hair seemed to be of the consistency of a horse's tail or mane. Our Border Patrolman answered her knock. When he saw her he thought her appearance must herald some call to duty for him on the San Xavier Reservation, some appeal for help from the aborigines. But Isabell looked at him with black, grave eyes, and said, "You want girl to keep house?"

"Well, uh . . .," said the Border Patrolman.

"I take job. This very nice house," said Isabell.

He was doubtful, but he was also a gentleman, and he asked her to come in. He summoned my brother and me. "This young lady would like to keep house for us." Then, as she didn't say anything, and neither did we, he set about interrogating her. Border Patrolmen, whose chief mission is the apprehension of aliens illegally in this country, always question everyone they get a fair chance at.

Q. Now, what's your name?

A. Isabell.

Q. What's your last name, Isabell?

A. Is Indian name. Not meaning anything.

Q. Whereabouts do you live on the reservation?

A. Not living on reservation.

Q. Where do you live, then?

A. In house . . . over there.

Q. Well, you used to live on the reservation, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. Well, then, what was the name of the place on the reservation where you used to live?

A. Is Indian place. Not meaning anything.

Q. Is it close to the San Xavier Mission?

A. No.

Q. Where did you go to school?

A. No go to school.

Q. Yes, but you can read and write, can't you?

A. Sure.

Q. O.K. Where did you learn how?

A. Missionary teach me.

Q. Whereabouts?

A. Indian place. Not mean anything.

Q. What was the missionary's name?

A. He no tell me.

Q. Well, was he a Catholic missionary, or a Presbyterian?

A. He no tell me.

Q. What about your family?

A. What about family?

Q. Well, do they know you've come here looking for a job, and stuff like that?

A. What stuff?

Q. Did they bring you?

A. Who?

Q. Your family.

A. No.

Q. Well, who did bring you?

A. Old man.

Q. Your old man?

A. I no got old man.

Q. Well, who told you to hit us up for a job?

A. Nobody.

Q. How many are there in your family?

A. Don't know.

Q. Didn't you ever count them? Can you count?

A. Sure I count.

Q. Well, how many, then?

A. Some in Sonora, some in Yuma. How I count them?

Q. O.K. How many of your family are on the San Xavier Reservation right now?

A. They not on reservation. They at Gila Bend.

Q. O.K. O.K. Now, do you realize what working here will mean?

A. No.

So we decided Isabell would be just right for our housekeeper, and we told her the job was hers. "I use telephone," she said; and she went straight to it, even though it was down the hall and in another room. She gave the operator the number she wanted, and, when she got her party, began a conversation in Totokowany—her dialect—which lasted ten minutes. That done with, she said, "I go get my stuff." She came back in about

Charles G. Finney's novel, "The Circus of Dr. Lao," has been made into a movie by George Pal and will be released this year as "The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao." Born in Sedalia, Missouri, Mr. Finney joined the "Arizona Daily Star" in 1930. His other published fiction includes the novel, "Past the End of the Pavement," and a notable story in "Harper's," "The Iowan's Curse."

in more minutes, pushing an old baby buggy piled up with her personal belongings. The buggy had been in the wagon in which she had ridden to town with the old man from the Twenty-second Street village.

The first white people to encounter the Papago had been Franciscan missionaries and Spanish conquistadores, around 1539. The Spanish adventurers called the Papago the "know-nothing people" because, whenever asked anything, the Papago, after some reflection, would say he didn't know. This reply has stood the tribe in good stead ever through all the years.

They were an amiable people, surprisingly industrious in their agricultural pursuits, and definitely averse to going on the warpath. The name they gave themselves was Aw-o-tahm—the People. But they had some cousins who lived along the Gila River and practiced irrigation; these cousins looked down upon the dry-farmers of the desert and called them Pahpah-vi Aw-o-tahm—Bean People. The Spaniards, whose refined ears could detect a sneer in any language, delightedly adopted this appellation, casting aside the less subtle "know-nothing" label. But their vocal apparatus, adjusted to Castilian, couldn't run out the insult the way the Gila River people's tongues could; and Pahpah-vi—as pronounced by the Latins—became Papago, and has remained.

Not that the Bean People cared. It was the custom then for one of their medicine men to guard and keep up-to-date the tribe's history book. This was a long mesquite stick from which the bark had been removed. When anything happened which the Bean People considered noteworthy, their historian-medicine man would make a notch on the stick and compose a song to go along with the notch. Stick and song would be passed down to his successor; thus the tribe had a sort of record of decisive events; heavy rains, no rain at all, good deer hunts, bountiful harvests. But the Conquistadores made so little impression on the Bean People that they were recorded not a single notch.

Isabell, according to our standards—which, admittedly, were anything but severe—proved to be an adequate housekeeper. She anticipated our getting up in the morning, which varied sharply from individual to individual (in my case, rarely before noon), and would have coffee ready for us, and orange juice, toast, and bacon and eggs if we desired. Other than cooking, I never saw her do anything, for she always waited until all of us had gone for the day before touching beds,

broom, dishes, dustpan, or rag. Nevertheless, the house, under her care, always looked neat and presentable.

Tucson's social totem pole in those days, as worked out by an ethnologist at the University of Arizona, stood thus: Anglo, Mexican, Chinese, Negro, Papago, Yaqui. Economically, this usually meant that if you were rich you would hire a white maid; if just pleasantly rich, a Mexican or Negro girl. Papago girls were sometimes employed in institutional service, rarely in households. No one had Chinese houseboys anymore, the Chinese having derricked themselves up from the railroad peonage days to the restaurant-and-grocery-owning echelons. No one hired a Yaqui for anything. Going wages for Papago house girls were a dollar a day, and room and board.

We congratulated Isabell once or twice on her industry, each time asking her where she had learned the housekeeping arts. By reluctant degrees, she admitted that she had been in domestic service before and eventually told us, without our asking, that she had learned the trade in a sanatorium under a white woman who had been a martinet of a taskmaster. While learning to sweep and dust, use the phone, and cook on a gas stove, she also had learned to hate and despise the woman who was ordering her about. She took a vow that she would never work again for a white woman in Tucson. Charring for white men, she admitted, was an entirely different thing; and when we put it to her challengingly: Was she satisfied working for us? she gave a soft grunt which we interpreted as being an earnest of assent.

As do many people when they first come to Tucson, we three men had become fascinated by the surrounding desert, in particular by its fauna; and we had collected a selective group of desert dwellers which, on Isabell's arrival, were either running loose in the patio that bordered the house on three sides, or else were confined in cages. Thus the Border Patrolman had a badger which accommodated itself in a burrow under the bird-of-paradise trees. I had three Agassiz tortoises which nosed and waddled around the patio. My brother had a matched pair of tiger rattlesnakes which he kept in a big box on the veranda. He fed them on lizards; they were so tame they would take the lizards from his hand when he held them down by the tips of their tails.

We had thought that Isabell, being a desert creature herself, would make friends with our pets. Instead, she hated them with venom, particularly the tiger rattlesnakes; and she said she

would never set foot near where their box was, much less sweep the veranda there. She hated the badger and the tortoises, also, but not with the intensity she directed toward the rattlers. We moved the box of vipers to the garage; she thereafter avoided the garage as if it were a gas chamber. We were surprised, but not particularly upset, by this behavior of hers, for we had already decided that Isabell was as worthy of study as were snakes, badger, and tortoises.

One of the things we found out from cursory readings at the University of Arizona library, was that Papago children feared all animals, not only by instinct but also because that fear had been drilled into them by their elders. Most of all, they feared snakes, for snakes carry tales about the Papago—wicked, lying tales—to the spirits of the underworld; and when a Papago dies, these snake-informed spirits pop up and confront the poor Indian with a list of misdeeds he is alleged to have committed. My brother had caught his tigers in the Coyote Mountains, forty miles southwest of Tucson, in the heart of Papagueria, so undoubtedly the reptiles would have much to tell the spirits, not only about Isabell, but about the Bean People as a whole. Learning this, we were pleased that we had sequestered them in the garage where they couldn't be spying on Isabell all the time.

Isabell had watchdog qualities and a selectively retentive memory. She would never let anyone in the house if none of us was home, and she always compiled a mental book on whoever came when we weren't there. "Was big fat man. Dirty. Mean. I think is cop. Want to see Mr. Richard." (Mr. Richard was the Border Patrolman. Isabell always called us by our first names, affixing the Mr. as a sign of respect.) "Was old man. White. Sell Watkins stuff. Want drink of water. I say . . . " "Was woman in green slacks. White. Mean. She say who live here? I say none her business." "Was postman. Mexican. Want two cents for letter. I say no." "Was boy. Nigger. I not let him say nothing. Tell him go way quick."

This attitude toward the stranger was inbred, I think, in Isabell, and was a tribal thing. After the Conquistadores had come and gone, the Bean People had been forced by the raiding Apache to

live in defensive villages, primitively fortified and walled, and be wary of all who came to them from across the desert. The Apache menace was abated forever in the 1880s by the United States Army, and the Papago lived in peace thereafter, his defensive villages gradually falling into complete disuse, but the old suspicions seemed to remain.

Isabell was very friendly with the Tucson Chinese, particularly with the grocer down the street from whom we bought most of our food. We had a charge account with him, and Isabell would take her basket and go shopping at his little store two or three times a week, signing chits in our name. The grocer always gave her a bottle of orange pop when she came in with her basket; he elicited from her the dates of our

birthdays and, when those days came around, sent her home with a carton of cigarettes for the birthday boy. "She nice girl," the grocer once said to us about her. "Not like damn Mexican bitch." When we relayed this trade-last to Isabell, she replied immediately, "He nice man. Not like damn Mexican son of bitch." Sometimes she could be startlingly quick on the uptake.

This Sino-Bean People affinity had roots of a sort. Both Chinese and Papago had originated in the same place—Asia. The theory, as propounded by the anthropologists, is that the ancestors of the North American Indians came out of Asia some twenty thousand years ago,

crossed over the Bering Strait, then presumably dry land, and began the population of the continent. Isabell's ancestors drifted south, settled down in comfortable caves near Tucson, and became Papago.

One of these caves is the Ventana, 110 miles west of Tucson in the Castle Mountains. Archaeologists from the University of Arizona began a dig there in 1941, and by tree-ring and radio-carbon dating concluded that the Ventana had been occupied for ten thousand continuous years. Papago were still using the cave intermittently when the dig was begun. There was proof that the ancient Papago had been a mighty hunter; his prey included the mammoth, the prehistoric bison, the four-pronged antelope, the sloth, the tapir, and the primitive horse. All these beasts



are now extinct in the Ventana region, but the people that turned their flesh into food and their bones into awls are not extinct.

The Chinese grocer's ancestors—much more immediate than Isabell's—had also come to southern Arizona from Asia, not on foot across the Bering Strait, but in boats across the Pacific. Isabell's people had fitted their ways into the calm rhythm of the desert, and had then stood stationary. The grocer's people, volatile, imaginative, industrious, had clawed their way up from railroad labor gangs, and started individual family enterprises. Isabell's people could bequeath her only a hut, a horse, and a wagon; this Chinese grocer put his eight children through the university and, when he died, left them property holdings in Tucson worth about half a million dollars.

We paid Isabell on the second and seventeenth of each month, fifteen dollars at a time; and after awhile began to wonder what she was doing with all her money, for she got her room and board free. We found out through various subterfuges that she was giving her parents twenty dollars of it every month, and keeping ten for herself. On the reservation where family ties were very strong, the young people always helped support the old. Isabell was maintaining her parents in a style that few of the other young Indians could hope to match. But never once did we see Isabell's father or mother, or her brothers and sisters. We asked her why, when her parents were in town, she didn't bring them to our house and introduce them to us. "They no speak English," she said. "But you can interpret for us, Isabell." "They very old. They no understand." "How old?" "Maybe forty; I dunno." "Well, that's not old. Ask them in some time." "No. You just make fun of them."

Of that money which she reserved for herself, some went for clothes, and some went for movies, the only amusement on which she would expend hard cash. The previous owner of our house, a widow, had been a motion picture addict and had subscribed to every screenland magazine on the market. Over the years she had accumulated a stack of the publications that took up a large portion of one room. Isabell discovered them almost immediately, and thereafter spent hours in a cushioned window seat overlooking the patio, slowly, by one-finger-pointed-out word at a time, studying the intimate off-screen activities of the Gish sisters, the Beery brothers, the Barrymores, Richard Barthelmess, Norma Shearer, Billie Dove, and Louise Brooks. On the mirror of her dresser she pasted up a picture—culled from a

very old magazine—of Billie Dove in her undress as the Queen of Sheba. We never could find out why Billie was accorded this particular honor, but it seemed evident that her great beauty could fascinate even a stolid Indian girl.

These movie magazines served to stimulate Isabell's interest in motion pictures themselves, and she began to go twice weekly. The cowboy and Indian pictures were of prime interest. The Indians nearly always appeared as villains, and nearly always got shot, but this did not seem to disturb Isabell. She saw one western three times. It featured a young blonde who ran the ranch for her aged, imbecile grandfather, and, as daily occurrences, fought off rustlers, crooked bankers, outlaws, and Indians. The grandfather called her Empress; for a joke, we started calling Isabell Empress, too. She didn't mind it at all, for by then she had completely identified herself with the embattled blonde; and the blonde's travails were Isabell's travails.

Once—once only when Isabell was with us—we had some Anglo girls in as guests at a picnic supper in our patio, and we asked Isabell if she would mind fixing up some stuff for the girls and us to eat. "What kind of stuff?" she asked suspiciously. "Well, they're from the East, and we thought maybe they'd like some real Indian chow: tortillas, beans, squash, you know."

"To make fun of Indian, huh?" said Isabell, beginning to sizzle. "I no cook damn thing. You want stuff like that, you go to Mexican store, buy it. How long they stay here in my house?"

She was playing her Empress role to the full. Annoyed, we did go to a Mexican restaurant and buy Mexican food for the picnic. It was good—all Mexican food is good—but the affair wasn't much of a success. Isabell refused to appear until the guests were seated in the patio. Then she stationed herself at a window, and just sat there and stared. She did stoop to doing the dishes after the party was over and the guests had departed, but with a certain ill grace which suggested that she thought the Anglo girls had somehow befouled the utensils. "Our Empress," said Mr. Richard, "will brook no rivals near her throne."

That September, after she had worked for us about eight months, Isabell told us she would be taking a day or two off. There was to be a family affair on the reservation which she wished to attend. "A festival?" we asked; for the Papago has many festivals. "I guess so," said Isabell, after some thought. "A religious festival?" "No, I don't think religious."

It wasn't, either. Many of their festivals were religious, however, for the subtle Catholic missionaries, far from trying to stamp out the pagan Papago rites, had reinterpreted them to fit in with Romish rubrics and homilies; and the Papago accepted this with enthusiasm. The padres instituted many new festivals also and the Papago cheerfully adopted them all, reinterpreting some of them himself, as if, indeed, to show the fathers that interpretation worked both ways.

The festival for which Isabell took her leave of absence was a purely Indian festival, and was known as the puberty dance. Isabell, being eighteen, had celebrated her puberty dance some four or five years before. Now, she was going to attend the dance for a young cousin whose tremendous hour had arrived.

The Papago regard puberty as a thing of awful and mysterious power; the woman now can reproduce her own kind. Within her now resides the mighty, elemental thing which makes the desert bloom after the rain, which doubles the numbers of the herds, which repopulates stricken villages, which is the only source of the continuity of life. For four days each month, when her fertility cycle comes upon her again, the woman must be sequestered for purification in a special hut—each family maintained one hidden out in the desert scrub. No man dare look upon her nor touch her during this time. So it was in the old days, and so it still was when Isabell worked for us. But apparently some dispensation was granted the Papago woman who worked in the city.

Isabell packed some belongings in a brown paper bag, said a casual good-bye, and disappeared down the street . . . off for a chant and a shuffle under the moon, in the shadow of Baboquivari, the Papago's highest mountain, which brooded over his reservation and was the home of his greatest gods.

Puberty dances, minimally, lasted four days and nights; but if a good one got going, it could string out for a month. The wealthier the family, the longer the dance was apt to last, for the family had to feed the guests at least once a day, and there had to be enough tiswin always to go around. Tiswin is made from the fruit of the saguaro—the giant cactus. A colorless drink of unpleasant taste, mildly intoxicating, it is brought forth in quantities during puberty dances.

Everybody danced; puberty girl, family, in-laws, guests. The men and women stood alternately side by side in two lines facing each other. Each dancer put his left hand on the shoulder of

the dancer next to him; with their right hands the dancers held blankets in front of them, like a long row of blankets on a clothesline. The songleader made rhythm with a big rattle to accompany his chanting. The Papago are a great singing people, and songleaders had to be particularly gifted. They have three favorite words they weave in and out of all their songs: *rain, mountain, wind*—lovely words to desert dwellers, for rain makes the bean grow, mountains provide them with caves, wind blows their cobwebs away. And it was of rain, mountain, and wind that the songleader chanted—never of the immediate business at hand. His lyrics were very simple, and everybody sang with him. The lines of the dancers shuffled together, then shuffled apart, the blankets swaying, the dust stirring. It was a very slow dance, just back and forth, back and forth. At the command of the songleader, a break was taken, and tiswin was passed around. The next reel briskened noticeably. In those days, this was the only dance where physical contact between men and women was allowed, segregation by sexes being the rule in all the others. After enough breaks had been taken, and enough tiswin consumed, complete license among the unmarried sometimes took place behind the fluttering blankets, and gaps would appear in the lines of the dancers. A formal recess was proclaimed at midnight, and a supper of rabbit, beans, corn, and coffee was served. Then the dancing was resumed. When the old songleader ran out of steam, a new one stepped in. As for the puberty girl, she danced in as a maid, but sometimes danced out as a woman.

So our Isabell went as a guest to the puberty dance of her young cousin, stayed one week, returned to her household duties with us, and, two months later, told us she was going to have a baby. When we asked her who the putative father was, she said she didn't know.

Well, at least it was nothing that was considered secret or furtive or shameful; unwed mothers-to-be were as common as *ollas* among the Papago, and no stigma at all was attached to their condition. The love child, once it arrived, lived in the home of its mother's parents, and was accorded all the rights and privileges that the child of a properly married couple could claim. The elder people quite often kidded their unmarried daughter about her condition; not because the Papago have dirty minds, but because they considered the thing a source of honest amusement and laughter, and, indeed, of pride. All the young Papago sooner or later married, the

ceremony being an agreement between their respective parents, and what offspring had preceded the nuptial blessing were thereby legitimized. With marriage, promiscuity ended. In the good old days among the Papago, adultery was punished by death.

After Isabell informed us about her condition, we did some calculating and estimated that we had until next May before any decisive steps needed to be taken. Isabell had been so roly-poly to begin with that her condition was to show hardly at all, and she was never sick a day. She sang to herself more often than had been her custom, but that was the only change we immediately noted.

Later, however, she began to observe an increasing number of taboos. She ceased making fun of the spastic Negro boy who sometimes passed our house, for fear her own child might be a spastic, too. She avoided dogs, because dogs had been known to make papooses ill. Most astonishing of all to us was the switcheroo she made about the tiger rattlesnakes. Overnight, almost, she became seized with the fear that my brother might get the notion in his head to kill them. Previous to the puberty dance affair nothing would have pleased her more, but now she wanted those snakes kept alive and happy. One day she came back from shopping at the Chinese grocer's with three baby mice—in a little paper bag—which the grocer had given her from one of his traps. She asked my brother to feed the little rodents to his tigers, and he did so, and she was pleased. "That make them very happy, no?" she asked. "Never saw two happier snakes in all my life," said my brother. "Good," said Isabell.

Mr. Richard, the Border Patrolman, undertook

to analyze this new behavior. "You see, if the snakes were to die now unfed, they'd go to the underworld and start telling tales to the spirits about Isabell and her upcoming papoose. But if they go happily, their tummies full of mice and their mouths full of laughter, they will probably be inclined only to say nice things about her. So Isabell wants them kept well-fed and happy. See?" The Chinese grocer had mice aplenty in his store, and he was only too happy to trap them for Isabell. This enterprise of hers made complete sense to him, because he came from a land of imperative taboos himself and sympathized with her need for reassurance. Mostly, however, when she wasn't thinking about taboos, Isabell just loafed around, keeping her own self happy, because the happier the expectant mother, the happier the coming child would be.

After about seven months had passed, we suggested to her that she make plans for going to the Stork's Nest, a downtown lying-in facility, for her accouchement, and arrange for a doctor, but she would have none of it. "I know all about it," she said, meaning the mechanics of giving birth to a child. "Maybe I ask my aunt; I dunno."

"But where are you going to have it, Isabell?" we asked. "Are you going back to the reservation?"

"Course not! I have it here. Out in patio, I think. Is good tree there. I show you."

We went out in the patio with her, and she directed our attention to an aged mesquite, some of the branches of which paralleled the ground at a height of about four feet. "This fine place," she said. She proposed, when her time came, to put a mattress and sheet under those branches, seize



the branches in her hands, position herself over the mattress, and deliver her baby upon it.

We said, "My God, Isabell, you can't do that! Not here."

"Is way I born. Is way my mama born. What's matter with it? I have my aunt come. Is nothing wrong with it."

Well, what was wrong with it? Obviously, it had worked for thousands of years, and there was no apparent reason why it shouldn't work again in our patio. Nevertheless, we made a private pact among ourselves that Isabell or no, aunt or no, when her labors began we would rush her to the Stork's Nest; and our Border Patrolman went to the Nest and made the necessary arrangements.

That spring and summer proved a most fruitful time in our patio. Near my bedroom window, a Circe hummingbird built her spiderweb nest and hatched two chicks. My Agassiz tortoise female laid fifteen eggs, and they hatched. A new badger which our Border Patrolman had acquired produced two kits. My brother's tiger rattlers had four snakelets. The Chinese mulberry trees were clotted with berries. The pomegranate bushes sagged with pomegranates. The palm trees oozed dates. The olive tree blackened with olives. The barrel cacti sprouted pods, the mesquite proliferated with beans, the rosebushes blushed with blossoms. Everything that had a reproductive mechanism employed it at maximum capacity, and duplicated its kind many times over.

Amidst all that burgeoning we kept eying Isabell more and more nervously, wondering when she would join in the abandon. Again and again, we rehearsed our plans for dragging her off to the Stork's Nest. We kept asking her when her great day was due. "I no tell you," was all she would say.

"She is full of low animal cunning. She'll outsmart us yet," said my brother.

There was now, too, the pressing matter of a name for the coming infant. Isabell had given the problem quite a bit of thought, and, disregarding all our suggestions, flatly said, "If girl, I call him Sally. If boy, I call him Mr. Leverett." Leverett was my brother's name, and he had suffered under it for twenty-eight years. "I'll be damned if you do," he said. "That name will never be inflicted on another helpless child if I can prevent it." "Is pretty name," said Isabell. "I like." And she went off humming to herself. "Mr. Leverett, Mr. Leverett, Mr. Leverett."

Whether or not Papago women actually can time such things, I do not know, but one Sunday afternoon when the three of us were safely away,

Isabell summoned her aunt, who had been sitting like a passive hen in a wagon down the street under the chinaberry trees, and, with her, went out in the patio and delivered her firstborn under the spreading mesquite. When we came home, the aunt summoned us with quiet finger and led us to Isabell's room. Our young Empress was sitting up in bed, fondling and attempting to nurse a very small papoose. "Is Sally," said Isabell, as proudly as if she had brought forth a queen.

The late 1930s were seminal years for the Papago. The New Deal had established the Civilian Conservation Corps, and the CCC's tentacles spread out even into the far reaches of the San Xavier Indian Reservation. The Papago themselves had little or no idea of what an alarming thing an economic depression was, having always more or less existed in one; but the young braves easily understood and quickly approved the idea of being paid wages twice a month for leaning on shovels, and gladly they joined the CCC ranks. Over the long years the Papago had discovered that the white man had many things the red man did not have, and that all these things cost money. Denim jeans were better than G-strings; Army shoes better than open-toe clogs; Winchesters better than throwing sticks; Camels and Chesterfields better than desert tobacco; Fords and Chevies better than horses and wagons; muscatel better than tiswin.

So the young braves went to work, and the old order began to pass, and the Papago made the most impressive changeover in his thousands of years. All things change. Tucson, once ringed with a mud wall to keep out the Apache, now is ringed with eighteen Titan II missile silos to keep off the Russians. Kitt Peak in the Quinlan Mountains, once the home of a Papago god, now is the site of the world's largest solar telescope. When Sally was three years old, Isabell married a husky young Papago CCC subforeman, and he built them a four-room adobe house out on the reservation to live in. When Grandmother Isabell comes into Tucson these days—Sally is grown-up and has children of her own—she comes no longer in a horse-drawn wagon. How could one ever get a horse and wagon across the Freeway? Besides, there are no chinaberry trees left to hitch the horses to. Isabell comes to Tucson in a pickup truck; and she has to park the truck beside a meter; and she has to keep putting nickels in the meter, or else move on, lest the Tucson police give her a ticket for staying—as is the sedentary nature of the Papago after fifteen thousand years—too long in one place.

The Costly Mysteries of Defense Spending

Arms and the Big Money Men, Part II

by Julius Duscha

Who gets the big contracts . . . how profits are pyramided . . . and where McNamara is trying to strip off the gold plate.

Nestled in the mountains of West Virginia is a \$70-million monument to the inexcusable waste that has become an accepted part of our national "defense" program. All we taxpayers have to show for this particular expenditure is an unfinished underground structure that was to have been an operations center for the Navy's Big Dish project. This plan for a gigantic radio telescope to eavesdrop on the world from the top of a mountain at Sugar Grove was dropped after the Navy belatedly discovered that the Dish would not be needed because instruments in communications satellites were much more sensitive listening posts.

But the admirals do not like to abandon sinking ships, so they tucked into last year's defense budget another appropriation of nearly \$4 million to convert the remains of Big Dish into a radio receiving station. (It always takes more money to make a boondoggle useful.) In arguing for the rescue operation Senator Robert C. Byrd of West Virginia appealed to the pork-barrel instincts of his fellow Congressmen by pointing out that his

state was "at the bottom of the totem pole when it comes to defense installations."

But why worry about a mere \$70 million that has slipped overboard in West Virginia when a full \$3.7 billion was lavished by the Air Force on twenty-two SAGE centers scattered across the northern part of the country? Early in the 1950s SAGE was sold to Congress as part of a sophisticated radar system that would use computers to give instant warnings of the approach of Soviet bombers. The only trouble is that SAGE is not yet fully operational, and this is now the missile age. "The great problem," Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara has pointed out, "is that in a missile age we must assume the Soviets will first attack with missiles before their bombers attack, and almost certainly among the targets for their missile attack would be our SAGE centers."

In the \$50-billion-plus defense program, however, \$3.7 billion is minor in comparison with the \$8.6-billion stockpile of "strategic" and "critical" materials stored in warehouses throughout the country. Since metals—copper, zinc, and other ores—make up most of the material in the stockpile, this program does for the Western mining industry what the farm-price-support program does for farmers—keeps prices artificially high. More than a third of the stockpile—\$3 billion worth at least—consists of materials that would

not be needed in time of war; 61 of the 74 kinds of materials are far in excess of any possible defense need. Yet these stores cannot be dumped on the market without raising havoc with the price of domestic metals as well as with world markets.

The surplus is large not only because of changing estimates of potential wartime needs but also because Western mining interests succeeded early in the 1950s in pressuring the government into making the stockpile a subsidy for them. In 1954, when a mining strike caused a temporary increase in copper prices, twelve companies that had agreed to furnish copper for the national stockpile went to the government to ask to be relieved of their obligations so they could take advantage of the rising market. They were excused from their federal contracts and were able to pick up \$3 million in quick profits.

The huge and prosperous M. A. Hanna Company, whose chairman, George M. Humphrey, later became Secretary of the Treasury in the Eisenhower Administration, was among the many large firms to profit from the stockpile subsidy program. From 1955 to 1960 the government bought nickel from the Hanna Company at a contract price of 91 cents a pound, at a time when commercial nickel prices varied from 64.5 to 74 cents. In those six years the company's nickel division showed an astounding 57 per cent profit—while the entire mining industry earned 8.4 per cent. Altogether, it cost the taxpayers some \$20 million to help Hanna. In fairness to that firm, however, it should be noted that when it accepted the government's order for nickel, the metal was in short supply throughout the world, and the market price was considerably higher than it was in the years when Hanna made its deliveries.

As the stockpile of metals has grown, so has the supply of fissionable materials. Although the United States already has on hand enough nuclear weapons to destroy the Soviet Union several times over—as President Kennedy acknowledged twice during the debate over the test-ban treaty last year—the mining of uranium and the production of plutonium still continue under contracts made some time ago.

The cutback ordered by President Johnson in January was the first substantial attempt to inject common sense into the program. However, the production of fissionable materials means not only more weapons but also jobs in such atomic energy facilities as the ones at Oak Ridge, Tennessee; on the Savannah River in South Carolina; and at Hanford on the Columbia River in

Washington state. Also involved are large corporations—including the Kerr-McGee mining companies. It is no wonder that tentative efforts by the Defense Department to cut back by \$1 billion its purchases of fissionable materials from the Atomic Energy Commission are being opposed by the interested parties.

But sometimes the various stockpiles get too big even for the Defense Department. From 1958 to 1962 the military disposed of \$31.5 billion worth of surplus property, or an average of \$6.3 billion a year. It realized only from two to three cents on every dollar's worth of discarded equipment and property, most of which was sold for scrap since obsolete weapons seldom are useful for any civilian purpose.

Plunge Without Plan

This magnitude of waste is generally blamed on the speed with which weapons must be developed in the missile age and the swiftness with which strategic concepts change. A missile capable of being propelled at supersonic speeds from the United States to the heart of the Soviet Union obviously had to be developed quickly without regard to its cost.

"When the potential payoff is extremely great," Secretary McNamara has said, "correspondingly great costs and risks are justified." All too often, however, he told the Senate-House Economic Committee, "large-scale weapons-system developments, and even procurement programs, have been undertaken before we had clearly determined that there existed a suitable technological base on which to draw."

The futile, fifteen-year effort to develop a nuclear-powered airplane—at a cost of \$1 billion—is one of the most expensive examples of the Defense Department's propensity for plunging ahead without adequate planning. Relatively little was spent on developing an efficient nuclear reactor small enough to be used in an airplane; most of the money was spent on efforts to design a weapons system and an air-frame, with parts, tires, and oils that would resist radiation. Large

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sums were thus used to support a flight-test program before any progress had been made toward getting the plane in the air.

Another expensive example—this one cost the taxpayers only half a billion—was the effort to develop a jet-powered flying boat. The Navy wanted a fast plane to lay mines. It had to be able to take off and land in six- to eight-foot waves, carry a payload of 30,000 pounds, and have a range of 900 miles. Although tests of models disclosed basic design deficiencies, more than \$200 million was spent on the production of the plane before the whole project was finally canceled.

Congress Looks Away

Congress has tolerated such huge waste because anything done in the name of defense is practically immune from criticism on Capitol Hill. (Though not entirely immune, as we shall see later.) As I pointed out in the first article of this series, the kind of waste that is condoned in the Pentagon makes the mistakes in such heavily criticized programs as foreign aid and farm subsidies seem minuscule.

Yet, Congressional committees have never investigated Pentagon blunders like the Big Dish, SAGE, the nuclear-powered airplane, or the jet-propelled flying boat. The stockpile of strategic materials was the subject of a Senate investigation, but in the eighteen months since the hearings ended its size has increased.

Not until McNamara took over as Secretary of Defense three years ago were efforts made to apply a tight checkrein on new projects, to insist that weapons be more carefully thought through before being put into production, to prevent duplication among the services; and to break up the close and expensive relationships between the services and their trusted contractors. During the 1950s the Army, Navy, and Air Force acquired so many wasteful habits that it will take years to change their ways. Nor is there any sign that Congress is prepared to carry out the kind of investigations that would be required to clear the way for efficiency in the Pentagon and in the nation's defense plants. When Members of Congress speak out against military waste, their warnings generally fall on empty Senate and House chambers.

One important—and traditionally American—way to prevent waste in purchasing military supplies would be to insist on competitive bidding for Pentagon business. For more than a century, open competition for government contracts has

been recognized as the best method to assure honest and efficient spending of public funds—although some defense agencies, notably the Navy, have long preferred other methods. But as the defense program has rapidly expanded and as the sophistication of weapons has increased, competitive bidding has steadily decreased. The Pentagon favors *negotiating* contracts with suppliers it decides are best qualified to do the work. In the last ten years the services have spent nearly all (84 to 89 per cent) of their funds for defense goods and services under such contracts.* Many of the negotiated contracts do result from design and cost competitions, but these are limited and the results are not binding on the officials making the procurement decisions.

There are many valid reasons for the letting of contracts through negotiation rather than publicly advertised competitive bidding. Modern weapons cannot be bought off a shelf, as Congress recognized in 1946 when it granted authority to the military for negotiating peacetime contracts. But this authority—which the services had assured Congress would be used sparingly—has now become the preferred Pentagon method for letting contracts.

Often, a contractor is chosen to develop a weapon and then allowed to produce it without any Pentagon effort to find out whether he can do the job better and more cheaply than anyone else. Sometimes in such situations close relationships develop between the contractor and the military service he is working for, and military officers and civilian employees of the services cross over to take better-paying jobs with industry.

Competitive bidding not only avoids compromising involvements; it almost always saves the taxpayers money. After studying a series of cases where competitive buying replaced negotiated contracts, the General Accounting Office concluded that competition means average savings to the government of 25 per cent.

Some of the savings that have resulted from competition were even greater. The price of fluid for hydraulic equipment on airplanes dropped from \$25 to \$15 a gallon when competitive bids were sought before purchases were made. Electric motors went down from \$614 to \$280, a reduction

* The \$50-billion defense budget is divided roughly into \$20 billion for salaries and allowances; \$10 billion for clothing, medicines, and other goods; \$20 billion for development and production of weapons and other equipment. It is in the last category that waste is most understandable, since much of the work is on the frontiers of knowledge and rush may be a military necessity.

of 54 per cent. Eight-inch howitzers declined in price from \$68,044 to \$41,415, or by 39 per cent. The price of some complicated radio communications equipment went down 43 per cent. Fins for the Talos missile cost \$1,360 when purchased competitively. This was a drop of 32 per cent from the negotiated figure of \$1,998.99—which obviously was not the bargain-basement price that it would seem to be.

One of the most outspoken and persistent advocates of competitive bidding in the Pentagon is Republican Representative Earl Wilson of Indiana, who made daily speeches on the House floor for three weeks last winter to document his charges that contracts often are negotiated when competitive bidding could be used to purchase equipment more economically. A rotund man in his fifties and a flamboyant speaker, Wilson got interested in Defense Department procurement habits when a friend of his lost out on a contract year after year through dealings that proved to be illegal.

Buddies on the Business Side

Another case cited by Congressman Wilson involved the Collins Radio Company of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The Navy negotiated a contract with Collins for the development of an advanced and highly sensitive walkie-talkie radio. When the radio was successfully developed at a cost of a million dollars, the Navy decided not to seek competitive bids for the construction of 670 sets that it wanted built immediately, and instead negotiated another contract with Collins. Wilson contends that the Navy's failure to seek competitive bids cost the taxpayers an additional and unnecessary million dollars.

"I had a Navy rear admiral tell me," Wilson said, "... that he is consistently amazed at the way Collins anticipates and is able to get sole-source contracts to fill present and future requirements of the Navy. In the next breath he admitted that Collins seldom, if ever, wins a competitive procurement, and he admitted that at least 134 Collins employees are former Navy employees. ... In short, the inference here is plain—here is a company with a locked-up inside track to Navy money."

At Wilson's request, the General Accounting Office counted the former Navy officers and civilians who went to work for Collins in the six-year period from 1957 to 1962. Included among the 134 former Navy men the GAO found on the Collins payroll were a rear admiral, a captain, a

design engineer, and several commanders, contract negotiators, radio engineers, and other technicians skilled in the Navy's ways.

In discussing the Collins case Wilson has emphasized that so far as he could tell no laws were violated and that all of the dealings were according to well-established rules. But, he added, "one of those rules is evidently to hire ex-service people who have friends and influence inside procurement sections."

Wilson has also been disturbed by another series of radio contracts. These were for radio sets to be mounted on Army vehicles. The contracts were negotiated with the Avco Corporation after Courtney Johnson, as Assistant Secretary of the Army during the Eisenhower Administration, ruled that insufficient information was available for competitive bidding. Six months later Johnson left the Defense Department with the change of Administrations, but in two months he returned to train his successor, Paul R. Ignatius. Later in 1961 Johnson left the Pentagon again, this time to become a consultant to Avco. Shortly thereafter Ignatius decided that a second round of radio purchases should also be negotiated with Avco rather than bought through competitive bidding. Wilson has produced figures to show competitive bids would have saved the Army \$35 million on these radios.

The movement of officers and civilian employees from the Pentagon to the industries is a costly drain. Every important defense contractor has retired generals or admirals, colonels or commanders on his payroll. Civilian specialists who can find their way through the labyrinth of Pentagon procedures also forsake government service for the better-paying defense industries. The Defense Department has no control over what civilians do when they leave government employ, and regulations applying to the activities of retired officers prohibit them only from participating in direct buying and selling activities involving the services.

The most recent count of retired officers employed by companies doing business with the Pentagon was made by a House Armed Services subcommittee. It showed that more than 1,400 retired officers were on the payrolls of the hundred largest military contractors. General Dynamics alone employed 186 retired officers, including three generals and twenty admirals. Lockheed: 171, with five generals and 22 admirals. North American Aviation: 84, with two generals and six admirals. Boeing: 72, with two generals and three admirals. Salaries were good, too. Though most were below \$20,000, they ranged up to \$100,000 a

year, and that's on top of the retirement pay given retired officers by a grateful nation.

The House subcommittee, which was headed by Democratic Representative F. Edward Hébert of Louisiana, concluded that "the 'coincidence' of contracts and personal contacts with firms represented by retired officers and retired civilian officials sometimes raises serious doubts as to the complete objectivity of some of these decisions." The subcommittee also rejected arguments made by retired officers and defense contractors that such officers are has-beens totally without influence among their former colleagues. "Surely," the subcommittee commented, "industry is not employing historians at lush salaries. Industry buys what the employee knows. It buys knowledge which can be converted into sales for a profit."

The influence of so-called "advisory" councils to the Defense Department and to the services presents problems not much different from those involved in the hiring of retired officers by industry. Republican Senator John J. Williams of Delaware once called attention to the unbelievable size of surplus feather stocks owned by the military and suggested that one reason for the surplus might have been an advisory board on wartime feather needs, which turned out to be made up of feather merchants who appeared to be feathering their own nests.

Although advisory committees always raise difficult questions about possible conflicts of interest, McNamara established a major new one at the Pentagon. It is the Defense Industry Advisory Council, and its twenty members include representatives of the big defense contractors. So far, the council's meetings apparently have been devoted to the discussion of legitimate problems involving defense contracts and have not resulted in any instances of undue industry influence. But the danger is ever present when the relations between defense contractors and the Pentagon are so close and so constant.

The Pyramid Called "Nike"

As part of an effort to break up the close relationships that have developed between the services and their contractors—and constitute a key element in the military-industrial complex that former President Eisenhower warned against—McNamara is trying to force the services to bring competition back into military procurement. One important method is to divide new weapons into component parts as soon as possible after they are developed so that competitive bids can be

sought on each part. The individualistic Vice Admiral Hyman G. Rickover demonstrated the feasibility of this method some years ago—even in constructing the most sophisticated equipment—when he directed that the work on the atomic submarines be split up so that competitive bids could be obtained and knowledge of this new technology could be more widely spread.

With President Johnson's backing, Secretary McNamara is also trying to reduce the number of contracts in which the government guarantees to pay the cost of the work plus a fixed fee or profit. In 1952 these cost-plus-fixed-fee contracts, which carry neither an incentive for efficiency nor an element of risk for the contractor, amounted to only 13 per cent of the value of all defense contracts. By 1961 they had increased to 38 per cent. McNamara has been able to bring the figure down to less than 20 per cent, and his goal is to reduce it to 12 per cent within another year and thus save \$600 million annually. He is trying to get the services to write contracts providing for higher profits to contractors who reduce costs.

The loose contracting and subcontracting practices that mushroomed in the 1950s along with the missile race also led to widespread pyramiding of profits. Contractors were allowed not only to take their usual profits on work they did themselves; they also were permitted to take the same profit margin on work done for them by subcontractors, who in turn had already figured in their own profit.

The only detailed study of the profit-pyramiding in missile production was made two years ago by the Senate Investigations subcommittee headed by Democratic Senator John L. McClellan of Arkansas. The subcommittee examined contracts and subcontracts for the Army's Nike system, which cost \$1.5 billion over its first decade and is still being developed as an anti-missile weapon.

The prime contractor for the Nike work has been Western Electric, a subsidiary of American Telephone and Telegraph Company. But Western Electric subcontracted about 75 per cent of the work, mostly to Douglas Aircraft. Douglas in turn subcontracted 80 per cent of its work, principally to Fruehauf Trailer and Consolidated Western Steel, a subsidiary of U. S. Steel. Thus, there were three tiers of contractors, and at each level the firms were taking profits not only on the work they did but also on the work that was done for them.

When the bills from Douglas and the other subcontractors who dealt directly with Western Electric reached the top, Western Electric figured it had earned a profit of \$112,500,000. This amounted

to 31.3 per cent on its own work and 7.9 per cent when it was spread over the subcontracted work, too.

It costs money for a contractor to administer and oversee subcontracts. But both the Western Electric and Douglas contracts included provisions to pay for such administrative costs before profits were to be figured. Officials of both Western Electric and Douglas defended their taking of profits on subcontracts by noting that this is the customary way of doing business, with private as well as government customers. They also said that neither the Defense Department nor the Renegotiation Board, which reviews defense contracts and profits, had found anything wrong with the arrangements criticized by the Senate subcommittee as the pyramiding of profits. But Senator McClellan demanded a further explanation.

In answering, Donald Douglas, Jr., president of Douglas Aircraft, included advertising as a necessary expense that should be paid for by the government. (According to present practice, advertising must be limited chiefly to recruitment if it is to be charged to the government.) Douglas declared:

One of the principal methods for acquainting the public at large with the important role our company plays in our economy and in our national defense is through advertising. Experience has shown that this enables us to attract and retain more qualified employees. In a sense, it can fairly be said that our advertising identifies our personnel with the defense of their country in much the same way that his uniform identifies the soldier, sailor, or airman.

Douglas argued further that the development costs of his firm's civilian aircraft—including even the DC-3, which was placed on the market in the 1930s and has not been changed in any basic way since then—contributed to the company's ability to carry out a missile contract. Therefore, part of the cost of developing the DC-3 could properly be charged off to the Nike work. But McClellan was certainly not convinced, and he said:

This attempt by Mr. Douglas to minimize the size of his company's real profits is entirely unsupported by the facts. His attempt to charge expenses of commercial endeavors of his company against his actual profit on the Nike missile production, in an effort to diminish or conceal the true nature and extent of his missile profit, is patently improper and unjustified and cannot be approved or allowed to stand.

Yet it was allowed to stand. The taking of profits by prime contractors on work done by sub-

contractors has become an accepted part of the defense program. But most taxpayers, who are the ones paying the profits, would undoubtedly agree with McClellan that such profit-taking is difficult to defend.

All this does not necessarily mean that defense contractors in general are making excessive profits. In fact, at this moment nobody knows for sure whether the overall profit figure is too big or too small; McNamara has studies under way which he hopes will give him the answer. Some figures now available seem to indicate that the typical profit on defense business is rather modest. For example, 4,680 contractors who did a total defense business amounting to more than \$32 billion for the fiscal year 1963 have had their contracts audited and renegotiated. Their combined profits came to \$917 million, or 2.9 per cent—and this was before taxes and before the deduction of any costs that might be disallowed by the government. Moreover, almost \$7 billion worth of business resulted in losses for the contractors—a loss amounting to 6.6 per cent of the money paid them by the government, before taxes and nonallowed costs.

Before anyone can decide, however, whether a profit of less than 3 per cent on sales is too much or too little, a lot of other questions have to be examined—such as the return on invested capital, and the value of special assistance provided by the government to certain contractors. Frequently, for instance, the Defense Department provides equipment or facilities, or helps in the financing of defense work by making advance payments. And, as Admiral Rickover has pointed out, profits may be hidden in cost figures that often are all but impossible for the government to check.

"Extensive profits can be hidden in costs just by the way overhead is charged or how component parts or material are priced," he has said. "The government agency may never know how much the equipment actually costs to produce and how much profit the contractor makes in producing it."

"Safety" Can Be Gold-plated

Defense costs are also often increased by building into equipment marginal or unnecessary features. Sometimes such "gold-plating" can be defended in terms of safety or performance, but frequently—as the result of inefficiency or laziness in the Pentagon—an item that could be produced on the assembly line is kept a custom-

made job because that is how limited production began.

Fortunately, some instances of safe and economical trimming can be cited: A commercial hydraulic device replaced the specially designed electronic "mule" for opening and closing the underground Minuteman missile silos, and the cost of each "mule" dropped from \$555,000 to \$80,800. A similar substitution cut the cost of a lift truck for another missile from \$2,480 to \$385. When excess capacity in a brake-fluid container for the T-38 airplane was eliminated, costs per unit were reduced from \$175 to \$52.

To try to bring some order out of the vast and unconscionably wasteful defense effort, Secretary McNamara set up the Defense Supply Agency to handle purchasing of certain common items—such as food, uniforms, and trucks—which are used by all of the services. The mere establishment of such an agency was a triumph. Ever since the Defense Department was set up at the end of World War II to try to unite the services, central supply has been bitterly fought by those admirals and generals who seemed bent on preserving the identities, peculiarities, and rivalries of each service at whatever cost to the taxpayer. Whenever such an agency was mentioned, they muttered foreboding words about a "fourth service."

But nothing of the sort has happened. In its first two years the agency took over the purchase and management of one million of the four million separate items that the services feel they must have to meet the requirements of modern warfare. The agency is already saving taxpayers some money as it cuts its way through the procurement jungle in the Pentagon. In the past, one service frequently has sold for scrap what another was buying.

McNamara's efforts to avoid duplication have extended even to the development of complicated equipment like the TFX airplane, which was the subject of a year-long investigation by the McClellan Committee. Over the protests of both the Navy and the Air Force, McNamara ordered the development of an advanced fighter plane that could be landed on the deck of an aircraft carrier and could also meet the Air Force's maneuverability and range specifications.

If the Navy and the Air Force had each been allowed to produce its own plane, two production lines and two pipelines of spare parts and other support equipment would have had to be set up. As it is, the Pentagon's huge inventory is crammed with extra parts for servicing the great variety of airplanes maintained by the

Navy and the Air Force. Many of the airplanes perform substantially the same missions and vary only slightly in design.

In fact, both the Air Force and the Navy have so much unnecessary equipment that they cannot keep track of it. Recently, the General Accounting Office reported that \$147 million worth of equipment had disappeared from the Navy's records while the Air Force had "lost" \$164 million worth.

But McNamara is making progress. He can substantiate claims that the defense program would have cost a billion dollars more than it now costs if he had not been able to achieve savings, principally by forcing the services to buy only what they need and to eliminate gold-plating of weapons. He has also saved money by getting more competition into the procurement system and by closing unnecessary bases and other facilities. In addition, the Defense Department's creaky machinery for measuring contractors' profits has been reexamined, and tighter standards are being established, particularly to prevent the pyramiding of profits. By 1966, McNamara hopes, these everyday savings will total well over \$3 billion each year.

The job undertaken by Secretary McNamara has not been easy; nor is there any reason to believe it will be any easier in the future to prevent a fiasco like the shattered Big Dish project, or a \$3.7-billion investment in obsolescence like the SAGE project, or the spending of other funds on ventures like the atomic-powered plane and the jet-powered flying boat.

In defending McNamara on the Senate floor last winter, Mike Mansfield of Montana, the Majority Leader, declared it would be "gross naïveté to assume" that pressures will not increase as decisions affecting the jobs of millions of Americans are made in the Pentagon.

"What the Defense Department does or does not do," he said, "has come to have great importance not only for defense but for the well-being of business, labor, and whole communities scattered throughout the nation. We must be ever mindful, lest in determining what is necessary for military defense we become so obsessed with the extra margin for safety that it grows into a fear-fed monster which, in the end, devours that which it is designed to safeguard."

Next month (continuing this series): Could the economy stand substantial reductions in defense spending in the event of disarmament? Is the transfer of huge government defense expenditures to a new monster—the space program—the only way out of the disarmament dilemma?

The Horrors of Bomarzo

by Prince Giovanni Borghese, Duke of Bomarzo

as told to Maria Luisa Boggeri Ambrosini

A descendant of two ancient families searches memory and dark legend to discover what kinds of people made this garden of grotesques four centuries ago.

Fifty miles north of Rome, the Gardens of Bomarzo—known also as “the sacred wood”—lie in a narrow valley at the foot of the great fortress castle of the Orsini. It is a land of violence and mystery. Everywhere there is the whisper of invisible streams. The vegetation is curiously lush. Even in late fall the gardens are alive with red and pale green leaves and dark gray weeds. Gigantic statues, sculptured four centuries ago, are scattered among the oaks. They were carved *in situ* from the rock—a volcanic tufa glittering with mica. Some of them are unmistakably Oriental, others Michelangesque. Some are horribly cruel, others sensual.

In the foreground is the head of an ogre, so large that a room has been made inside it. When a fire is built in the room a red light shines from the ogre's eyes. Nearby is a dragon fighting a lioness for possession of her cubs; one of the cubs is crushed under the dragon's belly. A huge elephant seems at first to be a circus beast to ht a child, but closer examination shows it ding a dying warrior with its trunk. A ess holds a torch, with the hair of the public area as carefully carved as that of the head. A mermaid wears the headdress of a Javanese dancer, her massive scaled legs separated in a split at right angles to the body. But the most unforgettable is the statue of a giant tear-

ing apart a young human body by the legs. The victim—one cannot tell whether it is a man or a woman—is held upside down, the mouth distorted into a square with the agony, the arms already lax. The greatest horror is the face of the giant. It is totally expressionless, as if he is unaware of destroying a living body.

The gardens were rediscovered by my family, the Borghese, at the beginning of this century. Built by the Orsini, they had been claimed by earth and silence for hundreds of years. Even the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with their love of Gothic terrors, failed to discover them. Goethe wrote with delight of the Villa Palagonia near Palermo, with its statues of dwarfs and deformed persons, but he never mentioned the Gardens of Bomarzo despite their closeness to Rome, where he had spent so long a time. Bomarzo statues received little public notice until the 1940s, when Salvador Dali visited them. He had been told of the gardens by a friend in Rome and made an expedition, accompanied by reporters and photographers. (He infuriated the Mayor of Bomarzo by asking to buy two of the statues.) There was more publicity shortly after when Princess Margaret came to the gardens with the Prince of Hesse, a painter and nephew of the late king of Italy. Questions of how the gardens were created, by whom, and why became subjects of heated argument.

Although my family did not purchase the fief of Bomarzo until 1838, we had by then been associated with it for three centuries. In 1619 sixteen-year-old Camilla Orsini and eighteen-year-old Marcantonio Borghese were united in marriage by Pope Paul V, who was a Borghese.



Photographs by David Lees

Since 1634 we had held Collepicolino and Castel Vecchio, part of the larger fief of Bomarzo. With the purchase, an important part of the Orsini records relating to Bomarzo also came into the possession of the Borghese.

Legends of Violence

It was the work of my mother that first brought attention to the gardens after so long a time. Educated in England, she was especially interested in history and archaeology. She came to Bomarzo as a bride, early in this century, and lived there the first years of her marriage. It was wild country then, a hideaway for robbers. When she explored the gardens she was fascinated by the stone monsters. She had them cleaned of moss and underbrush and the debris of centuries. I played in these gardens when I was a child. Our four-hundred-room castle was a labyrinth and a playground. In the evenings my mother would gather us around her by the fireside and read us stories about the Orsini legend. But from the gentle fireside scene we would escape to the servants' quarters, where we were told other things about the Orsini—their rope torture, the trapdoors which gave way under anyone who had angered the lord, and how their ghosts still haunted the countryside, accompanied by the demons they had called up.

By the 1940s, when the gardens became a topic of public discussion, we had sold the estate. When I visited it last, the castle itself was the property of the commune. Part of it has been made into apartments for public officials, the officers of the *carabinieri*, who have been so realistically interpreted in the De Sica films. On Sunday afternoons the marshal sits in one of the great suites, drinking coffee and good local wine and talking politics. There is a fence around the gardens now; inside it, the great stone monsters seem like animals in a zoo. A guard charges admission at the gate.*

Bomarzo has been part of the history of man for a very long time. A large Etruscan colony once lived here, and several of their necropolises been found in the vicinity. After them came the Romans, who called the place Polymartium—Mars—a name that later became

are open to the public on Saturdays and Sundays throughout the year. Frequently during the winter, however, the gatekeeper retires to the warmth of his home in the small village of Bomarzo. But this presents no serious problem, since there is almost always a willing youngster on hand to run and call him.

Bomarzo. The Orsini family emerged from the shadows at the end of the thirteenth century. Its founder, according to legend, was nurtured on the milk of a bear; hence the acceptance of a wild beast's name as the family surname. With the support of the church, the Orsini rapidly assumed the role of a royal family. Their family tree had so many tangled branches that it is impossible to reconstruct their genealogy fully. They were fierce enemies of the Colonna, and that struggle must have developed in the Orsini the cruelty and ruthlessness necessary for survival. Bomarzo came into the possession of Gian Corrado Orsini in 1502, and he converted the fortress into a castle. It was his son, Prince Vicino Orsini, who constructed the gardens, sometime between 1555 and 1585.

Information about Vicino is fragmentary, but what has been published about him and what I have found in my own archives are sufficient to construct a picture of him. Betussi, a poet of his time, wrote courtly poems in his honor and described him as a genius with "an immense, almost fatal physical beauty." Francesco Sansovino, a historian, described him as a man "of honorable presence and kingly aspect, who loved not only arms but letters, in which he showed facility and a fertile imagination." We know of his patronage of Hannibal Caro and other artists, but it is probable that the verses inscribed at Bomarzo were his own. These show a thoughtful man troubled by the mysteries of life and death, with a mocking realization of the eternal contradiction of things. One Latin inscription reads:

Eat, drink, and enjoy yourself;
after death there is no delight.

Disdain all things which are of the earth;
after death comes true delight.

One finds happiness between the two extremes.

Of Vicino's personal life we know little except that he was married to Julia Farnese—not the "Julia la bella" whom Pope Alexander loved, but

Prince Giovanni Borghese of Bomarzo, a direct descendant of the historic Borghese family, is a former naval officer who spends much of his time sailing, administering his estates, and studying the arts. He has also made documentary films for RAI, including one on Palestine.

Mrs. Ambrosini, who lives and works in the old Trastevere Palace in Rome, is preparing a book on "The Secret Archives of the Vatican." She has done graduate work at Columbia University and has served on Italian and UN committees dealing with social and welfare problems.

The photographs of the gardens are the work of David Lees.

a virtuous and generous woman. Vicino must have loved her very much, for the castle bore their intertwined initials everywhere, especially in their bedroom. When she died he built a temple in the sacred wood in her memory.

A Wilderness Kingdom

To understand Prince Vicino, one must consider him against the background of the medieval court of Bomarzo. The Italian culture of the Middle Ages flourished in the great cities, but associated with it was a lesser-known culture which existed in the rural courts, the half-royal autonomous communities which great families had built up in the wild, isolated countryside. There are suggestions of such courts in the Arthurian legends. Some of the men who were knights under Arthur were kings in their own country; they came from the rural kingdoms like that of the Orsini. In such courts the arts had a chance to develop independently. The works of the great artists were widely known, but the will of the rural prince directed the course of the artistic development in his own community. The art of his own court reflected his personality and philosophy far more than we would now think possible. In those days a prince often worked side by side with the artists he had hired—partly to participate in the experience of creation, partly to make sure that the completed works would conform to the vision that he himself had had of them. It was such a prince who embarked on the artistic project of developing the gardens of Bomarzo.

I am inclined to think that it was a park of monsters long before the Orsini and their sculptors came. I remember an old local legend that there was an earthquake centuries before, and that the stones from which the monsters were carved fell into the valley at that time. It has always been a place of both human and natural violence. Stones that had been exposed to the elements might well have had strange shapes, and it may have been the shapes of the rocks that gave Vicino the idea of sculpturing them. One large piece of unfinished rock, for example, resembles the head of a giant turtle. I agree with those anthropologists who say that art began when primitive man noticed such accidental resemblances and then emphasized them with his tools.

Why did Vicino build these gardens? To judge from the inscriptions, one motive was a megalomaniacal desire to exceed and to astonish:





Just as Rhodes and all other marvels
that the world has prized
Must yield to the sacred wood
That itself only
And nothing else resembles.

Another motive must have been to express his philosophy. The statues portray a world of struggle, of superior force overpowering weaker force as destiny overpowers man, and a world of eroticism.

We can be certain that the gardens were created for the private use of the prince and his court. In those days the life of the castle was so separate from the life of the common people that the court had its own dialect, its own economic system, and its own place of prostitution. These gardens may have been a sort of private Gardens of Alexandria for the court. Small carvings in some of the niches suggest that there may have been some pornographic intention. Such pleasure grounds were not unusual in the ancient world—the Emperor Hadrian had his island near Tivoli, and Tiberius his palace in Capri.

Who actually made the statues? The legend still surviving in the Bomarzo countryside is that they were the work of Turkish prisoners captured at the Battle of Lepanto in 1571 and brought to Bomarzo by the Orsini. The legend which has been handed down within the Borghese family, although not very different, has it that in one of the Turkish raids on the Italian coast before the Battle of Lepanto numbers of Turkish prisoners were taken, among whom was an artist. Two versions of the artist's nationality exist, however: one says he was a Persian, another a Turk.

Both these theories have recently been challenged. One critic, Pieyre de Mandiargues, contends that it is ridiculous to believe there were men in the Turkish fleet capable of such work. Some of the statues, he argues, were produced by well-trained local artisans, descendants of the Etruscans, who still had their ancestors' love for fantastic animals. Others, he believes, must have been done by expert sculptors. To Mario Praz, another critic, the sculpture of Bomarzo is reminiscent of the art of India and China. Praz argues, however, that the sculptor was probably Giacomo Del Duca, a disciple of Michelangelo and a designer of gardens. Members of the School of Architecture in Rome, who did a thorough study, agree that the sculptor was influenced by Michelangelo, and suggest that the statues may have been the work of Raffaello di Montelupo, sculptor of the angel that topped Castel Sant'Angelo until the eighteenth century. As for the



Oriental influence, they believe that it may have been inspired by imported Persian miniatures, or perhaps by a friend of Prince Vittorio, Cardinal Mazarini, who had contacts with the Orient.

Examining the Traditions

In evaluating these theories, I have searched those sections of the Borghese archives that relate to Bomarzo, and have unexpectedly come upon a rich file of pertinent documents.

First, we have ancient manuscript copies of two letters written by Hannibal Caro, a literary man of the time, to Prince Viminio. These letters, written in 1588, state that Viminio was "lost" with his theatres and mansoleums at Bomarzo. Included in the papers connected with the sale of Bomarzo to the Borghese in 1838 are several surveys of the castle and farms, each containing a brief description of the sacred wood, which was regarded as a curiosity of no value. The statues were reported in poor condition.

Our most fortunate discovery is an unpublished ninety-page manuscript written by G. Marocco, an archivist and historian of the Borghese household. Marocco was sent to gather all possible information on Bomarzo before our family purchased it. He searched the parish and town-hall records and notary books in both Bomarzo and nearby localities. One manuscript, for example, gives an exact date of Prince Viminio Orsini's death—June 28, 1585. In a few notes written in the margins of the manuscript—thoughts jotted down but never elaborated—are hints of the active part the Orsini took in the Turkish War. They suggest that a son of Viminio died in the Battle of Lepanto, and that after the battle the Orsini and the Colonna took Turkish prisoners to Rome.

The mysterious gardens and their statues did not escape Marocco's attention. He gave them the most lively and detailed description I have ever read, ending with the line, "Bomarzo is an enchantment gathering together like the sea all that mysterious nature can offer." Yet he made no mention that the work was that of a great artist, nor did he suggest the name of the artist, even though he had searched carefully through the records. I do not think this could have been possible if the artist had been Italian and a man of great reputation. Would he not have left a trace of his identity, either in the records or in the long memory of the countryside?

One of the School of Architecture team which conducted the survey at Bomarzo had put to me

this question: How and when did the so-called legend of the Turks begin in our family? It was handed down to us by the Orsini, related to us by marriage. During her residence at Bomarzo, my mother spent much time interviewing local ablers about what they knew of the past. She did not doubt the truth of the legend. If instead of the Oriental prisoner (the name of an Italian artist had been handed down to the Borghese, we would have kept it in our memory and, in our turn, passed it down).

I agree that a number of the Bomarzo statues show the influence of the Michelangelo school. But the statues of the classical group—commissions actually carved with a few studies of the classical—are not first-class works of art. Only the Oriental group shows artistic inspiration and refinement. It is logical to believe that the Michelangelo-like statues were made by skilled workmen, paid or imported, under the direction of Viminio himself; and that an artist prisoner at the Orsini court was the creator of the Oriental group.

It has been argued that an Oriental artist could not have created the statues because the Moslem faith forbids representation of the human body. Yet many a man has gone against his faith, and this would be especially understandable in a prisoner who was isolated in a strange country.

The last of the major criticisms of the Bomarzo legend is that a group of military prisoners might have been able to work on a fortress but would have been incapable of the kind of artistic labor demanded by the statues. This does not obscure the possibility that one among the Turkish prisoners could have been an accomplished artist. Countless artists of the past have been known to escape. In our own country there were the sculptor *P. Boudry*, many of them poets.

"I Made Mo Gardens"

After considering all the other theories, the legend of the Eastern prisoner still seems to me the most reliable explanation of the Oriental sculptures among the classical ones in the sacred wood.

The story of Viminio Cyren reminds me of that of another prince, the son of Ecclesiastes who was king over Israel.

I made me gardens—and orchards

And whatsoever that was desired I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy.

And I bought wisdom to build wisdom, and madness, and folly.



Man with a Pain

A story by Susan Sontag

1.

A man has a wound. It pains him. If the pain is extreme, he wants to amputate the part that pains him. If his whole body is in complicity with the pain, he wants to die.

This man, turned stiff and awkward by misery, has the misfortune to live in the fastest city in the world. The city is under him, and stands tall around him. Lights turn red, then green. The subway throbs beneath his shoes. He wants to scream, but he's afraid of being dragged off to Bellevue. He has friends, so he waits with his pain; he doesn't scream then in the street but the evening or the next day goes to see a friend. After getting permission, he hauls the sorrow up out of his throat. It comes out in bits and pieces, poor shriveled thing. It doesn't come out whole, because it doesn't come out as a scream.

2.

First, there had been the anticipation of the pain, the recoil from it and the daring it to

happen, and the offering himself to it. Then it happened, and he knew it had happened. But he didn't believe in what happened from it. He admitted being felled by a tree but he didn't see why he should fall down. He admitted being pregnant but he didn't see why this entailed giving birth.

He stayed drunk the first week. He paced up and down the apartment howling, and Mrs. Voltaire hid behind the stove. After a week he went back to the office during the day, though it was some time before he did any work.

Perhaps there are not degrees of pain, but only degrees of knowledge of pain.

In the elevator at five thirty, Malcolm tells him a joke. But jokes make him feel like crying. The world is flat, everything is what it is. Tea is dark water, bread is straw, a book weighs a pound, newspapers are black and white.

He does not desire things otherwise, but his life is a tremendous exertion.

The sorrow is heavy, he feels languorous, he

wants to sleep. He is living with the pain, it fills his life. The pain is an embrace.

He needs to go to the dentist, but he doesn't, the effort is too great. If someone would make the appointment for him, he would go.

Mrs. Voltaire is underfoot, in the way, beneath the piano, on the bed. She is pregnant, and her weight when she jumps on his lap drives her claws through his trousers into his thighs. Saturday night she gives birth to two kittens, one alive and one dead, and eats the dead one.

He means to avoid taking subways, but doesn't.

The tin ugliness of the Tishman Building makes him cry. He feels like a column of ice, melting at the base.

He tries to find the pain ludicrous, or to feel indignation. Recipe for finding the pain ludicrous: I am a fool, I am a fool. It's only my pain, no one else feels it. Recipe for feeling indignation: The pain comes from outside. The pain is a wound, I am wounded, therefore someone has wounded me. Now the question in his mind was who had inflicted the wound, who had been persuaded to do it.

Either the wound is a contract (then there is a date of termination, when all obligations are canceled) or it is an inheritance (then it's his until he can bequeath it to someone else) or it is a promise (then he must keep it) or it is a task (then he may refuse it, though he will be fired) or it is a gift (then he must try to cherish it before exchanging it) or it is an ornament (then he must see if it's appropriate) or it is a mistake (then he must track down the person in error, himself or another, and patiently explain matters) or it is a dream (then he must wait to wake up). But whether contract, inheritance, promise, task, gift, ornament, mistake, or dream . . . he is injured, he is in pain.

Would it have relieved him to inflict pain on someone else?

He calls on Elizabeth and tells her of his misfortune, though she keeps looking at her watch and thinking of her appointment.

Now he spends his nights rotating among his friends. It becomes easy to talk. He digests their consolation too rapidly, excretes it in the morning, drowns in sorrow in the afternoon, and in

the evening arrives for more comfort and confession.

He weaves his friends into his wound. Not to stitch it, to close it, but to decorate the edges.

This man asked others to help him with pain? Then he made them his tormentors.

He tries to imagine the scar, the signature of his pain. But he cannot resign himself to scars. For if the pain would pass, the wound heal and leave a scar, that would mean that what had caused the pain was permanently inscribed on his life. No, the only conceivable recompense for his sorrow is the remission of the scar.

The pain is a house, with many rooms. Or, he is a house in which the pain lives. Or, they both live in the house together.

The blond proprietress of the grocery store downstairs smiles, but looks slightly past his head as if she expected to see someone walking beside him.

He perspires a lot. A rash appears on the calf of his left leg. Because of the headaches, it occurs to him that he may need glasses after all these years. And, in the morning, he does not know which is worse: the involuntary dreams of joy, or the sleeplessness.

He has a fantasy about the red telephone booths stationed throughout the city. Though mostly glass, they are really refuges to cry in. On every street corner, a tall box to run to and cry in, a public comfort station, a place to take a leak. Pick up the phone (the phones are just to save face), pretend to be talking to someone. A line gathers outside. But don't be intimidated! Weep away! It's your right, as long as you press that black phone to your ear.

Without wanting to, he recalls other pains. All pains he has ever known are emblems, anticipations of this one.

He had owned a bicycle during his college years, which were spent in a small town. Once, while riding home from class at twilight, turning a corner, the bicycle skidded on some dirty ice, and he was thrown from the bike, over the curb and across the narrow sidewalk. He flung out his arm to prevent his body from slamming into the yellow brick building, then crashed on his side at the base of the building, frightened and tearful and vaguely in pain. The street was empty. After several minutes he got up slowly, looked about somewhat shamefacedly, brushed his clothes off, and limped to where his bicycle lay in the street. He bent down to pick it up, and felt the pain sharper and more local, in his left side. But after riding the rest of the way home without mishap, undressing, and examining himself, he saw that

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his left forearm and elbow were badly scraped but that along his waist and hip the skin was not even broken and there he would have only a long nasty-looking bruise. —That night he dreamt that he was walking downtown, near the college. It was winter and twilight, again, but the sidewalks were crowded with pedestrians, and the streets full of cars and bicycles. He was mortally injured, his entire left side was open. But it wasn't pain he felt. It was terror, and the feeling of imbalance, of draining away. He couldn't understand how people could pass without commenting on the gush of blood, the entrails hanging down his thigh. He pressed his hands to his side and walked rapidly up and down the streets, entreating passers-by with his face (for he dared not take his hands from his side) but not speaking. He was looking for a doctor. But at times it seemed to him that all he was accomplishing by walking about was prolonging the twilight, which he did because when night came he would die. Or was it just that he wanted to stay out on the street as long as he could, because he knew that he was to die at home?

3.

The pain is the medium of his life. At first he fell to the bottom, he lay like sediment in the depths of the glass, dazed, shattered, looking upward through the thick but light-pierced liquid. Then he began to rise slowly, but only to dissolve and be distributed everywhere throughout the medium. Now he has recrystallized and floats uneasily, wearily on the surface.

He is glad that everyone has heard. Then he doesn't have to explain.

Thursday morning he says: This is the day, there will be some change, some alteration. And if I don't feel the difference by the end of the day, it will be because today a letter was mailed but I have not yet received it, a decision was made but I could not have news of it yet, the phone rang but I was in the bathroom taking a shower and the caller will call again.

He thinks of renting another apartment, in another part of the city.

He steps on a tack, and feels his foot has betrayed him.

At the office, while dictating some letters to his secretary, he is repelled by the harshness in his voice. He waits all afternoon to speak to his boss, to tell him that he's going to take another week off, but his boss doesn't return from lunch that day.

His wound has begun to stink. Most of his friends avoid him.

He tries to imagine that he caused the pain, that he wanted it. That comforts him, makes him momentarily cheerful. But when he feels the pain ebbing a little, and leaving a void behind, he's frightened and summons it back.

He understands his suffering as a sign of vigor, and his vigor as a sign of suffering.

On Monday the pain is better. He is not just the pain, and the pain is not he. There's a space between himself and it.

His life is full of things. They are his conscience. He does not neglect Mrs. Voltaire.

He knows he will be recovering when he can go to the movies. Right now he can't bear the idea of sitting in a movie theatre. He can't bear the idea of hearing about, or being asked to share in, the fortunes of anyone else.

Elizabeth calls to tell him not to worry.

Sometimes his screams are so discreet he wonders if he's suffering at all. Then the phone rings, and his heart butts against his ribs like a caged bull and fever soars to his face. It is only Stanley, asking him to a party, and he yells at him and says he wouldn't dream of going to his goddam party. An hour later he calls Stanley back and accepts the invitation.

He does not understand more than his life expresses.

During his lunch hour he sits on a bench in the park behind the public library. Pigeons strut and tremble, drunks sprawl, the children of weary lady shoppers play tag, faggots cruise, garment-factory girls pass arm in arm talking of love and TV in Spanish. He pretends he is waiting for someone.

He is feeling better, stronger that day. He calls up his cousin in Brooklyn and invites himself there to dinner. But coming home, during the long subway ride, he begins to cry.

4.

There comes a time when he cannot suffer any more. He has eaten his pain and slept in it and papered his walls with it and jammed it into the morning paper, alongside earthquakes and broken peace conferences. He is so tightly wrapped, swathed, and buttoned into his pain. He is embalmed in it, like a mummy. A tight cylinder of pain, he rolls down the hill into a vale of numbness.

Saturday morning he simply does not get out of bed. The sheets of the oversize double bed haven't been changed in eleven days, and have a worn, mild, caressing feel to his body. He lies spread-eagled on the bed, waiting for the phone to ring.

Like all sufferers enthralled by their injury, he

has never given up the hope of reprieve. This is his great error, now corrected. The nature of such pain is that it keeps coming until you give yourself over to it entirely, until you no longer seek to escape it, or outlive it.

"Good God, man! Stop groveling, sniveling, lying in the dust, tearing your clothes, mouthing ashes, sharpening your cheekbones! The weekend isn't a sewer, you know. Change your sheets, but don't return to that bed for eighteen hours. Shower, shave, put on clean clothes. . . ."

This is the voice of reason. Hearty, tiresome, right. An apple pie, whiskey and soda voice wearing good hairy tweeds. It sits across from the disheveled bed on a comfortable chair. A friend, a comforter. Malcolm, the joker? No, it can't be a friend. This fellow is too cruel.

Sunday afternoon. Get up! Out into the city, like a timid child sent out to play or a gawking tourist from Ohio, he who had lived in Manhattan all his life. What shall it be? The Staten Island ferry, Central Park, the Frick Collection. He thinks he can survive tame, civil amusements and diversions overrun with people.

Call Elizabeth? No. Try to do without. Try to take these first steps alone. If I can't manage, he thinks, I can always call her then.

Someone accosts him on the ferry. "You look terrible, sir." He is indignant at first, and then he laughs. This laughter becomes a palpable thing to him, it congeals, it solidifies, like a spar of wood thrown out to a man sinking in quicksand. Then he realizes that no one has spoken to him, that he has been gazing into a mirror in the men's room. But he doesn't scorn or patronize this demented laugh of his. Any species of order is order enough, he thinks; any place where I can take hold is as good as any other.

Back on the deck, he buys some peanuts and then settles on a bench along the railing. He yawns. His mother told him that when he or any of his five brothers and sisters were ill, she



knew they were recovering when she saw them yawn.

The sun is shining; there is a breeze; the lower end of Manhattan, receding across the water, looks like the prow of a giant ship. He feels he is floating, too. It's quiet, calm. Something has snapped today: the backbone of his longing. Which is it—madness or sanity?—to conclude, as he does now: Why, I'm just like everyone else! I'm alone. I'm unhappy. I'm unloved by the one I loved. Whatever made me think my lot would be different?

He no longer feels much pain. Mostly he feels surprise and astonishment. It's so empty and polar.

His injury is incontrovertible. But the pain of it is dying. The pain, not he. He is his own survivor, and at the end of the return trip on the ferry he greets the stone fortresses of the city with a soiled hardness equal to their own.

Britain's New State of Mind

by

John Mander

After drowsing for fifteen years in smug self-satisfaction, the English are finally waking up to their true role in an unfamiliar world—and are getting ready to make some drastic changes.

Is Britain finished? Is Britain decadent, corrupt, exhausted, a second-rate country? Books, magazine articles, radio and television programs; they've all been saying it, obsessively, for the past year or so. Foreigners, too, have been saying it for quite a time. But the British—until now—have never taken much account of what foreigners say. Until quite recently, a British equivalent of "The Ugly American" would have been unimaginable.

Ugly Britons there have been, in plenty. But who gave a damn, anyway, what the natives thought? Traditionally, the British were not at all like Americans; they did not expect to be loved. They even rather relished the myth of the Thin Red Line—that handful of stalwart fellows protecting white women and children from black and yellow hordes. But now, the British are not sure. The merest tribute to British justice, British decency, British parliamentary democ-

—Is the word of that name by Bardick and Lederer, "The Ugly American" was the hero, not the villain. But the term seems to have passed into the common language with a connotation exactly the opposite of its original meaning—as Mr. Mander here illustrates.—*The Editors*

racy, from the blackest of black potentates, is received with obsequious gratitude. Just when Americans are growing a little less thin-skinned about what the natives say (and high time, too), the British are beginning to want to be loved. Nowadays, the British are actually listening to what other people say about them. And what are other people saying? Other people are saying that Britain is finished.

Well, is she? The first point to remember is that other people have been saying just this for thirty, fifty, even seventy years. Twenty-five years ago, the Nazis were convinced that Britain was finished (so, incidentally, was U. S. Ambassador Joseph Kennedy). Fifty years ago, the Kaiser was calling Britain's Expeditionary Force in France "a contemptible little army." Germany was one of the new, rising nations; Britain was old and enfeebled.

And seventy years ago, when Britain was still without question the strongest nation in the world, there was already talk of Britain's slowing rate of industrial expansion, her old-fashioned technology, her neglect of scientific education, her complacency and stagnation. Are the charges familiar? They are indeed. For they are the charges British intellectuals bring against the twelve long, stagnant, and complacent years of Conservative government in this country. They are echoed in every speech of Harold Wilson, the Labor leader.

And they are admitted, implicitly, by the Conservatives themselves in their new drive to present Conservatism as the party of moderniza-

tion. What began as a debate among intellectuals—in books like Michael Shanks's *The Stagnant Society*, Anthony Hartley's *A State of England*, *Encounter* magazine's *Suicide of a Nation*, or in my own *Great Britain or Little England?*—has become a national political issue. Indeed, it is already likely that it will be the chief issue in the coming general election.

To Americans, of course, this mood of national self-questioning is not unfamiliar. What is happening in Britain at present is not unlike what happened in America between the launching of the first Sputnik and President Kennedy's election. For now in Britain it looks as if the party which can present its leader as the man to get the country moving will win the election. But the comparison does not extend very far. The loss of American confidence after the Sputnik was a transitory affair; and there was very little basis, as we now know, to the dire predictions about a decline in American economic or military power.

In Britain the malaise goes much deeper, and has a respectable history behind it. Thus, the dire predictions of commentators in the 1880s that Britain, if she did not take steps to improve her industrial competitiveness, would soon be overtaken by Germany and the United States, were perfectly justified. Most British people think of the "German miracle," which has put Germany ahead of Britain in exports, as something that happened after 1945. But German steel production surpassed that of Britain for the first time as long ago as 1900. Similarly, by the end of the last century, America was already a more powerful industrial nation than Britain, and advancing with giant strides. Britain's predicament, then, is not really new. It is the predicament of the nation that, having pioneered the industrial revolution, was first to discover that there are disadvantages in being first.

For obsolescence is the price the country pays that rests on its laurels. Success induces complacency; the tried method is preferred to the new and experimental. And Britain has been paying, during these past seventy years, the price of her headlong advance in the first century of industrialization.

Nor does the comparison with America reach

very far in the field of external relations. America's problems have been those of a country whose expanding power brings with it expanding, and at first unwelcome, responsibilities. Under a succession of great Presidents—Wilson, the two Roosevelts, Truman, and Kennedy—these problems were confronted and resolved.

Britain's problems were very different. At the height of her power, in the mid-nineteenth century, Britain acquired vast responsibilities in the world—responsibilities not at all unlike those the U. S. now shoulders. To the farsighted (in particular to her anti-imperialist enemies, like de Valera, Gandhi, and Lenin), it was apparent fifty years ago that Britain's responsibilities had outrun Britain's power. Between the two wars, Britain's weakened posture was concealed; Russia and Germany were still weak, the anti-colonial movement (except in Ireland) still lacked momentum. But by 1942 the true state of affairs had become painfully clear. In Europe, Britain was still free; but she could not hope to defeat Germany without American and Russian assistance. In the East, Singapore and Burma had been lost, and India and Australia lay open to attack. It was only American power in the Pacific that held Japan in check. It became evident (though many Britons are still unaware of it) that the British Empire rested in the last analysis on American power. All that has happened since—the postwar devolution of responsibility to free Commonwealth states, first in Asia, then in Africa—was implicit in that traumatic wartime revelation that Britain's responsibilities had indeed outrun her available national power.

A National Neurosis

What happens to a nation that is confronted so brutally with the fact of its relative decline? (One should emphasize that the decline is *relative*; in *absolute* terms the island of Britain, stripped of its Empire, is more prosperous than at any time in its history.) Do nations learn to grow old gracefully? Or does the traumatic shock induce neurotic symptoms of anger and unease? The psychology of nations, I suppose, is still pretty much unexplored territory. But it is clear that a relative diminution of national power can bring about what, in individuals, would be called neurotic symptoms. Thus, the nation affected becomes hypersensitive to criticism from the outside. In the case of Britain, this was seen in the grotesque incident, after the Cuban missile crisis, of the British reaction to a speech by Mr. Dean

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Acheson. Mr. Acheson had said that "Britain had lost an empire and not yet found a role." This surely unexceptionable comment—far less harsh than the "candid" criticisms of America that are the daily bread of much of the British press—provoked so hysterical a reaction that Mr. Macmillan himself felt obliged to contradict Mr. Acheson in a public letter.

This may seem a trivial enough example. But, in a slightly different context, it is just such pinpricks that have created the rabid chauvinism and anti-Americanism of so much French opinion. True, the no-less-rabid anti-Americanism of much of the British press in the early 1950s has by now abated. During the Cuban crisis, for example, even *The New Statesman* found itself on the side of the American President—an astonishing reversal of its shrill anti-Americanism a decade ago. But the hysterical anti-Germanism which seems to have taken its place is proof that the British public has not come to terms with Britain's new position in the world. Anti-Americanism is perhaps no longer virulent; but I should very much doubt if it had disappeared for good.

But hypersensitivity to criticism is only one side of the coin. The other side—it is only an apparent paradox—is a tendency to assert one's own uniqueness by stressing the inapplicability of foreign standards. It is this new insularity, this quasi-isolationism, that is criticized in the unflattering phrase: "Little England." At first sight, it might seem that this new British mood of self-absorption paralleled developments in France. But there is at least one significant difference. France in 1940 was a defeated nation. After 1945, French behavior in consequence was highly chauvinistic. But France benefited from her defeat in ways which are only now becoming apparent. She reorganized much of her governmental apparatus and laid the foundations of a planned economy. The political confusion of the Fourth Republic concealed the fact that very important changes were taking place in the structure of French industry and society.

Whatever the French mood since the war may have been—and it has often been bitter and violent—it has certainly not been complacent. Complacency, on the other hand, has been the *keystone* of most British public sentiment since the end of the war. The Labor party has been complacent about its 1945 "Social Revolution" (which was not nearly so revolutionary in its effects as the postwar shake-up on the Continent). The Tory party has been complacent about the relative stability of British society and the smoothness and skill with which the transition

from Empire to Commonwealth has been managed. On the whole, public complacency has certainly favored the Conservatives, enabling them to win three elections in a row with increased majorities. But the few minority protest movements—of which the Aldermaston anti-nuclear march was the most famous—only served to emphasize that the great majority of British people in the 'fifties were well satisfied with their lot.

"We Won. Didn't We?"

The reason for this difference in mood between postwar France and postwar Britain is plain. Defeat forced France to examine her deficiencies; victory enabled Britain to gloss over weaknesses in British society. It is now a commonplace to point out that it is the defeated nations—Germany, France, Italy, Japan—which have prospered most spectacularly in the postwar world. The thesis is perhaps not wholly watertight—Sweden and Switzerland, the wartime neutrals, are equally prosperous—but it contains a considerable measure of truth. In the defeated countries, the war had an impact on society that can fairly be described as revolutionary. So much for which Britain is now criticized—her antiquated class system, educational snobbishness, industrial inertia—was radically modified in other European countries after the war. For all its agony, war swept away the cobwebs and released new social energies. But the chief effect was psychological. On the Continent, the need to reform, to streamline, to prune away dead wood was obvious and imperative. The destruction wrought by the war was terrible; but, by compelling industries and individuals to start again from scratch, it created an atmosphere in which innovation and enterprise were at a premium. The British, counting themselves among the victors, saw no radical need to change their ways. Had not the British way of life, after all, been vindicated at Dunkirk and El Alamein? Victory, which should have been a spur to a national renewal, became a device for obscuring from the British people the realities of their new situation—a soporific.

Another soporific proved to be what, morally speaking, was Britain's finest postwar achievement—the voluntary liquidation of her colonial Empire. Here again, the comparison with France is instructive. In regulating the transition from colonialism to independence France—except in Black Africa—has had the worst record of any

European state. There is nothing in the story of postwar British colonialism to equal the brutal, and finally disastrous, struggles in Vietnam and Algeria. On the other hand when defeat came to French policies in Vietnam and Algeria it was at least *recognized* as defeat. The decision to pull out of Asia and North Africa was a conscious reorientation of French policies. The right conclusions were drawn. General de Gaulle sees France's future in Europe, and bases his military and political planning on that premise.

But in Britain, though her Empire has gone the way of France's, the right conclusions have not been drawn. The new Commonwealth is thought of, not only as morally superior to the old Empire (superior, because it is rooted in free association, not in coercion), but as *essentially the same thing*. It is, of course, true that Britain has important responsibilities in, say, Aden or Singapore that France does not share. But whereas the British Empire was in 1939 still a formidable military-political bloc, the new Commonwealth—three-quarters of whose people belong to "nonaligned" nations—is only doubtfully a political bloc at all. At the United Nations, the colored Commonwealth tends to vote with the rest of the underdeveloped world. Britain tends to vote with its allies in Europe, with the U. S., with the remaining members of the white Commonwealth—Australia, Canada, and New Zealand. The Commonwealth has become essentially a cultural grouping, sharing a common pattern of law, education, administrative practice, and political experience. As such, it serves an immensely valuable purpose—a point often overlooked by its American critics. But it is in no sense a power bloc. Failure to realize this clearly has prevented British public opinion from making that choice—between her European ties and her overseas connections—with which General de Gaulle confronted French opinion. Paradoxically, then, Britain's greater skill and wisdom in freeing her dependent territories has harmed Britain in the long run by blurring, in the public mind, the distinction between the tightly knit political power structure that was the British Empire, and the loose, heterogeneous association that is the British Commonwealth of today. It is this confusion, this false appraisal of power, that has held Britain back from all the initiatives toward European unity since the war.

I have said that this tide of national self-criticism has been slowly gathering force among British intellectuals over the past three or four years. It came into the open, with great suddenness, after the Nassau Conference of December

1962 and de Gaulle's rejection in January 1963 of Britain's entry into the Common Market. Nassau had posed the question as to whether Britain could sustain an independent nuclear role—and answered it ambiguously. Britain claimed that her deterrent would be both "fully independent" and "fully integrated." For de Gaulle, however, Nassau was simply a sellout to American interests. It showed that Britain would always choose America rather than Europe in an emergency; Britain's way into Europe, therefore, must be blocked.

Ready for a Real Change

What was the reaction of the British people to this wounding rejection? It was curious. On the surface, after the months of acrimonious debate between pro- and anti-Europeans, all appeared to go back to normal. Within a month of de Gaulle's veto, the whole Common Market issue seemed to have gone dead. Another month, and the British had turned, as it seemed, with relief to the delights of the Profumo-Keeler scandal, and had put Europe firmly out of their minds. To foreign observers it must have appeared, as the waves of scandal rose to the lurid crescendo of Mr. Profumo's public disgrace and Dr. Ward's semi-public suicide, that what the British people wanted was, after all, "Little England," with its family quarrels, its salacious gossip, its private jokes and eccentricities.

Only six months ago, one would have been forced to this conclusion. But writing now, in February 1964, one can already present the situation in a rather different light. The Profumo scandal has burst like a bubble. Everybody is agreed that, apart from its dramatic piquancies, the scandal revealed little about the quality—decadent or otherwise—of British public life in the 1960s. That Ministers of the Crown, like other men, may have mistresses, was hardly a revelation to those who still remembered the exploits of David Lloyd George. Indeed, comparison with earlier centuries suggested that the proprieties of public life were rather better observed than before.

Then, with the choice of a new Prime Minister, public attention shifted back to party politics, and to the coming struggle between the aristocratic Sir Alec Douglas-Home and poor, plain Mr. Wilson. During the autumn, the talk was of new plans for education, for scientific training, for city development. The Tories began to vie with the Socialists to appear the more "modern." True,

much of this discussion also smacked of "Little England"; at the autumn Labor party conference, for example, there was no public debate of foreign policy and defense issues. The Labor party evidently felt that the election of 1964 would be fought on home-policy issues and not on the question of Britain's standing in the world.

As the election draws closer, it will be interesting to see whether this calculation turns out to be correct. The Tories are certain to challenge Labor on foreign policy and to present themselves as the party of "Great Britain"—the party that will preserve Britain's independent deterrent and the option of an independent foreign policy. Faced with this challenge, the Labor party will retreat, I believe, from its present policy of allowing Britain's nuclear arm to lapse, and strive to present itself in turn as a party that has the interests of "Great Britain" at heart.

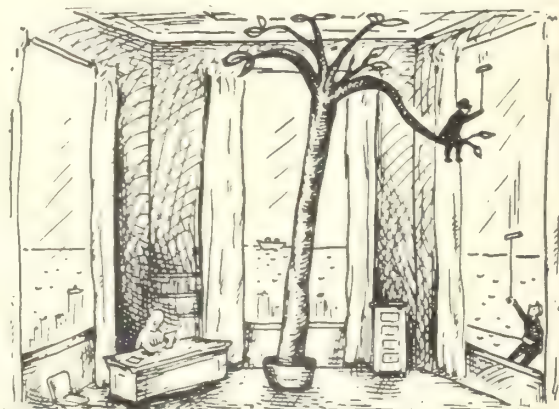
But what is of prime importance—and here the comparison with the Kennedy-Nixon struggle of 1960 is apt—is that this election, unlike the elections of the past ten or fifteen years, will be fought out on basic issues. What has happened is that the long-postponed debate about the "State of Britain," which has been smoldering beneath the surface for so long, has quite sud-

denly become public property. The outcome is still unpredictable—though most observers are betting that Labor will win the election with a handsome majority. But one thing does seem certain. Whichever party wins will find itself committed to a radical, forward-looking policy of national regeneration. In a sense, Britain will be catching up, after an interval of fifteen years, with the not dissimilar process of renewal that began in many European countries just after the war.

It may even be that, for all her dilatoriness, Britain will be granted latecomer's luck. West Germany, once the favorite child of the European revival, is now suffering the penalties of her own success. It is now Germany that is afflicted with national complacency and a certain hardening of the arteries. Personally, I am not over-optimistic. But it is possible that Britain, rather late in the day, and in her slow, muddled, contradictory fashion, may be on the brink of a new period of national advance. Like President Kennedy, the next British Prime Minister will certainly be judged by his ability to "get Britain moving." If so, the apparently neurotic self-questioning of the past few years will come to be seen as a necessary and constructive reaction to Britain's version of the Eisenhower Ice Age.

Poser

(Seven minutes is the time allotted for solving the following problem. In case of need, you will find the answer on page 98.)



Window cleaners sometimes work in teams, one man working insides only while the other does the outsides. On a particular day, one man came to work early and had already washed 4 insides when his partner arrived and reminded him that he was supposed to be the "outside" man that day. The latecomer then took over the work on the insides while the early bird started on the outsides. When the inside man completed all the remaining insides, he helped the outside man finish the job by washing 8 outsides.

If we consider an inside or an outside to be one window, who washed more windows that day, and how many more did he wash?

—From *More Posers*, by Philip Kaplan, published by Harper & Row (April 1964).

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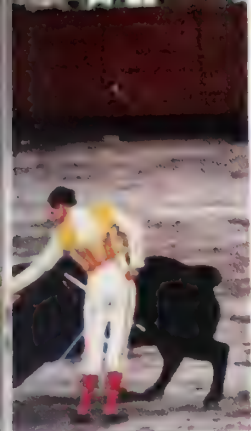
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New Jersey's Search for Identity

by Bruce Bahrenburg

Its citizens can't make up their minds what kind of state they want—or whether they are willing to pay for it. So New Jersey is fast becoming a victim, not of Creeping Socialism, but of Creeping Anarchy.

When Democrats from the fifty states converge next August in Atlantic City, New Jersey, to pick a running mate for Lyndon B. Johnson they will presumably have plenty of spare time on their hands. The convention site is well equipped to sop up their leisure hours and dollars; near at hand are splendid beaches, a flourishing race track, and an unrivaled supply of bars and B-girls. The New York World's Fair is not far distant.

And for the more civic-minded delegates, New Jersey—the most urbanized state in the nation—offers a glimpse of the havoc a population explosion can bring to even a relatively well-run state. For unlike many others, New Jersey has had no major statehouse scandal in years; its troubles are of a different kind.

The sight-seeing will be particularly useful to those delegates acquainted with New England's aging cities, the jerry-built suburbs of Southern California, Detroit's teeming slums, or the jammed highways around Chicago. They will recognize all the familiar signs of uncontrolled growth—the depressing roadside panorama of billboards, motels, factories, shopping centers, and

monotonous, treeless housing developments. An indigenous touch is olfactory—the celebrated smell that assails the motorist as he drives through the North Jersey meadows and nears New York City.

Fifth-smallest of the states in area, New Jersey is wedged between New York and Philadelphia. Benjamin Franklin called it a barrel tapped at both ends, and modern critics have not been any kinder. Edmund Wilson, a native son, wrote of New Jersey that “its cities are indifferent and dingy; the people are seedy and dull; a kind of sloppiness and mediocrity seems to have fallen on the fields themselves as if Nature herself had turned slattern and could no longer keep herself dressed.”

Written in the 1920s, these words scarcely do justice to the still-beautiful Kittatinny Range in the northwest of the state, the long stretches of ocean beach in the south, or the wealthy suburbs of South Orange, Short Hills, and Rumson. However, the fact remains that in four decades the state's population has leaped from three million to over six million. With an average of over one hundred persons inhabiting each square mile of land, New Jersey is in a race with Rhode Island for the dubious honor of being the most densely populated state. Open land is vanishing at a rate that makes the nickname “Garden State” a poor joke.

No other state, to be sure, has dealt successfully with the problems of rapid urbanization that have beset the whole nation since the end of World War II. But then no other state has been as hard

hit by the flood of humanity. The one institution capable of preventing chaos under such circumstances is government. New Jersey has too much of that too—567 municipalities and 21 county governments grappling separately and usually ineffectually with urbanization.

The state's historic sectionalism is aggravated by the fact that there are really two New Jerseys. (In colonial times, New Jersey was actually divided into separate governments, East and West Jersey.) In the north are some old and elegant suburbs, long the homes of New York City bankers and other prosperous organization men. Since 1945, these elite enclaves have been invaded and ringed by middle- and lower-class developments, filled by fugitives from New York City and New Jersey's own dowdy metropolises—Newark, Paterson, Elizabeth, and Jersey City. The decay of these cities was hastened after World War II as the children and grandchildren of European immigrants fled to the suburbs. Old neighborhoods were leveled for parking lots or became Negro ghettos. Business moved to outlying shopping centers, and towering glass-and-steel office buildings now stand sentinel over juvenile gang fights. The same pattern of blight struck New Brunswick, Perth Amboy, and Trenton, the state capital, in the center of the state.

The new suburbs are in desperate need of more schools, better roads, and larger police forces. Their part-time municipal officials are overwhelmed by too many people, insufficient funds to provide the services needed, and lack of any coherent plan to guide them. The school crisis of suburbia is, of course, a familiar woe. But little attention has been paid to the rising stench from inadequate sewerage systems. Raritan Bay, which lies southeast of Manhattan, is literally alive with waste pumped into it by faulty industrial and municipal sewerage plants. Not all the waste goes into the rivers and bays; a great deal rises above ground, especially in the newer suburban communities where high ground-water levels prevent septic tanks from operating properly. Some towns in northern Bergen County, across the Hudson River from New York, are frequently plagued by odors wafting over homes that cost more than \$100,000.

Such troubles, however, are usually alien to the New Jersey, a region of farms and shore stretching south from Trenton to Cape

May County. Suburbs in this area are satellites of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, just across the Delaware River from Camden. Daily papers from Philadelphia and Wilmington, Delaware, supply the area with news that rarely mentions the northern Jersey communities. Lacking direct train service to Newark and New York, South Jersey is physically linked with the northern part of the state by the Garden State Parkway and the Turnpike.

Ninety per cent of New Jersey's inhabitants are city or suburban dwellers, unfortunately for them. Politicians from the southern, rural sections have disproportionate power in the state legislature. Although representation in the General Assembly is based on population, the state Senate is the dominant house. It has one member from each of the state's twenty-one counties, and is thus, in effect, controlled by 19 per cent of the state's population.

This in itself would not be a disaster, if the state's three-tiered government structure were not permeated with the doctrine of home rule. It may have been an admirable ideal in the pastoral colonial days, but today it is impractical. This passion for local autonomy explains, in part, why New Jersey is one of three states (the others are Nebraska and New Hampshire) without a state retail sales or personal income tax. New Jersey tried a sales tax briefly in the 1930s, but the ensuing political uproar caused its swift repeal. Most state services are financed from taxes on car registrations and motor fuels, alcoholic beverages, cigarettes, pari-mutuel betting, corporation franchises, and inheritances.

Joy of Owning Property

Two-thirds of all public funds, however, are derived from the property tax which finances local governments. Rates have risen 124 per cent in ten years and are now the highest in the nation. For example, according to the State Tax Policy Commission, a Trenton home-owning family making \$7,500 a year pays a property tax of \$683; in Dallas they would pay \$90, in San Francisco, \$203, and in New York City, \$352. Another family, making \$15,000 a year, would pay \$1,364 in Trenton; in Dallas, \$181; in San Francisco, \$405; and in New York City, \$705. The Commission found that property taxes in 1963 had reached a point at which they could not be increased in many municipalities, despite the need for new services. It recommended a 3 per cent sales tax. Since advocacy of a sales or income

JOHN J. O'BRIEN, a native of New Jersey, covers state legislature and politics for the Newark "News." He has an M.A. in political history from Columbia University.

tax is considered political suicide in New Jersey, local governments are trapped. So they use the zoning power to zone almost every nook of the state for industry and pray that factories will move in.

Until this century, zoning was not an accepted governmental function since it entailed telling an individual what he could and could not do with his private property. But the courts have ruled that zoning is a legitimate use of government's police power, which in New Jersey is given exclusively to municipalities. In deciding the legality of a zoning ordinance the courts usually hold it valid if it is not arbitrary or unreasonable, and is not used to restrict economic and population growth unduly.

Currently 467 municipal zoning boards are competing for the tax-paying industries, which they hope will support police and fire departments, sewerage systems, schools, and health services.

Industries, however, are loath to invest in communities with overcrowded schools and inordinate local real-estate taxes. Witness, for example, what happened in the towns of Madison and Holmdel, both in central Jersey.

Madison Township, until 1950, had a handful of schools, about 7,000 residents, and only three full-time policemen to patrol its forty-two square miles. Then came the boom. Newcomers poured in from North Jersey cities, and population rose to 26,000. On 100- to 150-foot lots, houses mushroomed and babies proliferated. In the past thirteen years the township has built thirteen new schools, and the police department has grown to twenty-nine full-time men. Though local taxes have soared, only a fourth of the town is served by a trunk-line sewer, the rest by septic tanks.

Fifteen per cent of Madison is zoned for industry. But few companies have come knocking. The town has recently hired a business manager to assist its part-time township committee, and a new zoning ordinance is being developed. But it is probably too late to correct the mistakes of many years.

Meanwhile Holmdel Township—a few miles away—has preserved its rural purity and fiscal solidity. Its zoning ordinance is geared to homes in the \$30,000 price range on one-acre lots. Just one middle-income housing development has been—reluctantly—permitted. Population in the last decade has grown only from 1,218 to 3,000. Only two new schools have been built, and one full-time chief and a part-time deputy constitute the police department.

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—Thomas Buckley in the *New York Times*, January 27, 1964.

plant which looks like a Hilton Hotel, and for a Bendix smokeless factory. These desirable industries employ over 4,000 workers, but only a few of them live in Holmdel; the rest commute from neighboring towns, adding to their school, sewerage, and police burdens, while Holmdel's tax rates stay phenomenally low. Holmdel, of course, is a shaky Eden, for obviously one community cannot permanently solve its growth problems at a neighboring town's expense.

Elsewhere local zoning boards have produced ordinances and variances that favor businessmen and fast-buck real-estate developers. Working, apparently, on the theory that industry must be located on main highways, they have allowed New Jersey roads to be lined with establishments which are a menace to safety and an affront to the eyes. For instance, on Route 35, a major artery for summer shore traffic, a new discount house is located so that a motorist must make a blind turn in front of oncoming traffic to reach the parking lot. Route 22, as it nears Newark, is a horrendous jumble of junk shops, cemeteries, and discount houses.

All too many housing developments have been plunked down on soil where septic tanks cannot operate properly. At such a site in Hunterdon County, state inspectors recently put a blue dye in the toilet of one home. When it was flushed down the drain, it reappeared in another homeowner's tap water two miles away.

Throughout the state, eyesores resulting from

bad zoning abound. A gas station is located on the historic Monmouth Battlefield. A Bayonne oil storage tank looms over a residential section, and in residential Oakland, two hundred acres of land were rezoned for industry.

Storage Bins for Patronage

New Jersey is rich—seventh in per capita income among the fifty states. Its factories produce a great variety of goods, from television sets to steel rope; and its farms enjoy a rich yield of vegetables, poultry, and dairy products. Yet despite its generous physical and human resources, the state government pinches pennies. New Jersey has the lowest ratio of state employees to population of all our states. It ranks forty-seventh in expenditures for higher education and public welfare, and fiftieth in per capita state taxes. Thanks to its tremendous local property taxes, it is third in the amount spent per pupil on education. But the state's contribution to public schools is in forty-third place.

Lack of a broadly based tax, of course, makes it impossible for New Jersey to support public services on the scale of other prosperous states. But even if the money were available in the state treasury, the irrational structure of government remains a major roadblock.

Over the years the state legislature has passed laws allowing municipalities to consolidate. The trend, however, has been in the opposite direction. Though a few local services have been merged, since 1930 there have been only three municipal consolidations, the last of them eleven years ago.

Together the state's 567 municipalities spent nearly a half-billion dollars in 1960. This averages out to \$66.24 per capita for the operation of local governments. A tidy chunk of this sum goes into the salaries of local officials. Densely populated Bergen County, for instance, is cut up into seventy municipalities, each with its multitude of police chiefs, dog catchers, and health officers. Each guards its tiny fief jealously. Harold P. Sing, Mayor of Upper Penns Neck, a South Jersey township with 9,500 inhabitants, recently characterized consolidation as "a potential danger to the rule."

the municipalities, in the next tier of Jersey government are the county courts, controlled over by Boards of Freeholders. They do very little governing, since they cannot pass laws and need enabling legislation from Trenton to undertake almost any important project.

Typical specimens are the nine Union County freeholders who meet twice a month to approve municipal traffic regulations. They also solicit state or federal funds to control flooding of the Elizabeth River, which overflows periodically—in part, because its bed is littered with debris. They squabble over the management of the county hospital and haggle about aid-to-dependent-children payments, which they administer, although state and federal governments organize and finance the program. They also keep an eagle eye on county roads and their park commission, and maintain 1,483 employees on the county payroll.

In recent history the chief role of county government in New Jersey is to serve as a centralized collection bin for political patronage. Back in the 1930s Jersey City's infamous Mayor Frank Hague became czar of the state Democratic party only after he had taken over his local courthouse. This was his power base and chief patronage source for a hungry political organization.

Though the faces have changed the same tactics survive. Consider for example the domain of State Senator Charles W. Sandman, Jr., a Republican, who has just become Senate President. He represents Cape May County, a tourist center for nine months of the year, with fourteen small towns and the highest unemployment rate in the state. Sandman boasts that a bridge has been under construction in his county every day since he has been in office. Two years ago his organization gained full control of the Freeholder Board, as a step toward capturing the gubernatorial nomination in 1965.

Cape May County has no cities and few Negro inhabitants. Sandman, not surprisingly, opposes middle-income housing and strengthening of the state law barring racial discrimination in the sale or rental of private housing. He is also against municipal consolidation and a broad-based tax. Despite this manifest lack of interest in urban problems, his chances of becoming Governor are as good as those of the next ambitious young politician. Party strength in the state has long been evenly split, but the Republicans gained impressively last November, winning control of both houses of the legislature for the first time since 1957.

For the last half-century politicians like Sandman, representing the southern, rural counties, have dominated the state Senate. Its most powerful member today is probably Frank S. Farley, a twenty-seven-year legislative veteran. His Atlantic County Republican organization is rich and frequently helps out GOP organizations in less lush South Jersey counties. This benevolence



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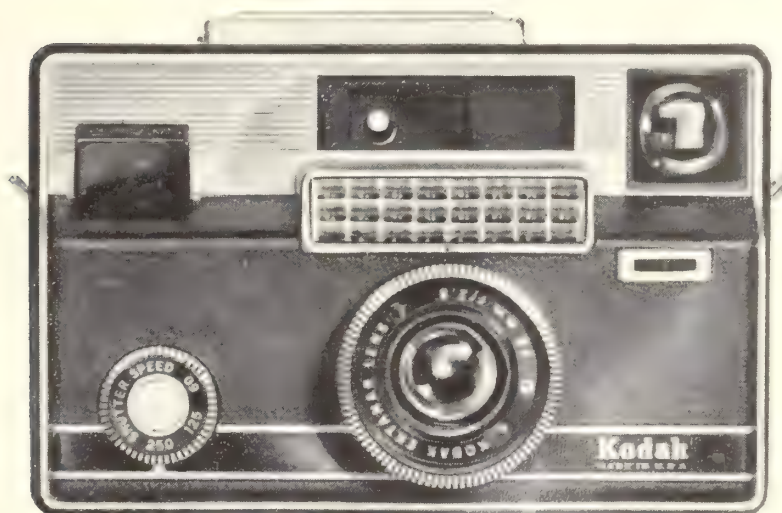


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gives him plenty of leverage in the legislature. He dominates the Senate Republican caucus which decides what bills will reach the floor for a vote. Farley is an adept political horse trader, and will support a bill that helps the urban areas—if Atlantic County also benefits. So close to his heart are the interests of his bailiwick that he used most of his speaking time at the Republican state convention last year to argue for selection of Atlantic City as the Democratic National Convention site.

Thanks to the parochialism of many legislators, any bill directed to a state-wide problem, which might undercut home rule, has little chance of passing. Thus, for example, a comprehensive zoning law introduced not too long ago was quickly emasculated by the legislature.

Until last November's victories, Republicans had spent a decade in the political wilderness, speaking only for small rural counties and a few rich suburbs. Their sole state-wide winner was U. S. Senator Clifford P. Case, whose resemblance to a liberal Northern Democrat has not endeared him to many New Jersey Republican politicians.

Similarly progressive was the last Republican Governor, Alfred E. Driscoll, in whose administration work was begun on the state's two major toll roads, and on desperately needed improvements in state institutions. Barred by the state constitution from seeking a third term, Driscoll was succeeded in 1953 by Democrat Robert B. Meyner, one of the first gray-flannel Democrats to bloom in the Eisenhower era. Meyner's victory marked the demise of the corrupt and powerful

Jersey City Hague machine, and made Democratic party membership respectable—at least in the more plebeian suburbs. Meyner was not daring enough to tamper with the state's overlapping government structure or its lopsided tax base. He managed to keep the state afloat in an ocean of rising crises and bequeathed to his Democratic successor, Governor Richard J. Hughes, the tough decisions on taxes and more state services.

In his first two years in office, Hughes talked about the state's urgent need for better colleges and institutions, more imaginative development of the remaining open spaces, and improved commuter transportation. But his political instincts prevent him from taking the next logical step. He talks as though planning and strengthening of home rule were compatible. And he has not disturbed the mossback cliques in the town and county halls.

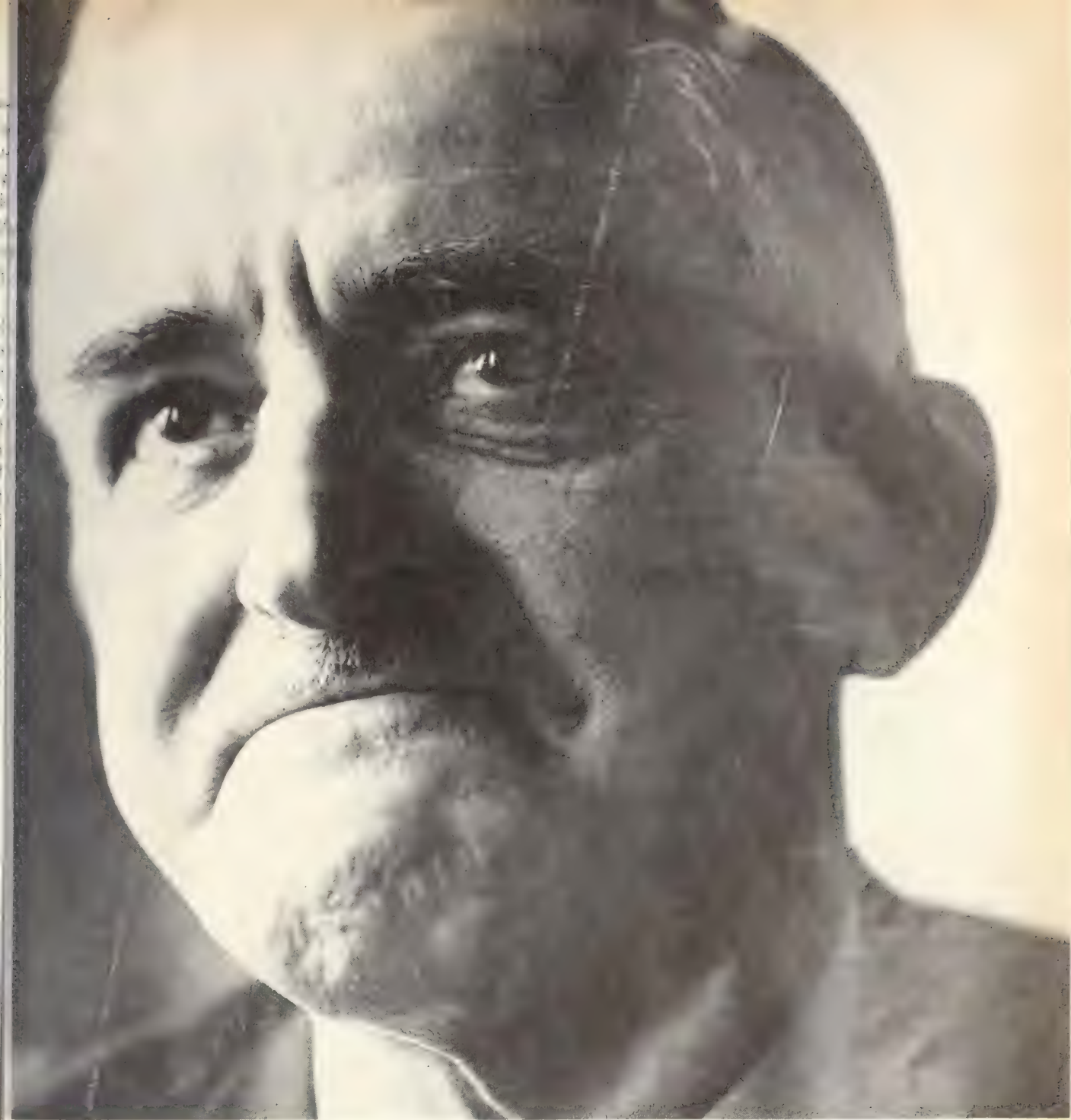
Hughes received what seemed to be a lethal political blow last November, when voters overwhelmingly rejected his fiscal gimmick, a \$750-million bond issue which would have financed highway, institution, and college construction for five years. This scheme would have postponed the necessity for a broad-based tax for five years. However, when the bond issue was not passed, he took a bold stand in favor of a personal income tax. The impact on his political future is still in doubt.

When he was running for office, Governor Hughes proposed establishing a Department of Community Affairs on the cabinet level. The details have not been spelled out. But unless the

Advice to Presidential Candidates

Any man who would turn down the nomination for the Presidency would be unpatriotic and lacking in the slightest concept of his duties as an American citizen," says Governor Pat Brown of California, waiting to be caught in a strong political updraft. This country would have been a lot better off if some of these patriotic and duty-doubled candidates had, as a patriotic gesture, refused to accept nominations offered them by a political convention. I have a natural fear of any man who publicly places duty to country and patriotism above personal fortune and ambition. It isn't natural. Nobody should apologize for ambition, or for the lust for power. There is nothing wrong with being ambitious, yearning for honor and position in society, or amassing wealth. But people who sell all this under the cover of patriotism and public duty make me sick. Wouldn't the people of California, and the nation, have been more impressed had the Governor told the truth: "Gentlemen, what man wouldn't covet the office of President? Every man desires honor and recognition, political power and influence and the increased emolument of high public office. I expect to use every low trick in the book to get this nomination."

—Ernest Joiner, in the Ralls, Texas, *Banner*, August 28, 1959.



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department is given specific powers by the legislature—which that august body is unlikely to grant—it will probably be just another state agency collecting data on problems well-known to local officials.

Recently the New Jersey Committee of the Regional Plan Association recommended that county planning boards review and approve local planning decisions. A chorus of jeers greeted this suggestion. The home-rule banner was also hoisted against a proposal to give the county governing boards the right to change their charters to permit strong executive officers. Moreover, incumbent members of the Boards of Freeholders resist any change that might be used by the political Outs to unseat the Ins and shrivel the number of jobs available. This attitude has led at least one State Senator, Nelson F. Stamler of Union County, to recommend the abolition of county government if it cannot be reformed.

Unfortunately, regional planners themselves are not getting very far with alternatives to the present patchwork system. The state's Conservation Department has a planning division staffed with bright young men. They are expert at drawing maps and collecting statistics. But they have yet to agree on what constitutes a region unless there is a visible stream or mountain to mark its boundaries. The division's role is chiefly to lobby for regional planning since it cannot zone.

Home Rule Fundamentalists

Meanwhile, the dissatisfaction with New Jersey's present condition extends into its intellectual life too. Dr. Mason Gross, the respected president of Rutgers University, has declared the state culturally bankrupt. "We flee from the cities where there is no point to life," he said, "only to discover that in the suburban developments life is just as weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable. If we really believe that there is no demand for culture in our society, then let us at least give up all this nonsense about slum clearance and urban renewal, for all that can mean without culture is that we are building more prisons but equally terrible jails."

Such criticism may be valid. But culture is a mental luxury, so long as the smell of septic tanks pervades the landscape. Yet New Jersey is building a cultural center in Trenton while the highways leading to it grow daily more clogged.

If New Jersey is to have a renaissance, its Florence probably will be Princeton, which F.

Scott Fitzgerald once called a "great Phoenix rising out of the ugliest country in the world."

Today there are two Princetons; the borough which contains the Ivy League University, and the surrounding township which houses much of the state's booming research industry. Ten years ago, the rulers of the two Princetons decided to consolidate and put the issue to a referendum. The plan was rejected because township residents were wary of the borough's tax-rate and school problems. Last year a new commission started to explore the possible consolidation of more services. (They have already joined their sewerage systems and library boards.) This time the borough is backing away. However, Princeton University officials are pushing the merger since they find it difficult to deal with two governments. Conceivably, they will succeed.

Another faint hope of progress lies in New Jersey's past willingness to experiment with interstate agencies, such as the Delaware River and Bay Authority and the Interstate Sanitation Commission.

The best-known bistate agency is the Port of New York Authority, which operates bridges, airports, and tunnels in the New York-New Jersey area. Despite its high competence, New Jersey politicians during election campaigns commonly picture the Authority as a greedy octopus.

In 1961 the Delaware River Basin Commission (created in 1961 by a unique compact between the federal government, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and Delaware) embarked on a long-range program to guide the development of water-supply, flood-control, recreation, and hydro-power projects. Such an interstate compact, of course, offends the home-rule fundamentalists. Last fall they managed to set back hopes of solving New Jersey's critical transportation problems when the legislature refused to grant legal status to a tristate transportation committee which had already been approved by New York and Connecticut.

Contemplating the generally melancholy condition of New Jersey in its three-hundredth year, some critical tourists argue that the state should be cut in two: give half to Pennsylvania, the other half to New York. This is a dubious proposal. Neither Pennsylvania nor New York, even with broad-based taxes, has given any indication it could do better with New Jersey's problems. If New Jersey is to survive the population crush, its conventional thinking on home rule and its slavish devotion to the existing governmental structure must somehow be changed. No such change is yet in sight.



The Widow

by Maxine W. Kumin

I latch the storm door, shunt the cat
down cellar, set the thermostat

and climb twelve steps to go to bed
myself, myself. I fold the spread.

The sheets are crisp. All over town
the yellow mouths of bedrooms yawn

and close on lovers, two by two.
I stuff the noisy door, undo

my buttons, hooks and eyes, and stand
back from the mirror. Under hands

that mapped my senses softly as
touch in the fold and turn in s

my body turned in appetite.
My jailbird body, long and H

unfingermarked, unvisited,
grows stupid in the tidy bed.

Now as I turn the clock face down
midnight strikes all over town

"What Psychiatry Can Do"

A Comment by Stuart S. Turkel, M.D.

With a Reply by Thomas S. Szasz, M.D.

The following exchange is based on "What Psychiatry Can and Cannot Do" by Dr. Thomas S. Szasz, published in the February issue of "Harper's." The opening letter is by Dr. Stuart S. Turkel, Director of Clinical Services in the Department of Psychiatry at the Cedars of Lebanon-Mount Sinai Hospitals of the Los Angeles Jewish Medical Center. Dr. Szasz, who comments briefly at the end, is Professor of Psychiatry at the State University of New York, Upstate Medical Center in Syracuse. For other comments on his article, see "Letters" (page 11).

Dr. Szasz is a gifted writer and a creative thinker. It can with fairness, though, be stated that his views are generally at odds with those held by most psychoanalysts and psychiatrists. Were it not for the fact that his ideas are becoming uncritically accepted in some nonprofessional areas, there would be no reason to refute him.

The reader, unless he is particularly sophisticated in such matters, cannot help being impressed by Dr. Szasz's obvious humaneness and concern for human rights, and thus miss other implications. Furthermore, groups with an axe to grind can, unfortunately, use his views almost without modification for reasons which, I am sure, are completely foreign to him. Such is the case with the Birch Society, which distributed

Dr. Szasz's writings along with its own literature.

It is easy to see, at first glance, that Dr. Szasz is saying. His intention is to lead the reader along with valuable partial truths and to concern for the rights of the individual, leaving more or less unsaid the deeper implications of his examples and views. Here, then, is what Dr. Szasz is actually implying:

(1) There is no such thing as mental illness; all human behavior, if viewed correctly, is only considered abnormal because it annoys society.

(2) Because this fact is not appreciated by people in general, and by the courts in particular, people are sent for treatment only because of the complaints of annoyed family and relatives who wish them out of the way, either for relief of personal responsibility or for economic motives.

(3) Our mental institutions are filled with people who are, in most respects, normal, but are incarcerated for the above reasons.

(4) Psychotherapy is primarily an attempt to get the patient to conform, or at least be more accepting of his misery; it can offer little more than counseling.

(5) There is a great social injustice being perpetrated by families and psychiatrists which can only be effectively coped with if the accused person is wealthy.

(6) People so accused and considered of being ill know full well that the whole process is only designed to

rid others of their annoying behavior and that therefore no benefit will result for them.

It took psychiatry a very long time to free itself from the need to explain all mental illness with physical or chemical changes in the brain. It was, indeed, Freud's ability to discern the great importance of internal conflicts and their effects on a person's abilities to function adequately that was the very essence of his contribution. Dr. Szasz in some ways tries to refute the importance of such internal conflicts. He does this by knocking down the notion of "many people think that mental illness is just like medical or organic illness." This cliché, which must know, is only voiced by people who are attempting to help both the patient and the community. Dr. Szasz is less irrationally fearful of mental illness. He then gives case examples which are neither representative nor the average hospitalized patient adequately discussed in their entirety.

Let us look at his statement about mental illness. In it we find the individual in conflict with those around him. Implied is the notion that this is all there is to mental illness; this is the definition. He begins with an example of a junior executive with a promising future, a wife who loves him, and two healthy children. Nevertheless, this man is unhappy and unhappy, presumably because he is bored with his job, dissatisfied with his wife, feels like a slave, and he is convinced, furthermore,

*his job's gone the best yet.
ure makes a difference — having
he First Team* handling the financing."*



*he First Team in New England banking: the officers and staff of The First
tional Bank of Boston and its allied institution, Old Colony Trust Company. Their
siness is to help you in your business, whatever it may be. Call in The First Team.*

Answer to Poser on page 80

The "inside" man washed 8 more windows than the "outside" man. It makes no difference how many windows there were but let's assume there were 20 insides and 20 outsides. Then the inside man must have washed 16 insides and 8 outsides for a total of 24 and the other man washed the remaining 16.

he never loved his wife. He has, as Dr. Szasz puts it, lost control over the conduct of his life.

Well, what about this unhappy executive? If he is now convinced that he never loved his wife, what was going on in the first place when he married her? He has two healthy, presumably loving children; why does he feel like a slave to them? He feels his job saps his initiative and destroys his integrity; what is it that prevents him from making a change? It is true that when a patient presents himself to the psychiatrist he is faced with real problems, some of which may not be resolvable, especially in the area of finding satisfying work. But is the whole thing entirely a realistic dilemma or is it partly the result of vague fears and conflicts?

I can only conclude from Dr. Szasz's view of the case that he believes man is fully aware and in control of all his emotions and that his actions are always rationally based upon careful thought. He says that a man's actions deserve understanding because there may not realistically be available to him a good solution. This much is true, but it is the psychiatrist's job to go further, to try to understand the man's actions in terms of behavior patterns and anxieties which may be leading into problem situations and also leading him from examining, in a more open and flexible way, possible solutions. There are, indeed, problems in living, but they may be compounded and perpetuated by rigid, unconstructive patterns of problem-solving beyond the power of the individual.

Thus, we do not expect "psychiatry to help the individual or society," with the implication that these goals are at opposite ends, and we do not

subscribe to the assumption that psychiatric treatment consists of psychological counseling, whatever that may be. The psychiatrist tries to explore with his patient the roots of his behavior and his emotions in the hope of freeing his potentialities to the point where he can more realistically satisfy his personal goals in life and deal with the frustrations that must inevitably plague everyone in our culture. Conformity to society is *not* a goal. The resolution of irrational rebellion, based on childhood feelings rather than mature understanding, is a goal.

Of great importance is the rather startling implication in Dr. Szasz's definition of mental illness that a man's actions are only considered disturbed when they annoy others. At this point, I must bring in some of my own examples. To look at an acutely disturbed, psychotic patient, who sits huddled in a corner in stark terror, with little ability either to communicate the reason for his terror or to be comforted, and to say that his distress is based only on the reactions of those he annoys is to distort mental illness. That this poor man's present plight is in part due to conflicts with those about him certainly shouldn't hide from us his personal *inner conflict*, with loss of control, overwhelming terror, and inability to think logically even in areas of immediate preservation.

Would Dr. Szasz include such a case among the thousands of involuntary patients who are being given forced psychiatric care only in the hope of changing behavior offensive to others? Or, if he does not mean these particularly disturbed cases, what about the following typical case? A young man, because of problems incurred in childhood (and with resultant present-day inadequacies and tensions) finds himself overwhelmed by guilt and fear following sexual relations with his first girl friend, and now fully believes that the police and others are out to kill him. Is it really accurate or fair to say that he is involuntarily institutionalized just because he annoys his family by his refusal to return to college or because he now annoys his girl friend by insisting that she took part in the plot against his life by seducing him?

Or what of the successful older

businessman, who, in the face of realistic, but actually minor setbacks, has gradually become dependent to the point where he feels that his family does not care for him that he has led an unsuccessful life, and that his only recourse is suicide? Here again, is it correct to assume that his being institutionalized against his will is the result of his family's own needs? Or is it more the result of recognizing the fact that in his present state of mind he is not realistically able to deal with his total situation and might destroy himself if treatment were not insisted upon?

In fact, it is the rare competent patient, who, upon his recovery, is not able to recognize in major life the necessity for his hospitalization and who is not, in most ways, grateful for having been freed from carrying out disturbed actions during his acutely delusional state.

Last, I must admit to some reservation against the open statement of Dr. Szasz, that it is the poor who are hospitalized, not the rich. In fact, it is the poor who are put in understaffed state hospitals, and the rich who are afforded care in well-staffed institutions. That a wealthy disturbed person can fend off the use of a good lawyer is in itself a credit to our firm belief in the judicial system, not a proof that people can protect themselves if wealthy. No legitimate psychiatrist willfully treats the wealthy patient differently; in fact, it is hard to help him because of his continued ability to wield social power when grossly disturbed.

In summary, then, Dr. Szasz's sensitivity to the sometimes irreconcilable conflicts of everyday life and his desire to preserve the individual rights in our society are both admirable and need continuing exposure. Nevertheless, his views of what constitutes mental illnesses and conditions are far too narrow to encompass the vast majority of individuals who need psychiatric help, and especially those who need institutional care. The implications of his views and logic, carried to their ends, would reduce psychiatry to that period of its history where the inner conflicts and problems of mental life were essentially hidden from appreciation and treatment. I would also ask

Our teen-age girls are not learning to eat right, and poor health is their penalty

TEEN-AGE GIRLS in the United States, a country noted for its great abundance of healthful foods, often damage their own health and deprive themselves of a full share of the sparkle and vitality they want because they have not learned to eat right.

Surveys conducted by university nutritionists indicate that the diets of teen-age girls tend to be low in iron, vitamin A, and ascorbic acid (vitamin C). Many teen-age girls are low in intake of these essential nutrients because they, much too often like their parents, skip breakfast or try to start the day with too little nourishment. Studies have been made to determine why these girls do not eat right. Many of them are simply ill-informed about what is happening to them in their adolescent years. They do not realize their young bodies are maturing and need food nutrients in adequate amounts to enjoy good health. They are sometimes excessively concerned about becoming overweight even though many of them are really undernourished.

EAT RIGHT HELPS INCREASE VITALITY

Many of these girls, as well as many of their older sisters and their mothers, lack the very vitality they want because they don't eat right. They ignore or don't realize the important role that diet plays in physical appearance, including skin and hair health. There is evidence, too, that poor eating habits in the teen years account for a significant number of the difficulties which young women experience in adulthood.

Teen-age girls tend to be deficient in the nutrients found abundantly in milk and in citrus fruits and juices. Too many are picked up from their mothers, and perhaps their grandmothers, the completely erroneous idea that milk is "fattening." Because they skip breakfast, they often don't get the fruits or juices rich in ascorbic acid.

Teen-age girls are frequently quite volatile personalities and may be difficult to reason with. They dislike being treated like small children and being told to eat this or that when they are in training for maturity, and the parents may follow the policy of "Do as I say, not as I do" and find it difficult to encourage their children to adopt the best eating habits that will prove most beneficial for the younger members of the family.

IS THERE A FAMILY FOOD PLAN?

Planning food for the family should not require the services of a computer, nor is a healthful diet one that is not enjoyable. Following the Daily Food Guide which the government scientists have developed is a sound, and easy, method of keeping the entire family well fed. But, the common sense which applies to the adult members of

the family as well as to the children. The Daily Food Guide suggests selecting foods from these four major groupings:

Milk and Dairy Foods: Teen-agers and children should have 3 to 4 glasses of milk each day (or its equivalent in such dairy foods as cheese and ice cream). Adults, for a balanced diet and to set a good example for other members of the family, should have at least 2 glasses of milk each day.

Milk is an important source of essential food nutrients. For an adult man, for example, 2 glasses of milk each day supply about 25% of daily protein needs; 71% of the calcium (required to keep bones strong even after growth stops and for other vital processes); 15% of the vitamin A (which helps to keep skin clear and smooth); 46% of the riboflavin (which also aids skin health and helps cells use oxygen); 10-12% of the thiamine (which helps prevent irritability and promotes normal digestion); 10-13% of the calories (which, despite any unhappy thoughts the term suggests, are needed to provide the body's energy).

Percentages of nutrient requirements for an adult woman are slightly higher in each case because the adult female has lower nutrient needs. The 4 glasses of milk recommended for teen-agers provide higher percentages of all these essential nutrients, but this amount of milk supplies only 25 to 28% of the total calorie needs of a teen-age girl. Remember, too, that the calories in milk are often called "armored calories" because they supply so many other essential food nutrients.

Meat, Fish, Poultry, Eggs: 2 or more servings each day from this group provide more protein, iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin.

Vegetables and Fruits: 4 or more servings help assure adequate intake of vitamins and minerals. Selections should include a citrus fruit or vegetable rich in vitamin C and a dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable rich in vitamin A.

Breads and cereals: 4 or more servings each day from this group provide iron, B-vitamins, protein, and calories.

If you make the Daily Food Guide your family's plan for eating right, you'll do everyone a favor. Teen-age girls have many problems growing up in our American society, but helping them learn to eat right is one way we can reduce the strains for them. The best way to help them learn to eat right is for parents to set a good example at the family table.

a message from dairy farmer members of



american dairy association

20 N. Wacker Drive
Chicago, Ill. 60606

the basis of the title of his article, where he addresses himself to what psychiatry *can* do? This is really not touched on. I wonder what Dr. Szasz hopes to accomplish.

STUART S. TURKEL, M.D.

Dr. Szasz Replies

Surely, a four-page article can be no more than an *apéritif*. Why, then, does a professional colleague treat it as a large meal, the full exposition of my views on psychiatry? In particular, why does he assert that my ideas are accepted uncritically by nonprofessional persons? I prefer to assume that, first, the subject of my article is of serious concern to many thoughtful persons, regardless of their occupation; and second, that, while some may accept my views on faith or because it suits their fancy, most can be depended on to form their own critical judgments.

Although Dr. Turkel states that "it is not easy to see" what I am saying, he goes on to list six "deeper implications" of my views. He thus attributes to me certain ideas and statements which I do not hold and have not made—and then proceeds to refute these "implications" rather than my views.

For example, by contending that the term "mental illness" is a metaphor, I do not mean that everyone now labeled "mentally ill" is "normal." Nor do I mean that "Our mental institutions are filled with people who are, in most respects, normal." I believe it is an important task for the psychiatrist, in or out of his consulting-room, to expose the metaphorical use of language, especially where metaphorical allusion is mistaken for factual assertion. Revealing a hitherto unseen or incompletely seen metaphor in a proposition, however, does not commit one to asserting the opposite proposition! I oppose involuntary mental hospitalization . . . because, in a free society, I do not believe that mental illness is a morally legitimate ground for loss of liberty. Only conviction for lawbreaking . . .

It is especially curious that although Dr. Turkel strains to find the hidden implications of my views, he fails to discover the two basic ones,

which I have been at pains not to hide. In fact, I have devoted an entire volume to each. Let me state them briefly, as two related propositions.

One: that our current psychiatric befuddlement is due to our being the slaves, not the masters, of our main conceptual metaphor, "mental illness."

Two: that, as psychiatrists, we deal largely with problems of human conduct—that is, with moral problems—which we cannot adequately confront, much less resolve, while they remain hidden by our medical metaphor.

In *The Myth of Mental Illness* (Hoebler-Harper, 1961), I present a detailed analysis of the first proposition, and a psychosocial theory of personal conduct, including conduct now labeled as "mental illness." In *Law, Liberty, and Psychiatry* (Macmillan, 1963), I examine the second proposition and, in particular, the

psychiatrist's moral dilemma: What agent is he? What values does he promote? Thus, certain questions such as the one raised by Dr. Turkel about a man's right to take his own life, cannot be, and must not be, categorized as problems for psychiatrists alone to solve. Whether or not society should try to prevent or punish suicide by penal or psychiatric sanctions is a question that strikes at the very heart of human existence: it poses problems that I believe are better categorized as moral, religious, legal, psychological, and philosophical—than as medical.

In this connection, and because Dr. Turkel endorses the principle of involuntary mental hospitalization, something so desirable as to be self-evident, I should like to end by posing this question: Should individual liberties be guaranteed by law, or should they be contingent on meeting certain standards of mental health?

THOMAS S. SZASZ, M.D.

High Wind

by Patricia Coffin

ALL night the wind
has been trying to get in,
rattling latches, shaking sashes, slamming shutters,
muttering
in the eaves,
then rushing
the house and roaring in frustration down the chimney.


This morning
I opened the door.
As it tried to shoulder past I said:
"And what if I let you in
wind,
what would you?"

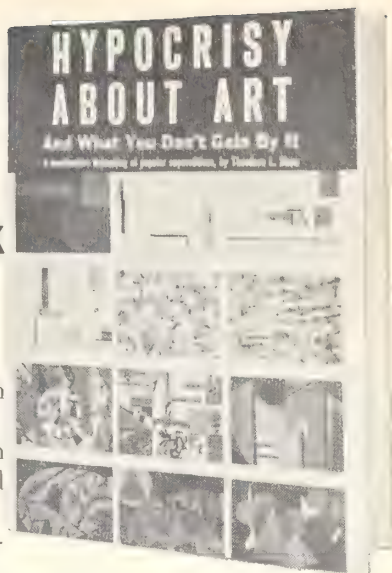
"I'd rinse your rooms with fabulous fresh air,
I'd shake your curtains, tumble your beds,
I'd sweep the house bare
of stale ideas and bacon smells,
of all things loose, lying pell-mell like papers,
love letters old and new, manuscripts (both carbons and originals)
notes,
recipes on envelopes,
paper dolls and lists of things to do,
senseless habits and old memories too."

"No house could stand that much cleaning."
I shut the door leaving
the wind grieving
on the doorstep like a salesman gainsaid.

Conjecturism

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And because it's your only escape-route, therefore, (if you want one) from naive and prettified picture of art which the world has regrettably inherited in ancient days.

Even the most sophisticated man will be shaken out of some of his favorite dogmas—to his benefit, we believe—by the book's relentless search for facts. Where else, for example, would he encounter a candid statement such as that expressed in the famous "Stork cartoon" (apologies to Van Gogh) shown below? In our opinion, the answer is NOWHERE. Traditionalists would only reject it as *Blasphemy*. For it plainly deprives them of two of their most "sacred" rights—the right to call certain works *immortal* and the right to deliver *positive and enduring verdicts of betterness*, on which their entire authority rests.

And yet the statement is obviously truthful.

After all, how can you appraise art works as permanently "great" or "beautiful" when a dozen men could conceivably turn them into your own home-town, say, with the capacity to turn them out in wholesale quantity.

And, before you can judge an art work's "greatness" you must make an estimate of the human probabilities of its being repeated both now and for the future—the doing of which is manifestly a ticklish job.

And it is exactly because of this inevitable uncertainty that a completely new approach to art has become necessary—one which is being widely adopted. CONJECTURISM.

It is the cautious, reasoned method, rather than the slap-dash, mystic method. It brings art up to date much as Evolutionary Biology up-to-date—namely by abandoning the rigid certitude and turning towards the experienced but tentative conjecture. In the moment that man attempts the eternal verdict in art, he defeats his own purpose as certainly as would a meteorologist who ventured beyond the immediate probabilities in his forecasting of the weather. It just can't be done without stepping openly into Clairvoyance and Mumbo-Jumbo.

The book, *HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART*, by Theodore L. Shaw, does much more, however, than expound the principles of Conjecturism. With its 153 pages, its over 160 illustrations, many of them in full color, it demonstrates the practical application of it to specific works of art, and shows how the accuracy of man's conjectures can gradually be improved. Whether your purpose is to *create* art or to *understand and enjoy* it you will find the book highly interesting and profoundly enlightening.

It is a mere verbal description is inadequate. The book is its own best advocate. And it is for this reason we suggest that you give us permission to mail it to you on ten-days free trial, without obligation. Along with it will go the famous pamphlet (usual price 50¢) *THE GAG ABOUT ART BEING IMMORTAL*. It's yours as a gift, whether you decide to keep the large book or not. Or, if you prefer, you can remit 50¢ (check, stamps or coins) for the pamphlet alone. The 50¢ will count as a credit towards *HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART*, if later, after sending for it on ten-days trial, you decide to keep it. Merely indicate your wishes on the coupon, or send a postcard or letter.



THE FAMOUS STORK CARTOON

The cartoon of what men possessing what talents arrive at, and at what times, that usually decides which art works are considered "great," and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A stork brings art to the world, not possessing a special skill in creating art in understanding it. A stork can reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.

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by Joseph Kraft



CHRISTA AR

The Washington Lawyers

They are a special breed—and they are providing a talent pool for the new Administration, just as their Wall Street colleagues did for the Republicans.

One of the few authentic traditions in American politics arises out of the well-known love affair between the Republican party and the Wall Street lawyers. From Theodore Roosevelt through Dwight Eisenhower there has been no Republican Administration in which men from the big downtown firms did not play a major role. From their ranks came four of the eight Secretaries of State during the period—Elihu Root, Charles Evans Hughes, Henry Stimson, and John Foster Dulles. So fixed was the tradition that whenever the Democrats felt obliged to look bipartisan, they automatically reached for a Wall Street lawyer. Mr. Dulles, for that reason, was called to negotiate the Japanese peace treaty in 1951; and when the Cuba missile crisis broke in the fall of 1962, John McCloy was dispatched to the United Nations to sit with Adlai Stevenson.

With the arrival of Lyndon B. Johnson's Administration, however, another element of the American bar finds its place as a political force. The Washington lawyers have to compete for a share of talent, especially at the highest positions in government—a Democratic counterpart to the Wall Street lawyers. A striking mark of their role lies in the President's Kitchen Cabinet of unofficial advisers. Virtually all its members—Dean Acheson, Abe Fortas, James Rowe, Ben Cohen, Thomas Corcoran—are Washington lawyers.

To be sure, the term Washington lawyer covers a multitude of practices, and at least a few sins. There are 12,600 lawyers in the metropolitan district of the Capital—a ratio of one in every sixty persons, which is the highest by far in the country. Perhaps half the local lawyers engage in distinctly local practice. They handle the murders, rapes, real-estate negotiations, wills, divorces, and accident cases that abound in any large community. Their work is no different from lawyers' work in any one of a dozen towns, and about them there is nothing remarkable.

Several thousand more lawyers in Washington are specialists. Every area where government action impinges upon private interest is worked by at least one specialized firm in Washington. There are firms for communications law, labor law, transportation law, patent law, public-utilities law, atomic-energy law, taxes, antitrust proceedings, land claims, Indian affairs, and the negotiation of defense contracts. Generally, the specialized firms are made up of three or four lawyers who not very long ago worked the same field on the government side of the fence. The communications firm of Cohn & Marks, which has handled Lady Bird Johnson's TV interest, for example, counts among its four partners three who came to Washington as attorneys for the Federal Communications Commission.

Most of the specialist firms are undoubtedly reputable. But because of their government contacts, and even more because they work in areas remote from the public gaze, some of them tend to harbor the lobbyists,

fixers, five-per-centers, and open who have given the Washington lawyer a bad name. And even from the matter of reputation, specialist firms concentrate too narrowly to be a major force in the nation's affairs.

That role is reserved for a kind of Washington practice—national practice carried on by perhaps a score of different firms. These firms can handle anything from estates through antitrust cases to international transactions. They argue both in the regulatory agencies and in the courts. In size they range from giants to midgets. Perhaps the supreme example is Cohn & Burling, with a hundred lawyers, including Mr. Acheson's Wall Street firm, as a local saying goes, "in Washington." But there is also Clifford & Miller, with four lawyers including Clark M. Ford. As clients, the national firms have most of the large corporations and industry groupings. Their lawyers have served in a wide variety of government posts, sometimes at very top levels, and they tend to come from the best schools. They could, in other words, practice anywhere. But because they have practices in Washington, they have acquired a special relation to an enormous force that fills out the background of everything that happens in this town—the government.

Most of the national firms, to begin with, are the residue of past Administrations. Covington & Burling was put together by two attorneys who came to work for agencies set up during Woodrow Wilson's time. The second-biggest firm in town, Hogan & Hartson—was formed



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worked for the Justice and Treasury in the Re- before the Great De- The Truman Administra- expression in the firm of Clifford, who was Special Counsel in the White House. General Eisenhower's Counsel, Gerald Morgan, and his Attorney General, William P. Rogers, both head the Washington offices of New York firms. And the New Deal, with all the lawyers it brought down, yielded a crop of law offices—which is the reason why the bias is so heavily Democratic. Perhaps the best-known is the firm of Arnold, Fortas & Porter, put together by Roosevelt's Assistant Attorney General for antitrust, Thurman Arnold; Under Secretary of Interior, Abe Fortas; and the head of the Office of Price Administration under Truman, Paul Porter. Almost as prominent is Corcoran, Foley, Youngman & Rowe, engrossing two former White House aides, Thomas Corcoran and James Rowe; and a former Under Secretary of the Treasury, Edward Foley.

Keeping In and Up

Because they come from inside, the Washington lawyers start off by knowing the government intimately—not as a vast, amorphous, remote force, but as a grouping of individuals and offices. That kind of feel for the government is enriched every day by the firm's ordinary practice. To represent du Pont, as Covington & Burling does, is to know not only all the twists and turns of antitrust law, but also the moods of those who enforce the law in the Justice Department and the Federal Trade Commission, and their relations with the Congress and its committees. To represent the United Fruit Company, as the Corcoran firm does, is to know about the State Department, and a great deal of officers in the Latin America:

From secure case tends to involve all the organs and offices of the government. Washington firm, for example, is currently handling a dispute between a commercial ranch and an aviation company over a piece of land in Nevada. Apart from knowing the Grazing Acts, the case demands knowledge of the posi-

tion of the Secretary of Interior, who administers the acts, and of the pressures that beat upon him from the Defense Department and the Congress. Moreover, every action taken by the government has a parallel in other actions. To represent one airline is to have to know what the government is doing with respect to most other airlines. The Washington lawyer has to keep up. As Gerhart Gesell, of the Covington firm, says, "We read the papers; not just the headlines."

As much as the Washington lawyers seek out the government, the government seeks them out. Because of their ties to the major companies they are a prime contact with industry across the country. Consider, for example, what happened back in the fall of 1962, when the Justice Department wanted to accumulate, for free, a store of drugs and foodstuffs as ransom for the Cubans taken prisoner by Fidel Castro in the Bay of Pigs. The first move the Department made was to be in touch with Lloyd Cutler, partner in the firm of Wilmer, Cutler & Pickering, and Washington counsel for the drug industry. Cutler was able at the outset to warn the Department of the questions—notably tax questions—the drug companies would raise before making their wares available. At a critical juncture, he had a hand in arranging for Democratic and Republican leaders to assure the industry that contributing to the ransom fund would not expose it to charges of political favoritism.

In the course of the exercise, moreover, the Justice Department called on three more Washington lawyers for help—John W. Douglas and E. Barrett Prettyman, Jr. of Covington, and John Nolan of the firm of Steptoe, Johnson. All three are now working for the government—a mark of the easy transition from the Washington law firms.

For discreet Presidential business, the Washington lawyers, because of their experience and outside contacts, are particularly important. President Kennedy used Clark Clifford to approach the steel companies in the midst of the angry fight over steel pricing in the spring of 1962. Through Dean Acheson he once conveyed word to the West German government that he would like a

different German ambassador to Washington. President Johnson already had occasion to use Mr. Fortas on several delicate missions. Mr. Fortas put together the commission investigating the assassination of President Kennedy. He also undertook—unsuccessfully as it turned out—to persuade newspaper executives to go easy in the case of President's former Senate aide Bobby Baker.

Close to the Court

A high intellectual content, as well as official contacts, distinguishes the work of the Washington lawyer. For one thing, there is the presence of the Supreme Court. Not that Washington lawyers argue cases before the Court with special frequency. Whether in New York or Oshkosh, a lawyer with a case to be heard by the Supreme Court wants to argue it himself. But a great many of the Washington lawyers came to town originally as clerks to the Supreme Court Justices. Covington, for instance, has eleven former Supreme Court clerks among its thirty-six partners—a showing that probably no other firm in the country could even begin to match. Moreover, because the Court is in town, because lawyers are always brushing up against the Justices, and talking about their work in social gatherings, interest is sustained. There is almost no lawyer in the nation's firms who does not follow closely the work of the Court. At Arnold, Fortas & Porter, the lawyers' luncheon takes place on Monday, which is also decision day for the Court. On days when decisions are being announced, the luncheon is interrupted for bulletins as each decision is handed down.

The Washington lawyers, furthermore, are not client-dominated. Leading lawyers in most towns tend to become adjuncts of the dominant business. They are auto men in Detroit, steel men in Cleveland and Pittsburgh, securities men in New York. In Washington, none of the leading lawyers live in the world of business. They are constantly mixing with politicians, journalists, professors, economists, military men, and foreigners from the embassies. It is a mark of their breadth of in-

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

that there is a steady flow between the Washington law firms and the leading law schools. The principal partners in Arnold, Fortas and Porter—Thurman Arnold and Abe Fortas—were both professors at the Georgetown Law School. Probably the most important of all, the Washington lawyer works at the frontiers of his profession. The New York lawyer dealing with a corporate client faces undoubted problems. But much of the work is routine—a repetition of what has been done on previous securities issues. The Washington lawyer, in contrast, generally deals with new problems thrown up to government by the interplay of forces that are old, or not yet under, social control. As representatives of foreign governments in the United States, for example, the Washington lawyers daily set sail on the uncharted seas of international law. It was a Washington lawyer representing Pakistan—John Laylin of Covington and Burling—who mainly put together the Indus River development scheme which made it possible for this country to support joint exploitation of water resources by both India and Pakistan.

The Thorny Issues

Equally important to the Washington lawyer, and equally without precedent, is the area of government-business relations in a mixed economy. The Washington lawyers for the drug companies regularly wrestle with the issue of private marketing of products developed by government research. Washington lawyers, including Lloyd Cutler and Clark Clifford, played a principal part in putting together the unique public-private corporation set up to manage the communications satellite.

The loyalty-security cases of the Truman and early Eisenhower years presented a similar kind of challenge. The underlying elements in those cases—the presence of Communists in government on the one hand, and the overriding public interest in security—were both new. It was the Washington lawyers, acting on behalf of government employees, who without compensation, who worked out the procedures whereby loyalty cases came to be handled.

It was also the Washington lawyers who mainly pressed the courts to draw boundaries around the proper activities of Congressional investigating committees. And only the other day, it was another Washington lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams, acting on behalf of Bobby Baker, who raised anew the question of whether the committees had the right to televise the interrogation of witnesses.

The thorny issues growing out of the civil-rights dispute have equally commanded the attention of the Washington lawyers. Dean Acheson first came to work with Lyndon Johnson, not as a foreign-policy expert but in connection with the civil-rights bill of 1960. It was another Covington lawyer, Burke Marshall, now the Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights, who first hit on the idea of using federal referees to judge voting lists rather than local officials who were prone to bias.

The capacity to handle new problems of great magnitude in a creative way is, of course, the special requirement for success at the top levels of government. Given the talents and training of the Washington lawyers, it is, if anything, remarkable that they have so far played so little a part in government. The explanation lies in an historic accident. The Washington lawyers tended to come to the capital in the New Deal days and to enter private practice after World War II. Except for Mr. Acheson, they were too new a factor to enter much into the Truman Administration. During the Eisenhower regime, they were necessarily out: Democrats in a Republican day. The Kennedy Administration gave high office to a few. Under Secretary of State George Ball and Under Secretary of the Treasury Henry Fowler were both Washington lawyers; so were four of the eight Assistant Attorneys Generals.

But many of the ex-New Dealers in the Washington law firms found themselves in poor rapport with the men of the New Frontier who had made their careers in the postwar era. They were, so to speak, a generation removed. Lyndon Johnson, who came to Washington contemporaneously with the New Deal, has erased the difference in generation. For the Washington lawyers, an hour has come round at last.

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Of Snobs & Taxes & Unimpressed Men

by Benjamin DeMott

Is snobbery the deadliest sin? Ten or twelve years ago, when the post-war generation of English fictionists began freshly worrying this question, Establishment-baiting was far from the rage. Gritty class feeling had no honored place in English movies. The likes of the original BBC "That Was the Week that Was" wouldn't have had a prayer for prime time, and *Beyond the Fringe* might not have found a house. No prospect seemed remoter than that a revolutionary new English tone, nasty-leering-irreverent, would shortly become a most-favored export—and, in the bargain, an influence on American popular culture. That all this came to pass isn't attributable solely to a bundle of books: the entertainment industries were overdue for revolution. But no insurrectionary agents were earlier on the scene, or more unrelentingly abusive of pomp and pretense, than the younger novelists. And, to judge from Kingsley Amis's *One Fat Englishman* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.50)—a tale in which yet another reviewer, as the title suggests, remains steadfast in the cause, worth of that day's Mandarin type of English Literature (1950-1951) of efforts by to annoy their betters. (The advanced degrees, like it as an attractive for research. And even now that, here, Eng Lit, a sweet rasher of facts awaits review by students. (Some of the

facts are assembled in William Van O'Connor's *The New University Wits and the End of Modernism*, Southern Illinois University Press, \$4.50, a brief, square, but handy survey.)

The review-lesson begins, naturally, with the names of the schools into which these writers are usually divided: the famous Angries (novels and plays mainly), and the less famous Movement (verse). The important figures, many of them at least, knew each other as undergraduates: Messrs. John Wain, Philip Larkin—a thoroughly winning poet—and Amis were at Oxford together in the 'forties. (Mr. Wain and Mr. Amis have dedicated books to Mr. Larkin, who in turn has dedicated a book to Mr. Amis; Mr. Amis has dedicated a book to Mr. Wain.) Their family backgrounds aren't especially exalted—Mr. Wain's father was a dentist, Mr. Amis's a clerk, and Mr. Larkin's City Treasurer of Coventry.

Their tastes are likably low: they are fond of beer, bosoms, science fiction, and jazz, and they detest art spelled Art, old boys who lecture them about being Responsible, hyphenated last names, Kierkegaard, and Abroad (America excepted). Almost from the first their work stirred newsy interest. (In 1955 Somerset Maugham wrote in the London Sunday Times that Mr. Amis's kind of people "do not go to the university to acquire culture but to get a job . . . have no manners . . . are scum"; C. P. Snow answered that Mr. Amis's kind of people resembled him, "twenty-five or thirty years ago" and their

most successful productions—John Osborne's play, *Look Back in Anger*, and Amis's novel, *Lucky Jim*—were very successful indeed (twenty prizes for *Jim* in its first ten years).

Review lessons, though, only touch the points of general interest. What counts, to repeat, is that Wain, Braine, Amis, Waterhouse, Sillitoe, and unsung others have been baiting the gentry for years, are partly responsible for the present character of modish mass entertainment on both sides of the water, and see at the moment to be having to invent a fresh idea.

From his record, the author of *One Fat Englishman*, a fifth novel, seems the man likeliest to produce a fresh idea. In all Amis's books there are signs of the gift for farce and eye for culture-culture asininity that made *Lucky Jim* the funniest tale of its day. (Jokes about madrigal singers in this first novel gave way in the second and third, to jokes about verse drama and Abroad.) But themes of innocence, rather than yatter about Art and the Establishment, appear in the foreground of Amis's recent work—*Take a Girl Like You*, a novel, and a collection of stories called *My Enemy's Enemy*. And there is at least one sense in which the book at hand itself qualifies as an effort at a Breakthrough. *One Fat Englishman* is, as indicated, a story about snobbery. But, almost for the first time in his career, Amis assigns the role of "point-of-view character" to the snob—and, in novels, such assignments aren't commonly made to fig-

who serve throughout as objects of mockery. Impressed by this shift of focus, the *Times Literary Supplement* suggested that Amis's new might be the author's first clear attempt "at locating the roots of humanity." In caresque in spirit, *One Fat Englishman* is billed as an account of an English publisher "on safari in the United States." Its hero, Roger Micheldene, a man of gross appetites, comes back and forth between New York and Budweiser College in Pennsylvania. His occupations are eating, drinking, snuff-taking, copulating (inside and outdoors, with other people and wives), and setting the natives right. Aware of his sins, he prays regularly and arrogantly for deliverance, and now and then thinks of going—in order to improve his efficiency in the sexual chase. ("This had been brought sharply into focus at a fellow-publisher's party the previous year. Somebody's secretary had told him that what he needed was all right with her on the understanding that he brought a block and tackle along.") In the episode Micheldene re-examines his comeuppance—from American toddlers, teachers, and tramps. One of the chief principles of design in the book is that each displacement is a shade more painful than the last.

Not painful for the reader, it could be said. Roger Micheldene resembles a Living Personage who, on a visit here a few years ago, got much grander welcome than he deserved; watching him fall on his bum was really good fun. And there are other assurances in *One Fat Englishman*—vitality, speed, unpretentiousness, and some splendid literary hijinks (piranha-like parody of sick American "anti-novels"). But the book is no genuine sense of a successful try at "locating the roots of humanity." The reason, flatly stated, is that the novelist isn't yet fully convinced of the importance either of society or its roots. More than once in this book he does turn away from the business of cataloguing varieties of man-upmanship—sexual, political, linguistic, even tobacconistic—that are discernible in his hero. The reader learns that Micheldene disdained his father, resented the second-rate public school to which he was

sent, and has never been wholly unconscious of his own bitchiness. But time and again, at moments when the reader seems certain that serious explanation and interpretation is about to be forthcoming, the writer shakes him off, as it were—offers a snapper-gag, and bustles on. The impression left, despite the gags, is of uneasiness and inhibition, as though Amis were embarrassed by his own glimmering interest in sources and motives, his own dabbling at "understanding." The embarrassment is hardly puzzling. The true original Angry faith held that snobbery was an item to be spat at, not understood. And to waver in that faith, to begin to think novelistically, rather than inquisitionally, puritanically, or satirically (these modes of thought have a lot in common), is to run the risk at best of seeming pretentious and, at worst, of losing an audience.

The audience that would be lost is, admittedly, an English audience by and large. And therefore it is hard to see, at first glance, why the sort of nervousness just mentioned is of universal moment. Sensible countrymen of the author may lay aside *One Fat Englishman* lamenting the persistence of a view of life which, after nodding in the direction of large human themes, goes on to deny significance to any experience save that of social humiliation, and to reduce complex moral issues to simple quarrels between Privilege (stupidity and meanness) and Outsiders (brains and decency). But who else is obliged to care? Some American readers will notice that, as usual, the Britisher who tunes in to American speech does so with a tin ear. (Amis, who recently spent a year in residence at Princeton, thinks he heard undergraduates yelping, "Wow!" and "Oh murder!" and "Some doll," at receptions for visiting lecturers.) Other Americans will notice that here again the Britisher abroad returns to a gnawing self-hatred, like a dog to his own vomit. (To prove himself no jingo, Amis brings a second, Non-U Englishman on-stage for no other purpose than to have the man announce that England is a "bloody awful dump.") But it isn't likely to occur to many readers on this side of the ocean that here is a remarkably unimpressed and therefore valuable Britisher

practically insisting that the mind and imagination are only to be trusted when they are occupied in chiding Establishment gents.

And this is regrettable. For the shape of Amis's career, or rather of his inhibition, offers a useful lesson to an elite in love with new-style English wit, manners, and tone. One part of the lesson is that it is possible, in the worthy name of democratic irreverence, to lock yourself into a frame of mind in which, except for social pretensions—snobbery, the deadliest sin—nothing in the world can be seen as real or momentous. Another part of the lesson is that sooner or later the unimpressed man, the chap who knows and knows, the "seminal" wit-writer, grows restless in his sanitized, unillusioned cell, and becomes nostalgic for a world in which there are objects as well as "tones." Kingsley Amis hasn't yet broken out of his jail; he remains a victim of the notion that seeing life humorously means describing Dickensian ties and god-awful hicks, and avoiding patient scrutiny of human innerness. But that he wants out is a good sign. Wishing him luck amounts, at this generally Anglophilic moment, to wishing the same to ourselves.

Yank in Soho

The familiar alternative to the unimpressed man—namely the wide-eyed boy—was once the standard hero of American books, and is far from having disappeared from them altogether. For a reminder of his limitations, a man could do worse than leaf through Julius Horwitz's *Can I Get There by Candlelight?* (Atheneum, \$4.50), a story about Anglo-American cultural exchange in London rather than at Budweiser U. The author has two previous books to his credit, both of them about New York City; one of them—*The Inhabitants*—is notable for soberly realistic accounts of uptown slum life. (Horwitz's publishers say that *The Inhabitants* is "read and studied at all levels throughout the country"; somebody seems to have conned them badly.) The time of the present work is World War II. The hero is a lucky American airman who spends leaves with various charming arty Soho types, all of whom impress the hell



When you think about some high office that's endured for a long time, you (or I, anyway) often regard it as immutable, as something that can't be altered by its occupants, whoever they may be. This kind of thinking is especially prevalent in the United States, where a written Constitution limits the possibilities of change in any government office.

But men, it seems, must react to the currents of their time, and nothing illustrates this better than the changes in the nature of the Presidency of the United States since this nation's beginning.

A new and thoughtful book, "The Presidents on the Presidency," serves to illustrate these changes, as well as a number of other aspects of the world's most complex job. Historian Arthur Tourtellot, who compiled, edited and structured the book, has set down in the Presidents' own words the reflections of the men from Washington through Kennedy who have had to make history every day of their administrations.

The book's 11 sections give a fresh and compelling insight into the minds of the Presidents, and Mr. Tourtellot has prefaced each section with a brief introductory essay explaining (as the Presidents themselves cannot) how each man stood in relation to his time, and how each man ultimately contributed to the office. In a single year, "The Presidents on the Presidency" is remarkably timely, and was the only book to be reviewed by the *New York Times* and *Life*.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The *New York Times* and *Life* have both praised the book. The *New York Times* called it "a masterpiece of editing and structure." The *Life* magazine called it "a masterpiece of editing and structure." The book is available in paperback for \$2.95. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 655 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

THE NEW BOOKS

out of him, and many of whom rush him off to bed. Paul is rushed off to bed by a lady named Nora, who (impressively) has been to bed with Modigliani. He is rushed off to bed by a lady named Lenny who wears impressive cashmere sweaters. (*Of Mice and Men*, distractingly, lies buried in this equation.) Paul is also impressed by German flak, by his own intense letters, and by the letters he receives from an intense friend in New York who thinks Paul may someday be a writer. (Paul's Soho friends are also easily impressed; they mistakenly believe Paul is a writer *now*.)

A humorless fantasy, Paul's story is full of excesses—stylistic, orgiastic, what have you—rarely committed by cool English literary customers. Few Angries, bless them, write like this:

I saw the hill. Lenny pointed to the hill. We pushed toward the hill. The whistling of the wind was louder now than the death of a thousand eagles. The wind was as loud as Lenny crying to me in bed I love you I love you and my own trembling of what to do with the love. We saw Land's End. It looked like Land's End, etc.

And, bless them again, few Angries (this is a fact) are long on sex orgy. *Can I Get There by Candlelight?* is deeply moved by sex orgies. We see the sex. The author points to the sex. He has written a sexy book. We push toward its end unreluctantly. It is an all-American stinker, and heavy promotion is planned.

Yank in Settignano

A wholly different kind of wide-eyed man appears in *The Selected Letters of Bernard Berenson* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5). The editor, A. K. McComb, an acquaintance of the famous connoisseur and collector, claims in his introduction that Berenson was "a complicated person." And unquestionably the man had qualities of mind that aren't represented in these documents. The late Berenson, an aesthete whose eye all too often is on beauties he finds in himself. Berenson spends time working out why people like him so much. ("I dined with the Butties and had a regular romp with them. I now realize why they enjoy me so much—it's because I am perfectly

natural with them, relaxed, and unstriving . . .") He finds *Pro* valuable because the fellow comes "so close to the revelation of my own innermost minutest and all-determining psycho-physical actions." He is enormously enthusiastic about rich people (he himself ended well-fixed):

I have come to the conclusion that genuine culture would be advanced by the teaching of art literature & kindred subjects were severely forbidden & as for artists none should be allowed to practice who did not have good income, unless he was such an obvious born genius that he was universally acclaimed as one.

And like many other moneyed, wide-eyed men, he is terrified of something called "the masses" and convinced there is no remedy for the "crippling of culture" except through a "return to a graduated, a pyramidal, i.e. hierarchical and even oligarchical society."

Talk of mass man and the collapse of culture can of course be humored. But Berenson's airy, self-satisfied manner of confronting these issues isn't humane; read him for a while and you begin to think Art-haters are saints. In 1939 a friend of the collector's reported him agog over a Veronese exhibition in Venice. The friend said that while not "deliberately wicked," he himself hadn't seen the show and didn't are longer "regard 'art' . . . as a supreme interest in itself"; he then observed about Berenson's flaming passion for pictures: "I can't help feeling . . . it was lighted and kept going by forced draft, by social and intellectual ambition and by professional pedantry." The friend was Santayana, and the comment is terribly hard. It is also, so far as can be seen from these letters, right as rain.

An Eye for Scandal

The archetypal wide-eyed boy in American literary culture is, however, neither the aesthete nor the orgiast: it is the scandal hunter. The weaknesses of this type are well known; his strengths have lately gone unpraised. They are highly visible in two books of special interest in cruel mid-April. Philip M. Stern's *The Great Treasury Raid* (Random House, \$5.95) is an attempt, the

THE NEW BOOKS

hor says, to explain what is ant by the phrase "tax loophole" terms intelligible to his or any-ly's wife. Julius Duscha's **Tax-ers' Hayride** (Little, Brown, \$6) an attempt to do the same for phrase "farm subsidy."* Both oks achieve their ends. Stern's or accomplishment is that of cking his reader—through num- less accounts of specific tax icaneries—into an awareness of cisely how urgent the need is a massive program of tax re- m.

Duscha's accomplishment is more rious. His book is part history d part economic analysis. He tells e story of farm policies and andals from the New Deal to e Billie Sol Estes case with rely clarity. And, marshaling his se with a sure sense of the differ- ce between the center and the riphery of a problem, he puts in us key elements of an absurd d costly mess—overproduction, istoral sentimentalism, and the ossibility in modern America of aking small-scale farming pay. uscha is a reporter for the Wash- ington *Post*; one reason that news- per retains its excellence is that encourages its best men to retain spect for their traditional craft. he top of the journalistic heap is ot, as some believe, a thrice-weekly omic turn on the editorial page, or daily column on Golfing with the reat; it is a book like *Taxpayers' ayride*.

The Lady Barber

There are higher peaks for writers, s perhaps nobody but a snickering Angry needs to be reminded. And ust now the clearest glimpse of them s provided by an intensely American ook—Edward Dahlberg's autobio- graphical memoir, **Because I Was Flesh** (New Directions, \$5). The chief setting is Kansas City in the early 1900s. The props include herb doctors, sporting women, cigar-box ash registers, drummers, livery stables, vaudeville evenings, patent- leather shoes, Sweet Caporals, dime

Harper's has recently published articles by both authors. Mr. Duscha's "Arms and the Big Money Men," Part II, appears on page 59.

The Swivel Chair



Only the old farm- er in Almanac Trade would ven- ture to predict the prevailing climate on an April day, but however chilly or changeable the weath- er in the streets, Spring will have arrived at the bookstores well ahead of the calendar. For this is the very season to appeal to every potential or practicing naturalist and gar- dener with books to turn his thoughts toward his doorstep.

One of the most attractive books in this wide category is **The Peregrine Falcon** by Robert Murphy, \$4.00. Reviewers of every degree of ornithological experience have been charmed by this novel. As Hal Borland puts it: "A superb piece of work with a splendid sense of wildness and a classic feel of truth. It is hard to believe, until one has read this book, that the scope and feeling of flight over so much of this continent could be caught in words. Not only flight, but the whole sense of free, wild life that only a falcon should know. Somehow, Murphy knows it too."

The mood estab- lished, there are books to rejoice the heart and strength- en the voice of the conservationist. For one, **Ex- ploring our National Wild- life Refuges** by Devereux Butcher which appears in a freshly revised edition (cloth \$6.50; paper, \$3.85). The ur- gency of the need for protec- tion of our birds and mammals is unforgettably reflected in the words of a national leader in wilderness preservation, and in the 340 pictures which one reviewer hailed as "some of the best photographs of birds and animals ever collected in one book." (*Boston Globe*) Forty refuges are described in



the kind of detail that is prob- ably destined to trap many a vacationing family.

With a foot — or a cover — in the camps of both conser- vationist and gardener there is **Gardening Without Poisons** by Beatrice Trum Hunter, \$5.00. Last year Rachel Carson inspired many a town meeting to look to its labels with the eloquent *Silent Spring*. Mrs. Hunt- er's book offers some solutions to those myriad con- verts.



For the gardener still indoors there is a book full of delight- ful speculations on one of the pleasantest of relationships, **Gardens and People** by Fletcher Steele, \$4.00. Written by a noted landscape architect who is a notably fine phrase- maker, this is an excursion through Europe and China and the garden next door.

And to this gardener's oppo- site number, the naturalist — (professional or amateur but always with field glass in hand), only the word is needed that there is a new book in the *Peterson Field Guide Se- ries*. This latest is the long, stubbornly, and clamorously awaited **Field Guide to the Stars and Planets, Includ- ing the Moon, Satellites, Comets, and Other Fea- tures of the Universe**, \$4.95, by one of America's best known authorities in the field, Donald H. Menzel, director of the Harvard College Ob- servatory. This is the clearest, most complete guide to the night sky ever written. Its forty-eight maps charting the sky can be used throughout the world.



Whatever the deceptions and inconstancies of April, our book buyer can find Spring on the threshold of the near- est bookstore.



Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers





"A traveler on a main but congested highway said to a local yokel that his map indicated that there were two side roads at that point which were shortcuts to his destination, and asked for advice as to which of the two to shift to. To which the yokel replied: 'Whichever of the two you take, mister, you will wish to God that you had taken the other, or neither.' That is how I feel about the availability of other paths to the good society than that which the welfare state provides, strewn as that path is with boulders, pitfalls, detours, and unpredictable as is its ultimate terminus."

The celebrated economist, Jacob Viner, of Princeton, writes thus on *The United States as a "Welfare State"* in THE NATION'S ECONOMIC OBJECTIVES. You may not agree with his views. Not all the other contributors to the book would, either. If you are interested, however, in finding out what a range of this country's leading economists think about a variety of today's most pressing economic problems, you will find information, stimulation, and good reading in THE NATION'S ECONOMIC OBJECTIVES.

Edited by Edgar O. Edwards, the contributors are Edward S. Mason, Simon Kuznets, Lester V. Chandler, Arthur F. Burns, Fritz Machlup, Kenneth E. Boulding, Seymour E. Harris, and Jacob Viner. These are meaningful names in economics and they have meaningful things to say on such topics as economic maturity, full employment, economic freedom. A very intelligent tax- and ponder.

Chicago University Press
\$4.95



Chicago and

THE NEW BOOKS

haircuts and nickel shaves, and pop tunes that begin: "I was jealous and hurt/ When your lips kissed a rose..." The style is cantankerous; the book sometimes reads like an attempt to rewrite Theodore Dreiser in the manner of the seventeenth-century Englishman, Sir Thomas Browne. There are stock characters in every chapter—slick moustached philanderers, good-hearted loose women, and the like. And the heroine, a lady named Lizzie who is the author's mother and the proprietress of the Star Lady Barbershop in K. C., isn't the sort of figure to whom readers are accustomed to grant more than comic interest.

Lizzie, however, is *there* on the page—a human being by turns corrupt, harried, solitary, proud, self-made, and self-tormented—and, because of her presence, *Because I Was*

Flesh makes an appeal to layers of mind deeper than the sense of the ridiculous. The author's minor gifts are for the evocation of the boring naked bleakness of American scenes and for the unsparing but rarely unforgiving examination of human motives. ("Even when a man announces that he is a monster, he imagines that he is being outrageously amusing.")

But Dahlberg's power lies in his capacity to represent and honor human fortitude at an appropriate, not a sentimental, rate. Another nutty Yank book, shamelessly earnest, full of hard-edged lovers and baroque rant—here is the likely, unimpressible overseas verdict on *Because I Was Flesh*. No cause that matters not even the crusade against snobism, will be hurt if, recovering our famous soberness, we stoutly disagree.

Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

I Was Dancing, by Edwin O'Connor.

An aging vaudevillian in his late seventies, Waltzing Daniel Considine, comes "home" to his lawyer son's house to retire. It happens that nearly forty years ago he had abandoned this same son and his mother (though he'd sent enough money to provide good schools, colleges, etc.) to dance his way around the world. The son had actually not even seen him for twenty-one years and the son's wife had never seen him. The old man brings to their house as visitors a motley crew—a fake doctor, a priest with a hankering for the ponies, an unhappy Jew who had found in Daniel's dancing and other amusements his only solace in a miserable world. The story begins a year after Daniel has come home—the day on which he is to be moved to a splendid nursing home nearby. The son and his wife can no longer put up with the lack of privacy in their lives. The old man, with his cronies, plans to outwit them. So it is, of course, a study in present-day geri-

atrics. But given the unusual family situation, the unlikely old protagonist, and, especially, given Mr. O'Connor (author of *The Last Hurrah* and *The Edge of Sadness*), one can readily guess that it's much more than that. There is pathos in the old man's inability to stop play-acting. His fierce determination and devious plottings are both funny and sad. And in following the one day of planning and scheming one learns the whole story. It seems to me to go on too long, especially the final confrontation of father and son, but that, of course, is one way to build suspense.

Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.75

A Winter's Tale, by Nathaniel Benchley.

A would-be Broadway director temporarily out of a job is hired by an amateur winter-theatrical group to put on plays in the off-season on an island near Cape Cod. With the summer people gone, the town reverts to its own local problems, which soon become those of the director as well. His difficulties with the lady-

BOOKS IN BRIEF

...cer and other tough-minded accident-prone members of the community, and the effects of the action on nearly everyone in the make one of the happiest tragic reading experiences of the on. The troubles—indeed near-eters—generate a feverish dra-c tension, and one finishes the with romantic tears of satisfac-on for what has happened to all the good people and to the director self. All the forbidden adjectives to mind—delightful, entertain-heart-warming. It's a very nice McGraw-Hill, \$4.50

ter of Madness, by David Walker. This winter's tale is as unlike Mr. Shley's as anything could be. In is of reality it's about as plaus-(and violent) as *Jack and the stalk*, sometimes called *Jack the it Killer*. And it certainly isn't e." Lots of people will love it. full of sophisticated characters d and Lady for hero and heroine) ing rich, sophisticated, sexy, ting lives in great brooding les in Scotland, and sexy skiing s in Goering's castle in Switzer-l, and it's full of mystery and pense and modern science and entions. You start it, you'll read beautiful women, beautiful coun-Bentleys, Rolls Royces, private nes, the suavest kind of American lionaire art collector, British ret Service, Mafia—you name it, book's got it. I read it hard and t but confess that in the end I I'd been taken in and let down. the author of *Geordie* and *Sandy s a Soldier's Boy* and (except for Scotch background) as unlike m as any book ever written.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95

Nonfiction

The first trickle, soon to become torrent, of the books about John Kennedy has made its way to my sk.

Day in the Life of President Ken-dy, by Jim Bishop.

This book, finished a week before e President's death, has been pub-lished just as it was written. It re-ains a record of the way this Pres-ent conducted his "ordinary" life and work in the White House, un-



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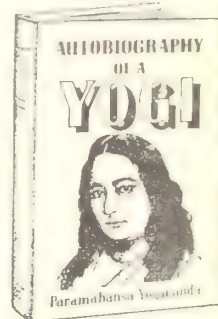
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ident John F. Kennedy.

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month"—when spring should be here,
promises so much, but refuses yet to
warm our winter-weary bones or let
us into the garden—books like the
following may help us sit out our
April impatience:

Quindial of the Seasons, by Hal Bor-
land.

A selection of "outdoor" editorials
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just as spring, by the calendar, is
due. They go through the whole



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ful and informative wherever you
read, especially to one whose seasons
in the Berkshires correspond so ex-
actly with Mr. Borland's, a few miles
down the road.

Lippincott, \$5.95

Gardens and People, by Fletcher Steele.

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tion is complete." In such terse
terms does this distinguished land-
scape architect define his trade.
Don't go to these "leaves from note-
books" to learn what to do with that
plot behind the garage. Go to it for
insights into "scale, design, color,
touch, sound, smell, water, light,
stairs, seats" and what they have
to do with gardens and the nature
of man. The chapter on water, for
instance, is a special delight (the
Swedes have a basic need to touch
it, to be in it, to bathe; the Italians
love it for its look and sound, "where
nobody wants to take a bath and
everyone loves a fountain"). Sug-
gestive and pleasure-making com-
ment from a man who constantly
uses all his senses to inform his
educated observation in gardens
round the world.

Houghton Mifflin, \$4

Pruning Guide, by Tom Stevenson.

Unsatisfactory though the weather
may be, this is the very moment
when it's best to prune most shrubs,
trees, and vines—i.e., actually to *do*
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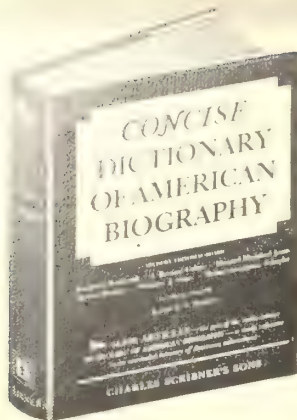
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Forecast

Soon there may be nothing at all on general best-seller lists except books about or by Presidents of the United States, past, present, or would-be. John F. Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage*, in the week in which we go to press, leads the list now, with *The White House Years: Mandate for Change 1953-1956* by Dwight D. Eisenhower second, and *J.F.K. The Man and the Myth* by Victor Lasky third. As I write, new candidates loom. Farrar, Straus has just published a revised and expanded edition of *The Lyndon Johnson Story*, by Booth Mooney, a newspaperman who has known the President since 1952 and who for three years was his executive assistant. By the time this issue of the magazine is on the stands Atheneum will have released *A Time for Action* (in hard cover and Pocket-books in paperback), a selection from the speeches and writings of President Johnson (1953-64) with an introduction by Adlai E. Stevenson; and Fleet Publishing Corporation will have published *Lyndon Johnson: A Biography*, by the Texas newspaper editor, Harry Provence. Late in the spring, from Houghton Mifflin will come *The Professional: A Portrait of Lyndon B. Johnson*, by William S. White, Washington correspondent and author, who has been a very close friend of President Johnson for thirty years. He was the first person outside the family to visit Johnson in the hospital after his heart attack in 1955, and on the night of the Dallas tragedy the Whites dined quietly with the newly sworn-in President. Apparently this book has been under discussion for several years. (In March 1958 *Harper's* published a piece by Mr. White called "Who Is Lyndon Johnson?" I guess we're finding out.) . . . As for the would-be category—coming from John Day at the very end of March is *Margaret Chase Smith: Senator at Work*, by Frank Graham, Jr.

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Children of Our Time

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... listening to Michael Tippett's *A Child of Our Time* (London A 4256, 10; OSA 1256, stereo; both 2 es) one began to think, by a natural association of ideas, about temporary English music—and was brought up with a shock with the realization that only one British composer of our decade has achieved a sort of recognition in America. That one is Benjamin Britten. Otherwise, as far as our American musical life is concerned, England is as well be a vacuum. One does not hear their music. Conductors do not program it, instrumentalists do not play it. For years we have been reading about *A Child of Our Time*, which was hailed in England as one of the masterpieces of the twentieth century after its world premiere in 1944. But it does not seem ever to have had an American performance, and the new recording will be the only chance for most

of us to hear the score and make up our own minds.

Tippett, born in London in 1905, is reputed to be a slow writer and he has only a slim number of works to his credit. *A Child of Our Time* is by far the biggest. Its text, written by Tippett himself, concerns the shooting of the Nazi diplomat, von Rath, in Paris in 1938. The assassin is the hero: "A star rises in midwinter. Behold the man! The scapegoat! The child of our time!" And Tippett, a pacifist who during the war was jailed as a conscientious objector, goes on to draw the picture of the insanity of the age.

If *A Child of Our Time* is representative of his music, Tippett is a traditionalist with a good many original ideas about the manipulation of traditional musical devices. Contemporary baroque, with the accent on contemporary, might be an apt description. The ground plan of the oratorio is Handelian, and the actual treatment is Bachian. Tippett uses a narrator much as Bach used an evangelist in the Passion music. There also are many solos, choruses, and polyphonic textures.

But the big novelty about *A Child of Our Time*, and one that was con-

siderably publicized when the work appeared, is Tippett's use of Negro spirituals as a replacement for the Bach chorales. And Tippett uses the spirituals in completely recognizable form. *Go Down, Moses* and all the others are not disguised. The effect, which on the surface might appear corny and obvious, is anything but, in the context of the Tippett score, and the quotations add to the dignity and sincerity of the music. *A Child of Our Time* is a strong, impressive work. On these records it appears to be given a splendid performance. The vocal quartet consists of Elsie Morison, Pamela Bowden, Richard Lewis, and Richard Standen; and John Pritchard conducts the Liverpool Philharmonic.

Poulenc Devout

In the decade that Tippett was composing his interesting oratorio, Francis Poulenc in France also was busy on a series of choral works. Poulenc had two sides to his musical nature. The one that brought him into prominence in the early 1920s was the smart-aleck, satiric, sophisticated, lightweight side. The other side was, paradoxically, religious. Poulenc was a devout man, and he composed some of the best ecclesiastical music of the century, climaxed by the superb *Gloria* not long before his death early last year. The *Gloria* has been recorded. Now, to join it, are two additional choral works—the *Stabat Mater* and the *Four Motets for a Time of Penitence*, composed respectively in 1949 and 1939. Neither work has even a hint of the irreverent, sophisticated aspect of Poulenc's writing. The *Stabat Mater*, a tribute to Christian Bérard, is a deeply felt work, probably a masterpiece: powerful, penetrating, written with finesse and style. The *Four Motets*, too, an a cappella work, are saturated in the austere kind of idiom that Poulenc brought to his religious writing—an idiom that has its roots in medieval French church writing. On this record are Régine [unclear] the René Duclos Chorus, and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra conducted by Georges Prêtre (Angel 36121, mono; S 36121, stereo).

Neither the idiom of Poulenc nor Tippett has made much of an impact on contemporary composition. The

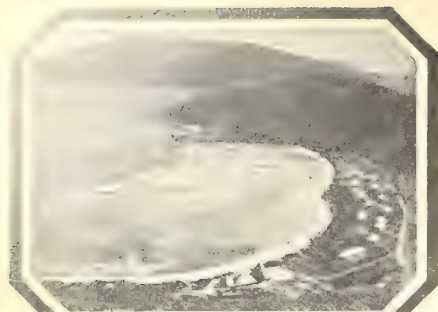
AND ALSO . . .

Chaiovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1 in flat minor. Sviatoslav Richter and Anna Symphony conducted by Herbert von Karajan (Deutsche Grammophon 822, mono; 138822, stereo).

An unusual, mannered performance of the popular concerto. Tempos are different (generally slower) than any previously encountered in any recording (or performance), and the entire effect seems to be to see how many unorthodox ideas one can bring to the music.

Sousa: Fifteen Marches. University of Michigan Band conducted by Dr. William D. Revelli (Vanguard 9115, mono; 2125, stereo).

Sousa had something to say, and he was one of America's finest composers. *The Stars and Stripes Forever* is a masterpiece. Almost as good are *Washington Post*, *King Cotton*, *El Capitan*, and *The Thunderer*. All are on this record, enthusiastically played by the Michigan youngsters.



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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

chief influence since 1946 has been a rediscovery of the dodecaphonism of Arnold Schoenberg, especially as reflected in the serial technique of his pupil, Anton von Webern. A disc that brings together three major works of Schoenberg and his school gives us Schoenberg's *Five Orchestral Pieces* (1909), Webern's *Five Pieces for Orchestra* (1913), and Alban Berg's *Three Pieces for Orchestra* (1915). Antal Dorati leads the London Symphony Orchestra (Mercury 50316, mono; 90316, stereo). None of these is a twelve-tone work, but each is completely atonal and leads directly into the serialism that Schoenberg was shortly to develop. In a way, each of these compositions—especially the Schoenberg—is historic, for each was to have a profound influence on the music of the century.

The Hypnotists

None of these three pieces is easy listening. But whereas latter-day dodecaphonic practitioners have pretty well objectified music, much as the action painters and abstract expressionists have objectified art, Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern still had their roots in the German music of Wagner and Mahler. We are still in the world of *Tristan* and *Das Lied von der Erde* when we hear the *Five Orchestral Pieces*, even though Schoenberg's was a world (musical and otherwise) in the process of upheaval. The Webern is a relatively early work, and of course owes much to Schoenberg's work of the same name. But already can be noticed the elements in the Webern style that were to hypnotize so many later composers—the brevity, the concentration and density of material, the pointillistic technique, the disjunct melodic line. It was a fine idea to get the three works on one disc, for it makes the disc a capsule history in its way. Dorati's performances are pointed, clear, highly rhythmic and altogether efficient.

Folksy Americana

In recent years Aaron Copland, America's most noted composer, has been working in the post-Webern orbit. But he is a latecomer, and those "late-period" works are not

representative of his earlier styles. He sprang to fame as a composer of lean, hard, jagged, stripped-down music of terrific rhythmic force and severe dissonance. The period is represented by his *Piano Sonata*, played by Leon Fleisher on a disc that also contains Ned Rorem's *Three Barcarolles*, Leon Kirchner's *Piano Sonata*, and Roger Sessions' *From My Diary* (Epic LC 3016, mono; BC 1262, stereo). Copland's middle period is his American period, in which he wrote the popular works (*Appalachian Spring*, *Billy the Kid*, and the like) that made him a national figure. These works, of which the *Clarinet Concerto* is a good example, are melodic, jazzy, harmonically traditional: anything but the abstract compositions of the first and most recent periods. Benjamin Goodman plays the *Clarinet Concerto* with the Columbia Symphony Strings conducted by the composer (Columbia ML 5897, mono; MS 64, stereo). Also on this disc are the volumes of *Old American Songs* sung by William Warfield with the Columbia Symphony under Copland's direction.

Little need be said about the *Clarinet Concerto* and the songs. They are attractive, lyric, folksy (in the *Clarinet Concerto*, South American as well as American folksiness) and often "cute." Copland's taste and his very personal harmonic sense save the music from banality. The *Piano Sonata*, though, is a completely uncompromising work that never has been a public favorite. Music of this austerity, bleakness and power seldom is.

The other American works played by Fleisher are less interesting. Kirchner's *Piano Sonata* is strongly rhythmic, with Bartókian clumps of dissonance; the simple Rorem pieces lack personality; and Sessions' dissonances are complete without charm or real lyricism. Fleisher's performances are marvelous. He is one of today's outstanding technicians, and one of the few pianists who bothers with this kind of literature. Most others of his generation are busy playing Beethoven and Ravel. Obviously only a labor of love would account for Fleisher taking time off to master these extremely difficult pieces. He is to be respected.

JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

Foreigners

f the class will please come to order e will discuss, for positively the st time, the Beatles. Of course we ve to Professor Daniel J. Boorstin f Chicago the concept of the pseudo-vent, which is an event taking place ly in order to be reported in the ewspapers, just as we owe to *Time* agazine the notion of the non-book, hich is a book published in order o be purchased rather than to be ead. Combining these two we arrive t the formulation of a non-phenom-on, which is a phenomenon existing rimarily in order to be analyzed by ociologists. The Beatles may be assed as a non-phenomenon.

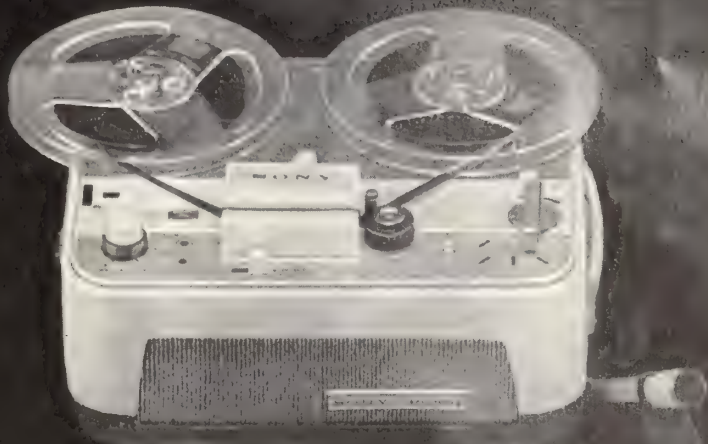
I do not, to be sure, subscribe to e thesis propounded by Dr. Arthur uchwald: that if parents would only me out enthusiastically in favor of e Beatles teen-agers would im-ediately turn against them. This is o neglect the entire range of musi-ological aspects, such as the impor-ant question of Oriental influence in e Beatles' chord structure, or "Port aid" effect, as it is sometimes illed, not to mention the enormous roblem of historical derivation, or ho has been Stealing What from hom? The merest mention of the rms "Skiffle," or "Kingston Trio," ggests the possibilities here.

By now there is general agreement at the definitive remark about the Beatles was made by the noted stu-ent John Birks "Dizzy" Gillespie. Emerging from their dressing room, here he had secured their auto-graphs, he said: "Man, I'm going to ke this out and sell it, and buy me ome old Count Basie records." But ere is some uncertainty as to what is significantly cryptic statement eans, since any implication that asie is responsible for the Beatles ould be an impermissible example f guilt by retroactive dissociation.

For myself, I adhere to the view hat the Beatles are a final demonstra-on of the superiority of imported ver domestic goods. Putting it an-ther way: if we existed, they would ot have to be invented.

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*A Special Supplement
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CRIME

and Punishment

April 1964

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FOREWORD:

"America is on the brink of a major crisis in crime."

With these words, U.S. News and World Report last August opened a hair-raising analysis of the latest FBI statistics. A few months earlier, the American Academy of Political and Social Science published a lengthy scholarly symposium on organized crime. In the intervening months, press reports, sermons, magazine articles, TV forums—and the anxious conversation of ordinary citizens—recorded a growing concern about lawlessness.

Which is curious, because violence and disrespect for law are nothing new in America; nor do we seem more plagued by crime at the moment than most other countries. In Italy, for example, the old original Mafia wields far more power than its American offshoot. In London, Moscow, Stockholm, and Istanbul, the police are just as worried about robberies, juvenile vandalism, and shoplifting as in any United States community. The French are more adept at cheating the government, and more addicted to crimes of passion. The Mexicans are far ahead of us in organized vice, and the British in the art of train robbery.

Yet we do worry more than other peoples about "crime waves." And government at all levels is feeling a mounting pressure to "do something" about the crime problem.

The loudest demands during the past year have been for a coordinated attack on organized big-time national crime. That attack is at last well under way and some of the first results are summarized on page 142.

But the rich and elusive racketeers who specialize in gambling, narcotics, loan-sharking, and murder-for-profit are by no means the sum total of our crime problem. The typical offender is neither rich nor organized. And it is not the federal government but the cop on the beat, the city magistrate, the county jailer, the guard in the state prison who has to deal with him.

In this Supplement, Harper's attempts to provide an informing glimpse into this underworld—as it looks to the men who are part of it, and to those charged with coping with it day after day. The Supplement is by no means a comprehensive survey. Nor does it offer a set of guaranteed solutions. But it does suggest that the "crisis in crime" is neither so inexplicable nor so unmanageable as we sometimes assume. And it does point out some practical steps that can be taken—by the individual citizen, the community, and the nation as a whole—to improve law enforcement, reduce crime, and salvage offenders.

—THE EDITORS



BOB BENYAS—BLACK STAR

A COOL LOOK AT "THE CRIME CRISIS"

JAMES V. BENNETT

The Director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons points out that many widely believed "facts" about crime simply aren't true. A leading proponent of enlightened penology and criminal law in this country, Mr. Bennett was chairman of the United Nations Conference on Prevention of Crime and Treatment of Offenders held in London in 1960.

The main corridor of the federal penitentiary in Atlanta is paved with Georgia marble of a hardness rare among the substances of this planet. Yet on both sides of this corridor clearly discernible paths have been worn by the feet of thousands of men shuffling three times daily from the enormous cell houses to the dining room, and back again.

It is staggering to contemplate the mass frustration, the restlessness, the human defeat—and the challenge—represented in those paths. If you stand between the lines of marching prisoners and search their faces, as I have frequently done, they look like men you would meet anywhere. Few of them are smiling, for few are happy. Here and there is the bowed figure of a defeated old man; now and then, a head held proudly high.

The men in Atlanta are much like those in any other large penitentiary. Among them undoubtedly are many hillbilly bootleggers, very similar to one I saw starting his fourth prison term not long ago. He was wearing a Silver Star emblem in his lapel buttonhole. He lived in a shotgun cabin on five burned-out acres in southern Alabama with his wife and seven "head" of kids.

"What could he do?" asked the deputy marshal who brought him to prison. "Not being able to get relief, was he to leave the family, let the kids starve—or go to making whiskey?"

In another federal prison, there is a young girl who was sent there for pasting a canceled stamp on a letter she mailed to get a free cosmetic sample. She is feeble-minded, impoverished, and a Negro in a Southern state that has achieved worldwide notoriety for its treatment of her race.

In prison too is the youngster who "borrowed" a car to escape from a family situation he found intolerable. The statistics classify stealing a car as a "serious" crime, even though most cars are stolen for only a few hours' use and not for monetary gain. There will be more cars stolen as each year adds more school dropouts and more homes wrecked by alcohol or divorce. Does this mean that "serious" crime is increasing ominously?

The average newspaper reader's answer to this question is likely to be based on highly suspect

fare. He reads the crime statistics but he has no way of evaluating them in relation to population, economic conditions, changing laws and social attitudes. Nor can he judge the relative harmfulness of the many offenses which are recorded. Dramatizing the statistics are the press reports of spectacular crimes, exploits of big-time criminals, and sensational trials. To complete the frightening picture, TV provides crime and courtroom dramas which reflect little of the truth about real crimes and criminals.

As a prison director I have a different perspective. For one thing, I think in terms of individuals rather than statistics. I know, of course, that on any given day there are about 220,000 men and women in our state and federal prisons and another 100,000 in local and county jails. Taking the turnover rate into account, we see that approximately a million people spend some time behind bars during the course of a year. But most of them are not the murderers, rapists, and kidnapers pictured by the average citizen.

More than three-fourths of the men and women who are locked up in local jails are drunks, vagrants, mentally ill or defective, or social misfits of other kinds. Of those sentenced to state and federal penitentiaries, more than two-thirds have been convicted of nonviolent crimes such as forgery, auto theft, housebreaking, and larceny. Less than 10 per cent have been found guilty of homicide, rape, or kidnaping.

BEHIND THE STATISTICS

What else do the statistics tell us? We discover that only a handful of the people who go to prison are women, some 8,000 altogether. Is this because women are less criminally inclined than men? Probably not. They stay out of jail in part because everyone—including cops, judges, and juries—tends to be more lenient with female than with male offenders. And from time immemorial women have not been reluctant to share a man's money and possessions however nefariously obtained. Professional prostitutes outnumber the men who are in prison.

Some of America's top check forgers, black-mailers, and embezzlers are women. I think, for instance, of the woman—now in the federal penitentiary in Alderson, West Virginia—who inspired such confidence in a rubber-stamp board of directors that she was able to steal and spend two million dollars over a period of years. Another woman manager of a savings-and-loan association hoodwinked the auditors and her superiors so effectively that short-

ages mounted to more than \$400,000 before she was discovered. I know of no male embezzler who has been as adroit, although there are enough inside bank jobs every year to keep the bank examiners from being smug.

Certainly all too many men and women succeed in outwitting the law, at least for a while. But there is reason to believe that progress is being made in controlling crime if we study the data in depth. For example, in the past thirty-odd years, the homicide rate has been cut nearly in half, dropping from 8.9 per 100,000 of our civilian population in 1930 to 5.1 in 1962. The actual number of homicides declined for a time from the 10,500 that were recorded in 1930, and later rose again. In 1962 the total reached only 9,500 although the population had increased 50 per cent since 1930. We may conclude that the life of the ordinary citizen is a good deal safer than it used to be—despite the contrary impression created by headlines.

It is enlightening also to ponder the figures on bank robbery, a crime always much advertised in the nation's press. In 1962 banks lost about \$1,800,000 in 461 holdups. This was a 27 per cent increase over 1961. But in the depression year of 1932, 609 banks were held up for losses aggregating \$3,400,000. Yet today there are 5,300 more banks than existed in 1932. The individual bank, it would seem, is far less likely to be robbed now than in John Dillinger's time. In fact, the American Bankers Association, in a paper issued in September 1963, said that in view of the growth in banking "it cannot be realistically contended that bank crime has grown to unmanageable proportions."

We have no statistics comparing previous generations with our own. But historians tell us that past ages have been incontestably more lawless. They tell us also that the wholesale application of every cruelty conceivable to the human mind proved futile in reducing crime. The men who ran prisons in medieval and Elizabethan times experimented intensively in the art of administering inhumanity to man—but few experiments in all human history failed so completely.

Among the most disturbing of current statistics are the records of juvenile delinquency—a half-million youngsters are handled by our juvenile courts each year. Certainly, we must take every possible step to redirect them. But we should also use the perspective of time to reassure ourselves that the modern generation is not as black as it is painted. Less than a century ago, as Herbert Asbury pointed out in *The Gangs of New York*, the city swarmed with youngsters

who stole, murdered, rioted, and engaged in every form of debauchery. Offsetting today's juvenile delinquency statistics, other figures show that 35 per cent of college-age young people are going to college today in contrast to less than 5 per cent before World War I. The fact is that our young people are doing more to prepare themselves for lives of responsibility than any previous generation.

In evaluating the crime statistics we also ought to ponder the fact that the general prison population of the country is declining. Last year in 27 prison systems the absolute number of inmates declined; in 32 systems the ratio of prisoners to the general population fell. Across the nation there are now 118.3 persons in prison per 100,000 people; the ratio ranges from 258.3 in the District of Columbia and 179.6 in Maryland to 26.3 in New Hampshire and 37.2 in North Dakota. When the federal government started publishing prison statistics in 1939 the national rate of imprisonment was 137.6; this figure has not since been matched; it fell to 101.2 during World War II.

RACKETEERS AND TEEN-AGERS

The men and women now in our prisons are individuals with hearts, lungs, and emotions like anyone else. To say this is to invite reproach for "coddling" criminals, a charge frequently made in legislatures and newspaper editorials.

There is a bitter irony in this accusation, for, in fact, the criminal in America is dealt with harshly indeed. Our criminal laws are the most severe in the world, and our legislative bodies are still at work making them more severe. Except possibly for "enemies of the state" in countries where people are sent to prison for political reasons, the American criminal on the average serves several times as long a sentence in prison as his counterpart anywhere else in the world.

The injustices that result from our highly punitive criminal laws are compounded by the fact that the sentence of the court is not subject to review in most American jurisdictions. Among civilized nations the United States* is alone in denying to the convicted any avenue of appeal even for sentences of Draconian severity. Only in America do we find, occasionally, sentences of

199 years and one hundred years, and regularly sentences of thirty, forty, and fifty years. In England in the course of a year no more than 150 men are likely to be given sentences of five years or more. In the United States the number is about fifteen thousand.

The successful defense lawyer knows how to maneuver his case and his client so that they come before an "understanding" judge. But the average defendant is at the mercy of the widely disparate sentences given by different courts in different parts of the country and even by different judges in the same court. A person convicted of homicide in Texas will probably serve about five and a half years, but in Illinois sixteen and a half. For all types of felonies the convicted offender serves about one year in Vermont, but in nearby Rhode Island he averages nearly four.

President Kennedy, whose compassion exceeded that of most men, took an unusual interest in the problems of "equal justice under law" and used his powers of executive clemency to redress judicial savagery. In one case, he cut the life sentence of a teen-age epileptic addict convicted of a narcotics charge (his sentence can be compared with that of Vito Genovese, the alleged kingpin of the American narcotics racket, who got only fifteen years). He also reduced the fifteen-year sentence given a young, minor bank embezzler who arrived in prison at the same time as another young bank embezzler from another court in the same district—with a six-month sentence for an identical offense.

To their great credit the federal judges now meet several times a year in seminars and institutes to find ways of minimizing such inequities. But the problem remains.

SHADOWY MINDS

To deplore injustice is not to suggest that we should, in any way, relax our efforts to enforce the law and reduce crime. The dilemma is how best to do it.

The problem is heightened by the fact that a sizable proportion of crimes are committed by psychopaths and mentally sick people. I recall, for example, a bank robber who was known as the Black Phantom. He was an ex-cop who financed affairs with some forty-odd women by holding up banks. After he was caught and committed to a federal prison for observation, we found that he also had a rich fantasy life. He liked to don a black cloak and hat and spring out of the darkness of alleyways upon befuddled drunks. His mind was as shadowy as the alleys

* In Massachusetts, Connecticut, and a few other states, review of sentence is possible under certain circumstances. Senator Roman L. Hruska of Nebraska has introduced a bill—S.823—providing for appellate review of all sentences imposed by federal courts.

The Facts Speak

THE increase of crime is becoming one of the most startling notices in our daily newspapers. . . . Three, four, five, and, in one case, eight murders are announced in New York for one week. We are becoming familiar with what, twenty years ago, would have shocked the universal conscience. The burglaries, forgeries, arsons, are in like proportion. If there be any difference, the more enormous and startling crimes are multiplying more rapidly than the minor and less bold offenses. The fact, we say, is beyond all doubt, whatever may be the cause or causes—whether temporary and incidental, or inherent in the very modes of thinking and acting which characterize our remarkable age.

—*Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, December 1852.

he prowled and he needed psychiatric treatment. Psychiatrists, to be sure, do not have an answer for the problem of crime but they do contribute illuminating insights into the behavior of criminals. Yet there are only fifty professional psychiatrists among the 232 major federal and state prisons and reformatories. At other levels, trained personnel are also scarce, and except in a handful of prison systems, salaries are too low to attract competent people. Buildings too are generally rundown, obsolete, and jammed with prisoners. One of the best prison systems is the research-conscious organization created in California by Governor Earl Warren, now Chief Justice of the United States. One of the worst is in Mississippi, where the lash is still in generous use.

The state prison in Trenton, New Jersey, was opened in 1798 and many of its buildings date back as far as 1836. It is a disgrace to American penology. But here and there, where new prisons are being built, the old bastille concept has been discarded. We are no longer building massive walled facilities housing as many as four or five thousand prisoners. Instead, the trend is toward open or medium-security prisons for four, five, or six hundred inmates. Outstanding examples are the "Prison Without Walls" at Seagoville, Texas, and the fire state institution at Fox Lake, Wisconsin, where the inmates carry their own keys.*

Do most ex-convicts eventually return to prison? Are they as unredeemable as those who

push for harsher penalties say they are? Certainly the ex-convict who wants to go straight can expect to have a rough time. When he leaves the walls he doesn't have money enough to last more than a few days. Many firms will not give him a job, at least if they know about his record. Sometimes even his family doesn't want anything to do with him. And in some cities the police will pick him up on any pretext, to put him into the day's "lineup" or merely to harass him so much that he'll move on to another town.

But the typical ex-prisoner persists in his efforts to surmount these difficulties. A five-year study of federal prisoners, done by the University of Illinois under a Ford Foundation grant, indicated that nine out of ten prisoners intend to take up an honest way of life when they get out. Some fail in their good intentions, but the same study proved that two-thirds are successful in staying out of trouble.*

Our prison systems will not succeed in permanently "reforming" larger numbers of their graduates until communities are ready to play a much larger part in the rehabilitation process. And I wish that this problem would attract more serious attention and public discussion than, for example, the perennial emotional debate about capital punishment.

The issue here is between people who are certain that only the electric chair, the gas chamber, and the gallows protect us from an overwhelming horde of criminals, and others who consider these grim devices the stamp of a brutal and primitive society.

Both sides are unduly hysterical. The capital-punishment issue in all probability will not be resolved by legislation. Rather, the death sentence will be used with increasing caution as people come to realize that the ultimate penalty can be justified for relatively few offenders. Already the number of executions has fallen from 199 in 1935 to 57 in 1962. In many states which still retain capital punishment, no one has been put to death for decades. As our civilization advances, the use of the penalty will continue to decline.

But it should remain on the books. Shrink as we might from putting a human being to death, there are some crimes for which there seems to be no other fitting penalty: acts of high treason, for example; blowing up a loaded passenger plane in flight; kidnaping and killing a child. If Lee Harvey Oswald had lived to be convicted, what other penalty could possibly have been appropriate for such a heinous crime?

* For other examples, see "Without Bars," by Giles Playfair, on page 171.

* See "After the Stretch," by Morris Rudensky, on page 180.

Today, it is chiefly the indigent, the friendless, the Negro, and the mentally ill who are doomed to death. Or the young. Only this year Georgia raised to sixteen the lower age limitation for execution. It was formerly ten. There should be an automatic psychiatric examination for everyone accused of a capital crime and an automatic appeal for everyone convicted of one.

MURDER OVER THE COUNTER

The people arguing about capital punishment could put their time to better use by jointly pressing for such safeguards.

They would do well, also, to ask why we send so many people to prison and yet make it so easy for them to commit crimes? Why, for example, don't we have more effective controls on the firearms traffic? In the United States today almost anyone can obtain a gun almost anywhere. All he needs is the money and not much of that. Here and there, a few laws and ordinances have been enacted to control gun transactions, but they are ineffective in the absence of uniform regulation throughout the country.

There are now an estimated fifty million handguns, rifles, and shotguns in the hands of private individuals. Two million more are made and sold in this country every year, and an additional half-million are imported from other countries—with virtually no control of any kind, as demonstrated by the ease with which Oswald got his scope rifle. We have robbers in our penitentiaries who bought their guns over the counter on their way down the street to stick up a liquor store. The last man to be executed by the federal government had a history of criminality and mental illness, but no one asked him any questions when he bought a gun at a sporting-goods store. The questions didn't start until he used the gun to kill a doctor who was a complete stranger.

The assassination of President Kennedy was a dramatic and tragic result of the uncontrolled gun traffic. But five thousand other victims are killed each year with guns in the hands of people who should not be permitted to have them.

The assassination also dramatized the hostilities in the breasts of many persons. The pressures of our high-voltage society are too intense for many people to bear, and the consequence is too often a mental illness characterized by hostility toward one's fellowman. Oswald was one example, but every law-enforcement officer knows of other individuals equally ruthless. We need facilities for the treatment of the hostile, mentally ill persons who become involved in crime.

But an even greater problem is the ratpack of hostile and mentally ill individuals who spew forth hatred and venom to foul the atmosphere of an otherwise tolerant democracy. They foster and actively incite disrespect for the law, and we shall not achieve a more orderly society until we learn how to deal with them.

Currently, there is a trend to attack the crime problem by bringing the federal government more actively into the picture. My friends from abroad are amazed at the multiplicity of offenses over which the federal government has jurisdiction, at last count numbering more than two thousand felonies. They want to know how local law enforcement is helped by having the federal government assume jurisdiction over crimes that also lie within the purview of state authorities. The fact is that when the federal government enters a field, the local and state authorities tend to abdicate. At the very least, misunderstandings and jealousies result which hobble law enforcement. The overlapping of criminal laws sends into federal prisons the physically handicapped, the alcoholic, and the other social misfits who are really the responsibility of local and state authorities.

THE GOAL IS NOT UTOPIA

Jurisdictional overlapping must be eliminated if agencies of different types and federal and state agencies are to work effectively together. At present the multiplication of law-enforcement and treatment agencies has made a morass out of the entire effort to combat crime. Competing agencies spar for jurisdiction over the sensational case or the one that has political implications. More than one prosecutor has reached high office on the basis of publicity afforded by some sensational case. But the overall goal of crime prevention is not served in the process. This is a task for quiet, firm, persistent cooperative effort.

The fruit of such effort can be considerable. But it will not be a Utopia free of crime. Human beings are infinitely varied, and some of their behavior is bound to be considered criminal by at least a portion of society. The challenge we must meet is to reduce the basic causes of crime, improve law-enforcement methods, and use more effectively the techniques that have been developed for changing human behavior. The existence of crime and criminals should spur us on to experimentation, infuse new life into our efforts to rid the country of social injustices, and make us all a little more tolerant of each other's imperfect conduct.

THE PUBLIC AND ITS ENEMIES



THE CASE FOR THE COP

RICHARD DOUGHERTY

A one-time police reporter, now going straight as a novelist and playwright, explains his unfashionable affection for policemen. And, he insists, they could make our cities a lot safer if they got a little more public support.

It is almost eight years since I departed that venerable fraternity of rascals and heroes which the world knows as the Police Department of the City of New York. For some twenty head-turning months I labored there as a combination drumbeater, press secretary, and overseer of such miscellaneous matters as parade permits, special parking cards for paraplegics, and civilian complaints of police rudeness or brutality. My title was Deputy Commissioner in Charge of Community Relations.

All ranks addressed me as "Commissioner," a word which a cop utters with much the same reverential nuance as, say, an ambitious Monsignor brings to "Eminence" when greeting his Cardinal Archbishop. I had a big, black car and a detective chauffeur. The traffic "boys" at their posts tossed us cheerful salutes in the morning as we rolled down Park Avenue to Headquarters at 240 Centre Street.

Now I am back in the drab, egalitarian world of the "civilian"—the cop's word for all of us who are not cops. But I remain nostalgic for my old colleagues. I am, in fact, a cop-lover, and accordingly something of a freak in the liberal, well-intentioned Manhattan circles I inhabit.

Perhaps because of my unorthodox view of cops, I do not consider the crime problem which currently plagues our cities nearly so insoluble as is generally believed. I blame the prevailing despair in large measure on what may be called the social-work approach to crime prevention.

This is the approach favored by many public administrators and civic leaders—and the more

enlightened ones at that. Its central theme is the importance of attacking the crime problem "at its roots." By roots they mean those social injustices and inequities which frequently turn the less fortunate members of our imperfect society into its enemies. This is unquestionably a humane position. At first sight it seems logical too. Admittedly, crime flourishes amid poverty, slums, and discrimination. What better way, then, to deal with criminal behavior than by striving for decent housing, equal opportunity, psychiatric and other social services for all who need them?

As an old, passionate New Dealer I do not dispute the merit of such programs. They are valuable ends in themselves. What I do question is the wisdom of regarding social services as crime-prevention measures—as practical methods of making our city streets and park paths safe at night. They are no such thing.

For example, if old Mr. Jones gets mugged by young Tommy Smith in the course of an evening stroll down Elm Street, to what should we attribute the crime? To Tommy's underprivileged childhood recorded in a steadily fattening file at the Juvenile Aid Bureau? Well, of course. But is that all? What of the fact that there was no cop on the Elm Street beat—no uniformed, brass-buttoned figure in the lamplight down the block to cause Tommy to reconsider his plans? Does not the absence of this figure of communal au-

thority have quite as causal a relationship to the crime as Tommy's wretched childhood? I think the most dedicated adherent of the social-work approach would agree that it does. But I'm afraid he would add that increasing our police force is no substitute for getting at the roots of the problem.

This, to me, is like saying that the root of the nation's present teacher shortage is the drastic increase in the number of children. In a sense, of course, it is. But that does not mean birth control is the only solution. Nor that we should not bother meanwhile to recruit more teachers.

What concerns us immediately and urgently in the case of Tommy Smith, after all, is not the *cause* of his emotional disturbance but the criminal assault itself; not the *root* of the boy's troubles but the conditions under which they flowered into the attack on Mr. Jones.

It is high time, I think, that we stop giving Tommy Smith's difficulties precedence over Mr. Jones's security, time we end the shocking crime rate to which the social-work approach has heavily, if unwittingly, contributed. This approach has fostered a certain fatalism about crime. For if crime is wholly the inescapable consequence of enormous and complex social ills, then there can be no relief until the last slum is cleared, the last bigot received into the Lord's reluctant bosom, the last alcoholic parent redeemed.

This is nonsense, of course.

It ignores an ancient and uncomplicated truth: No man, providing he is sane, is much inclined to attempt what he has good reason to think he cannot get away with. And it is on this simple proposition that the idea of police protection is based.

The classic function of the police—notwithstanding all cops-and-robbers fiction from Wilkie Collins through *Dragnet* to Ian Fleming—is prosaic guard duty. It is a preventive function. This is why cops wear uniforms and display nightsticks and guns. This is why they walk up and down the street, seeming to do little other than checking to see if doors are locked, gassing with neighborhood familiars, and lifting bananas from the corner fruitstand. The simple theory is that the uniformed officer, by his very presence, gives pause to the would-be robber, rapist, or vandal, thus deters crime, and brings a warranted sense of security to the law-abiding.

Now, of several admirable things about this theory not the least is that it works. Every experienced policeman knows this. But "civilians" are generally ignorant of it.

To prove the point back in 1954, Commissioner

Francis W. H. Adams staged an experiment in policing. It was known as Operation 25 because it was conducted in the 25th Precinct, an area of about a square mile in northeast Manhattan usually referred to as East Harlem. The precinct's population at the time was a racially and ethnically mixed group of 120,000.

Most of the people were poor, their housing generally old-style tenement. It was what the cops call a "busy" precinct, which is to say crime was high. This, indeed, was the main reason it was chosen, the idea being that if law and order could be brought to the 25th it could be brought to any area.

POLICING A ROBBERS' ROOST

The experiment began at 8:00 A.M. on September 10 and ended at midnight December 31. During that time, 448 felony crimes (serious crime as opposed to misdemeanors) were committed as against 1,102 in the same four months of the previous year—a drop of 55 per cent. Felonies cleared by arrest rose from a previous rate of 20 per cent to 66 per cent. In effect, Operation 25 cut crime by more than half and brought two thirds of the still-active felons to justice. The 25th Precinct had not been turned into Sunnysbrook Farm, but neither was it any longer the cozy robbers' roost of former days.

In fact, stickups and all other types of robbery were reduced 70 per cent; burglary (breaking and entering a property for the purpose of theft) declined 68 per cent; grand larceny (theft not involving breaking and entering) went down 70 per cent—as did auto thefts. Most dramatic perhaps was the near-erasure of muggings. There were 69 cases of this specially vicious type of robbery (its victims, usually the frail and elderly, are beaten and kicked into unconsciousness) in the corresponding period of the previous year. During Operation 25 there were seven. In sum, the results were impressive. Effective police action—ranging from arrests for disorderly conduct or narcotics pushing, to referrals of troubled and delinquent children to appropriate social agencies—dwarfed all prior figures.

How was this done? The answer is simple. The manpower of the precinct was more than doubled—from 248 to 613. Detectives, plainclothesmen, and other special services all were strengthened. But the major emphasis was on uniformed foot patrol. Only twenty-seven men were "turned out" for patrol duty the day before the test; with its beginning ninety-nine were turned out.

In substance, the cop was put back on the beat, and the beat was kept to a size and nature which assured that his presence would be felt.

In the words of former Commissioner Adams: Operation 25 proved "that we could provide peace, order, and safety in a precinct which had one of the highest crime rates in the city, a precinct in which the law-abiding citizen had feared to walk the streets at night. We made the tough 25th Precinct one of the most orderly areas in New York City."

FINDING THE COP-PEOPLE RATIO

For me the experience of Operation 25 establishes beyond doubt that citizen safety and civic peace are obtainable through good police service if we will only pay for it.

The question then is: How much should it cost? There is nothing sacred about Operation 25's manpower rise of two-and-a-half times. Obviously no two precincts are alike. There is a great difference between a slum area and one enclosing the well-sheltered bourgeoisie.

A one-man police force sufficed to protect the 1,500 inhabitants of the upstate New York village where I was raised. Such communities, where nearly everybody knows everybody else, tend to police themselves. But in the anonymity of large cities the chance of getting away with criminal acts increases. And no one really knows how large a police force is needed to make cities safe.

Odd as it may sound, there is no accepted formula for determining a community's police requirements. There is no equivalent, for example, of the teacher-pupil ratio which tells the superintendent of schools that he has too few or too many teachers. Hence pragmatic trial and error is the only way to find the answer.

Unfortunately Operation 25 was not kept going long enough to fix the *minimum* number of men necessary to maintain *maximum* law and order. It showed that the original complement of the precinct was much too small, but it did not show what one could readily suspect—that the experimental force was too large. This fault is, of course, correctable, and it does not diminish the value of the lesson learned through the test. That lesson argues for the undertaking of similar experiments within any city which is seriously concerned about the crime problem. And does anyone know of a large city which is not?

Having said this, I must emphasize that no city can precisely estimate its police needs until we change our methods of compiling crime statistics. At present they are worse than useless as a yard-

stick for judging the adequacy or inadequacy of our police. The vast statistical lump we are now given divides crime into two groups—felonies and misdemeanors. The difference between the two groups is the prison sentence each carries—a year or more for felonies, less than a year for misdemeanors. Thus our local police chief's annual report, or the FBI's nationwide figures tell us merely that there were a lot of murders and robberies and rapes last year. These undigested figures are usually accompanied by solemn, pear-shaped pronouncements about the weakening of family ties and moral breakdowns among the young. Now there is nothing harmful about these little homilies from Mr. Hoover and others. But they are not very useful. We are only being entertained; we are not being informed.

We are not being told what we—and the cops themselves—need above all to know: to what extent were the crimes committed preventable? A crude but practical way to figure this out is to separate the statistics between *outside* and *inside* crimes. In the main, the streets and parks in our cities are unsafe because of outside crimes—muggings, rapes, stickups, car thefts, and the like. Most of these would not occur if a cop were on post at the time. On the other hand, not even the best police service can prevent *indoor* crimes such as husbands shooting lovers, wives stabbing husbands, and butlers lifting the family jewels.

In analyzing the results of Operation 25 an attempt was made to maintain this distinction. Thus we could say that the nine cases of rape and the eight homicides reported were probably not preventable by police action because they fell within the *indoor* category. One of the homicides, for instance, involved the slaying of a landlady and her two grandchildren by a psychopathic unemployed lodger. "Many a happy home's been broke up by an idle roomer," commented the late James R. Kennedy, then First Deputy Commissioner, on this event—thus confirming my notion that cop humor is rather special.

THE ART OF COVERING UP

In fact, it may be said that cops themselves are rather special, almost alien creatures within the American scene.

This is one reason why our police services are so weak and inadequate—we cherish a fine old American tradition which a friendly observer, V. S. Pritchett, has described as a "distaste for authority." From Barry Goldwater to William O. Douglas, most of us remain sons of the eighteenth century, and of its livelier elements at that—

there being more of Tom Paine in us than of Washington, more of Sam Adams than of John. One hundred and seventy-five years after having securely established a government of free men we still hold to a Rousseauist dread of the power of government. Cops, needless to say, with their clubs and guns and boorish manners, are naked embodiments of that power.

We don't like them. We look upon them as a necessary evil, and almost as evil as necessary. As taxpayers we are reasonably generous about paying for schools, hospitals, parks, welfare, and other public services, but our hearts are seldom moved by the needs of our police. We are aware, of course, that the cop is not *all* bad, and we will sometimes grant that his lot is probably not a happy one. But even as we acknowledge this, we are quick to tell ourselves that it is just about what he deserves.

This does not—to understate it—create an atmosphere sympathetic to the police administrator's plea for more men, better pay, better equipment and facilities.

Indeed it tends to discourage policemen from disclosing their weaknesses and needs. Instead they are given to the defensive report which boasts that, while the situation is difficult and challenging, "your dedicated police department is on top of the job."

Any intelligent and responsible police officer would privately admit that this is pure blarney. It is purveyed—not because cops would rather lie than tell the truth, although the art of lying is highly developed with them—but because they don't dare to be candid. "For God's sake don't tell them *that*," the cops reason. "They've got little enough use for us as it is."

Most chiefs of police feel this way. They are usually career men, cops to the bone. They are used to being disliked and to seeing their departments neglected. And they react by secretiveness, by "covering up." After all, they want to keep their jobs, build up their pensions. Lacking the nickel-plated arrogance of the wellborn, they will seldom rock the boat or annoy the mayor or board of aldermen with unusual budget requests.

But like most cops, the chiefs also take a stubborn pride in their departments. They suffer, from the absurd notion that to disclose the hanness of their ranks would invite pillaging of the community by the lawless. And they fear that a large-scale increase in the size of their department make future pay raises difficult if not unlikely. As a result the cops and their leaders seldom level with us as to the real state of their affairs.

A police force properly paid and trained and sufficiently manned to do its job might become reasonably candid in its relationship with civilians. It might also become relatively free of those practices which are offensive to our concepts of due process and human rights but which we cannot exorcise simply by declaring them repugnant.

MORE ARRESTS ON THE SCENE

It is hardly news that suspects of serious crimes often get "worked over" in the back rooms of station houses. The cops, of course, deny the charge. But the truth is that most crimes are solved not by fingerprints and wristwatch radios and the skillful assembling of clues but by "information." The cops, that is to say, find out who did the crime by getting somebody to tell them. Sometimes the information is given freely and sometimes they have to get it out of the informant by force or the threat of force. Following that, they pick up the suspect and go to work on him. He confesses, voluntarily or involuntarily. Thereafter, with the assistance of the accused—willing or unwilling—they assemble whatever corroborative evidence there may be, the knife, the gun, the pawn tickets, and thus build a case which the district attorney can bring into court.

All this is in violation of the Bill of Rights. Evidence should be gathered, the suspect taken into custody and confronted with it, being warned at the same time that everything he says will be held against him. The cop has been told that's the way it *should be*. But he also knows that it doesn't work. "How," he asks, "can you find the murder weapon unless the guy tells you where he hid it? How can you find out who committed a crime unless you get those who know to tell you, including the perpetrator himself? How can you assemble evidence which might bring a conviction until you know the man you've got to get evidence against?"

One consequence of greatly augmenting a city's police force would be a marked increase in what are called summary arrests, that is, arrests made on the scene during or immediately following a crime. Such arrests reduce the need for after-the-fact investigations and other detective work and lessen the public pressure for hasty clearance. Conceivably, detectives—those masters of the forced confession—could relax enough to use their brains rather than their fists. I say this would be likely. I don't *know* that it would happen, but I do know that prevailing conditions—too much to do and too few detectives to do it, for one; and

upper-echelon hopes for a quick break and a favorable headline, for another—invite rather than discourage the abuse of civil liberties and the employment of various versions of the Third Degree.

I am less hopeful about altogether ending police corruption. To combine power and authority with relatively low pay and little status breeds corruption. Better pay and the *esprit de corps* of a highly competent service would have a good effect. So too would a revision of the average civilian's stereotype—which assumes that cops are crooks, they are stupid, they are bullies. Having known many intimately, I can attest this is not the case. Most of my liberal friends, however, dismiss my

quaint affection for cops as an eccentric Celtic loyalty. Unhappily, my old comrades in the Police Department are not conspicuously appreciative of my fidelity. After reading my novel about New York cops (*The Commissioner*) which I had thought honest and reasonably admiring, my friend Commissioner Michael J. Murphy would say only that it was "a great book for the Fire Department."

But whether the cops want me or not, I'm still on their side. I have no doubt our cities would be reasonably safe to live in if more civilians shared these feelings and backed them up with their tax dollars. It would make for a very good bargain all around.

The Leopard

I AM a journeyman versed in the tricks, techniques, and truths of the underworld. I have specialized in con-games, burglary, and forgery as my means of livelihood. Thousands of criminals I know by face, hundreds intimately. I have, naturally, been interviewed at length by numberless cops, caseworkers, sociologists, and others involved with criminals. I have studied books on criminal behavior. While valid insights are sometimes given, there is never the essence or the answer. . . .

The mobsters of the Mafia, Cosa Nostra, or whatever it is called this week are as nebulous to the thief world as to the citizenry. To us, organized criminals are *squares*. Mine is a world of loners.

The true hustler is always searching for a new experience, a new "kick." . . . Sometimes it is found crouching on a rooftop in the darkened city, surrounded by the unaware, living, moving multitude; the burglar's every sense is taut and hypersensitive to danger, to every rhythm of guttural traffic sound, to every flashing shadow of lights below. Meanwhile, he is cutting a hole into the building and then will burn open a safe with an acetylene torch. This stealthy figure seeking money as his prize knows that all who walk or drive unsuspectingly around him are his enemy; not hated enemies, but opponents in the game he plays, and this includes the police. He is the free leopard, while those who comprise society are the house cats. Later, counting the money if he has been successful, he is drained of energy and overflowing with exhilarated exhaustion.

He gets this tense, hyperaware stimulation, too, out of the quick, foxy verbal guile needed to pass a check on a suspicious, atavistic supermarket manager or out of the aggressive psychological domination of a "mark" in a confidence game, a mark who is clipped by arousal of his own greed—for almost all con-games depend on the premise by the sucker that *he* is going to get something for nothing. . . .

The thief-hustler is not the whole of crime. Generally he is not the most vicious, though perhaps he is the hardest to rehabilitate. Frequently he "burns out," so to speak, or grows up emotionally and takes on more mature values. Perhaps the price he pays becomes too heavy, the gamble not worthwhile in his frame of values, and he settles for less.

—From "A Three-time Loser Looks at Crime," by Paul Leroy Allen, Honorable Mention in *Harper's* Contest: *The Prisoner Speaks Out*.

THE QUESTION OF NEGRO CRIME

ROBERT COLES, M. D.

Progress in integration is bringing to the surface some ugly truths which many Americans—Negro and white—would rather ignore. Dr. Coles is a child psychiatrist who has spent several years in the South studying the human impact of school desegregation. He is a Consultant to the Southern Regional Council and Research Psychiatrist to the Harvard University Health Services.

You will, I hope, ask right off whether there is indeed Negro crime, specific and special. Or is it a fragment of irrational racism to link persons who commit crimes to their skin color?

I have asked this question many times. Back in 1960, as a hospital resident completing my training in psychiatry, I worked with delinquent boys in Boston. Among them I found more than a fair share of troubled young Negroes with criminal records as long and dismaying as their homes were poor and chaotic. Earlier, I had spent two years as an Air Force psychiatrist at a base near Biloxi, Mississippi. There I happened to see a "swim-in" and the fierce assaults upon those Negroes who tried to bathe from a segregated beach along the Gulf of Mexico. The experience gave me a sharp awareness of the severe social stress caused by segregation. In 1961 Atlanta decided to admit ten Negro children to four previously all-white high schools. My wife and I moved to Atlanta and I have spent the last two years there—and in other Southern cities—studying Negro children in recently desegregated schools. I have also interviewed many of their white classmates, their teachers, and their parents. I was trying, primarily, to find out how they felt about the change and how they managed what was a very difficult transition in all their lives.

In the process I got to know a great variety of people, ranging from valiant young Negro veterans of sit-ins to passionately convinced segregationists. Strangely, one bond among these

antagonistic people was a common concern with Negro crime.

Segregationists spoke of their fears. Negroes are dangerous, they insisted; they are criminals—real or potential; they are drunken, syphilitic, drug-addicted, knife-wielding, promiscuous, razor-cutting. Their captured thieves and violent criminals fill our courtrooms.

Negroes, too, are afraid. "It's a fact," said one young man in Selma, Alabama, "our people get arrested more, and we do more crime even by ourselves, when the white leaves us alone, than any other people."

Some may prefer to deny this fact, to insist—under the guise of egalitarian thinking—that crimes are done by individuals and that it is not a race's history or a kind of culture but private passions and sorrows which generate them. Of course it is dangerous to overlook *any* of the causes of crime. There are many miles from a particular child's birth to his later felony and each child travels a very different road. It may be pitted with chances of trouble because he was born retarded, poor or Negro. Or he may be white and wealthy but grow up in a harsh environment created by disturbed parents. We must see each criminal whole—from birth to misdeed—hoping to discover why he, particularly, went

astray. But this does not mean that we should ignore certain common experiences among criminals. There are circumstances, today, in which crime in one form or another appears to be the only career open to a colored man.

I am thinking, for example, of a Georgia Negro family of nine. Ronnie, the youngest, has made history by desegregating a white school, and he has done well academically. He has also demonstrated before numerous stores and theatres and has spent his vacations helping Negroes to vote in rural counties where brutal police actions occur almost daily. Georgia arrests and jails youths for encouraging American citizens to register, enter a library, or eat in a drugstore, so Ronnie runs the risk of imprisonment. But we would not call him "criminal." However he has two criminal brothers, and two others close to following their lead. The oldest one has committed an assortment of minor offenses, including stealing a car; another brother is in jail for "breaking and entering" a white home. The two younger brothers drink heavily, are employed intermittently in humble jobs, and consider themselves lucky for having them.

This is a sad, unsettling spectacle, because the family, though poor, is in many ways proper and certainly religious. Three girls are now married. They have babies of their own but—following a tradition that survives out of necessity—they go daily to do housework in white homes. Their husbands work, though at no great wages; two of them are high-school graduates and one goes to college by night.

Ronnie represents his family's one great hope. In the course of my studies, I tape-recorded a number of interviews. Here is a fragment of what Ronnie's mother said to me: "We plans for Ronnie to be straight and to stay away from the police, because he's been sent to us at the right time. I thinks he's going to be the first one to walk with his head up, and if you can do that and keep yourself a good job, and if you can live and go where you pleases, you're not going to any jail. I prays to God I lives to see the day all our children have what Ronnie is having."

Recently another young Negro student whom I have watched in many a sit-in came to New York. Walking in Harlem he and a white friend were attacked and robbed by a small band of Negro boys. Back in Atlanta they both were discouraged. What, they asked, was the point of freedom for people still chained by their plundered past and by a society still closed to them in many important respects? They were aware now that a

lunch counter here and a movie house there were only a start. Their work would be useless if it were not followed by many other changes.

'THEY PUT YOU AWAY'

In a Mississippi town where I lived for a while I used to watch the local judge presiding in his court. It was two courts, actually. Segregated seating was a mere formality. The real separation was in the stern punishment meted out to whites who offended whites and the kindly, permissive treatment accorded Negroes who assaulted Negroes. Obviously this judge felt that small children must be indulged, that what was a crime for a white was in a Negro the bluster and silliness of the very young. In cross-racial cases the relationship of adult and child persisted: parents must be allowed to discipline their children, even mistakenly; hence whites can generally assault Negroes with little fear of the consequences. Children, however, need firm controls and must learn obedience; hence any Negro assaulting a white's person or property must be quickly put in his place.

This kind of segregated justice is not confined to the rural South. In Chicago, a policeman friend told me that much Negro crime there was simply ignored and unreported. It was accepted as the daily life of the Negro ghetto. Police and their cars, he maintained, skimmed only the surface of that desperate territory, intent mainly on containing the most open violence. "We don't go near a lot of those blocks if we can help it," he said.

Not long ago, a reporter in another Northern city told me that much Negro violence is simply overlooked. Otherwise the paper would be full of it almost every day, he explained. Southern papers often try the same deceptions, too. For some of them *any* Negro news is unworthy unless it explicitly confirms ancient fears.

In the course of my two-year research venture, from 1961 to 1963, I studied Negro children in the major cities where schools were being desegregated. Most of them—as they learned to trust me—referred constantly to Little Rock, New Orleans, or Oxford. Those mob scenes had seized their daily notice, then retired into the "forgetfulness" of dreams.

For instance, one Negro girl who had led her race into a white high school in Atlanta told me she often dreamed of Little Rock or Clinton. "I don't think there's a Negro in America who hasn't had a nightmare about Little Rock," she said. "I was eleven then and we'd come home

from school and my granddaddy would be sitting there watching the news. He would tell us what had happened and say he hoped we never went through it. But my mother would take exception. She hoped it would happen right here in Atlanta."

Later, in New Orleans, a six-year-old boy expressed it somewhat differently. Every month for two years I drove to his home through littered and unpaved streets either impossibly muddy or sun-dried and caked with dust. Lining the streets were the shabby, makeshift houses of the poor. In wet spells the roofs leaked and their ceilings were a map of past accidents. In cold spells the houses were overheated by aging gas burners, some of which exploded as regularly as winter came, setting fires and killing like a guerrilla enemy. Inside, the houses were usually crowded with people and barren of solid, useful furniture. The walls boasted no bookshelves, no art but the cheesecake photography of innumerable calendars. These were both decorative and informative. They emphasized time, and were supplied by insurance men who bargain with it or morticians who profit from its ravages.

For some months Jimmy and I had been drawing and playing together. In his pictures he expressed his fear of the police and the hated, mean-spirited white world whose powerful wrath he must avoid.

Jimmy's brother was in jail for his part in a recent sit-in. One day Jimmy drew a picture of his brother's room. He put a calendar in it, and then drew another larger one on another part of the paper. I asked him why. "Jackie is doing his time," he explained. "So we have to cross out the days until he gets home. . . . I hope I'll never cross those police. They beat you, and if you try what Jackie did, they put you away."

Jimmy told me he was afraid he might be arrested on a double count—because he was going to a white school, and because he was his brother's brother. Jimmy never developed any medical or psychiatric symptoms despite his fears. He is nine now and is learning to be law-abiding.

After an absence of several months, I stopped in briefly. We talked for a while. Suddenly he asked whether I had been arrested lately. Not lately, or ever, I told him. He looked puzzled and remarked: "I thought they arrested whites just like us if they take the colored side."

Around this time, the nephew of the Mayor of Chicago was attacked by some Negroes who shouted, "This is for Birmingham." What these youths did, many others dream about. This, in a way, is what the segregationists fear. "Give them all those things and they'll cut our throats."

Who can deny this wrinkled and dried grain of truth? Unquestionably Negroes in the South are more afraid of the white world and hence less criminal toward it. When they move North, to New York and Chicago, Washington and Los Angeles, the terror is lessened. Vengeance is no longer restricted to one another. Now they can wreak it upon the white world. The difference as anyone who has lived in the South knows, is in those colorfully uniformed Mississippi state police fingering automatic rifles. The difference also is the laws and judges in the South to whom these soldiers of "order" bring their clients.

Those police, those laws and judges are bent on keeping Negroes "in their place." They define Negro criminality as any attempt by any Negro to leave that dreary "place" for better territory.

"WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?"

Segregated, voteless, frequently outraged in their dignity and integrity, many Negroes have had less recognition and protection than common criminals. Even our rankest white blackguards are seldom judged as less than human. The Negroes respond to this treatment with despair which is sometimes mobilized into anger. Nowadays it may be expressed in direct retaliation.

Even where the Negro can vote, where his right to unprejudiced employment and housing is protected by state laws, he is caught in a painful dilemma. For he is achieving his rights at a time when the whole country faces severe problems: automation in the midst of rising population; threats from abroad which require harnessing a large share of the economy to arms; inadequate education for many children, regardless of race; and a lack of suitable housing and medical care for millions.

The frontier for the newly emancipated Negro is a city ghetto or a fading rural economy. Yet his new freedom has given him a new awareness of how much still remains to be won. Precariously employed, he is bewildered by his sudden right to vote, or to enter the finest restaurants or theatres. A Negro farm hand in Mississippi who picked Delta cotton told me it would probably take a week's salary for him to get into one of those restaurants, if in some millennium he should ever be able to do so. Then he added, "I suppose we'll sooner get the vote. But to be honest I don't think I'll ever get myself to have the courage to go and do it. Maybe my children, maybe they'll do it."

Others distrust the distant if real sympathy

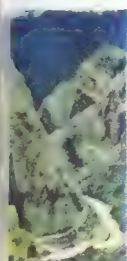
Odds are 1300 to 1 you've never heard of Machu Picchu

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Urubamba river

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Then, one day, the city was empty. Why, nobody knows. Slowly the jungle closed in. Machu Picchu slumbered.

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Trm

of their white suburban "friends" or the eager white classmates who sometimes strive so hard to help. "What are they up to?" one hears so often, a firm reminder that years of repression breed suspicions which stick fast.

THE BLACK MUSLIMS' PULL

While the old sense of being outlawed persists, the "new freedom" has made it possible, for the first time, to strike back. The Negro students who walk alone into white schools are glad to have a chance to fight in a useful and sensible way. But other children turn instead to delinquency and crime.

"They tell us we need more education," a Negro father in Atlanta told me, shaking his head. "Well, I've got a college degree and it isn't worth much to me. I'd rather be illiterate and white." Then he said angrily that he hoped his son never saw a white man again.

A student, a veteran of many sit-ins, put it this way: "Yes, we're getting the white man off our backs, but he's still around us, blocking us, and we don't know where we can go."

I have talked with some Black Muslims and attended their meetings. Although I have no special knowledge of them, their disenchantment with the white world is clear. I imagine there is a touch of their thinking, and more than a touch of their feeling, in many Negroes. What interests me particularly is how heavily they draw upon Negro convicts and ex-convicts. We have heard of their surprising success in turning desperate outlaws into clean, law-abiding, and even puritanical members of a militant sect.

Perhaps these criminals who are now Black Muslims explain much about the causes of Negro crime and the chances for its reduction. In jails across the country few Negro criminals have been rehabilitated by severe punishment. Nor have

many been salvaged by modern penology or the social sciences. But they have, it seems, been changed by daily assembly in mutual support and respect as well as in sanctioned hate. Improvement seems to follow some sense of shared worth as Negroes, some chance to express fully and publicly their despair and rage at what it has been like to be colored.

All Negroes—from the most respectable to the most criminal—share a past which has been a progression of crimes by others upon them. We do not call them "crimes"; they are instead "part of our history." But Negroes have, in fact, been abducted, then stripped of all rights of citizenship or humanity, finally used as chattel.

I summon the painful facts of Negro history in the tradition of modern psychiatry. Freud's great concern with the sources and development of human behavior led him into his patients' earliest days and into the lives of their parents and grandparents. Similarly, we must examine what has preceded the lives of today's Negroes, and particularly of Negro criminals. Their past will show that, wittingly or not, we have fostered Negro criminality, not only by enslaving, oppressing, and segregating Negroes, but by assuming that they are naturally criminal, naturally infantile—something less than adult.

Through the sit-ins, the picketing going on all over our country, Negroes are now saying to whites, "Brother, here I am—an adult like you." Such affirmations, however, are only the beginning. As the next step, the Negro youth must truly realize his freedom; he must leave to pursue it in his own life and through his deeds. If he is able to do so—at work, at school, at the polls, in a home of his own choosing—he can return the genuine adult, bringing with him the new satisfactions of his grown self. If he cannot do this, if there is no opportunity to do this, both he and his nation are in trouble.

To Fit the Crime

THE intent of punishments is not to torment a sensible being, nor to undo a crime committed . . . the end of punishment is to prevent the criminal from doing further injury to society and to prevent others from committing the like offense. . . . Crimes are more effectually prevented by the *certainly* than the *severity* of punishment. . . . That a punishment may not be an act of violence of one or of many against a private member of society, it should be public, immediate, and necessary; the least possible in the case given; proportioned to the crime and determined by the laws.

—Cesare Beccaria, *An Essay on Crimes and Punishments*, Milan, 1761.

TWO VIEWS OF CHICAGO

I. How the Police Chief Sees It

O. W. WILSON

Although Chicago has rebuilt—and vastly improved—its law-enforcement machinery, the big shots of organized crime still are literally getting away with murder. The city's remarkable Police Superintendent tells why—and what needs to be done to destroy The Syndicate.

In December 1959, a thief named Richard Morison created a sensation in Chicago by disclosing that he had been committing burglaries with the protection and even the connivance of a few policemen in the Summerdale district. The ensuing investigation achieved nationwide notoriety as the "Summerdale Police Scandal" and blew the lid off the Chicago Police Department. Although only a relative handful of corrupt policemen were involved, the vast majority who are honest, hard-working, conscientious officers were also caught in the maelstrom which followed. Many months were to pass before Chicago policemen could again hold their heads high.

In retrospect, the purgative process that resulted, although painful, proved a blessing in disguise. Mayor Daley was quick to take decisive action. He appointed a committee of leading citizens, including Frank Kreml of Northwestern University's Transportation Center, and Virgil Peterson, Operating Director of the Chicago Crime Commission, to help him select a new Superintendent of Police and to recommend what else should be done to set things right. Although I was not a resident of Chicago at the time, Mayor Daley asked me to be chairman.

Almost a hundred potential candidates for Superintendent were considered in a period of about six weeks, and the committee personally interviewed about half of these. Strangely enough, few were willing to undertake the job. Most seemed to agree with Chicago Alderman Paddy Bauler that "Chicago ain't ready for reform!"

Finally other members of the committee concluded that I was the logical choice. But from my point of view this seemed most illogical. I was then Dean of the School of Criminology at the

University of California, only a few short years away from retirement at maximum pension. My wife and I had agreed that Hawaii would be a wonderful place to spend our retirement years, writing a few books but otherwise taking life easy.

The challenge of Chicago, however, was too much for me. This was an opportunity that would never come again, an opportunity to demonstrate to the world the simple truth of the police theories that I had spent a lifetime teaching and talking about. In my younger years I had been chief of police in Wichita, Kansas, and had there instituted many new and progressive ideas. But this was Chicago, our second-largest city—and by reports one of the wickedest. Would the ideas that had worked in Wichita work in Chicago? I felt that I owed it to the whole police profession to demonstrate that they would.

I took over the job in March 1960. Though I am an optimist by nature, our achievements in the months that followed exceeded even my most optimistic expectations.

In these few pages I cannot describe in detail the reorganization of the Chicago Police Department and the many reforms and innovations that have taken place or are still in process. To sum it up—with the complete financial backing and moral support of Mayor Daley, no division, unit, or function of the department escaped a searching inquiry. We looked into the propriety of its mission, the efficiency of its methods, and the structure of its organization for doing its job. Recognized experts from the International As-

sociation of Chiefs of Police and Public Administration Service were brought in as consultants. With an expert in each field to advise and guide us, we were able to proceed on all fronts simultaneously. Thus we coordinated changes in patrol with those in detective operations, and reorganization of records with vast changes and expansion of our communications system. In function after function throughout the department, all changes were first tested and then implemented in logical sequence and without interfering with normal, routine operations.

We also made many improvements in our physical facilities. Remodeling of our headquarters building made it possible for the people of Chicago to see their police department in operation. We glassed in such functions as the new Communications Center, the Recording and Transcribing Center, the "Hot Desk," and the Data Processing Section so that they can be watched from the hallway without interfering with operations. Scores of interested adults and school-children are taken on conducted tours each day.

I am pleased, of course, with our progress in rebuilding the Chicago Police Department. However, I must frankly admit to a major disappointment. We have made little progress in our efforts to prosecute the higher-ups in organized crime.

SEEDBEDS OF CRIME

The chief operations of organized crime are in gambling, prostitution, and the narcotics traffic. Recently, loan-sharking or the "juice" racket, as it is called in Chicago, has also come into prominence. In this highly profitable loan business, interest rates amount to as much as 20 per cent a week. The victims are usually gamblers who need money quickly to cover their losses or burglars and robbers who need money to get out on bond or to pay retainers to their attorneys. It is a vicious racket in which sluggers and killers are used as collectors. Victims who do not keep up their payments are often kidnaped, beaten, or tortured. Some end up as corpses hidden in the trunks of abandoned automobiles. This was the fate that befell the late gambler, William "Action" Jackson in 1961 and, within the past year, the notorious professional police court fixer, Leo Foreman.

Loan sharks are elusive prey. For, even when the police know that an individual is being victimized by juice men, the victim is so afraid that he is reluctant to give evidence against them. Recently, in order to develop a good case against five juice men, we had to provide around-

the-clock protection for a victim whom they had strung up by the hands and cruelly beaten. Two of these juice men turned out to be former policemen who had resigned from the force to accept more lucrative employment!

Organized crime in this country got its start in the Prohibition era. Since Repeal, however, the principal source of revenue has been gambling in its various forms, including the policy and numbers racket, off-track horse-race betting, pinball and slot machines. Wherever arrangements can be made with corrupt local law-enforcement officials, large and lush gambling emporiums are maintained. Card games, dice, and roulette wheels are permitted to run, night after night, without molestation.

In the Chicago Police Department, we make a three-pronged attack on organized crime. First, we suppress gambling, vice, and narcotics activities wherever they can be found. Second, we gather information and intelligence for future use on the whereabouts, activities, and associates of known hoodlums. Third, we try to develop evidence upon which the higher-ups in organized crime may be prosecuted for violations of federal and state laws.

The first part of our job involves maintaining constant pressure to suppress gambling, vice, and the use of and traffic in narcotics at the local level. When we succeed in doing this, however, we bring in only the minor participants in the rackets—the policy runner, the street-corner bookie, the street-soliciting prostitute, the narcotics user, or dope addict. Their operations are the local seedbeds of organized crime, and it is useful to reduce their activities.

But for the most part, the higher-ups elude us. We know who they are and where they live. We are well informed about their comings and goings, we know that they control vast gambling and other vice operations, that they divide up territories, maintain monopolies, and drive out all competition. We are aware that they have amassed great wealth, that their tax returns report tremendous incomes from undisclosed sources, that they have no known legitimate sources of income or wealth. And we know that when called before courts, grand juries, or legislative investigating committees they take refuge behind the Fifth Amendment. Yet—knowing all this—we can't lay a hand on them. Why?

The trouble, I believe, lies in our system of criminal justice. I am not placing the blame on any particular judge, legislator, or law-enforcement agency. Our system as a whole is at fault and we must all share responsibility—

The Drive Against Organized Crime

UNDER the prodding of Robert F. Kennedy, the Justice Department has made measurable progress in its war on racketeering and organized crime. This is the result not only of new anti-racketeering laws, but also of additional time and effort invested by the Criminal Division and of more efficient cooperation among the various federal law-enforcement agencies. (Since 1960, the Division's man-days spent in the field, in court, and before grand juries have more than quadrupled.)

Information about leading racketeers, compiled by twenty-six separate federal agencies, has now been gathered together in the Intelligence Unit of the Department's Organized Crime Section. When the FBI, the Internal Revenue Service, and the Bureau of Narcotics (to name the most notable of the cooperating organizations) pool their data, they often have enough to indict suspects no single agency could touch. Permanent field units of the Organized Crime and Racketeering Section of the Department's Criminal Division, which have been set up in New York, Chicago, Miami, and Los Angeles, also foster cooperation among agents and, consequently, successful investigations and prosecutions.

Dozens of well-known racketeers—gamblers, tax evaders, narcotics dealers, corrupt public officials and labor leaders, and those criminals who have infiltrated legitimate businesses to perpetrate frauds of one kind or another—now inhabit federal prisons. The impact of the crackdown has apparently been felt across the nation. In Detroit, for instance, an indictment was returned last May charging that a numbers operation there had grossed over \$2 million in five months (and evaded more than \$200,000 in taxes). During the summer of 1963, an Internal Revenue raid in Illinois led to the arrest of fifteen members of a syndicate book-making ring. And in Gary, Indiana, the Mayor—who admitted failing to report and pay taxes on over \$150,000 received in payoffs from construction firms—was sentenced to three years in prison and fined \$10,000.

Such activity in the field (there is room here only for the few examples cited above) leads to activity in the courts. In 1960, the Justice Department had 17 racketeering indictments to its credit; in 1963, the figure was 262. Individual convictions over the same period increased from 45 to 288.

The Attorney General has termed the current campaign "only a beginning" but, as President Johnson has noted, it "should be a source of encouragement to citizens in all parts of the country."

—Adapted from the Attorney General's Report to the President, January 3, 1964.

down to the individual citizen who contributes his nickels, dimes, and dollars to a policy game or bookmaker. He thus supports the army of syndicate soldiers and "hit" men and feeds the coffers of this hidden government called The Syndicate, Cosa Nostra, The Mob, or whatever name you choose. Nor am I thinking only of Chicago. The situation is the same in every large city, with minor local variations.

In our system of criminal justice, arrest, by itself, was never intended as a punitive action without the imposition of penalties by a court of law. Yet in effect, this is what happens in many communities, and especially in our large cities, where petty offenders go through a daily treadmill. They are charged with gambling, prostitution, and related vice offenses. Then the courts dismiss them without punishment or impose small fines that are absorbed by the syndicate as a minor part of the cost of doing business. The syndicate pays for appearance bonds, hires lawyers, and pays fines, if any. Day after day, the same bondsmen and lawyers routinely represent whoever happens to be arrested. Obviously, whatever meager punishment is handed out has no deterrent effect. Police raids on gambling games are contemptuously endured as nothing more than petty harassment to the participants.

CRIMINALS GET THE BREAKS

Now, on the whole, judges are competent and upright men who can be counted upon to uphold the law. For some reason, however, the dignity and majesty of the law is not brought to bear in gambling cases. Perhaps this is merely a reflection of the prevailing community attitude. For even in gambling cases in which the syndicate is known to have a controlling interest, the courts display a good-natured tolerance and leniency. Judges, it seems, do not comprehend the relationship between a single petty gambling violation and the enormously lucrative racket which such violations, in aggregate, represent.

For example, a keeper of a Chicago gambling house and six patrons were recently arrested and brought before one of our local judges. After hearing the case he remarked, "Since there is wide-open gambling at race tracks, I don't see why this court should convict anyone of gambling. The persons arrested in this raid have broken the law by gambling and now I will break the law by discharging them."

If this were merely an isolated attempt at humor by an individual judge, I would not be concerned about it. But I am afraid that it re-

flects a widespread attitude not only in Chicago but in most of our large cities. The truth of the matter was summed up long ago by Alexander Pope when he wrote:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

For the conscientious police officer, this situation is a constant frustration. A few months ago, for instance, Chicago police raided a large gambling room on the second floor of a building protected by four lookouts. The windows were all boarded up and the entrance doors were lined on the inside with steel and locked with heavy steel bolts. The outer door was locked on the outside by a padlock to be opened by a lookout. Despite all these precautions, the police, armed with a search warrant, managed to avoid the lookouts by crossing rooftops and coming down a rope suspended from a skylight in a hallway.

Naturally, however, by the time the officers gained entrance to the gambling room, all gambling had ceased. Elaborate tables and other paraphernalia were present in abundance but the operators and patrons were merely standing around. Gambling equipment and over \$6,000 in cash were seized and twenty-six persons were arrested. But despite this overwhelming evidence the judge discharged everyone. "I know there was gambling going on here," said His Honor to the arresting officers, "but you didn't see it. Therefore, I have to find them not guilty." And the money was ordered returned to the players!

Afterward, a Chicago *Daily News* editorial put the question to us squarely:

The police know what they are up against in the courts. Time after time evidence is suppressed upon legal quibbles—and, no doubt, often upon solid grounds. Why, then, do raiders or other arresting officers leave such loopholes for the syndicate mouthpiece or a persnickety judge to seize upon? Isn't it possible to train men to obtain the kind of warrant that will withstand any attack?

I wish I knew the answer to that question!

In gambling cases defense attorneys resort to a variety of technicalities. Sometimes they make a preliminary motion to suppress the evidence, arguing that the search was illegal because it was made without a search warrant. If it was made with a warrant, they may claim that the warrant was defective. They take full advantage of the fact that individual trial judges differ widely in their interpretations of the law of search and seizure. One may issue a search war-

rant based upon evidence which he believes constitutes probable cause. However, after the raid has been made and the case comes before him for trial he may reverse himself and hold that the grounds upon which he himself issued the search warrant were insufficient. Thereupon he quashes the search warrant and "suppresses" the evidence. The gamblers go free even though the raid disclosed a large gambling operation.

Sometimes the judge denies the motion to "suppress" the evidence. Defense counsel will then demand a jury trial. This automatically results in a continuance and reassignment of the case to another judge. When he hears the case, the defense attorney renews the motion to "suppress" the evidence hoping that this judge will accede. The jury trial is not really wanted, of course. It is immediately waived when defense counsel has achieved his real objective, which is simply another hearing from another judge on his motion to quash the search warrant or suppress the evidence. The defense attorney has every expectation that eventually a judge will rule in his favor. So he applies for continuances, or for a change in venue, or for a jury trial until he gets the case before the right judge. Such maneuvers are usual, not exceptional.

The inconsistent views of different judges facilitate such defense tactics and, of course, thwart the police. Some judges, for example, feel strongly that gambling raids should not be made without search warrants even in public places where gambling is openly observed. In an effort to comply with this view, the police obtain search warrants based upon observations made by plainclothes police who gain admission to gambling rooms as patrons. Often, however, other judges will quash such search warrants on the ground that the plainclothesmen should have announced the fact that they were policemen before entering the gambling room. Because they failed to do this—in the view of these judges—the police were "trespassers." Other judges may concede that the plainclothesmen were not trespassers. But they hold that observations of gambling made on one date do not establish that gambling will be going on the following day when the raid is made. Still other judges will hold that the grounds for the search warrant are insufficient because the observations by plainclothesmen are not corroborated and substantiated by "disinterested third persons."

All of these judges may be acting from the best of motives. But their decisions result in a "what's the use?" attitude among policemen detailed to gambling and vice assignments. Finding

them futile, the police, unfortunately, tend to abandon efforts to suppress gambling and vice by legal means. However, the continuing pressure of their superiors and the fear of newspaper exposés force them to make some attempt to suppress gambling and vice. So they resort to harassing raids and arrests without warrants, with little hope of successful prosecution in our courts. Thus a vicious circle of contempt for law enforcement and the administration of criminal justice is set up. The courts lose respect for the police; the police lose respect for the courts; and the public loses respect for both.

TOOTHLESS LAWS

A far-reaching court reform now being established in Illinois will, I believe, bring about more consistent decisions by trial judges and better administration of criminal justice. A constitutional amendment vests in the state Supreme Court vast supervisory and administrative authority over the lower courts. Our judges will also be freed from the onus of conducting political campaigns for reelection. This is a vital reform. It is an unfortunate truth that too many of our judges have been beholden to defense lawyers, professional bondsmen, and police-court "hangers-on" for past favors in the form of campaign contributions and political support at election time.

These changes should strengthen our efforts to prosecute and punish the small fry in organized gambling and kindred syndicate crime. But what of the higher-ups in organized crime? Are they the real "untouchables"?

To get at the bosses who actually run and reap the vast profits of the syndicate, several layers of protective covering must be peeled off. The top hoodlums have long since graduated from direct operations. Today they are far removed from the cesspools of gambling, vice, and the narcotics traffic. Many of them play the role of respected citizens, living in expensive homes in the most fashionable neighborhoods. Their children attend the best schools and move in the best circles. They contribute generously to worthy causes. Their family weddings and funerals are lavish.

To prosecute these higher-ups successfully, we must obtain evidence of continual association and repeated acts in concert to prove a conspiracy to commit crime. This can only be done by (1) persuading their immediate underlings to testify against them; (2) planting undercover operatives within the upper echelons of the crime syndicate; or (3) intensive surveillance over an

extended period of time, using wiretapping, electronic listening devices, and other sophisticated audio and visual surveillance techniques.

The first two methods are no more than remote possibilities. Syndicate underlings do not talk since the penalty is almost certain death. An undercover operative could gain access to upper echelons only after years of personal participation in felonious operations frequently involving severe beatings and even murder. The third technique is not entirely possible by legal means. Electronic eavesdropping, for example, is forbidden under Illinois law.

The Chicago Police Department tried last year to persuade the Illinois legislature to authorize wiretapping under court order issued after probable cause is shown, under a procedure very similar to that used to obtain a search warrant. Our proposal was defeated by a strange alliance between the racketeers and the do-gooders, those known to oppose anti-crime legislation and those who support civil liberties. The civil-liberties opposition developed despite what we believed to be entirely adequate safeguards to protect the right of privacy of the law-abiding citizen.

We are thus lacking in what I believe to be an essential tool, but we shall try again at the next session. We also hope to persuade the legislature that it is absurd to classify vast and lucrative rackets, such as gambling and vice operations, as mere misdemeanors, punishable by a small fine and brief imprisonment. The law now makes no distinction between the friendly poker game in the privacy of one's home and the vast city-wide numbers racket grossing millions of dollars a year. Both are misdemeanors. Furthermore, though this is hard to realize, it is not, under our present laws, a serious crime to engage in what we know as organized crime. As a result, there are no meaningful punitive sanctions to be imposed upon those so engaged.

Individuals occupying top positions in organized crime rarely, if ever, commit any overt acts in violation of existing laws. They are reaping the profits, however, of organized criminal activity engaged in by others at their direction. To implicate the higher-ups requires a long, drawn-out investigation and many months of observation and surveillance. When the only punishment to be expected as a result is a small fine and a few days in county jail, the investigative effort is simply not worthwhile.

This is why an anti-gambling law with teeth in it is needed. The Chicago Police Department had a bill introduced at the last session of the legislature which would establish the crime of *syndi-*

cated gambling and make it a felony punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary. Our bill distinguished between large-scale commercialized gambling and small-scale social gambling on the basis of the size of the operation. If a person took in wagers in the amount of \$2,000 or more per day, or accepted more than five wagers a day, or accepted money from a person other than the bettor or player in the operation of a policy or numbers racket, he would commit the crime of *syndicated gambling* and could be prosecuted as a felon. This kind of a law would make it worth the effort to carry on an intensive investigation to implicate the higher-ups.

Our bill went through committee with unanimous approval—not one member was willing to oppose it publicly. We thought we had clear sailing ahead, but we underestimated the hidden strength of our silent opposition. Although the bill reached the calendar of the state House of Representatives in ample time to pass, it was permitted to languish and die on the calendar in the closing days of the session. The speaker never called it up for a vote.

The picture I have painted here is not pretty. It is a picture of a well-intentioned municipal police agency making a handicapped and some-

what feeble effort to cope with a problem of overwhelming proportions. I believe that other municipal law-enforcement officers will concur in my blunt but honest appraisal of the situation. And I think they will agree that—as I have often maintained—organized crime threatens the very existence of our society; it is a far greater threat internally than communism.

I have emphasized our frustrations in dealing with this threat. But I do not want to convey the impression that we are ready to give up. At the next session of the Illinois legislature we will again try to obtain a more substantial basis for prosecution and additional means for discovery of evidence. In the meantime, we will continue to dry up the seedbeds of organized crime; we will continue to keep close tabs on the hoodlum element in our city. And we will continue and intensify our efforts to educate an angry and frustrated but unorganized public. The average citizens must be made aware of the threat to society posed by organized crime and the tremendous cost in life, property, increased taxes, and insurance rates which is at stake.

Once the people are really aroused, they can do anything. I know that from personal experience. That's how I happened to come to Chicago!

II. People in Trouble

ANDREW SCHILLER

What happens to the ordinary men and women who get entangled with the law . . . and how one Chicago judge tries to give them much more than run-of-the-mill justice.

Eleventh and State is a mile and a half and as many light-years south of Chicago's Loop. Central Police Headquarters stands on the northeast corner. In this city of Adler and Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright and Mies van der Rohe, it stands as the uncompromising triumph of function over form, a sullen cube of unadorned brick. The lobby where I wait for the elevator is clean and well-lit. The place smells of efficiency, washing compound, and misery. There are three kinds of people here, distinct as animals in the zoo: people with uniforms, people with briefcases, and people with trouble. Trouble is what police and courts and prisons are all about.

Cities produce trouble as kitchens produce garbage, an overwhelming torrent which must endlessly be disposed of if the people are not to

be drowned in their own refuse. Trouble is everything from traffic violations to first-degree murder, both of which are usually committed by otherwise law-abiding citizens. In between are burglars, con men, pimps and prostitutes, dips, fornicators, thieves and fences, junkies and pushers, wives on a bender and husbands on the lam. The street breeds crime, and so we have a police department to capture the offender, courts to try him, jails to imprison him—after which he is spilled into the street again and the cycle repeats.

Multiply this by thousands and thousands and

to understand the real nature of the complex system known as the Municipal Court of Chicago. In addition to the Traffic Center, there is a Psychiatric Institute, a Social Service Department, Boys' Court, Women's Court, a Court of Domestic Relations, a "Skid Row" Court, Narcotics Court, Felony Court, Jury Court, Rackets Court, Housing Court, Welfare Court, Civil Courts, a Probation Department. Outlying Courts are scattered about the city, and besides that there is Night Bond Court, and Holiday Court, which operates on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays. Through this judicial pumping system flows an incessant stream of people in trouble.

The flow is a torrent in Branch 33, devoted to paternity and nonsupport cases, where the citizens line up for their day in court as if they were waiting to buy World Series tickets.

"Are you the father of these children?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're supposed to pay the mother thirty-five dollars a week. According to the payment card you're six weeks in arrears."

"Your honor, I lost my old job, and I'm only making seventy-eight dollars a week now, and I got my own family to support."

"Are these your children?"

"Yes, sir. But . . ."

"I'm glad you can forget them so conveniently. I can't. How much money do you have on you?"

"Nothing. Just twenty dollars."

"Hand it over. Clerk, make out a receipt. You be back here next Friday, and you better bring a lot more than twenty dollars. You either pay or go to jail."

End of case. The next one is called.

"Are you Miss Jones?"

"Yes, sir."

"Isn't the man here?"

"No, sir."

"All right, we'll put out a warrant for his arrest. We'll let you know when we pick him up."

End of case. The citizen's day in court here consists of hours of waiting, and an average of thirty seconds before the bench. The criminal cases last longer, averaging perhaps ten minutes. Also, they tend to be more dramatic. There was the woman arrested on the complaint of her neighbor. She had pulled a gun on her, which had misfired four times, had thrown the gun at her neighbor's head, missed, then drawn a knife. Now she had been sentenced to thirty days, and as the matron tried to lead her off she screamed, "Please tell them that I had an operation." Her accuser is silent. "Tell them! I had an operation. My stomach hurts." The other woman walks off, smiling smugly to herself.

"WHAT'D I DO?"

Earlier, as I stood in front of the building, a blue-and-white squad car had rolled to a stop at the entrance. There were two policemen in the front seat and two girls, about eight and eleven years old, in the back. The children wore identical red jackets and red stocking caps. Lost sisters, I thought. One of the patrolmen got out, unlocked the rear door, and as the girls got out he grasped the older one by the pigtail and the younger firmly by the shoulder and escorted them into the side entrance, under arrest.

They were shoplifters, I found out from the driver. As the day wore on, I discovered that most "boosters" are women, amateurs, and by no means indigent. There is the North Shore matron, for example, whose chauffeur waits for her while she boosts in the posh shops of Michigan Avenue's Golden Mile. The average housewife is satisfied with a can of tuna she drops into her purse. Merchants seldom prosecute these women. Trouble—with sirens and blue flashers and a crowd on the street—is bad for business.

I never did find out what happens to two children who disappear into a brick cube. Or maybe I did, in Holiday Court, on Sunday morning. There I watched a sad procession of prostitutes,

Texas' Famous Chili

Originated in Dallas County Prison System:

½ lb. ground beef suet	1 tbsp. salt
2 lbs. ground beef	1 tsp. white pepper
3 buds garlic	1½ tsps. finely diced
1½ tsps. paprika	dried sweet chili pods
3 tsps. chili powder	3 cups water
1 tsp. comino seed	Dried pink or red beans

Fry out suet in heavy kettle. Add meat, diced garlic, and seasonings; cover. Cook slowly 4 hours, stirring occasionally. Add water; continue cooking about 1 hour until slightly thickened. Serve plain or mixed with equal portions of cooked dried pink or red beans. Serves 6. (Chili pods may be omitted.)

Originally developed by former Sheriff "Smoot" Schmid for inmates of Dallas County jail, the fame of this delicious chili quickly spread beyond prison walls to achieve local reputation. Even so it is the proper size to fit in the family recipe box.)

—Campaign handout for re-election of John C. White. Commissioner of Agriculture, 1963.

brought in twelve at a time, then dismissed one by one when no man answered to his name to bring a charge against the prisoner. They lounced out unrepentant. The Law Enthroned can give them no worse than a night in jail and a free breakfast. Are those the red-capped girls in the next decade? Here is a bleary harridan, an uncombed mass of gray hair falling out of a dirty turban, a black eye, and a buttonless black coat which she clutches together. Under the sagging stockings are enormous varicose veins.

"What'd I do?" she demands of the judge. "What'd I do?" She repeats it belligerently.

"Sleeping in the street."

"I guess I had too much to drink."

"Now it's time you took hold of yourself, Peggy . . ." The judge suspends his own lecture. What difference can it possibly make? He waves her out the door to follow the young tarts, saying only, "Look in the mirror when you get home."

Maybe Peggy is lucky. She might have been escorted to the Cook County Jail, to join the women convicts on the fourth floor. At the end of a long central corridor, "The Boulevard," their gentleman callers stand in a row of open cages, like six telephone booths side by side. Between them and the prisoners are thick glass panels, one of which has been replaced by a wire-mesh screen through which they can talk. But the screen is about chest high, so that both men and women need to bend down to talk through it.

"That mesh is so fine," my guide tells me, "that you can't even get a needle through it." He did not mean a sewing needle. "But before we put the screen in, the wall was solid glass. You had to shout to be heard, and with all of them shouting you can imagine what visiting hours were like."

THE MOTHERLY TOUCH

Back at Headquarters now, I am going to observe relatively small troubles. I punch the elevator button for the ninth floor, Domestic Relations Court, Branch 41 of the Chicago Municipal Court. This is Judge Edith S. Sampson's courtroom. It is large, but the seats are nearly filled with a mixed lot of humanity ranging from ragged to decently dressed. (Only the prosperous and fashionable are missing here.) All, as I am to discover, are there on business. Spectators in courtrooms, barring sensational trials, are rare.

A woman and a man are facing the bench; the woman is speaking, but even though I am sitting in the fourth row I can hear nothing. The high ceilings and the slight rustle and talk from the people about me are only part of the reason.

People facing a judge tend to speak in low, embarrassed voices.

I am startled to hear my name called out. Judge Sampson has interrupted the proceedings to call me forward. She stands and greets me warmly and clears a seat for me near the bench. The first Negro woman to be elected to the bench, she is a vivid human being. The face could be that of any middle-aged housewife. The carelessly open zipper of her black robe showing a few inches of a blue flower print dress is another comfortably motherly touch. But the voice is charged, the eyes are intensely compassionate, her entire body is engaged at every moment. When she takes your hand you feel that you have been embraced.

Abruptly she ignores me. She leans toward the woman standing before her—a thin, fortyish, purse-lipped fake-blond who is wearing no make-up for the occasion. "Mrs. Dusek, never mind the law. I want to know how you *feel* about this. Are you willing," Judge Sampson asks softly, "to take your husband back?"

"He pities himself," the woman replies in a voice as gauntly harsh as her body; "he pities himself all the time. Everything is somebody else's fault, and then he's back to the drinking."

"Answer my question simply, madam."

The woman is uncomfortably silent. "If he changes . . ." she says at last. "But he'll never change."

"Never mind the predictions. Let's get to the facts. Has your husband been supporting his family?"

"No!" The voice is shrill. "Nothing for the past three months."

"Please, ma'am . . ." the husband interjects, but the Public Defender at his side shushes him with a wave of his hand.

"Well, he gave me seven dollars, a month ago, for my son's birthday."

"Shouldn't you say *our* son?" The woman looks sullenly down. "And you have a daughter, eighteen years old. She's working. Doesn't she contribute to the household?"

"No. I don't even know how much she makes."

"I find that strange. Now your husband has been in jail for the past thirty days, which makes things difficult all around."

"The law says . . ."

"Madam, I know the law as well as you do." Judge Sampson swept up her arms in a motion that encompassed the Assistant District Attorney and the Public Defender. "God knows I don't know much, but with these two young men here I can get by. Anyway, I'm not much interested in the law right now. I think I'm in the business of

saving a family." Judge Sampson had swiveled her chair to the left and locked in with the defendant. "Mr. Dusek, do you have a deficiency of the eyes?"

"Just a little nearsighted, ma'am."

"Then take off those eyeglasses so I can communicate with you. All right now. If I should let you out of jail—if, I said—do you think you could make some sense out of your life?"

"Your honor, I do not believe that further incarceration would help me."

"Incarceration" is legal jargon. Prisoners become lawyers practically overnight, and Judge Sampson knows this. She is not impressed with his handsome vocabulary. "I agree," she says dryly. "The last thing you need is the court breathing down your back. You may be interested to know—and I'm talking to you, too, Mrs. Dusek—that it's the opinion of the court psychiatrist that Mr. George Dusek is not an alcoholic. Now, sir, tell me plainly what you aim to do."

"I can get work for seventy-five, maybe eighty dollars a week. I'll pay the whole thing over to my wife. I can tend bar nights, and that'll keep me in room and board."

"You know your daughter's eighteen now. Legally, she's not your dependent anymore. You can deduct that part."

"She's still my daughter."

The judge stood up and raised her robed arms like a priestess. "Did you hear that, lady? Are you willing to say to him in the same spirit, 'He's still my husband'?"

The woman stood twisting her hands. She had come into this court prepared to tell the judge, "I hate him, I hate him. Keep him in jail forever and let me get a divorce." Now it was impossible. Judge Sampson leaned far over, almost whispering into her ear. "Are you perfect, dear?" The thin lips tightened in an effort at control. Her eyes are fixed upon her handbag. She has never looked at her husband, but his eyes are full upon her. She is a trembling, washed-out thing, but in his eyes there is warmth and sympathy, as if she were the prisoner at the bar.

Judge Sampson presses on. "I know what you're thinking. 'When we leave here it will begin all over again. Nothing has been changed.' But there you're wrong. Your husband isn't the same man anymore. He's changed, and you've changed, too. Something has been added to both your lives—me." She sits down, her face tense.

The wife turns to the Assistant District Attorney at her side and speaks rapidly to him for a moment. He nods his head and steps toward the bench to confer quietly with Judge Sampson, who

listens to him attentively. Suddenly she is on her feet again, arms sweeping, voice at full register. "Stand away!" The Assistant D. A. retreats to the right, the Public Defender to the left. "You two . . ." She gestures to the clerk and bailiff, and they back off to the windows. "Let's have this married couple alone, without all you men hanging around." And now they are, in a way, alone, and the court is for the first time truly quiet.

Judge Sampson compresses the air with her two hands. "Stand closer together. Closer. There, that's better. Now, mister, I want you to ask your wife if she'll have you back." He turns and speaks to his wife, and she answers with obvious difficulty. But not a word of it can be heard.

"Tell me what she said."

"She said all right."

Judge Sampson smoothes an invisible piece of cloth in front of her. "Let's try to make very sure it will be all right. I'm going to let you out of jail on one condition: that you get help from a psychiatrist. Dr. Kelleher will help you if you can't get one of your own. But you've got to get treatment and stick with it, do you agree?"

"Yes, ma'am. I do."

"And on you," turning to the wife, "I have no power to impose conditions. You are the plaintiff, not the defendant. But it's my feeling that you need professional help, too, just like your husband. Are you willing to take my advice?"

"Yes."

"And what about the three months arrears? A man can't sleep in the same room with his creditor. Are we going to start this marriage again on a clean basis?"

"Yes, yes."

Judge Sampson gestures everyone back to places. The scene is as before, except that the couple are now standing side by side. "Let the record show," she commands, "credit of \$975, paid to the wife direct. Clerk, give me a date about two months from now."

She dismisses them with her conductor's hands and leans back in her judicial chair. The case is dismissed, but Judge Sampson calls out, "Wait for your husband, lady. He's going your way."

The time is now 10:30 and court is recessed. In the sudden chatter and movement the two little red stocking caps somewhere in this building come back to my mind. But now I am a little, just a little, more hopeful.

Andrew Schiller, who is an associate professor of English at the University of Chicago, has a special interest in linguistics and, as this report shows, in humanity.

BROUGHT TO JUSTICE



THE POOR MAN IN THE SCALES

RONALD B. RIBMAN
AND SAMUEL M. RIBMAN

While batteries of astute lawyers keep well-heeled racketeers out of jail, thousands of obscure defendants do not even know what their rights are because they are at the mercy of incompetent "court-appointed" counsel or have no lawyers at all. Samuel Ribman, a retired attorney, here writes in collaboration with his son, who has a Ph.D. in English literature.

One evening in 1937 Simon Denomie, a deaf Chippewa Indian almost seventy years old, who lived with his attractive forty-year-old wife in a log cabin on an isolated reservation near Superior, Wisconsin, was visited by three young Indian men. Boisterous and drunk, they came to the cabin and asked for matches. Denomie let one of them in and the man promptly took advantage of the circumstances to ask Mrs. Denomie to a nearby dance. Her husband ordered him to leave; the man refused, and in the ensuing fight, Mr. Denomie, though severely beaten, managed to force him out of the house and bolt the door. However, the bolt was faulty and when one or more of the men began pounding on the door, it started to give way. Mr. Denomie threw himself against it and reset the bolt. A few moments later, in the darkened cabin, a twelve-gauge shotgun in Simon Denomie's hand went off. The shot passed through the only window of the cabin and struck one of the Indians, killing him instantly. Mr. Denomie was arrested by federal authorities and charged with first-degree murder. Since he was without funds, the court appointed Harry E. Larsen, an attorney in Superior, to defend him from charge.

"At that time," said Larsen, "I had practiced law as a sole practitioner for a year and a half. I was not grossing over \$150 a month. My wife

had a bank account of approximately \$250 from her schoolteaching days and I had nothing."

After driving the sixty miles from Superior to Ashland, Wisconsin, Larsen met his client for the first time. Because of Denomie's deafness, interviewing was a laborious process; Larsen had to write all his questions. Denomie told Larsen that he had merely tried to fire the shotgun into the floor to frighten the men, but because it was old (the original firing pin had been replaced by a nail) it would not discharge. When he sat down on a cot beneath the window to repair the gun, it suddenly went off.

Larsen's fellow lawyers were skeptical about Denomie's story and the United States Attorney was not interested in entertaining a plea to a lesser charge than first-degree murder.

Visiting the cabin, Larsen found that the shot hole in the glass and the one in the screen had not been disturbed since the shooting. The attorney took a stick about the length of the shotgun, sat on the cot, and placed the stick as Denomie claimed to have placed the gun. The holes through the window and screen fell right in line and it was clear that a shot could not have passed

through them from any other position. Larsen was convinced that Denomie had told the truth; it would have been absolutely impossible for him to have aimed to kill.

Excited, Larsen drove back to Superior and hired a carpenter-contractor at his own expense to take detailed measurements of the cabin and to cut out those sections of the log wall which contained the window and the door. These were then loaded into a borrowed trailer and taken back to Superior. During the night, Larsen and the carpenter assembled a full-size frame reproduction of the cabin in the courtroom. The actual window and door section was built in where it belonged and the cot occupied its proper position under the window. At the trial, Larsen had Denomie sit down on the cot and, using the actual gun, show how the shooting had occurred. Larsen then asked each member of the jury to try to make the gun point through the holes in any other manner. The verdict was "Not guilty."

Larsen's bank balance at that point was down to \$17.20, and his wife was eight months pregnant.

That this particular case had a just ending is a tribute to Larsen's dogged investigative efforts and his willingness to fight until he was almost penniless. It is not a tribute to the judicial conditions that leave one man's guilt or innocence hanging by another's purse strings.

Today, twenty-seven years later, court-appointed attorneys are still being asked to serve without compensation and without reimbursement for investigative costs. This poses grave problems for indigent defendants. Attorney General Robert Kennedy warned the Senate Committee on the Judiciary that "the scales of justice in this country are weighted against the poor." The number of such "poor" defendants is considerable. Almost one-third of all criminal cases tried in the federal courts—and there were 30,867 such cases last year—involve defendants who are financially unable to retain counsel. Although the words "equal justice for all" have a comfortable eighth-grade civics-class familiarity about them, the nobility of the concept far outruns the nobility of the proceedings. Closing the gap will require some changes in our legal machinery.

CRIPPLED IN ADVANCE

In theory, this machinery is flawlessly designed to achieve justice. Our adversary system sets up what amounts to a mathematical proposition: Let a skilled prosecutor represent the government and an equally skilled attorney represent the

accused; let prosecution and defense have equal opportunity to present all the evidence and to challenge each other's contentions; then justice will emerge from a weighing of the evidence by a disinterested third party, be it judge or jury.

To ensure, by law, that this balance is kept, the Sixth Amendment to the Constitution provides that the accused have the assistance of counsel in all federal criminal prosecutions. In 1938 the United States Supreme Court underlined this provision when it held that the court must assign a lawyer to a defendant financially unable to retain one (unless the defendant waives his right to counsel). Otherwise, any judgment rendered against him will be void.

In practice, the mathematical nicety of this structure collapses for the indigent defendant.

The prosecutor is paid by the government. He knows that his every expense will be met. The funds he needs to scour the world for missing witnesses and documents will be his. And should he need help beyond what his office staff supplies, the entire investigative might of all government agencies is available. The court-assigned defense attorney enjoys no such carte blanche. He will not be provided with one penny. Every expense will have to be met out of his own pocket.

The prosecutor is sure to be a highly experienced specialist in criminal law, while it will be purely a matter of luck if the indigent's lawyer is as competent. Shocking as it may be, the court often makes its defense assignments simply on the basis of availability. Thus an attorney who was admitted to the bar a week ago or one whose practice is limited to tax law may be thrust into a complex criminal case—which is roughly equivalent to having an intern perform brain surgery.

The prosecutor begins his case at the beginning. He is the first to interview witnesses, the first to gain access to and gather up evidence. The defense attorney begins his case in the middle of things. Often the evidence he badly needs is no longer available, and crucial witnesses have become difficult or impossible to locate. Moreover, the delay in appointing an attorney may diminish the indigent's chances for obtaining pretrial liberty without posting bail. Even worse, it may lead the defendant—without ever seeing a lawyer—to waive his right to counsel.

Recent judicial decisions which we will discuss later (including the much-publicized Gideon case) strengthen the indigent defendant's claim to fair representation, but they in no way solve the practical problems of getting him the legal services he needs.

The government's failure to compensate court-

appointed attorneys and to provide them with enough money for proper investigations for their clients cripples our whole adversary structure. And the crippling process begins long before the defendant goes on trial. If counsel is not appointed early, the accused is unable to discuss his problem with his own attorney and often ends up discussing it with his opponent, the prosecutor. "Any lawyer who has ever been called into a case after his client has 'told all' . . . to the government," Justice Robert Jackson once wrote, "knows how helpless he is." Meanwhile, crucial witnesses may be lost, pretrial strategy is often rushed, and investigation is skimmed or omitted.

Adequate pretrial investigation can be more important to the defendant than the trial skill of his lawyer. Some years ago, Donald L. Merriman, a lawyer in Baltimore, was assigned by the court to defend a Mr. Hopkins, who was charged with pilfering mailboxes. Checking into the case, Mr. Merriman concluded that his client either was or had been insane. Two psychiatrists testified that Hopkins' insanity could be considered the motivation for his crime. But the services of the psychiatrists, paid for personally by Merriman, were not enough; the case ultimately hinged on obtaining corroborating evidence. Unfortunately, the necessary witnesses and documents were in another state. Lacking the money to secure them, Merriman lost the year-and-a-half fight. Hopkins was found guilty and sentenced. Merriman is convinced that a careful—and costly—investigation might have led to an acquittal.

In a similar case, Frederick B. Ziesenheim, a young Pittsburgh attorney, was appointed to defend a Spanish-speaking client but was not given the funds to hire an interpreter. He was forced to go to trial without ever hearing his client's story. At that point, the government finally furnished an interpreter, but it was too late to locate a much-needed witness.

In this and another case that same year, Mr. Ziesenheim found his clients going to prison because they "didn't have the money to pay for the services of an expert for one day, or for a few books and photocopies."

FREEDOM FOR SALE

Getting the defendant released from custody is another important pretrial service. The rich can, of course, afford to post bail. But the indigent defendant cannot and unless his attorney can secure his release without posting bail, the probability of his conviction increases alarmingly. A recent study in a California federal court, for

example, showed that 94 per cent of those unable to secure pretrial liberty were convicted; only 71 per cent of those who were able to make bail were found guilty. Once convicted, 82 per cent of the defendants who couldn't post bail—as opposed to 49 per cent of those who made bail—went to prison.

Unless we choose to believe that guilt is inversely proportionate to wealth or that the federal judiciary operates with some kind of bizarre efficiency when it comes to indigent defendants, we are drawn to bitter conclusions. The explanations lie elsewhere, in the subtle handicaps placed on a man held in pretrial confinement:

While in jail, the accused cannot assist in gathering evidence in his own behalf or in locating potential witnesses, or refreshing their recollection. His imprisonment may prove fatal to the defense, for at times only the accused is able to persuade a hesitant witness to testify. Often his attorney must travel to a remote jail, and discuss his case while a guard stands by.

The accused, unable to work, worries about his family. Often he despairs of freeing himself and simply gives up. Or he grows bitter, knowing he has been locked up not because he has been proven guilty, but because he is too poor to buy his freedom. Ushered into court, his face angry and pale from confinement, his clothes crumpled, he seems to the jurors a "seedy-looking character" who readily fits their stereotype of a guilty man. The fact that he is accompanied by a guard strengthens the impression that this is a dangerous criminal.

Too many defendants must start off with these strikes against them. A survey based on the records of four federal courts showed that 11 to 78 per cent of the defendants could not meet bail set at \$500. As a result they remained in pretrial confinement for periods ranging from a few weeks to over a year, sometimes in institutions much inferior to those provided the sentenced offender. Because the confinement is only "temporary," a man may be stored—except for a one-hour exercise period—in a cell twenty-four hours a day; his mail opened and read; members of his immediate family permitted to visit him only briefly and at specified hours, separated by a glass panel and conversing by telephone. Perhaps the ultimate irony is that bail money appears to have little or no relationship to a defendant's appearance in court. Other factors (such as his ties to the community, to his family, to his job) seem greater deterrents to flight. New York City's Manhattan Bail Project, a major inquiry in this field, showed that the rate of "skips" in

s controlled study was actually somewhat lower among people released without bail than it was among those released with it.

WHAT DOES "GUILTY" MEAN?

Conscientious legal services are vitally important at the early stages to prevent the defendant from mistakenly pleading guilty. "Rich income-tax violators, defaulting bankers, and big-time racketeers seldom plead guilty," New York Congressman Emanuel Celler has noted. But the indigent defendant, unless he is lucky enough to have a dedicated lawyer assigned to his case, is likely to admit guilt and hope the prosecution will go easy on him.

"Some emotionally disturbed people will plead guilty," Congressman Celler said, "when they know no more about the crime than what they read in the newspapers . . . others may plead guilty to protect a loved one from disgrace. . . . They act on jailhouse chatter and the hope that they will get off with a lighter sentence if they don't run the risk of irritating the judge, inciting the prosecution or the press, or bringing up in open court some disquieting facts about themselves."

And, as an article in the *Harvard Law Review* points out, "an unpaid assigned counsel, who

must sacrifice time and money if he appears at trial, has an interest in encouraging a guilty plea in order to conclude the case rapidly."

More serious than the guilty plea itself is the indigent defendant's waiver of counsel which often accompanies it. In one year, three-fourths of all persons who pleaded guilty refused legal assistance. Why? In some instances because they were simply incapable of understanding what was taking place. Records reveal, for example, a case in which an eighteen-year-old girl waived her right to counsel, pleaded guilty, and received a five-year prison sentence for stealing a letter from the mails. The girl had an IQ of 45 and could not possibly have understood any of the proceedings against her.

The accused's right to waive counsel is, under the best of conditions, a dubious privilege. Aside from defending his client at the time of trial, a competent lawyer will check the indictment to see if it is faulty and subject to dismissal; he will check to see if the statute of limitations bars prosecution for the offense; he will check to see if the crime is difficult to prove and, if so, he may use this knowledge to try to persuade the prosecutor to allow his client to plead to a lesser charge. Should the defendant plead guilty, only an attorney can, at the time of sentencing, marshal facts and witnesses which may incline



LINE ANTHONY—PHOTOGRAPH

the court to act leniently. And even if the defendant is pronounced guilty, only an attorney can tell if there are grounds for an appeal. At present very few appeals are made on behalf of indigent defendants, although—as Professor William M. Beaney of Princeton has pointed out—this is not because errors are made only where defendants have costly, retained counsel. The reverse is probably closer to the truth.

Obviously, the absence of a lawyer increases the chance for judicial error—a possibility that worries judges and prosecutors. One federal judge remembers with horror a young lady who waived her right to counsel and told the judge that a friend, too drunk to endorse a check himself, had asked her to sign it for him. Obliging, she did so, cashed the check, and gave him the money. In her own mind, this constituted forgery. The judge, of course, refused her offer to plead guilty. But had he failed to explore the situation fully, the girl, without an attorney, would have wound up with a prison record.

Having a lawyer is not enough, however. The indigent defendant must rely on a lawyer who is willing and able to make considerable sacrifices on his behalf. One attorney, A. Wally Sandack of Salt Lake City, who was routinely appointed to represent a defendant against a first-degree murder charge, found himself caught up in a legal battle that lasted six years. Mr. Sandack estimates that this case occupied one solid year of his time and cost him more than \$25,000.

VERY LITTLE FOR NOTHING

As might be expected when lawyers are called upon constantly for unpaid services, the response is not always zealous. One defendant in a federal court was angry enough to protest the poor representation given him by assigned counsel and, upon the attorney's admission of inadequacy, the judgment was set aside.

Other defendants are not nearly so lucky. In an Indiana state court, an attorney assigned to defend a man charged with rape made no attempt to offer an argument for his client, who was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. The appellate court observed that the defendant "could not have been worse off if he had had no attorney at all."

While the government refuses to face its responsibility, various other groups are trying to lessen the burden on individual court-assigned attorneys. Several years ago, for example, the Cleveland Bar Association collected \$30,000 to compensate lawyers for their defense obliga-

tions in a very lengthy trial. But "fund-raising" is no more than a temporary stopgap.

Rotating assignments among the members of the bar is another stopgap method that has not worked well. In many cases, it merely invites a shabby defense, particularly where the attorney taking his turn is simply not proficient in criminal proceedings. A Vermont lawyer, exasperated over the rotation system lodged a sound protest: "I haven't tried but two or three criminal cases in my life. I am a corporate lawyer; I don't know the requisites of even the bare essentials of criminal procedure, and to expect that I can take time from a busy law practice and put my heart and soul into a job that is unwanted, abhorrent to me, is to deny the poor respondent the very guarantees which he should have."

Assigning cases only to attorneys particularly skilled in criminal law is equally unjust, since the whole burden then falls on the few lawyers who specialize in this field. Within a four-year period, for example, a Michigan attorney, Arnold M. Gold, was appointed to represent some ninety defendants.

Some courts have tried to solve the problem by appointing young, inexperienced lawyers eager to learn the ropes. Pitting novices against the veteran prosecutor may gain them valuable experience—but oftentimes at the expense of the accused. To get the most mileage out of a witness, to know when to press and when to tread gingerly, to get to the truth, and to present the facts favorably—these are skills that take years to develop.

Even judges do not escape the hardships imposed by the present system. An attorney corralled into taking a case may act as if he were "doing the court a favor." One federal judge commented wryly: "I constantly find myself embarrassed by having, by force of arms, to assign counsel to indigent criminal defendants." And there are more serious consequences than embarrassment. An inquiry into the counsel waiver issue, reported in the *Harvard Law Review*, concluded that the many waivers of counsel must in part reflect some judges' feeling that defendants may not need lawyers, and that this feeling is undoubtedly often reinforced by an understandable reluctance to burden attorneys with unpaid assignments. We can safely predict that if legislation to compensate attorneys is ever passed, the number of waivers will diminish to the vanishing point.

But no such legislation has been passed. Why not? Every U.S. Attorney General for more than twenty-five years has favored it. So have



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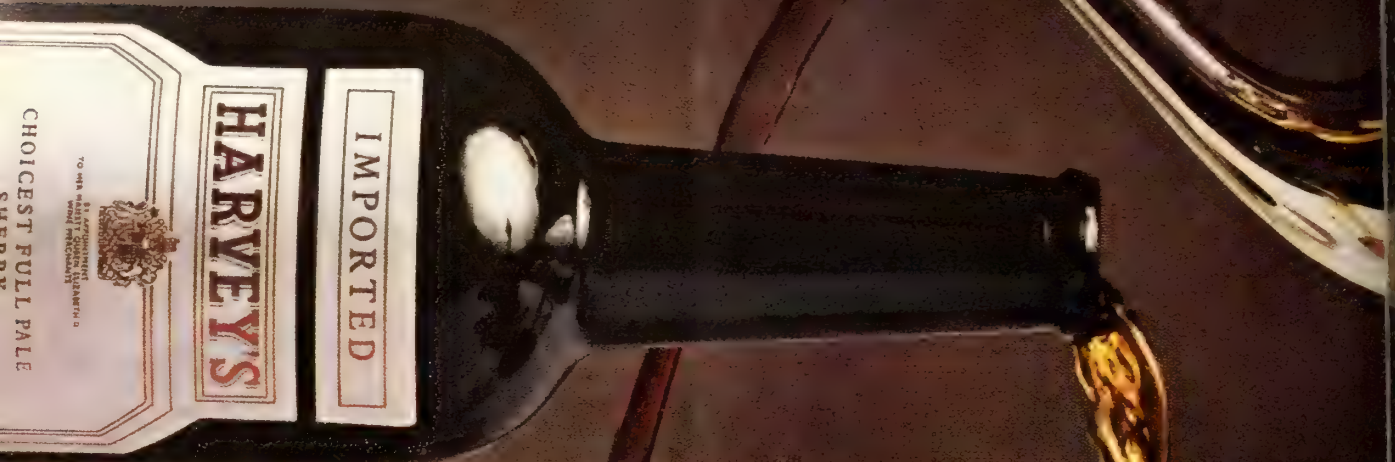
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judges and Cabinet members. But the federal government, like Hamlet, has problems and moves with caution. As often as the Senate passed legislation to provide indigent defendants with paid counsel and money for investigative expenses, the bills died in the House.

WHY THERE IS NO LAW

No one disputes that justice should not be a function of money. The charge of socialism voiced years ago against the measures was effectively squelched by former Attorney General Herbert Brownell, a Republican, who noted: "To be paid for one's work or services sounds much more like capitalism to me."

While legislators still disagree about how much attorneys should be paid, the real opposition is against including a public-defender system in the bills. In essence, the attorneys in a public-defender system would be appointed and paid by the government to defend all persons assigned to them by the court. Those opposed to public-defender legislation argue that:

(1) The government which pays the public defender inevitably has power over the defense of those it accuses.

(2) The public defender, working every day with the prosecutor, will eventually become his close personal friend and may unconsciously relax his efforts to protect the accused. He will begin to cooperate with, instead of defend against, the government.

(3) If the district court, the court that actually tries the case, appoints the public defender, he may become subservient to that court. E. J. Dimock, U. S. District Judge for the Southern District of New York, a staunch opponent of the public-defender system, calls it "an abomination," a "bad law," and "bad statesmanship." "Is it not obvious," he asks, "that the last function that we should surrender to the government is that of the defense against accusation of crime?" In Judge Dimock's opinion the public-defender system "forces the accused to accept a lawyer appointed and paid by his opponent."

The proponents of the public-defender program—an overwhelming majority of those actively concerned with justice in the federal courts, including the Judicial Conference of the United States, the U. S. Justice Department, and the American Bar Association—feel, as Judge Lawrence E. Walsh put it, that: "Any attempt to look at the government of the United States as a single person or as a single interest, just misjudges the flexibility of our institutions." The

public defender is no more likely to become subservient to the government because it pays his salary than are the prosecutors and judges who are also government employees.

State-supported defense systems are already operating in other nations. The Scandinavian countries, unlike the United States, make legal services available to all accused persons regardless of financial ability; the accused can choose counsel from panels which include attorneys experienced in criminal cases; and those attorneys are fully compensated by the government. Furthermore, the defense attorney has access to governmental laboratories and to the prosecution's entire file against the defendant. All experts, if required, are paid for by the government.

Based on the recommendations of a distinguished committee headed by Professor Francis A. Allen of the University of Michigan Law School, a bill sponsored by the Department of Justice was submitted to Congress in 1963. Simply stated, this bill would give each federal district a choice of four different plans. Indigent defendants could be represented by a private attorney paid by the government; a full-time or part-time federal public defender; an attorney furnished by the bar association, a legal-aid society, or other local defender organization; or any combination of the foregoing. The bill provides for paid, competent representation for all defendants from the time of arrest through appeal, and ensures adequate funds for investigations, expert witnesses, and all other necessary services.

The proposed law is a good one. While it will not eliminate all forms of injustice, or all of poverty's built-in handicaps, it will minimize the importance of wealth and help to strike a balance of legal strength between prosecution and defense. Moreover, it is flexible enough to meet the needs of different communities. Rural areas with few criminal cases and, therefore, little need for a full- or part-time public defender can elect representation by private attorneys; larger cities may prefer a full-time public defender. The bill fixes the maximum rate of compensation to attorneys at \$15 per hour but allows the court to set the actual payment. Because the public defender will be appointed by the judicial council of the circuit for a four-year term, he is not in danger of becoming subservient to the district court.

On August 6, 1963, the bill passed the Senate. On January 15, 1964, the House approved a much weaker bill of its own which makes no provision for federal public defenders and which sets \$500 as the maximum compensation for attorneys when

the offense involved is a felony and \$300 when it is a misdemeanor. Compensation for investigative and expert services is also limited to \$500 in felony, and \$300 in misdemeanor, cases.

Obviously, in the event of a protracted defense the House bill would provide no more than token payment, and a defense attorney would still have to defend his indigent client out of his own funds. What bill, if any, Congress will ultimately approve remains to be seen.

QUIET FORCES FOR CHANGE

Should Congress fail to pass a meaningful bill on its own, however, the quiet thrust of recent judicial events may oblige it to. On April 19, 1963, U. S. District Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr. dismissed the government's prosecution proceedings against Ned Germany, an illiterate and indigent defendant in Alabama, on the grounds that the United States government, when it failed to provide the defendant's assigned counsel with money to interview a material witness, violated the defendant's rights under the Sixth Amendment. The order for dismissal "concludes, and now holds, that an effective legal representation . . . requires that the court-appointed counsel have funds made available to him, or have assurance that he will be reimbursed for funds necessarily expended for the reasonable and necessary expenses incurred for travel . . . and in viewing the scene of the alleged crime. . . ."

"There are going to be cases thrown out all over the country if this is followed," said Attorney General Kennedy, "and it makes a good deal of sense."

Similar developments are taking place in state courts. Congress's twenty-five-year failure to act left them without a federal model to consider, and they have tried a variety of systems. Only seven states do not provide any programs to compensate assigned counsel, but the programs vary from good to inadequate. In many states counsel must be assigned only when the offense is a capital one. In some localities defendants wait three to six months for the court to assign them lawyers.

The Directory of Legal Aid and Defender Services lists within the fifty states: ninety-eight public-defender offices financed by the public (in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami, Chicago, Providence, Omaha, and St. Louis, among other cities; fourteen legal-aid offices financed privately, including ones in New York, Boston, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia); and fifteen supported by a combination of public and private funds (Baltimore and Columbus, Ohio, offer ex-

amples). In 1960, the District of Columbia set up a system in which attorneys paid by the government work full-time and are assisted by lawyers engaged in private practice, who volunteer their services on a part-time basis. These systems offer fine representation, but the United States is more than the sum of its large cities, and impoverished defendants in many small towns and rural areas are still not represented at all. This despite the fact that about 60 per cent of those brought before the state bar simply cannot afford counsel.

The state courts, however, have now been challenged. In March 1963, the Supreme Court ruled that they must not only assign counsel to an indigent defendant in a capital case, but must also do so in every felony case. The matter in question involved Clarence Gideon, who had been accused of a felony in a Florida state court. Appearing in court without funds, he asked for an attorney but was told lawyers were assigned only in capital cases. Gideon was thereupon forced to conduct his own defense. He was found guilty and sentenced to five years. When the case was appealed to the Supreme Court the verdict was unanimous in his favor. Justice Black, writing for the court, said that "reason and reflection require us to recognize that in our adversary system of criminal justice, any person haled into court, who is too poor to hire a lawyer, cannot be assured a fair trial unless counsel is provided for him. . . . The right of one charged with crime to counsel may not be deemed fundamental and essential to fair trials in some countries, but it is in ours."

Retried in August 1963, this time with a lawyer, Mr. Gideon was acquitted.

If the Gideon decision is carried one step further, the accused's right to counsel will probably soon be extended to include not only capital and felony cases, but misdemeanors as well, where loss of liberty is at stake. As Justice Clark observed, in a speech delivered in St. Louis, "This case will possibly have more physical impact on the administration of justice than any decided by the court because it will require the appointment of counsel in thousands of . . . cases." He went on to note that the problem will reach insurmountable proportions unless handled expeditiously and effectively.

On both the state and federal judicial levels, we have reached one of those significant moments in social development when legal practice seems determined to catch up to legal concept. We may yet make the "equal justice for all" assertions of the civics class a reality.

THE VICTIMS

ROBERT CHILDRES

American solicitude for suffering seldom includes the people beaten, maimed, or killed by criminals. A former Rhodes Scholar who is now on the faculty of New York University Law School suggests that they deserve help at least as much as the thugs who attacked them.

On August 7, 1958, Leon Thomas, an inmate of Rockland State Hospital, escaped and made his way to a nearby house. Seizing a kitchen knife, he pounced on Mrs. Evelyn Finkel, who was at home alone, and repeatedly stabbed her as she ran, crawled, and finally rolled on the floor. She died a few moments later.

Mrs. Finkel's husband, Abraham, subsequently sued the State of New York, charging that Thomas' escape was due to negligence and that—apart from the anguish of his wife's death—he had lost the services of his housekeeper and the mother of his two children. He was awarded \$75,000 in damages, and on June 25, 1962, the award was affirmed.

In receiving compensation, Mr. Finkel was a rare exception among the dependents of the 160,000 Americans who each year are seriously injured, forcibly raped, or killed by their fellow citizens. This is not because their losses are less grievous than Mr. Finkel's. Consider, for example, the murderous rampage of Henry P. Dusablon. On Christmas Eve, 1962, in Woburn, Massachusetts, he shot and killed his friend Frank C. Ross, stole \$100 from him, and headed for New York City. Within the next six days he killed five more men, all chosen at random, all shot in the head. They included the proprietor of a novelty shop in Manhattan, a Bronx liquor-store clerk, a salesman in an Army-Navy surplus store in Queens, a clerk and the owner of a liquor store, again in Manhattan. In due course, Dusablon was arrested,

tried and sentenced to be executed; at this writing, he is in the death house at Sing Sing. The families of his six victims are presumably struggling along as best they can.

Similar, I assume, is the situation of the wife and children of Richard Valk, a New York truck driver employed by United Parcel Service. On May 17, 1961, three teen-agers, Warren Hill, Jerry McChesney, and Lorenzo Catanzaro, according to the record of their trial, intercepted Valk's truck on one of his stops in a luxurious East Side neighborhood, climbed in, and began to loot the truck. When Valk returned and tried to stop them, McChesney shot him dead, and the three fled.

These are just a few samples of the countless acts of random violence that occur daily across the country. Some such incidents I have firsthand knowledge of: in Catanzaro's case, for example, I joined Professors Norman Redlich and Charles Ares, also of the law faculty of New York University, in a very brief effort to prevent his execution by the State of New York. Happily, he was granted clemency. This sort of representation—for which no compensation is received—is undertaken in part because we feel that killing murderers is no answer to violent crime. More Americans than ever before seem to share this

A Cage with TV in It

SOME ultraconservatives still feel that the best way to handle an inmate is to beat his criminality out of him. This does not work. You just get an angrier person back in the streets eventually. The cheapest way to keep an inmate is to put him in a cage. Your conscience won't hurt if you put in a TV and earphones. It is the cheapest way and the best, provided you never intend to let that person out. But if you ever intend to let him out, you have got to do more to protect our community from angrier and more vicious kinds of people. . . .

—Dr. Melvin Heller, Director of Psychiatric Services, State Correctional Institute, Philadelphia, speaking on a TV forum, December 22, 1963.

feeling; perhaps most of us now believe that homicide by the State is unnecessary, in conflict with our ideals, and wrong.

This makes the more ironic our curious callousness about the fate of those punished by criminals. People who oppose the elimination of capital punishment often say, "I am interested in the people who are killed, not in the murderers." But, in fact, both they and those of us who oppose capital punishment continue to ignore the fate of victims of criminal violence.

In theory, our legal system requires that someone make amends for all unjustifiable damage. And surely all people who suffer such damage have a right to recompense, whether they be beaten and raped by a millionaire, or disabled for life by a pauper's bullet. But in basing compensation on the old maxim, "He who is responsible for damage must bear the loss," we have made the right to compensation depend upon the wealth of the person at fault. While the maxim may retain a certain validity in negligent injury and a few other situations, it is unworkable with violent injury, since the typical aggressor has neither property nor money nor insurance out of which losses may be compensated. Because the person primarily responsible cannot bear the loss, only two alternatives remain: either society compensates the victim, or he suffers the consequences alone.

Some disputes that the maintenance of order is among the functions of government, or that the government and the citizenry behind it are responsible to see that order prevails. It is clear from our crime rate that we are not meeting that

obligation. We complain of the failure of police protection, a fact both obvious and lamentable. More important, however, is our refusal to combat the conditions in which lawlessness flourishes. Walking through any of several notorious neighborhoods in New York or Chicago or even cities as small as Memphis, one senses violence in the air and realizes that crime is inevitable in so degraded an environment. Surely the society that tolerates these havens of violence is responsible for the damage their inmates inflict on our fellow citizens. And surely the ready availability of lethal weapons to anyone who wants to buy them heaps added responsibility for violence upon the government.

Even if society were not deeply implicated in violent injury, some form of state compensation would recommend itself on independent grounds. Today each of us is left to take his chances in the grim lottery by which aggressors choose their victims. If the wheel turn is lucky, one suffers not at all. If unlucky, one meets disaster and finds that society cares not at all. But surely damage endemic to the community should not be borne solely by those few on whom, by chance, it falls. If each year 160,000 people are violently attacked, is it the more enlightened policy to share their losses in common or to leave the injured to do as they can? Should we all suffer unnoticeable losses or should a few meet disaster?

COMPENSATION TO WHOM?

State compensation to victims of violent injury cannot be termed a revolutionary idea. There is too much historical precedent, and the principle behind such compensation is too widely operative in our society to justify considering this even a radical reform. The historical precedent dates back to Hammurabi's Code. Mexico and Switzerland have programs today; pre-Castro Cuba had a broad scheme of compensation; France provides some indirect reparation. In our country we accept the same principle by compensating persons whose property is damaged by riot, workmen injured on the job, military personnel, persons injured by the negligence of the State. The late Margery Fry was the most recent of the great exponents of compensation to victims of criminal violence in England. She spoke and wrote about the problem eloquently. The London *Observer* recently gave editorial testimony to her success: "The principle of State compensation for victims of crimes of violence has been generally accepted." Such controversy as remains has to do only with the development of

an efficient administrative scheme. If the American public seriously considers the question, I believe the response will be equally positive.

To consider the question seriously, one must be aware of the practical problems a program of compensation raises. The leading and limiting principle should be this: *To be compensable, violent injury must be caused by unjustifiable aggression that could lead the State to attempt to imprison the aggressor.*

Thus, most personal injuries would be excluded—including the entire array of negligently caused injury and the lawyer's prize in that array, negligent handling of an automobile.

Damage to property would also be excluded for several reasons, chiefly because it is never so disastrous as injury to the person (it does not destroy the ability to earn a living).

The final exclusion is minor injury, that resulting in a day off the job, for example. This is a concession to what lawyers like to call "administrative convenience." Few concessions ought to be made to the convenience of operating our legal system, but where little money is lost and the cost of processing a claim would exceed its value, the concession may be made.

A CEILING IS NECESSARY

A question subject to great controversy is that of the level of compensation. The English seem to have agreed that payments should be related to wages, if the victim was a wage earner, and to value of services, if he or she provided services to the family, as in the case of a housewife-housekeeper. This is sound policy, and needs but one proviso: compensation for wages lost must have a ceiling. Society should not be held responsible to compensate the president of General Motors, should he be disabled, at his going wage. Morally, the ceiling is easy: it ought to be the average income in the area. But as a matter of practical politics, given our institutions, it may be more difficult.

The relation of compensation to wages lost and value of services lost is a crucial point. Opposition to this position centers around two extremes: the level of welfare payments, which is to be rejected as too low, and that of common-law damages, which is to be rejected as too high. As to welfare, surely we would not maintain that Richard Valk's wife should dispose of all property and exhaust all money before qualifying for compensation, and then should receive only the pittance geared to induce people to return to the work force. Nor should Valk himself, had he been

merely disabled, have been similarly treated.

For other, though equally persuasive reasons, common-law damages should not be the level of compensation. We have already noted that New York State paid Abraham Finkel \$75,000 as damages held by the court to have been caused by the State's negligence. Fourteen-fifteenths of this award was the jury's estimate of the value of the housewife's services that the killing had taken away from the family. Since Mr. Finkel remarried prior to the conclusion of the litigation and presumably received these services free thereafter, the size of the award cannot be supported in terms of compensation for lost services.

Moreover, common-law damages do not even pretend to be limited to monetary loss caused by the injury. Damages are sometimes awarded a plaintiff solely, it is said, to punish the defendant. And damages are commonly awarded for what in this country is termed "pain and suffering," an amorphous category not subject to measurement in monetary terms and popular among plaintiff's attorneys precisely for that reason. Because "pain and suffering" cannot be measured, courts of appeal are unable to overturn exorbitant jury awards. Whatever the merits in traditional contexts of these characteristics of common-law damages, surely they demonstrate the undesirability of providing state compensation at such a level.

Also, it should not be necessary to establish that a particular crime—assault in the second degree, for instance—has been committed. The fact that an individual has suffered the consequences of an illegal act of violence should suffice to establish his right to compensation. This he should receive whether or not the aggressor is known, whether or not evidence admissible in court can be found.

LAWYERS WILL SAY . . .

Lawyers will nevertheless contend that the problem should be met by having victims take their case to court and having the State pay the damages if the aggressor cannot. In part this argument will be based on administrative simplicity. Existing machinery will do the job. But the simplicity is formal, not real. The administrative structure of the courts is, perhaps inevitably, more chaotic and more costly than a structure designed afresh to provide compensation solely for monetary loss.

Further, the lump-sum judgment of common-law damages is unsuitable since the victims' needs will change over the years. The delay of

two or three years in receiving payment of damages is equally unsatisfactory, for compensation is often most needed immediately following the criminal act. Most of all, as citizens we would be silly to institute a program of compensation only to see one-third of the "compensation" paid to lawyers rather than victims. And lawyers have no just complaint: state compensation to victims of violent injury would obstruct none of the bar's present sources of income. The common law was not developed to meet problems such as the one discussed here; much as we respect the common law, we should not thrust it into an alien context.

While few people will dispute that the risk of loss through violent injury ought to be spread among a larger group than the 160,000 annual victims, many may argue that this ought to be done through the purchase of insurance from a private carrier. Precisely because the risk is so slight, however, few people are persuaded to buy such insurance. The odds against being a victim are better than a thousand to one, despite our record-breaking crime rate. Unlike death which is inevitable, and sickness which is probable, violence is not a hazard people are willing to insure against. Moreover, the victims most likely to be made destitute are those who most rarely have insurance of any kind. Perhaps they

should buy more insurance, though for many it would mean paying premiums with bread money, but it is merely callous to argue that the failure to insure makes the victim responsible for his own losses.

State compensation to victims of violent injury should be administered by a government board which need not have a large staff. As the need arose, the board would refer claims to a local lawyer who would look into the case and advise whether payment was in order, and, if so, the amount of damage and expense incurred. In addition to wages lost and value of services lost, which would be compensated by weekly or monthly payments, expenses caused by the injury (cost of hospital or burial for example) would, where needed, be paid immediately. Weekly or monthly payments would be altered or stopped as changing circumstances moderated or eliminated the damage.

Although the cost of the program will not be burdensome, the fact that the community accepts responsibility for the consequences of violence may have important collateral benefits. We may begin to insist on better police protection. And—more importantly—we may be moved to attack with real vigor the social conditions that breed violence.

Payment in Kind

THE very fact that a man is sent to prison relieves him of all further obligation; there is no correction in this. The prison shuts him in but, by the same token, shuts out what he has done. Why not make it a condition of his parole that he pay [for] damages suffered because of him or, where possible, correct those damages? This would give him a more personal relationship to the crime and the other people involved, the people who are the real losers. One of the most unpleasant experiences of my life was having to pay for and, worst of all, replace a window I had broken. Paying was easy, for money has no emotional value, but the trouble and work of replacing the window was a real blow to the pride, and that was correction to its finest degree. If correction were used this way, it would not be so easy for the check man or armed robber to forget his action upon entering the prison. He would be reminded again, not only at the time of his release, but perhaps each week when he went to make a payment on the money stolen. Having to face one we have wronged is the most difficult task a man can undertake, particularly a convict.

A crime is an impersonal thing, unless it is a crime of passion. In most cases the criminal does not know the victim; he can feel no remorse at having stolen from him. Imagine how hard it would be for the thief to apologize and pay back money stolen from an old-age pensioner or someone on relief. It might be thought that this would work only for the kids, but you and I know that shame knows no age.

—From "A Three-time Loser Looks at Crime," by Mel L. Nations, Honorable Mention in *Harper's Contest: The Prisoner Speaks Out*.

DOING TIME

BOB BENYAS BLACK STAR



THE VOICE OF THE CONVICT

"The Prisoner Speaks Out," a contest which "Harper's" conducted in a representative cross section of state and federal prisons, brought in more than two hundred entries. The prize winners are published here and selections from the manuscripts which won honorable mention appear throughout the Supplement. The winners were, First Prize: Calvin G. Reid; Second Prize: Kenneth E. Whelan; Third Prizes: Jim Little and Robert A. Trask; Honorable Mention: Paul Leroy Allen, Robert McKay, and Mel L. Nations.

The Phone Call

By CALVIN G. REID

I have never been in favor of capital punishment, but until about ten years ago I wasn't exactly against it, either. What finally made up my mind was an experience I had at a state prison in the South.

I was chief inmate clerk in the control office, the nerve center of the sprawling prison housing nearly three thousand convicts, and it was part of my duty to keep an up-to-the-minute record of the inmate population. When a new inmate arrived I was notified immediately, and when a prisoner was to be discharged I was notified in advance—with one exception. I received no notice of an impending execution, simply because no one knew for certain whether it would be carried out as scheduled.

No execution was ever a certainty until the condemned man was literally on his way from the death cell to the execution chamber, at which point the receiver would be lifted from the telephone on the wall just outside the door, thus cutting off all contact with the outside world as well as with the remainder of the prison.

Executions were carried out, usually on Friday morning between ten o'clock and ten thirty, on the fifth floor of the administration building, four floors above my office. As a rule I went out into the corridor to watch the officials and witnesses leave for the chamber, but sometimes I forgot that an execution was to take place and it would be some time before I knew about it. That is how quietly and swiftly the job was always done. Not knowing any of the occupants of Death Row personally,

and having no direct contact with them, I wasn't greatly moved by their plight. But one execution which took place in 1953 perturbed me quite a bit and still lingers in my memory like a bad dream.

The story begins with the arrival at the prison of a young Negro under sentence of death. I will not use his real name because he had two small sons who are now in their teens and might suffer needless embarrassment. Instead I shall call him Tom Waike.

I never knew the details of Waike's crime, and though I have since wondered many times whether he was guilty, I was not then concerned with that question. The thing that disturbed me was an urgent telephone call I received at the very moment he was being electrocuted.

But first let me go back to the day preceding the execution. I had stepped out of the control office to hand some papers to the guard at the inner gate of the rotunda, which was a sort of no-man's-land separating the front hallway of the administration building from the prison proper. It was here that convicts had their visits with relatives—always under the watchful eyes of guards. The regular visiting days were Saturday and Sunday, but allowances were made for special circumstances.

On this particular day—a Thursday, I believe—a lone Negro convict of about thirty sat on a bench with two small boys, one on either side of him. The lads, about five and six years of age, were clothed neatly in long pants, dark coats with

matching visored caps, and brown shoes. They were staring up into the man's face.

The man's eyes were fixed on the floor. His hands, which were large like the rest of his body, were pressed between his knees with the fingers interlaced. His lips were moving but I was too far away to hear his voice.

My eyes strayed from him and the children to the gaunt figure of an elderly Negro man who stood in the hallway just beyond the outer gate of the rotunda. He wore a Roman collar and faded clerical garb. His head was bowed in an attitude of prayer.

The picture added up to just one thing: a condemned convict having his last visit.

Turning to the guard, I said, "His children?"

"Yeah," the guard replied. "That's Tom Waike. He comes down tomorrow morning."

"What do you suppose he's telling his boys?"

"I don't have to suppose," the guard said. "I know what he's telling them kids. He's telling them the Governor and Parole Board won't let him die tomorrow."

For a while neither of us spoke again. Then the guard said softly, "I hope he's right. Nobody likes to see kids become orphans."

"Their mother's dead?" I inquired.

"I'm not sure," he replied, "but I think so. Anyway, she hasn't been here to see him."

The convict now had his arms draped over the frail shoulders of his sons as though he were trying to protect them from the world. The scene made a vivid impression on my mind.

I wheeled and hurried back to the office.

At sundown I saw the death watch enter the prison and take the elevator to the fifth floor. I knew he would sit in front of Waike's cell all night, keeping the condemned man company and watching for the least sign of a suicide attempt or nervous collapse. About midnight Waike's last full meal would be sent up to him. The death watch, a rustic from some nearby farm hired for the last three nights only, would share it.

At sunup the prison chaplain would go to Death Row and stay with Waike through his last few hours. Finally ten o'clock would come and, with it, the warden and his assistants. The warden would unfold the death warrant and read it aloud to Waike, then nod to the chaplain that the time had come for the death march. A guard would unlock the cell door and swing it open. The chaplain would open his Bible to the Twenty-third Psalm and commence reading the beautiful verses in a loud, clear tone of voice. Waike would step through the cell door and grasp the chaplain's proffered hand. One slow step, then another. Only

a minute or two remained now before the telephone would be lifted from its hook, leaving Waike in the hands of God because the Governor could no longer get through to the warden.

On that Friday morning in 1953 I went out into the corridor and watched the officials and witnesses enter the elevator.

It was ten o'clock and I knew the end could not be more than fifteen or twenty minutes away. A guard brought up the rear and closed the heavy steel gate across the elevator entrance, handing the key to one of the officials, who put it in his pocket. Back at the office, I could not keep my mind on my work, so I dropped what I was doing and prepared to sweat out the next twenty minutes. Two other inmate clerks were busy at their desks, absorbed in their chores. The execution was of only remote interest to them.

The big electric clock on the wall showed five minutes past ten. From the clock my eyes wandered to the telephone on my desk, its thin insulated wire disappearing into a metal conduit in the floor. Suddenly the thought struck me that Tom Waike's only hope for life now lay in a fragile wire like that. And as the red hand on the clock sped around the dial, that one remaining lifeline was becoming thinner.

Yesterday Waike had seemed confident that he would be saved from the chair. I wondered how he was feeling now with only minutes left to live. Was he—like a drowning man grasping at a straw—trusting that a miracle would happen at the last moment? In my mind's eye I could see him seated between his two small sons, his big arms wrapped around their shoulders, telling them to be sure and ask the reverend to bring them back to see him again.

I was abruptly jolted out of my reverie by the harsh clamoring of the telephone bell. I grabbed the phone and said, "Control office—Reid speaking." I could hear someone breathing heavily on the other end of the line. Presently the switchboard operator asked, "Is the captain there?"

Ten institutions participated in Harper's contest, "The Prisoner Speaks Out": the State Reformatory for Men in St. Cloud, Minnesota; Ohio Penitentiary in Columbus; Illinois State Penitentiary, Menard Branch; California Institution for Women (Corona) in Frontera; California State Prison at San Quentin; the Penitentiary of New Mexico in Santa Fe; the Huntsville Unit of the Texas Department of Corrections; Federal Reformatory for Women in Alderson, West Virginia; Federal Correctional Institution at Terminal Island, California; and the U. S. Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia.

"No, he isn't," I replied.

"Do you know of any way I can get in touch with the warden? I have an urgent call here from the Governor and I can't raise the fifth floor."

My heart leaped into my mouth. The Governor was halting the execution! Or was he?

My eyes flew to the clock on the wall. Ten minutes past ten. Was it too late?

The operator was still talking to me but I hardly heard him. "I know the elevator's shut down," he said, "but maybe someone can get the key and go up the stairway."

I slammed the phone down and shot out of my chair. The telephone on the fifth floor was off its cradle and there wouldn't be time for anyone to pick out the right keys and go up the seldom-used stairway, unlocking at least one door on each floor.

There was only one chance—and a slim one at that. From a drawer in the captain's desk I took a rubber slingshot with a forked handle which a guard had taken from a convict. Hastily looking around for something to use as ammunition, I snatched a handful of paper clips and raced out of the office to a door leading to a courtyard.

The door was unlocked, so I bounded out to where the windows on the fifth floor were visible. They looked as if they were a mile away, and to make matters worse the tower itself, where the execution chamber was, rose from the roof of the main building several feet back from the coping.

I realized the situation was virtually hopeless; but I tried anyhow. The paper clips just weren't heavy enough to make it across the roof of the main building and reach the windows on the fifth floor. In desperation I scanned the courtyard for a pebble or other object heavy enough to carry

the distance. But the courtyard was clean as a hound's tooth. I thought about yelling but concluded this would be useless too, for my yells would not be heard enough to arouse curiosity in the execution chamber.

A large copper cable ran down the side of the building from the execution chamber and entered the ground a few feet from where I stood. I knew this was the ground wire for the electric chair. If I could only sever it . . .

I rushed back to the office for the hatchet that was kept in a wooden cabinet there. But one look at the clock told me it was too late. The time was now 10:18. Besides, I knew that cutting the ground cable wasn't feasible. Such a drastic measure would endanger the lives of everybody in the execution chamber, and it almost certainly would not save Waike.

I slumped back into my chair and put my head in my hands. At about ten thirty a clerk put the official death notice on my desk.

In the years that have passed since Tom Waike's execution I have wondered many times about the Governor's urgent telephone call. It is possible, of course, that he was not trying to stop the execution. But it has been my experience over a quarter-century as a convict that when a Governor puts in an urgent telephone call to the warden of a state prison a few minutes before an execution is scheduled, it usually means only one thing: a reprieve or commutation of sentence.

Since I have no way of knowing the truth, I suppose I'll go on wondering for the rest of my life whether Tom Waike died because a telephone receiver was lifted off its hook a split second before a switchboard operator pressed a button to ring the same phone.

Benny and His Brothers

By KENNETH E. WHELAN

Benny and his brothers are three-time losers. Together they form the so-called hard core ofivism in prisons across the country. Benny,rs an embarrassing resemblance to theby far the most common of recidivisthe is the least known. That is mainlybecause he is so ambiguous, and because his morecolorful brothers are always upstaging him. In fact, the only thing he and his brothers have in common is that they are all thieves and/or robbers three times or better. Their attitudes toward

crime and prison are quite different. For example, Judge, who by his own reckoning is the "best damned burglar in Baltimore," likes being a burglar. Judge comes from the old school where crime as a profession is a matter of pride. In spite of repeated failures entailing long stretches of imprisonment, Judge eagerly looks forward to his next caper. No matter that he is seldom able to enjoy the fruit of his illicit labor, or that his post-burgle activity always gives him away. If Judge has pulled off a difficult job in a profes-

sional manner and has received honorable mention in the newspapers, he is happy.

In prison Judge cooperates with the authorities no more than is necessary for doing easy time, which for him means running petty prison rackets and planning future capers.

Judge is not without character, however. He is fiercely loyal to his friends, abhors unprovoked violence, and has a primitive sense of fair play. Judge's philosophy of crime and punishment is summed up in the old prison maxim, "If you like to play, you've got to pay." Judge has been paying many years now.

Rodney, another one of Benny's brothers, is something else again. He is a recidivist too, by now a four- or five-time loser. The important thing about Rodney is that he loves his Mom with a passion. There will always be found on the wall of his cell a beautiful photograph of his mother taken when she was nineteen. Rodney is a safecracker, and his hobby is speleology. Furthermore, he sleeps rolled up like a fetus. Psychologists of Freudian persuasion like Rodney very much.

What does Rodney think of crime? Well, he thinks his particular kind of crime is darned fascinating. Still, he knows he should not do it, and he feels awful because it nearly breaks Mom's heart to see him in prison. But, when he looks back on life at home, it seems to Rodney that Mom was awfully bossy. If it was not that he loves his Mom so much, Rodney would admit that he is rather glad to be away from her.

Then there is Gene, the most infamous of Benny's brothers, who, in spite of his good looks and the fact that he is always a leader, is liked by nobody. Gene is an habitual liar and completely devoid of loyalty and consideration for others. But the fact that he is a louse does not seem to bother him at all. Unlike Judge and Rodney, Gene is not particular about the kind of crimes he commits—usually on impulse. Gene is frequently violent but never remorseful, at least not so anybody can tell. Some people suspect that Gene does not have real emotions at all.

What does Gene think of crime? He says he gets a bang out of it, probably because it happens to be the wrong way. Imprisonment is a great discomfort to Gene; consequently, he never makes a reasonable adjustment. He is forever in hot water with the custodians and his fellow inmates. Gene is called a sociopath and termed irredeemable by many men of authority, but Benny with unaccustomed charity has the rather startling idea that all Gene needs is to be shocked by love like Saint Paul.

Judge, Rodney, and Gene all like, one way or other, to commit crimes. But Benny is an oddball. In spite of the fact that he is a three-time loser, Benny has no enthusiasm for crime. He thinks it is pretty stupid business.

Outside, when things are going smoothly—the first months on parole—Benny is a model citizen. He has never been arrested for disturbing the peace or for breaking the law just to break it. Nor has Benny ever doubted that crime does not pay, at least not in cash.

Like Gene, Benny is not partial to a particular kind of crime. When crisis strikes, Benny does whatever is at hand. If he happens to have access to his employer's cash receipts, chances are he will become an embezzler; if he is unemployed and unarmed, Benny is likely to try his hand at burglary; if he happens upon a gun, he will almost certainly become an armed robber.

Benny never plans his crimes, makes no effort to minimize risk, carries them out almost apologetically, and afterward makes little attempt to ensure his getaway. As every investigating detective knows, Benny loves to confess and be forgiven. And when confronted with a reasonably convincing facsimile of parental authority, he is often overwhelmed by feelings of guilt and remorse. He knows that as a criminal he is lacking, but for some reason he is not able to muster the interest necessary for improvement. Besides, all he really wants when he commits a crime is to bring about a change in his life. Crime for Benny is a quick way out of a difficulty that he has neither the courage nor the emotional stamina to endure.

Somewhere in his childhood, Benny picked up the habit of running from trouble instead of standing his ground. Whenever the responsibilities of the real world force themselves on him he goes running back to prison. Inside, where things are always smooth, Benny never talks about crime. Crime and the behavior and attitudes it fosters simply do not fit in with the kind of life Benny lives in prison. He does wholesome things such as learning a trade, working regularly on the prison industry, attending prison school or group counseling at night, or pursuing a hobby. He likes the program and the programmers like him. He has often thought that if only he had a good program outside prison, he might at least show everybody how sincere his intentions really are. Benny is mistaken in this wish, however, because he has had good programs outside and failed them all. Maybe what he wants is an outside world much more like prison. It really is a comfortable place to be.

The Waiting Time

By ROBERT A. TRASK

This is the day you have been waiting for. Surprisingly, you have slept well and this morning is starting the same as all other days. A bell is clanging and you hear the sound of men rising, heavy with sleep and boredom, to face a new day in San Quentin Prison. For you this day is different, for today you are scheduled to go before the Parole Board for a hearing, a hearing that could make you a person again with a name and identity of your own. You don't dwell on the thought though, that it is also possible for the Parole Board to deny you and postpone further consideration for many more years. You get up and turn on the light, your cell partner groans and rises in his bunk, being careful not to bang his head on the low ceiling. As you are dressing and moving about in the cramped cell you keep asking yourself: "What will they ask me? . . . What shall I say to them?"

The bell is clanging again, signaling time to eat. The light is switched off and you both stand at the door, waiting to be released, each wrapped in a cocoon of his own thoughts. The bar is thrown and you walk down the tier and then on down the long narrow stairs and out the steel door into the big yard, still wet from being washed down the night before. Except for a long line of men walking across the yard to the mess hall, the flat expanse of asphalt is empty. The guards overhead with the rifles in their hands are no more noticeable now than the ever-present sea gulls gliding overhead. The mess hall, a large building, is filled with men and the noise of trays clashing. You take a seat at the long narrow board that serves as a table. You haven't yet talked with your buddy, but now in low tones you discuss your chances at the board. He gives advice and encouragement and lends a sympathetic ear to your nervous chatter, knowing that he too will sit some morning with that same empty feeling in the pit of his stomach, pushing the food around on his tray and trying to look unconcerned. Breakfast over, you return to the yard, which is filling rapidly.

Between four and five thousand men live in San Quentin and milling around you see many familiar faces and often hear the words, "Good luck, I hope you make it." Then the gates leading to the work area are opened, and all but a few

men go off, leaving you behind. The long wait begins. The yard seems empty again, and you wander aimlessly about, listening for your number and name to be called over the loudspeaker. An eternity later, you hear a long list of names, yours among them. "Report to the pass window," the speaker blares. The guard there verifies your pass and tells you to stand in front of the big steel gates guarding the entrance. Then a small door opens and you are beckoned inside and told to sit along the wall with men already waiting. Slowly, in small groups, the men are called out. You move closer to the second gate, then, after another seemingly endless wait, you move through it. After being thoroughly searched, you are ushered, along with five other inmates, to the building where the board members are waiting. Outside the walls at last, your head swivels around looking at the ocean, the far bridges, and the looming gun tower. All of this is new, glimpsed only briefly on your arrival.

Inside the Administration Building, the smell of perfume startles you. It's been a long time, and your eyes follow the secretary bouncing down the hall. The guards who brought your little group this far turn you over to another one who sits at a desk, looking bored. You sit down again in a small room, with ten or fifteen men nervously waiting their turns. Cigarettes are chain-smoked and then shredded by nervous fingers. Your name is called and you move to the last stop before the Board. The "Hot Seat." Your palms are sweaty and your mouth is dry. After a little while you get up, go to the urinal, and return to your seat. Finally you force yourself to remain still. A door opens and a con comes out, the armpits of his shirt black with sweat.

A small buzzer set on the wall over the "Hot Seat" lets you know that the time has come for you to make your plea for freedom. Opening the door you see five men, one of them the chief psychiatrist. A folder containing all the information about your past life, arrest records, and conduct here at San Quentin lies spread out in front of the men facing you. The psychiatrist smiles, then starts asking about your family. "Have you maintained contact? . . . How are you getting along with them?"

The talk you had with a pre-board counselor a month before has covered most of his questions, but now he wants to clear up small points and study your conduct while you are talking. Once in a while the man to his right comes upon a paper containing terse official information and says, "It states here you were arrested for armed robbery and released three days later. Would you

explain what happened?" The questions go on and on, putting the pieces into the picture of you. The psychiatrist asks, "Why haven't you taken advantage of our therapy program?" You explain that with night school, work in the prison industries, Alcoholics Anonymous, religious-instruction classes, and your work on the executive committee of the inmate advisory group, you simply haven't had the time. Then come the questions concerning the crime that brought you here, and the scene in the bar flashes back.

There you are with Dolores, laughing and dancing to the loud, fast music and drowning yourself in the drinks that keep appearing before you until the floor seems to tilt and sway. You remember telling the bartender that you'll help him clean up and then everyone will meet at the Steak House for a late supper. Still laughing you start putting the barstools on the counter. Suddenly all laughter stops as a stranger in a dark-blue suit refuses to move, and sneers at your efforts to be polite. The wild action takes place in seconds and the man is lying on the floor, broken and still. A woman screams. You drop the barstool you hit him with and then you are running. All of this passes through your mind. How can you explain it to these calm, sober men sitting in this quiet

room? Finally, you tell the story in the simple statement, "I got in a bar fight and the guy almost died." The charge: Assault with Intent to Commit Murder, a sentence of two to fourteen years. Would it do any good to explain the agonizing self-reproach you have experienced night after night lying on your bunk?

The board has been talking, probing, and evaluating you for fifteen or twenty minutes, and now they close your interview with the words, "We'll let you know our decision. Meanwhile, keep up the good work." Walking out of the room you are not surprised to find that sweat has soaked your shirt.

Back through the room of chain-smoking men, back through the double steel gates, and once again to the limited freedom of the yard. The board appearance is over now and for the next two days you hope and wait. Finally a guard stops in front of your cell and places a folded slip of paper on the bars. Unfolding it, you draw in a deep breath and then let it out slowly as you sit down on your bunk. Your cell partner picks up the paper you have let fall and reads the single word on it: "DENIED."

The waiting period has ended and, in the same instant, started all over again.

I Care, You Care, He Cares

By JIM LITTLE

Recently I read an article by Arthur Gordon about "Caring" which jarred me out of my usual lethargy with the message: "The more things you care about, and the more intensely you care, the more alive you become."

At first I thought this message applied to the man on the streets. Every time I enter the front gates of a prison I tuck all of my caring away in a place where I store my "street habits." Still, the article disturbed me. Later that evening when the dormitory had settled down to the occasional coughs and muffled groans of men either asleep or fighting to get to sleep, I remembered an incident which happened years ago, in another penitentiary.

I was sitting beside No. 1 building on a scorching California summer day. The shade from the building extended two or three feet from the benches and offered a limited refuge. Cherokee, Scotty, and I lounged in droopy-eyed discomfort while we watched another con come down from

the upper yard. As he passed us, he made an obscene remark about the heat. We heard him clearly, and ignored him.

Two other men who were seated up the bench from us must have heard only the last part of what he said. They immediately stiffened, their dull conversation stopped by the tightening of their mouths. Moon, a full-blooded Zuni with a complete understanding of curse words, jumped up and ran to a rack where a punching bag hung limp, and reached on top for a pick handle he had stashed there. His partner, Pat, a homosexual turned wolf after the flush of youth had worn off, drew a length of two-inch pipe from under the bench.

The other convicts sitting silently and watching with me—we knew from the beginning what the misunderstanding was all about. We knew the attackers and we knew what was going to happen. Still, we waited in salty-mouthed anticipation; none of us thought to warn the victim.

It was hot, and we just did not care. After all, it was not our beef.

The man who had remarked about the miserable heat shuffled on, completely unaware of having offended anyone, until Pat slipped up behind him and scored a home run off the top of his head. Moon's crushing blow in the middle of his back sent him to the ground.

Any man who has done time has seen what the quick flaring violence of men who do not care can do to men who, because of their utter hopelessness, care even less. Those who have not done time need not be burdened with the details of how a helpless man writhes on the ground and sobs for the mercy of oblivion.

While we were watching the beating in mild amusement, another breed of man came by. He was not a personal friend of the man seeking protection in the bloody dust, nor did he have a vested interest in the welfare of the two grunting attackers. But he stepped between the creature on the ground and the men swinging their lethal weapons. He held up his empty hands to show that he was unarmed. Standing relaxed, he seemed to ignore the victim while he studied the panting men in front of him.

"That's enough," was all he said while he continued to stand relaxed, quiet, watching.

Moon, the bully boy with the pick handle, made a threatening gesture. He said, "Mon, you buying

into this?" The passer-by shrugged a noncommittal answer and continued to stand quietly. He seemed to look through Moon and Pat until they turned and threw their weapons down.

Cherokee, Scotty, and I looked away. The salty taste in my mouth had turned metallic, dry. We avoided each other's eyes when the passer-by kneeled down to help the injured man. One man got up then and helped escort the victim across the big yard toward the hospital. The rest of us shifted around in silent discomfort while we died a little more inside. I wish I could say it was me who got up to help, but it wasn't.

Remembering all this did not miraculously make me begin caring about anyone or anything, though it did take a little of the curl out of my lip. I am still not sure this isolated incident proves that the article was right, that "The more things you care about, and the more intensely you care, the more alive you become." But it does seem to indicate that the fewer things you care about, the more indifferent you become, the "deader" you are.

The few times I have taken a "calculated" risk by deliberately discarding my shell of indifference, I have felt rich inside. A guy with enough practice might develop a meaningful way to live in prison. Who knows? This caring-bit might be the first step toward a more purposeful life on the streets.



IT NEPSE—"PRISON EXPOSURES" © 1959

WITHOUT BARS:

Some bold (and some timorous) experiments

GILES PLAYFAIR

A few prisons in the United States and abroad are substituting "treatment" for punishment and putting an end to sexual starvation and other dehumanizing aspects of imprisonment. Such experiments raise interesting legal and moral questions. Mr. Playfair is a student of penal problems, and co-author of two books on the subject, as well as a barrister who has practiced criminal law in London.

Before the first world war, a famous American penal administrator, Matt Osborne, gave a description of prisons which is still roughly accurate: They endeavor, he wrote, "to make men industrious by driving them to work; to make them virtuous by removing temptation; to make them respect the law by forcing them to obey the edicts of an autocrat; to make them farsighted by allowing them no chance to use foresight; to give them individual initiative by treating them in large groups; in short, to prepare them again for society by placing them in conditions as unlike real society as they could well be made."

A great variety of remedies for these penal weaknesses have been tried over the years—and discarded, although not necessarily because they were bad or impractical in themselves. The trouble is that a truly reformatory prison program is incompatible with our retributive system of justice. And retributive it is. Even when they offer "rehabilitation," our prisons exist primarily to punish. The way to get out of them is not by reforming but by "doing time." This may, of course, be incidentally reformatory; statistics suggest that a majority of offenders are first offenders who—whether dealt with by fine, imprisonment, probation, or suspended sentence—do not offend again. But saying that a man can be cured of his criminality through spending a fixed number of years in prison is like saying he can be cured of pneumonia through spending a fixed number of days in bed.

It might be far more sensible to regard many offenders as mentally or socially diseased people

requiring treatment over an indefinite period, instead of prison terms. If a person's criminality is curable at all, the exact time needed for each case cannot be accurately fixed in advance, and a system of indeterminate sentences might make it possible to treat certain offenders soon enough, or to confine them long enough, to avoid disaster.

The notorious Albert Fish, murderer of a young girl whose body he cooked and ate, had previously served a number of short prison sentences for relatively minor offenses; and nearly all so-called sex murderers have a record of petty delinquency, for which they have supposedly repaid society. But the worst crimes are undoubtedly committed by graduates of prisons. In 1953, for example, Carl Austin Hall kidnaped and killed the Greenlease child within a few months of being paroled from the Missouri State Penitentiary, where he had been serving a maximum five-year sentence for robbery. Although the parole system was held to blame, there is no reason to suppose that Hall would have been better fitted for freedom if he had served his sentence in full.

Neither Fish nor Hall was "mad" under the strict legal definitions of insanity that exist in most of the United States. The person who is legally insane, of course, can be put out of the way indefinitely since he is considered dangerous. No one suggests that a time limit, measured by

the gravity of his offense, be set to his confinement. The madman is regarded as nonresponsible and because of this, in turn, as unpunishable. Recently we have begun to think in terms of something like a converse assumption. Might not a person whose record proves him to be uncontrollable by punishment cease to be held responsible for his actions, and, like the lunatic, become liable to indefinite confinement of a nonpunitive kind?

NOT LEGALLY "INSANE"

No country in the world has yet answered, "Yes" unreservedly. But several nations are experimenting along these lines. Under the Mental Health Act of 1959, British courts are allowed, though not obliged, to commit psychopaths and other mentally disturbed people to hospitals, instead of sending them to prisons. In Sweden, abnormal (but sane) offenders may be sentenced to an indeterminate period of preventive detention, with a maximum and minimum limit. The only distinction that Danish law continues to make between insane offenders and offenders "suffering from defective development or disturbance of mental faculties, including sexual abnormality," is that the former are "unpunishable," while the latter, who may be dealt with by a wholly indefinite sentence of preventive detention, are "unfit for punishment."

In America, Maryland has taken the longest step in this direction. Since 1951, the law there has provided that "defective delinquents," after being sentenced according to their culpability, may be committed, under the authority of the sentencing court, to a special institution at Patuxent for indefinite confinement and treatment. Maryland defines a "defective delinquent" loosely enough to include any person convicted of a felony or of two or more offenses punishable by imprisonment, if he is suffering from "such intellectual deficiency or emotional unbalance, or both, as to clearly demonstrate an actual danger to society."

This Maryland legislation stems from a remarkable test case involving a youth with a reformatory record and a history of delinquency dating back to his early childhood. In 1950, when he was twenty years old, Rudi (as I'll call him) successfully pleaded insanity to a charge of armed robbery. He did not consider himself insane; his plea simply seemed to offer a chance to beat the rap. Perhaps Rudi was not certifiably insane by medical criteria, and certainly he was not *legally* insane under the "right and wrong" test, which

is recognized in Maryland. But three psychiatrists, including the late Robert Lindner, testified that he was an aggressive psychopath of the worst kind; Lindner warned that if he were dealt with punitively, by a fixed prison term, he would very likely end up murdering someone.

Rudi was committed to the State Mental Hospital, where he was given intensive psychotherapy; he received as much attention as any paying patient in a private institution. To begin with, he proved highly uncooperative; he had supposed that a hospital, compared with a prison, would be a "cinch to break out of," and that was pretty well all he thought about. But gradually, as he himself has told me, he began to realize that being released depended to a large extent on his willingness to help his doctors help him. He was actually confined for six years; the first four he spent in the closed criminal wing of the hospital, the latter two in the open civil wing. Since his discharge in 1956, he has not been in further trouble.

But the legislation which followed missed the moral of this story. The introduction of an indeterminate sentence for "defective delinquents" did not reform Maryland's law of criminal responsibility; it merely circumvented it in a way which is inconsistent with justice. For a "defective delinquent" who is sent to Patuxent for treatment is not, as Rudi was, regarded as unpunishable. On the contrary, he is still under sentence, and he may eventually be required to spend a fixed number of years in prison, in addition to the indefinite period he serves while being "cured."

Similar legislation elsewhere is open to the same objection. In Holland and Norway, all abnormal offenders are liable to preventive detention, which is supposed to be nonpunitive and in the interests of societal safety; but it is invariably imposed *in addition* to a prison sentence. In Sweden, the abnormal offender's responsibility is said to be only "partial," and preventive detention is allegedly a "reduced" punishment. But reduced or not, it may mean that the offender loses his freedom for a period far longer than the conventional, fixed term.

In short, under existing legislation, the indeterminate sentence threatens to deprive an individual of his liberty indefinitely for what may be a relatively minor offense. This fact explains why America has so far been reluctant to use it, although some twenty states have laws providing that any sex offender, however petty his crime, may be confined indefinitely if he is found to be "psychopathic" or "deviated."

Nevertheless, a penal policy of treatment for

indefinite periods may well be our only hope of combating repeated and serious criminal activity. In my opinion, such a policy could be both just and effective if three conditions were fully met: first, if the offender in question were proven unresponsive to punishment (by reason of mental or social abnormality) and a danger to society (by reason of his crime or criminal record); secondly, if he were guaranteed every treatment which might help him regain his freedom as soon as possible; finally, if his confinement, subject only to the demands of security, were strictly nonpunitive. Anyone sentenced to preventive detention should have the right to a yearly review of his case, and perhaps the indeterminate sentence should be imposed only after a second jury trial on the question of the defendant's mental state or social adaptability alone.

At present, wherever the indeterminate sentence is used, proof that an offender is abnormal, say, or psychopathic, comes from a medical diagnosis ordered by the court. Generally, diagnostic procedures are apt to be cursory. They are probably most thorough in Sweden, where a number of diagnostic clinics have been established to serve the courts; though under medical direction, they are staffed by psychologists and social workers as well as by psychiatrists. When a court doubts the efficacy of an ordinary prison term for an offender who is not certifiably insane or mentally defective, it can order him to attend the appropriate clinic either as an out-patient or an in-patient. Diagnosis may take a month or longer; it leads to a report which concludes with a recommendation for sentence.

IS "TREATMENT" THE WORD?

In Sweden, however, neither the type of crime a person commits nor his previous record directly affects his eligibility for pre-sentence diagnosis. Consequently, even a petty first offender may, in theory at least, find himself faced with preventive detention, if medical experts believe he is likely to cause further and worse social damage. This might not be so objectionable if the future behavior of a delinquent were always scientifically predictable. But with the present imperfect state of psychiatric and psychological knowledge, prognosis is still to some extent guesswork. It seems essential, if we are not to abuse individual rights, that only a clearly persistent criminal or one who has committed an especially grave first offense be liable to preventive detention.

Sweden, moreover, nowhere near matches the

trouble given to diagnosing abnormality by an effort to remedy it, although the Swedish penal system is as humane and advanced as any in the world. Most Swedish prisoners now serve their sentences in open or semi-open institutions, and in the newest of these each inmate is given the key to his own room. Even the murderer condemned to preventive detention in Sweden is far better off than any American "lifer." He is rarely held longer than ten years, and great care is taken after his release to protect his anonymity and find him suitable employment. But the Swedish penal system has poorer psychiatric facilities than the federal penitentiaries and many of the state penitentiaries in the United States. With the exception of the diagnostic clinics, there isn't a penal institution in Sweden with its own resident psychiatrist or therapeutic staff, and, apart from ordinary prison training methods (such as productive work and schooling), the only treatment for people sentenced to preventive detention is minimal group therapy. Though the system has worked well with murderers, whose aggressiveness usually seems to "burn out" automatically after a period in captivity, it has, not surprisingly, had little if any effect on recidivism generally.*

In Denmark, as in Sweden, any offender is liable to preventive detention, and it is a sentence quite often imposed on petty sex offenders, such as exhibitionists, who have proved uncontrollable by other means. But under the Danish Penal Code preventive detention is supposed to be purely rehabilitative. The person sentenced to it can never be discharged; he can only be paroled, which means that he will automatically be returned to custody if he commits a further offense. On an average, parole is granted after two years, though it can come sooner, and occasionally it comes much later or not at all.

Denmark has two preventive detention institutions—one at Herstedvester near Copenhagen, the other at Horsens in Jutland. Each has room for about two hundred inmates. In the sense that they have medical directors and full-time psychiatrists, psychologists, physiotherapists, social workers, and teachers, they can be regarded as proper treatment centers.

But as big a claim could be made for the institution at Vacaville in California, where people

*Having enough psychiatrists to treat criminals would not solve the whole problem. Research into the causes of criminality is also a necessity and since the richest clinical source is the criminal himself, this is another argument against merely executing or imprisoning him.

in special need of psychiatric help, many of them drug addicts and sex offenders, serve part or all of a prison sentence. The treatment at Vacaville is somewhat similar to that at Herstedvester and Horsens and it suffers from the same basic deficiency—the medical staff, large though it may seem, is still not big enough. There are twelve psychiatrists and four psychologists to deal with about a thousand patients in for treatment, and another seven hundred in for diagnosis. This means that while fairly intensive group therapy takes place, individual psychotherapy, which may be the only hope for a seriously disturbed patient, is rarely possible. The equally limited psychiatric resources at Herstedvester and Horsens are one reason why some Danish sex offenders who consent to it are castrated, though this is an objectionable practice, both medically and socially.

Vacaville is frankly a prison, where a man may be granted an early parole if he responds to treatment but cannot be held for longer than the duration of his sentence. The two Danish institutions, where men can be detained indefinitely, are not called prisons. But, with high surrounding walls, a plethora of bolts and bars, and a full complement of uniformed guards to enforce discipline, they look like prisons and are run like prisons although, admittedly, discipline is less oppressive than at Vacaville, and the inmates have greater privileges.

SOME INVITE WIVES TO VISIT

Like most prisons, too, they inflict avoidable pains on their inmates. A penitentiary's security regulations, for instance, are needed, if at all, only for a few recalcitrant men, and no practical (as opposed to punitive) purpose is served in locking the rest up, like animals in a zoo.

Neither Herstedvester nor Horsens has anything approaching the recreational facilities of more traditional prisons, like the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia, with its own baseball stadium and a large, well-equipped auditorium for concerts, movies, and plays; neither has accommodations as good as, say, the Penitenciária Agro-Industrial de Goiás in Brazil, where single cells are painted in pastel shades, and provided with a connection for piped-in radio, and a curtained lavatory, basin, and shower. Together with all prisons in the United States (except the Mississippi State Penitentiary which has permitted the conjugal visit since 1956) the supposedly non-punitive Danish institutions also inflict sexual starvation on their inmates. Yet, in Latin America,

where the conjugal visit is a usual feature of penal policy, it seems to aid rather than undermine good order and discipline. This is the case at Ixtapalapa, a model penitentiary built outside Mexico City in 1957; each of its seven hundred inmates is entitled to two conjugal visits a week, lasting three hours, either from his wife or from any other woman of his choice, provided he registers her name and photograph with the authorities at the time of his admission. These visits take place in a suite of rooms which can be reached from within and without the main prison. When I talked with the Director of Ixtapalapa some years ago, he was concerned because so many of the inmates (close to 50 per cent) had neither wife nor girl friend to visit them. He hoped that heterosexual freedom would minimize the disruption of family life that imprisonment entails, and also that it would decrease abnormal pressures and relieve tensions.

Obviously, not everyone sentenced to preventive detention in Denmark or anywhere else would want, or could safely be allowed, a conjugal visit. But the point is that under a genuinely nonpunitive system of indefinite confinement and treatment no individual should be subjected to avoidable deprivations and hardships.

In my experience, the institution that comes nearest to making the indeterminate sentence a defensible weapon of social policy is the Van der Hoeven Clinic in Utrecht. This is a small, privately endowed preventive detention center, which was founded rather more than a decade ago in the pioneering faith that, curable or not, all abnormal offenders are treatable—and worth treating. It has room for only eighty-five inmates, including ten women who are housed in a separate part of the building. But it has a proportionately large medical staff, and this means that its treatment program is as intensive as one at an expensive private institution for neurotics, such as the Austen Riggs Foundation in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. While various techniques, including psychodrama, are used, the Van der Hoeven Clinic relies heavily on individual analytic psychotherapy; each patient has a minimum of two hourly appointments a week with his therapist.

In Holland, as I have noted, offenders sentenced to preventive detention must, first of all, serve a fixed prison term. The Clinic believes that this is therapeutically damaging—that, on the one hand, prison intensifies the abnormal offender's hostility to society, and that, on the other, it corrupts his already shaky sense of personal responsibility by relieving him of any obligation to think or act for himself.

Hence it is a basic aim of the Clinic to make life as little reminiscent as possible of prison. The inmates sleep in rooms rather than cells, and these are never locked. There are no uniformed guards. Instead, thirty-nine social workers, including a number of quite young girls, act as group counselors, and take their meals with the patients. Only two concessions are made to conventional ideas of security. A low, easily scaled wall surrounds the building; and the front door, which is under the observation of a porter in his lodge, is kept locked, though not bolted. Even so, a patient may be given permission to go to a movie in town or to visit, from time to time, a local family that has volunteered to entertain him. And he will be allowed to take a regular job in Utrecht or nearby, and work outside the Clinic during the day, as soon as it is thought safe.

TROUBLEMAKERS NOT EXCLUDED

But this extreme degree of permissiveness is not all that distinguishes Van der Hoeven from a prison. The Clinic also attempts to teach patients to handle the responsibilities of normal living. They are required to participate in administering the institution. Each of them serves for a while on a policy committee which, with the staff, determines rules and regulations. They elect three of their number to serve with two staff members on a supervisory committee, which is responsible for deciding how offenses against discipline should be dealt with. And they elect other committees to organize sport, study, and recreational programs.

While at Vacaville work is both compulsory and unpaid, at the Van der Hoeven Clinic it is voluntary—but also the only way to earn money. Hence, if a patient declines to work, he is, so to speak, on relief and receives no more than bare necessities. Furthermore, just as in a free community, what a patient earns depends on his industry and capacity. It can be as much as \$15 a week in one of the Clinic's workshops, and considerably more than that in outside employment. However, this does not go entirely for luxuries; the patient is expected to buy his clothes, and to make a sizable contribution toward his keep.

Other similar devices foster responsibility and self-respect. When a patient decides to take one of the several study courses offered, he must pay for it in advance, so that if he fails to complete the course he will be the loser. Again, he is not escorted to and from sessions with his psychotherapist. He is informed in writing of his next appointment, and if he breaks it without reason-

able excuse, or forewarning, he must pay a fine of 75 cents.

Penal administrators in other parts of the world to whom I have talked suggest that the Van der Hoeven Clinic must choose its inmates very carefully to exclude potential troublemakers and "security risks." But the Clinic's own staff—the director is a woman psychiatrist—would strongly deny this. They claim to have admitted some of the most dangerous criminals in Holland, among them murderers, rapists, and violent heterosexual and homosexual pedophiliacs.

Moreover, recent research at the Clinic indicates that for the aggressive psychopath—the classic "security risk"—high walls and bolts and bars are merely provocative; they may *prevent* him from absconding, but at the same time they encourage him to attempt a break. By contrast, the absence of any real challenge to his daring and ingenuity may persuade him that an escape is not worth his while, especially if he can be convinced—and this is decisive—that the institution exists to help and not to punish him, that it is his anchor, not his halter.

Technically, it is true, there have been over three hundred escapes from the Van der Hoeven Clinic since it was founded; instances, mostly, of patients going into town without permission or staying out overnight, and then returning of their own accord. But only once has a patient committed another serious offense while still under the Clinic's charge. And that is a record no prison, however secure, could be certain of bettering.

The Van der Hoeven Clinic is not wholly above criticism. For example, the idea of docking a substantial part of a patient's earnings for maintenance, which amounts to forcing a man to underwrite his own detention, is hard to swallow—however therapeutically desirable it may be—especially in a country like Holland, which offers free medical and hospital care to all its law-abiding citizens. Nor, though the Clinic can already boast of some notable individual successes, has it been in operation long enough to offer anything approaching proof that its system works, or would work if it were broadly adopted elsewhere in the world.

But at least the Van der Hoeven Clinic is something radically different from a prison. And if there is any lesson to be learned from the long, mournful, and sometimes retrograde history of penal reform, it is that—whatever the cost in money and human resources—we are not likely to solve the problem of serious crime unless we make an entirely new beginning.

A MOST EMBARRASSING PRISONER

HILDEGARDE DOLSON

The memorable career of a man who conned the FBI—and almost got away with it—is reported by the author of "Guess Whose Hair I'm Wearing" and many lighthearted pieces for this and other magazines.

One victim said afterward, with bitter hindsight, that Austin Wynn had a "sardonic gleam in his eyes."

He couldn't have picked a more exquisitely accurate word to describe Wynn, who had just escaped from prison in so sardonic a manner that even the warden had wished him Godspeed and a bonnie future going straight.

Admittedly, going straight would have been quite a change for thirty-three-year-old Austin Wynn. (This isn't his name; it's one of his less flowery aliases.) Since the age of thirteen, he had spent a total of twenty-three months free of the law. Both his parents had died when he was a baby (one in a state mental hospital) and he had been brought up by an almost illiterate old aunt in a shack on the edge of a Southern town. In seventh grade, Austin started getting even. Housebreaking and stealing cars got him promoted to a state training school for juvenile delinquents. The boys there learned useful skills, and Austin, an eager student, picked some up in the school's printing shop.

When a kindly drugstore owner hired Wynn as a part-time boy, to show his trust in the bright, energetic sixteen-year-old, he sent the boy to the bank with the day's receipts—\$197. To Austin a bank was the silliest place in the world to put money. He took a bus for California.

From then on, anybody who trusted Austin lived to scream for the cops, and the screams

were as frequent as gulls' squawks. By the age of nineteen, Austin had found his real calling: forging checks and securities, and getting them cashed in the nicest possible way. He had six feet of clean-cut charm to rely on: large brown eyes, dark hair with just enough boyish wave, and a reassuringly all-American chin with a slight cleft, almost a dimple, in the middle. He also had the Southern gift of gab, used whenever it suited his anti-social purpose, and he was genuinely industrious and ambitious.

During his visits in state and federal prisons, he had completed the equivalent of three years of college with mostly A grades. He was a whiz at typing and filing. Off and on, he taught a wonderfully mixed bag of prison classes, from Latin and radio announcing to group dynamics. And he wrote to his old auntie every week.

When Austin went to state prison in Tennessee, to serve a six-year sentence, he seemed the answer to an overworked deputy's prayer. The prison, always short of funds, needed an unpaid file clerk in the records office, where all commitment papers, reports, and other prisoners' documents are kept. Release papers, too. Wynn not only filled the job, but often volunteered to stay alone in the office after hours, to complete

extra chores. The deputy warden marveled at his dedication.

Austin was in Tennessee's custody because he had committed his latest check-writing spree in that state, as Norbert La Fleur. But he had committed it right after release from Leavenworth, thus enthusiastically violating parole. That meant he would later have to go back and serve out the rest of his term in federal prison.

But one day in the mail came a document bearing the distinctive, illegible signature of the United States Attorney General, Robert F. Kennedy, stating that the Department of Justice had withdrawn the federal warrant for Austin. Now all he had to serve was the state sentence.

If the deputy warden was pleased to see virtue, even late come by, bring its own reward, he must have thought in the next week that virtue had really hit the jackpot.

Two more vital documents relating to Wynn arrived: a court order signed by a state judge, directing Austin Wynn's immediate release, and

a transmitting memo from Tennessee's attorney general. All properly signed, sealed, and so clear there was no need to delay. The deputy warden hated to lose the most inspired worker he'd ever had but, being a fair-minded man, he congratulated the prisoner warmly on his incredible good luck.

Austin departed in a cheap new suit, with a few dollars in cash and a pasteboard suitcase containing his extra shirt and socks. It also contained some interesting equipment in a false bottom.

With their jewel of a file clerk gone, the records office was in a muddle. Dozens of numbered blank checks on the state Department of Justice were bafflingly misplaced. The deputy warden yearned to have Austin Wynn back, to restore order. At the end of a month, he yearned for him even more passionately, but for different reasons. It had taken those four weeks for the federal Department of Justice, the Tennessee



"I'm staying right here. Last spring I was mugged."

Department of Justice, and the prison authorities to grind to an embarrassing conclusion: conscientious Austin had forged all his own release papers and slipped them into used envelopes, which he had resealed and placed unostentatiously on the records clerk's desk.

He had been fairly busy since, too, in neighboring states, reaching into the false bottom of his suitcase and cashing about \$20,000 worth of checks from his prison nest egg. They were made out to Special Agent James Moore, which has a nice, honest, crock-of-gold ring. While Tennessee's Department of Justice was howling as the first beautifully authenticated checks bounced back, Austin (alias Special Agent Moore) spent another hundred dollars of their annual budget to jaunt on to Texas.

In San Antonio, he went to a small side-street print shop and flashed his identity card and papers: FBI agent G. H. Warrington. The printer examined them carefully, then snappily set to work turning out the rush order of a thousand clothing and travel vouchers for the U. S. Department of Justice, FBI division, drawn on the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis.

FBI agent Warrington proved to be very fond of clothing and travel.

The august official in charge of such expenditures roared for investigations when the first large withdrawals appeared. But because a new computing machine had been installed to guard against human error, and had been causing inhuman complications ever since, accountants assumed at first that the Machine was playing tricks again. No FBI agent could be spending that kind of dough. The repair man came and exonerated the Machine; the accountants took a sharper look; bulletins went hurtling over the wires; agents spread through the Southwest.

By that time, Austin had so much cash that he felt he'd earned a little trip to some healthier climate. He promptly forged a passport, visa, and vaccination certificate that the U. S. Immigration and Naturalization Service passed without a blink, and spent several delightful weeks in Latin America, spending lavishly and building goodwill. His Castilian *c*, acquired in prison Spanish class, liquidly graceful. One hotel manager thought Austin was a famous star of television westerns, traveling incognito, and his guest denied this with just the right drawl and the proper man-to-man twinkle. But Austin soon itched to get back to his job of revenge. He had already ticked off Tennessee prison authorities, the state Department of Justice, and the federal Department of Justice—including the FBI. Now he contemplated

his pyramiding creation, an artist to his fingertips, and added the cherry on top.

That week, the affable Reverend Gilbert Bartle Wilson, Chaplain of Alcatraz Prison, paid an unexpected visit to Southern California. The checks he cashed—frequently—were made out to him by FBI agent G. H. Warrington, which rendered him doubly impressive. Wherever he cashed them, storekeepers, hotel owners, florists (he had a real yen for sticking florists) asked eager, respectful questions about his work among hardened criminals. The Reverend answered in detail, giving a vivid, but not soppy, picture of life in the pen. His listeners thought he spoke with obvious emotional restraint.

Austin was having such a jolly time as the Chaplain of Alcatraz that he went on wearing his collar backward a fatal few days too long. When he stopped at a San Diego hotel desk for his key, he felt the old familiar tap on his arm.

In his room, FBI agents found \$132,800 in uncashed checks on the state of Tennessee, plus 850 of the clothing and travel vouchers drawn on the Federal Reserve Bank. Austin explained sunnily he'd planned to cash one million dollars altogether, but he hadn't had time to reach his goal. It has been unofficially estimated that he got to a warm half-million.

He was indicted on eighteen counts and given a total sentence of eighty-three years (later reduced to twenty). When Austin heard his sentence pronounced, he shouted furiously at his court-appointed lawyer, "You're fired!" He then sent a message to the judge in his chambers: "Go to hell."

Another federal penitentiary got Austin this time, exactly fifty-nine days after he'd strolled to freedom. But the Tennessee warden and his staff still send hopeful requests for a transfer, though they may not want their wandering boy to have his old job in the records office. Something a mite more menial. Nor does his current warden want to pamper Austin, who is indignant about getting dough under his nails as a baker's helper. But Wynn doesn't complain too much officially because there's always the danger of being transferred back to Tennessee. He still teaches classes, brilliantly, and he'll be one of the most articulate, admired speakers at the prison school's June graduation ceremonies.

One interesting note: the prison chaplain has been receiving poison-pen letters written in a lucid, even pungent style that is oddly familiar. They're unsigned, of course. Austin wouldn't stoop to using his own signature.

A FRESH START



AFTER THE STRETCH

MORRIS "RED" RUDENSKY

A reformed criminal—now a successful advertising executive, after serving time for manslaughter and for mail robbery—offers an expert's appraisal of our prison and parole systems.

I have spent thirty-five years of my life in and out of prison and for most of that stint I was a rebellious inmate. Now that I have become a law-abiding citizen—and stayed that way for more than twenty years—people often ask me to pinpoint the time and cause of my conversion.

Near as I can recall, it happened shortly after a major prison riot in Leavenworth in 1929. I was pushed to the forefront by the rioting convicts in the huge prison mess hall and didn't dislike this position at all. But as it turned out, I was able to get our beef across to the prison authorities without too much bloodshed. A handful of dyed-in-the-wool screw-haters felt I had defected to the enemy by working out a peaceable solution of a dangerous situation. Their hostility.

On the days following the insurrection, was a new experience for me. It drove a wedge between me and the mugs I had until then looked upon as no less the elite of the sewer world.

And I began to see that the only friends a con has (outside his family perhaps) are his keepers—the screws and the Man Up Front.

The moral of my story, I guess, is: "No human being should ever be regarded as hopelessly criminal, beyond all possibility of change." That quotation is taken from a new book, *The Effec-*

iveness of a Prison and Parole System, by Professor Daniel Glaser of the University of Illinois.* This is a report on a tremendous research project conducted from 1958 to 1962 by Dr. Glaser and a group of sociologists. They interviewed more than a thousand inmates of federal institutions at intervals during their imprisonment, did detailed follow-up studies on hundreds of released prisoners, and analyzed mountains of statistics in an effort to find out why some ex-cons go straight and others fail. Although most of the research was done in federal prisons, the book also contains extensive information about state systems.

This is a study of real scope and depth and it indicates that prison and parole, while a long way from being "sure cures," are far from being the complete failures which some critics—myself included—contended they were. For instance, I

* The book is based on the University of Illinois-Ford Foundation research program dealing with the federal correctional system; it will be published this summer by Bobbs-Merrill, Inc.

sed to agree with the experts who said that two-thirds of all released prisoners come back to prison for new crimes.

"Where does this figure come from?" Dr. Glaser asks. "Released prisoners in the United States have not been regularly traced to determine the extent to which they return to prison."

Dr. Glaser and his colleagues followed up more than a thousand men released from prison in 1956. They then compared their findings with those of the few state systems that have made similar careful checks. They found that, instead of two-thirds, only about one-third of the released men return to prison. Thus they rate two-thirds of their sample as "successes." This does not mean that they all turned into model husbands and fathers who never again got a speeding ticket or took one drink too many.

"If prison or parole experience changes a man from a heinous malefactor to a hallowed saint that is excellent," Dr. Glaser says, "but if it only changes him from a felon to a non-felon, its primary objective has been achieved."

MAKING A LEGAL LIVING

Why do some ex-cons fail and others succeed when they hit the bricks? There are many different reasons, for prisoners are by no means one class of people and they don't fall into distinct groups. In a chapter called "Variations in Post-release Success and Failure," he presents a large group of individual case histories which give a vivid and fascinating picture of the great range of personalities that are being discussed here. They do have a few things in common, however. Here are some of them.

"Ninety per cent of major crimes reported in the FBI's Uniform Crime Report for the U. S. involve taking someone else's money or property. . . . Hence it is appropriate to say that most crime is either a supplement to or a substitute for work, as a means of procuring an income. . . .

"In the prison population both whites and Negroes are predominantly unskilled and have dropped out of school early. . . .

"Employment in prison may be the first steady work experienced by most prisoners."

The key to "success" after prison, then, is obviously finding a legal way to make a living. In my own case my parole experience was satisfying, thanks to a provident employer-sponsor, the late Charles Allen Ward, a man who was no stranger to prison himself. "Look 'em square in the eye, chin up, Red. I'm your friend and your

Boss—you're here for life," he assured me many times during my post-penal years.

Many ex-cons are not so lucky. When the Glaser group interviewed a large number of newly released federal prisoners in Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, and St. Louis, a third had no employment at all for their first three months out. The median cash income of all the men was \$80 in the first month, \$179 in the second, and \$207 in the third.

"After spending, in the average case, at least \$1,500 per year for several years to keep a man confined to prison, it appears to be extremely poor economics to deny him a few hundred dollars in post-release aid if this would be a major factor in preventing his return to prison," Dr. Glaser writes.

At present, prisoners can earn and save money only when they are assigned to so-called "prison industries" which manufacture such items as automobile tags for government use. Dr. Glaser believes that a great many more articles could be manufactured in prison and sold. He also believes that prisoners should be paid wages for the food preparation and skilled maintenance jobs they do in the prisons, and should be required to save money. This nest egg—doled out piecemeal rather than in a lump sum—would be insurance against returning quickly to crime if an ex-con cannot immediately find a job or loses one.

Glaser also feels that government agencies, which now seldom employ ex-convicts, should lead the way in expanding job opportunities for ex-prisoners. He points out, for instance, that state hospitals have great trouble recruiting attendants and service personnel. Many ex-prisoners are trained in institutional cooking, nursing, and medical-technician work and would welcome a career in a state hospital. Why not give them a chance at it?

At least 90 per cent of released convicts seek legitimate careers for a month or more after they leave prison, Dr. Glaser says. He also concludes on the basis of very careful analysis that their experience in prison does not cause "increased criminalization" for all or most of them.

My unscientific but personal observations confirm these statements. Over the years I found the average inmate anxious to go straight. The age-old tale that prisons are crime schools is the bunk. Usually "we"—that is the old pros—avoided the younger novices; we called them "hoosiers" and considered them unworthy of attention or confidence. "Inmate society"—with its supposed strictures and taboos—is an exaggeration kept alive by fiction writers.

Dr. Glaser correctly reports that most prisoners "are more oriented to maintain isolation from other prisoners than to achieve solidarity with them." Most of them believe that inmate friends "get you in trouble" or "take advantage of you." The slogan, "Do your own time," is widely supported by inmates and staff.

The most important influence, he finds, in "reforming" inmates comes from the prison staff—chiefly work supervisors. There is no question in my mind that this is true. In my own case, the ethical exertions of my keepers span nearly a half-century inside and beyond prison. One of them was the late Warden of Leavenworth and Atlanta, Fred G. Zerbst. One of my dearest friends to this day is my former custodial officer at Leavenworth, James Bedford. He's retired now and when I visit him on his Wisconsin tobacco farm we two time-conditioned old codgers relive the long years "in there."

Because the influence of keepers on the kept is so important in rehabilitation, Dr. Glaser urges every effort to make relationships between the two groups more informal and less authoritarian. The federal prisons have made considerable progress in this direction in recent years. For instance, in some prisons, prisoners no longer march in lines to the mess hall but eat in informal small groups, with a chance to chat with officers as well as each other.

Many state prison systems, however, frown on "fraternizing" by inmates and custodial officers and will allow the latter to have no contact with prisoners after their release. This is a great mistake, since a letter or other friendly gesture by a guard after the inmate leaves can be very important in keeping up his morale.

The federal prisons in the last few years

have also relaxed their censorship of prisoners' mail and otherwise taken steps to make it easier for inmates to maintain their relationships with noncriminals on the outside. Most state prisons have not gone far enough in this direction. It may come as a surprise to some readers to know that the state of Mississippi has pioneered in allowing ten-day home leave to selected prisoners who have served at least three years. In the first twelve years of this program they released 3,204 inmates, of whom only fifteen failed to return and twelve of these were accounted for.

WHEN THEY'RE TURNED LOOSE

Many changes have occurred in the attitude of the kept and the keepers since my cloistered tour. The researchers would have found the researched much less cooperative and less appreciative of the scientific approach during my decades in prison.

Dr. Glaser believes that the most promising step taken for alleviating post-release problems in recent years is the establishment of counseling centers in metropolitan areas to which prisoners scheduled for release are transferred some months before their release date and helped to find and hold jobs, places to live, etc.

The objective of our prisons, he says, has changed. It doesn't make too much sense to deprive a man completely of his freedom and then turn him loose, unaided, when he has "paid for his crime." We now know it is better to restore his freedom on a gradual basis in a way that will help him achieve a noncriminal life.

Most of the inmates interviewed by the Glaser group said that "the unpleasantness of the confinement experience" was a great influence in their decision to go straight. "Our data suggests that prison does deter men from crime," Dr. Glaser notes, "and in this sense it is a punishment. Our data also indicates that the men released from prison generally have had little reward for behavior that is an alternative to crime."

To this observation I would like to add my own belief that too long a stretch in prison can and does hinder the rehabilitation of the individual. It stretches you out of your normal shape. To survive, you build up tiny fortifications around your anemic ego hoping they'll sustain your re-entry and adjustment in the free world. They don't, of course. You find yourself as naked as a newborn child, a lonely and bewildered stranger in paradise; you were far happier in the hell you just left.

The Cotton Cure

THE American prison system demands that not only shall the wrongdoer be punished, he shall also be "rehabilitated." And so we throw him into a steel cage for five years or eighteen years (this is his punishment), and while he's in the cage we teach him to run a model-1922 cotton loom and let him see a movie every week and send him to the psychiatrist occasionally when he gets the notion somebody is narrowing his cell while he's out at work (the part from the cotton loom on is rehabilitation). . . .

—From "A Three-time Loser Looks at Crime," by Robert McKay, Honorable Mention in *Harper's Contest: The Prisoner Speaks Out*.

A NEW APPROACH TO CRIMINAL LAW

B. J. GEORGE, JR.

Why "respectable" lawyers can't—or won't—face the seamy challenges of criminal law . . . what really frightens them away . . . and what may lure them back. The author, a professor at the University of Michigan Law School, is President-Elect of the American Chapter of the International Penal Law Association.

Perry Mason or no Perry Mason, big-city criminal lawyers are the pariahs of the legal profession. Even the notable exceptions, like Clarence Darrow, Edward Bennett Williams, or Melvin Belli, are usually regarded as flamboyant eccentrics; the full-time criminal lawyer who handles routine cases is considered beneath notice. In part because of the indifference and disdain which the leaders of the bar feel for those who practice criminal law, the field is rife with unethical or dubious practices. A criminal lawyer may hang around the courtroom waiting for clients, in effect soliciting business by his presence. More likely, he will have an understanding with policemen, jail turnkeys, bondsmen, and hangers-on at the local political club who will supply criminal defendants with his name in return for a percentage of the fee or a flat-rate payment for each case. Usually the quantity and quality of his professional activity will be directly proportional to the money he stands to make. And paying the lawyer often means there is no cash left for bail.

Since about 90 per cent of all persons charged by indictment or information are found guilty of the crime charged or of some related offense, the marginal criminal lawyer cannot rely on his courtroom skills to produce an impressive record of acquittals, and an image of success. Therefore, he concentrates on forestalling prosecution. He contacts complaining witnesses, bystander witnesses, police, or prosecutor in the hope that charges will be withdrawn or reduced. He tacitly encourages improper or perjured testimony by defense witnesses, and in some instances even

manufactures evidence. He survives, in short, only by prostituting himself professionally.

Why is he permitted to exist? The reason, it seems to me, is that the upper- and middle-income groups in the legal profession are incapable of facing the seamy challenge of criminals, criminal acts, and criminal lawyers, and so let the matter go by default.

Suppose I interview a partner of a leading big-city law firm, a man I will call E. John Smith, as he sits in his walnut-paneled office overlooking the river or the bay, attended by batteries of secretaries, clerks, and young associates. If I take him to task for his disinterest in criminal law, he will probably deny it and point out that the bar associations are active in maintaining criminal-law standards. But such bar association activity is in fact minimal and usually consists of (1) sporadic disciplinary actions against attorneys who are inept enough to expose their usual activities to the light of day, or (2) high-flown pronouncements on civil liberties.

If I ask Smith how many criminal cases he has handled in the past year, or five years, or ten years, the answer probably is, "None." And his firm? He will probably say that it has dealt only with a few antitrust or other "business-type" criminal cases and, at best, a handful of legal-aid clients.

Why does he take no ordinary criminal work? He may say that he cannot practice ethically in

criminal cases and get his client off. But lawyers in smaller communities—who are unable to specialize—handle all their work, civil and criminal, at about the same level of ethical and professional competence. Smith could do it too.

Perhaps Smith will then tell me that there is no money in it. The chances are good, though, that he takes plenty of civil cases which do not pay their way. Furthermore, one of the hallmarks of a professional, whatever his field, is that he denies that his primary goal is wealth. Smith's "explanations" are in fact excuses, not reasons, for his failure to participate in criminal law.

WHAT THE STUDENT BURIES

It is my guess that Smith first felt the need to make excuses the year he came to law school. Though he might have laughed it off, he probably thought of himself then more as *E. John Smith: Defender of the Oppressed* than as *E. John Smith: Wall Street Corporation Lawyer*. But when he and his classmates began to encounter at close quarters the grist of the courses in criminal and family law—murder, rape, arson, theft, adultery, voyeurism, and the like—he began to feel acutely uncomfortable.

And with good reason. For if Smith and I are human, we have experienced every impulse which the criminal has. We have both said vehemently at one time or another, "I'd like to kill him for that!" and have to some degree meant it. If either of us sees a woman between puberty and menopause (the limits may be more flexible), we probably experience a touch of what the Supreme Court calls "prurient interest." An apparently untended wad of bills or a ring lying loose on a store counter will make us both inwardly look around for a moment to see if anybody is watching. The point is, however, that we have long since learned to control these impulses—usually; the criminal usually has not. We go through life without intentionally killing anyone, except an "enemy" in the socially approved context of war, or because economic pressures force us to take the job of public hangman. As far as we recall, we have not yet attacked a woman, unless you count that fraternity party which we prefer not to tell on at length. We rarely if ever take another man's property without his consent, though we may find it difficult at times to draw the line between fraud and shrewd salesmanship.

But we have not stopped there. We have gone to great lengths, psychically speaking, to erase from our consciousness the knowledge that we have had, and still do have, these forbidden im-

pulses. Sometimes we redirect them—if I cannot skewer an opponent literally, as a lawyer I can skewer him verbally on the witness stand. More often, we project our bad thoughts onto somebody else. By one device or another, E. John Smith and I arrived in law school having arranged it so that evil impulses, past and present, gave us little trouble.

Then we studied the case of the shipwrecked sailors who were cast away in a small boat in the Indian Ocean, out of the usual shipping lanes and thousands of miles from land, with only a tin or two of turnips for food. They killed and ate one of their number and survived to be picked up by a stray vessel. The law says that they should all have died of starvation and so the English court sentenced them to be hanged; the Crown commuted the sentence to six months' imprisonment. Intellectually, Smith and I agreed that these men were murderers and should be punished, but there was a lurking feeling that if we had been in that boat . . . Or suppose the case was one of assault with intent to commit rape; the defendant picked up a girl in a bar and then persisted further toward his objective than she later claimed she wanted. The jury believed her, the court on appeal upheld the jury's finding, and the law thus protected the poor working girl. Smith and I may nervously recall that fraternity party.

When this kind of discomfort arises, human beings either fight or flee. One fight can be waged against the source of discomfort. Students of mine sometimes seem to think me an incompetent time-waster, teaching "a lot of bull." These unspoken criticisms may be valid, of course, but I believe they are really a kind of counterattack on the teacher and the system causing the students' malaise.

A counterattack may also be directed toward the criminal—the murderer, rapist, or thief—who, though remotely and abstractly, has caused this disturbance by being caught, arrested, and convicted and by having lodged the appeal which produced the written decision on which classroom discussion has been based. Hence, my students decide that the criminal got what was coming to him, he got it because of the legal rules, and the rules are therefore obviously sound and correct. If I as a teacher am also unable to handle stresses comfortably, I can reinforce this attitude by ridiculing or ruthlessly suppressing any "emoting" which students may do, and by limiting discussion to the question, for instance, of whether a man who pushes open a screen door and enters a summer house at sunset to steal a diamond ring which proves to be a cheap zircon

is guilty of common-law burglary. This kind of teaching will soon persuade budding lawyers either that crime and criminals will disappear from society if judges and lawyers make the right noises at the right time, or that criminal law is silly—which it is if taught on that plane.

Flight is perhaps a more popular alternative. One way of fleeing is to drop out of law school altogether. Whenever I see a student who graduated from a good college with a "B" average and who did well in the law-school admission test leave school, I feel the "lack of interest" which he says explains his departure is probably really a flight from the discomfort that comes with examining "bad" human actions categorized into "criminal," "breach of contract," or "negligence" cases.

Leaving school is clearly an extreme solution. Partial "flight," a much simpler matter, involves only a shift, and not an abandonment, of interest. The awareness of his kinship to the defendants in criminal cases and to the parties in divorce or adoption cases, and the discomfort which this awareness brings, disappear from a student's consciousness when he takes refuge in neutered areas of the law—taxation, wills, trusts, corporations—where he can manipulate things and abstract groups of people without feeling pressure to know and understand himself.

He is strengthened in this course of action by the language and attitudes of his elders, his professional examples. The affluent alumni who return periodically to be lionized by the faculty and to enlighten the students in attitudes pontifical don't have a criminal-law practice and don't associate with lawyers who do. A job applicant who asks if the firm handles criminal cases is likely to be treated as if he had wondered aloud whether any of the senior partners had tertiary syphilis. By the second or third year of law school, students are miniatures of their professional elders who seek to practice "where the money is" or where there are no "ethical problems." If nothing is done to change this attitude, the best minds in the bar will simply continue to turn their backs on the problem of crime in our society.

SHOULD WE OUTLAW LAWYERS?

What can and should be done? We could, of course, write off lawyers and judges as a possible source of intelligence and competence in the handling of the problem. Certainly there are those who would label all crime "sickness," replace courts with diagnostic boards, and substitute

hospitals for prisons. Steps in this direction have already been taken in juvenile courts, where "legal technicalities" like formal pleadings or charges are not invoked, where lawyers do not object to hearsay statements or insist on the laying of groundwork for expert opinions. Instead, the deciding authority, or in some instances the state or local welfare agency, does what it considers "best" for the child, though there are no standards of "bestness" set forth anywhere. Lawyers are even more fully excluded from participation in the parole system and in the administrative detention and release of the mentally incompetent.

But experience suggests that this outlawry of lawyers and courts is no solution. Procedures are not as irrelevant as the layman may think. Most of them embody a large amount of cynical, pragmatic wisdom and even the juvenile courts are being subjected more and more to the constitutionally based restrictions necessary to preserve important civil liberties.

Perhaps, then, the path of reform leads through lawyers now in practice. The United States Supreme Court's holding in *Gideon v. Wainwright** will force more and more lawyers into criminal cases. And this in turn will make it less likely that citizen clients can discriminate against criminal lawyers by taking their business elsewhere. Furthermore, as more lawyers take criminal assignments, the organized bar will probably have to try harder to relate the canons of ethics to criminal-law practice. But this is likely to be a slow process.

The "new approach" to criminal law, therefore, will come primarily, if it is to come at all, from revised methods of teaching which can produce new generations of lawyers who will be equipped emotionally as well as technically. To reach this goal we will have to cease teaching law as a set of abstract principles or doctrines which, if mastered, will permit the lawyer to unravel any human problem. A fresh approach may require simply abandoning the illusion of permanence and stability, and beginning to ask questions.

I think of this approach, which is already gaining strength, as the *Rashōmon* method. Those of you who saw either the movie or the play based on Ryūnosuke Akutagawa's story recall that it describes a (rape-murder?) (seduction-adultery-suicide?) several times, each time as viewed by one of the participants. The viewer knows that an unusual event has taken place and that the actors in that event are set apart

* See page 158 for mention of this case.

from the rest of the community, if for no other reason than because of what has happened. But he does not know, and the author does not tell him, what actually happened, and what ought to have been done to or with the survivors. The "fiction" is more real than the "actuality" and perhaps suggests a better methodology than several shelves of traditional teaching materials.

Fortunately, untraditional teaching materials are beginning to appear. One of the best examples is a book by Professors Richard C. Donnelly and Joseph Goldstein of Yale and Richard D. Schwartz of Northwestern. In approach, it differs radically from earlier works where, for instance, the only mention of homosexuality was likely to be a famous (or notorious) old English case concerning a seaman from a Middle Eastern country who committed a consensual homosexual act on board a foreign ship lying in a British harbor. The case turned only on the question of whether the seaman's ignorance of English law—which penalized something acceptable in his home country—constituted a legal defense. It hardly serves to open up the issue of the homosexual as a legal or social problem.

In contrast, the Donnelly, Goldstein, and Schwartz materials begin with an extended section on one Dr. Martin, whose name but not whose activity is fictional. The doctor, a pediatrician though not an accredited psychiatrist, was highly successful in treating disturbed children in a rural camp setting made available by those who believed in his work. It came to light that part of the therapeutic activity consisted of homosexual acts between the doctor and some of the disturbed boys. Dr. Martin contended that the acts were solely therapeutic, and some supporting evidence was available. The state maintained that the actions were harmful, and that even if they were not, they were nonetheless prohibited. The doctor pleaded guilty on advice of counsel; he was sentenced to a term of years in the state prison, and later paroled. Exposure to the wide array of materials, legal and non-legal, which are relevant to the Martin case and to sex legislation in general is bound to be unsettling, since it raises deep questions of why homosexuals and other criminals do what they do, what society through its legislatures and courts claims it is trying to accomplish through repressive treatment, and what it probably in fact accomplishes through its timeworn punishments. It is easier, of course, to learn, teach, and grade materials based on the legal maxim that all non-heterosexual intercourse is criminal, but a searching inquiry into the bases for that maxim

is infinitely more practical and significant even if it provides no pat answers or "rules of law."

Obviously, the contemporary approach to criminal law must be related to the behavioral sciences. Lawyers and legislators have usually tended to consider man as if he were stamped out by machine and regulated by a small internal governor which may be controlled by carefully measured external pressures coming from the law. We have therefore concerned ourselves with how much punishment fits the crime and what kind of repressive treatment will deter the criminal.

PIOUS ASSUMPTIONS

But behavioral scientists in general, and psychiatrists in particular, have over the years amassed material which strongly suggests that much of our legal and administrative activity, if it has any effect at all, is a hindrance to our progress and not a help. For example, we continue to decree death, life imprisonment, or long prison terms for the convicted murderer, even though we could, if we wished, determine fairly safely that many such persons might walk out of the courtroom and never again commit a similar act. Nor would public knowledge of this fact produce any real spurt of homicides, for most of us do not need a formal criminal statute to tell us that it is wrong to kill.

In other cases, prostitutes, homosexuals, chronic alcoholics, or narcotics addicts are ground through the courts, subjected to routine jail sentences, and turned back out on the street on the pious assumption that they have learned a lesson and will voluntarily reform. And we evidence the same insensitivity in the field of criminal procedure. For example, we handle the law of arrest and of search and seizure on the assumption that police officers are as well trained in the law as lawyers and can behave as calmly and dispassionately as appellate judges—who have never been policemen—tell them they should. All this in the face of contradictory pressures on the police to respect civil liberties scrupulously and, at the same time, catch criminals and prevent crimes.

In these connections and a host of others the new generation of criminal lawyers could benefit immeasurably from an active dialogue between law and the behavioral sciences. The first step in breeding such a new generation is reforming the casebook. Instead of a sterile collection of appellate decisions, carefully edited and reinforced occasionally by quotation of a statute or

rule, we must have a *Rashōmon* which will acquaint the student with the insights of other sciences. This does not mean that we should substitute a course in sociology or psychiatry for one in law. The fledgling lawyer must learn how to communicate with experts in other fields, and more important, how he can best work with them in his professional role. Many a psychiatrist is useless in court because lawyers do not understand what he has to offer.

THE PSYCHIATRIST AT WORK

An even more effective method of broadening legal learning, though it may not be feasible in every school, is to have instructors representing two disciplines teach classes together. At the University of Michigan, Dr. Andrew S. Watson, who holds a joint professorial appointment in the Law School and in the Department of Psychiatry of the Medical School, and I teach our sections of criminal law as co-instructors, not as "host and guest." Almost daily Dr. Watson plays the role of expert medical witness for the students, brings to bear the critical faculties of his specialty on the assumptions embodied in the law, and suggests the psychic impact on the individual defendant of the treatment meted out to him in the courts and prisons.

But his contributions go further. I have already suggested the stresses which the student undergoes when he meets the discomfiting materials of criminal law. A skilled psychoanalyst not only perceives the tensions which lie just

beneath the surface of the classroom discussion, but also helps each student to perceive them and to realize that he is dealing with them along classic lines of repression, projection, denial, reaction formation, and the like.

I remember vividly the first criminal-law class Dr. Watson and I held after the assassination of President Kennedy. In the preceding weeks we had sensed that most students were beginning to perceive the relevance of psychiatry to criminal law, and to examine and question the assumptions built into various criminal-law definitions. But on the day following the President's funeral, we could practically touch the wall of hostility which the waiting students had erected; they studied the sky, the radiators, the tiles in the floor. I began the class by posing in an abstract way, as was consistent with the day's assignment, the question of whether we could safely do away with capital punishment or abolish the murder concept altogether. Each student called upon carefully evaded the question. Finally one obviously agitated young man interrupted to protest against this "irrelevant" discussion. We had just had two terrible killings, he said, and what standards were there in which we could believe anymore? "Furthermore," he concluded, "I have two or three pointed questions I want to ask Mr. Watson." At this point, other students poured forth their shock, their sense of loss and disorientation. Dr. Watson was able to help them understand the psychology of grief (which, incidentally, any lawyer engaged in trust or estate work or in advising legislative bodies on regu-

The Garden of Delusion

LARRY RUBIN

THE paranoiac flowers bloom in persons
For whom rebuff is acid on the petals
Of their brains. I had a student once
Who grew all A's, but then I planted commas
In the vineyard of his words. The poison letter
Slipped beneath the door; it said: Pervert,
Resign. A colleague, never published, read
My poem, but changed some lines, and coral blossoms
Turned to slime. Hush, I told a talker
In the stacks, and all the dragons lurking
In the field snapped derangement in
His eyes.

Beware the poppies in the soul:
Once bruised, the fumes arise, twisting the bouquet
Till every man's a snake in curled disguise.

lating mortuary practices ought to understand too). As we examined our attitudes toward Oswald and Ruby, we were all better able to understand the conflict between our desire to "get" the criminal ("Isn't it fine that Texas has capital punishment and that the assassination didn't occur in Michigan where we have no death penalty?"), and our uncomfortable awareness that these vindictive and retributive attitudes were not either usual or desirable among law students. "Deterrence" *versus* "retribution" *versus* "rehabilitation" was no longer an abstract debate.

Through joint instruction, group therapy if you will, the student can see and acknowledge frankly the internal battle between his view of himself as a professional person, capable of helping others in a detached and impartial manner, and his visceral reaction to the criminal and his act. When he recognizes this turmoil, he can then make use of his emotions, not repress them or flee them for the less emotionally charged areas of human conflict.

Students ought to understand, too, the reactions which a criminal client is likely to inspire in them. The criminals portrayed on *The Defenders* are usually pretty clean-cut members of Actors' Equity. But most criminal defendants are disreputable, even sleazy characters. The lawyer is as fascinated and as repelled by the bearer of the mark of Cain as we all are, and the earlier a law student can learn to live with these reactions comfortably, the better off he is. If his law school is in a large city, he may be able to work for a legal-aid society or voluntary defenders' organization which will give him valuable experience in dealing face-to-face with clients and with judges. For various practical reasons, including the resistance of local attorneys, schools in smaller communities often find it difficult to provide this kind of experience. But, at the least, the student can observe a great many trials, either in the courtroom itself, or, as in Ann Arbor, through a closed television system which links rooms in the Law School with the local circuit courtroom. The camera transmits automatically during court sessions unless the courtroom is cleared and the judge orders it turned off. Students and faculty together can observe and criticize what is happening in the courtroom without disturbing the proceedings or having to defer burning questions.

Visits to prisons and mental institutions may also make the criminal defendant, delinquent, or mental incompetent a living person, not a paper figure and help the would-be lawyer learn that

he is dealing with people, not with propositions.

Another requirement of the *Rashōmon* approach is an increased use of comparative law materials. Most advanced countries share basic problems of crime and delinquency with us, but their means of coping with them may differ. Merely because the idea is foreign it is not, of course, good; we need not be either hardshell "-phobes" or "-philes." But at times the best way to study our own system is to study another. At Michigan—as at many other schools—some of our own faculty are well-versed in foreign law, one or more foreign professors teach courses and seminars each year, and we try to include translated foreign legal data in the basic teaching materials whenever possible.

KEEPING HIS PLACE AT TABLE

There are, lastly, two other areas to which law schools and the legal profession give too little attention: philosophy and theology. Lawyers, philosophers, and theologians are almost always concerned with the same basic problems in society, and lawyers and judges cannot escape the broad ethical and moral implications of what they do or decide. For example, why should the physically healthy victim of an interracial rape not be aborted? What difference is there between shutting a criminal up in prison for what he has done, and confining him as a mental incompetent or sexual psychopath for the same period? Why should the criminal go free because the policeman erred in the way he acquired evidence which shows clearly that the crime was committed? The philosopher or theologian does not have the answers to these questions, any more than the lawyer does. But it is necessary that all three—and their students—sit down around the same table over an extended period of time and talk with each other, not past each other, about the problems which they share.

A *Rashōmon* treatment offers a fresh approach to criminal law. It makes the question, not the answer, of primary importance. The changeover is not merely a pleasant option, but an absolute necessity if criminal law is to remain a living discipline.

If the lawyer wakes up in the not-too-distant future to find that mental-health boards, social-welfare departments, "conduct supervisory officers," and other assorted officials are dealing with crime and delinquency and that he has been relegated to handling only private law, corporation, and tax matters, he will have only his own inactivity and insensitivity to blame.

MAY 1964 SIXTY CENTS

Harper's

magazine

Give Slum Children a Chance: Radical Proposal

CHARLES E. SILBERMAN

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The Jews in
Germany Today

ANITA LOOS
Aldous Huxley
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A

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**PROGRESS REPORT TO U.S. INDUSTRY FROM
THE COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO:**



1946

This photograph, taken in 1946, shows a slum in the heart of San Juan. Old tires served as stepping-stones.

1964

Public Housing projects, like the one at right, have replaced many of Puerto Rico's slums. They're found over the Commonwealth—are now housing 125,000 people.

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TODAY, Puerto Rico is a flourishing Commonwealth.

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LETTERS

The Stettheimer Saga

I most regretfully have read Paul Pickrel's review, or rather notice, of my book *Florine Stettheimer* [The New Books, January]. I know that a mongrel journalism, with a literary flavor, is peculiar to slick book reviewing, but some of your readers have been seriously misled by Mr. Pickrel's rash and impudently condescending opinions about my book and its range of subject. It is not only that he makes a blanket, questionably informed judgment injurious to the interest, the grace, taste, and reputation of Florine Stettheimer's painting, it is also that he has misunderstood, or deliberately misinterpreted, my book's references . . . to gaps in the factual evidence about the lives of the three Stettheimer daughters and their mother who occupy the main focus of my study. These ladies belonged to a period which Mr. Pickrel imagines is adequately represented in American culture by the schoolboy profundities of F. Scott Fitzgerald. . . .

Mr. Pickrel cared to divulge nothing, even if he understood anything, of the unusual yet conscientious sort of literary portraiture I employed as an intensive method to recall Florine Stettheimer, her art, and her times, and he presumes to take a condescending view of matters and personalities with which he has no natural sympathy, and of which, I daresay, he has very little present or previous knowledge. He may have prejudices about my book. Who has not prejudices? What matters in the book world . . . is not the longevity of stated prejudices but their "flash" phenomenon. As a piece of cocktail-party exhibitionism, Mr. Pickrel's double-dealing strictures hold nothing at which to raise so much as an eyebrow. But as an examination of a serious book (far more scholarly than he is equipped to recognize) your reviewer's paragraphs betray a cultural aberration which has to be pointed out or it is in danger of flitting by unnoticed. In indicating it here, I admit my motive is neither

generous nor educational, as should be evident; it would be foolish of me if it were, for it seems unlikely Mr. Pickrel is young enough to have his professional taste and manners improved.

PARKER TYLER
New York, N. Y.

MR. PICKREL REPLIES:

In most of what Mr. Tyler says about me—that I am old, rude, stupid, and probably ineducable—he is unfortunately correct. I am a little puzzled, however, at his linking me with F. Scott Fitzgerald, who in no way entered into my review of his book. At first I thought it was simply another example of the free association that frequently enlivens the scholarship of which Mr. Tyler is so understandably vain, but then I realized that in my review I had referred to a character from *Huck Finn*, and a mind like Mr. Tyler's, occupied with the larger issues of culture and the major figures in American art, could not be expected to stoop to the pedantry of distinguishing between writers like Fitzgerald and Mark Twain.

Even in the face of Mr. Tyler's determined opposition, I wish to repeat my praise of his book. It is, as someone said of Beerbohm-Tree's Hamlet, very funny and not in the least vulgar. His letter may not altogether escape the charge of vulgarity, but I am grateful to the editors of *Harpers* for providing their readers with a sustained example of his style. In my review I had to content myself with the merest snippets, and the choice was hard.—P. P.

No Oath, No Passport

Bravo for "A Man With a Country" [March]. Milton Mayer is quite correct in protesting any abridgment of a free citizen's right to travel. . . . In a free country, a passport should not include any proscription against travel. . . . A passport is a right, not a privilege and it is time for our government to recognize that fact.

ROBERT N. PARKER
Allston, Mass.

Milton Mayer is . . . certainly a patriotic American man. Granting certain [State] Department regulations are arbitrary, but as he is proud of his belief in the Bible, Quakerism, and in the fact that he is free, why this pathological polance? Why is he not proud to swear he is not a Commie? His aversion to taking an oath is nothing but P. P.'s sniffian nonsense.

T. H. TRACY
New York, NY

Discussion of the merits of Mayer's case by a government official involved in the matter would ordinarily be inappropriate since Mr. Mayer has appealed to the Supreme Court from the three-judge district court's decision against him.

I think it important in this case, however, to correct one of Mr. Mayer's misstatements of fact, because his case is *sub judice* and a factual error concerns my view as an official, on the governing of Mr. Mayer, stating that he got information from his "overcooled agents," wrote that "Mr. Chayes advised the Department to give the passport and get shut of me; legal grounds for refusal were, in my thought, untenable."

These statements are incorrect in fact. I advised that the affidavit of Communist affiliations should be placed on the passport application that refusal to sign the affidavit resulted in an incomplete application and that no passport should be issued on the basis of such an incomplete application. This was the course that was followed in Mr. Mayer's case, with my personal concurrence. It was my view then, and it is my view now, that this position is only tenable, but required under the law.

ABRAM CHAYES
The Legal Advisor
Department of State
Washington, D. C.

MR. MAYER REPLIES:

I am unable to produce my source on this point. I therefore apologize to Mr. Chayes for this "one of [my] misstatements of fact."—M. M.

Man's Fate

It is heartening to see an article as timely and profound as Louis Eiseley's "The Uncompleted Man."



1720-1793

Cup

by Wm. Moulton III

The oldest continuous tradition of silversmithing in America, that of the Moulton family of Old Newbury, Massachusetts, began over a hundred years ago—and is continued in a direct line by their successors—Towle and Jones.

1744-1816

Tablespoon

by Joseph Moulton III

A veteran of the Revolutionary Army, and the third great Moulton silversmith, Joseph III was in turn to teach his sons the craft of great design. Because there were no banks in Colonial America, surplus coins were made into silver objects.

1768-1824

Teapot

by Ebenezer Moulton

An example of the enduring beauty of fine silver, this painstakingly made teapot by one of the four sons of Joseph III who became great silversmiths. Towle silversmiths are still in Newburyport where Joseph III trained his sons.

1784-1840

Cream Pitcher

by Abel Moulton

The Moultons created not only beautiful presentation silver pieces but also classic everyday objects cherished by our ancestors. This tradition of great beauty was carried on by a brilliant young Moulton apprentice, Anthony L. Towle.

1865

Butter Knife

by Towle & Jones

The talented Towles carried the spirit of the Moulton silversmiths into a new century. The same quality, the same grace and craftsmanship, continue to distinguish the oldest and the proudest tradition in American silver, that of Towle.



Charlemagne

Towle Sterling Silver Knife - 1964

THE TOWLE silver tradition was born over two hundred and seventy-four years ago in Newburyport, Massachusetts. It flourished because it produced beautiful and useful objects. This was true in 1690. It is true today.

When you choose your Towle Sterling, remember that this is a possession that will gain added beauty through time and daily use. Use it for great dinners—but use it for family suppers, too. Put it in your dishwasher, for Towle is as practical

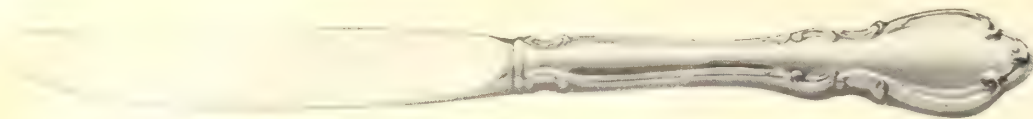
as it is beautiful and, regularly used, requires little polishing.

Take time to study the varied loveliness of Towle. Above all, touch and feel it. Test its finely balanced weight, see the perfection of intricate design, the graceful shapes that only the oldest silversmithing tradition in America could give. Choose Towle leisurely, with love and with care, for the pattern you select will be, like its predecessors for two hundred and seventy-four years, a thing of constant beauty.



Please turn page to see nine additional Towle patterns (cont'd)

Towle Sterling Silver Knives -1964 (cont'd)



LEGATO. One flowing curve borders a pattern of such serene grace that it blends with equal beauty with cotton or fine damask.



CANDLELIGHT. Only centuries of tradition that Towle could create this beam of silver cast upon 18th century brocade.



OLD MASTER. A romantic revival, the forms of the Early Victorian era are captured in a pattern of delicate restraint and gentle dignity.



KING RICHARD. Timeless elegance, framed in curls, leaves and ornamented with a noble shield, a pattern of distinguished richness.



FRENCH PROVINCIAL. From the past — its graceful fiddle shape. For the present — its delicate simplicity, for day after day of gracious living.



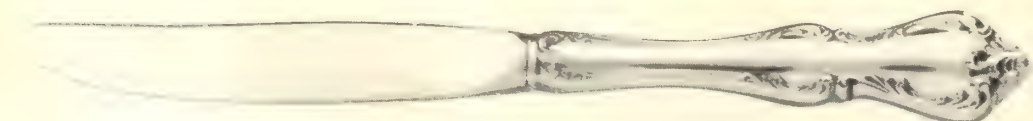
CRAFTSMAN. A triumph of pure line destined to become tomorrow's heirloom. Silver, tapered, faceted and perfect in a great tradition.



FONTANA. The curving appeal of Italian Provincial will blend with any décor. Its slender outline will remain lovely to the eye always.



SCULPTURED ROSE. A single rose sculptured on a pattern with such flowing line that it is at home in a modern or traditional setting.



DEBUSSY. Decidedly French. Decidedly romantic. Plum and waves outline a gracefully curved shape in luxuriously heavy sterling.



TOWLE
SILVERSMITHS

ch. . . . Dr. Eiseley's ghastly
ation that he is "dead" is paral-
in Ingmar Bergman's motion-
re classic, *The Seventh Seal*, as
find—in the guise of the Knight
akens to find itself confronted
Death. The picture points to the
orthwhile mission we must per-
to defeat this death: the culti-
n of our higher, immortal na-
(the "Divine Animal" that Dr.
ey speaks of) portrayed by the
ty within the individual—inspiri-
n, love, and the child symbol-
our yet-to-be-realized potential.

MRS. IRVING SCHLAFFER
Angwin, Calif.

Editors to Teach

hn Fischer warns in "Why No-
Can't Write Good" [Easy Chair,
uary] that "we are going to
to attract a lot more—and a
better—people into the business
teaching English." . . . The jour-
sm schools are turning out their
hundreds of graduates every year,
the newspapers they presumably
re to be more and more becom-
automated or are disappearing
ugh merger and sale. Editorial
ers lose their jobs or retire—and
t here is where the colleges could
for teachers whose prime in-
st during their working lives has
in the handling of words. . . .

FRANK WATERS
Port Washington, N.Y.

Dixie Justice

would like to know why Louis
ky, in "Justice With a Southern
ent" [March], states: "It is odd
true that Republican federal
ges in the South have generally
n more progressive and respon-
e than Democratic appointees."
e plain fact is that the Southern
ublican judges appointed by
enhower were not picked to
isfy segregationist Democratic
ators like James O. Eastland and
om Thurmond. They were picked
ause they were men who would
orce the law equally for all Amer-
ns, as the Constitution demands.
If Mr. Lusky really wants to ob-
ve something odd, let him take
te of a Democratic President who
points progressive, responsible
mocratic federal judges in the

South regardless of the protesting
howls of Eastland, Thurmond, & Co.
I'm afraid it will be a long wait.

JOHN MCCLAUGHRY, Ed.
Advance
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Lusky appears to be somewhat
frustrated by the annoying tactics of
massive resistance the Southern
states have used in attempting to
put off the inevitable. Gentle persua-
sion and continued pressure will gain
more for the Negro in the long run
than legislative militancy which
enacts "rights with teeth" and at the
same time encourages a vengeful at-
titude by those outside the South
that borders on a tyranny of the
majority over these bucolic and sen-
sitive people. . . .

T. M. RYAN
San Francisco, Calif.

Snubbing the Past

After spending five months this
past summer in Naples we returned
with the conviction, similar to Joseph
Jay Deiss's, that excavations and
care of antiquities such as Hercula-
neum are tasks for *all* descendants
of the Greco-Roman culture ["Her-
culaneum: Italy's Neglected Treasure
Trove," March]. . . . It is frightening
to think of "invaluable ruins crum-
bling into greater ruin, from lack of
simple care." However, I am not
optimistic when I see in my own
town the destruction of historic
eighteenth-century dwellings to be
replaced by a doughnut stand and
parking lot. . . .

MRS. ARLENE M. IANDOLO
Newport, R. I.

Galbraith's Utopia

I don't object to John Kenneth
Galbraith's proposed experiment
["Let Us Begin—An Invitation to
Action on Poverty," Easy Chair,
March] in bringing better education
to slums—in our state of ignorance,
it is entirely American to do *some-
thing* rather than accept a fate—but
I do recall hordes of well-educated
and idle men in the Germany and
United States of the 1930s and I
suspect that "good" as Mr. Gal-
braith's suggestion is, it will not
solve the problem of poverty.

But . . . how *do* we make an econ-
omy grow? In place of knowledge,

Main Course

"There are people," said the late
Spanish philosopher Jose Ortega y
Gasset, "who so arrange their lives
that they feed themselves only on
side dishes." And who—except per-
haps a vegetarian—wants to live on
string beans and carrots when he
might be enjoying lobster and filet
mignon?

Of course, Ortega y Gasset was
using *side dishes* metaphorically—
but that doesn't make the idea any
more attractive. Who, after all,
would choose mere subsistence
when a degree of comfort might
be his?

And yet, strangely enough, there
are many people who might be
better off than they are if they
would do something about it—if
they would take their surplus funds,
for example, and put them to work
in good common stocks.

Not that investing is a quick or
foolproof way of making money.
There's a risk of loss, of course, as
well as a possibility of gain. But
don't most worthwhile things in-
volve some risk-taking? And isn't the
possibility of a higher standard of
living worth some risk?

If it seems to you that you've
had too many side dishes and not
enough main courses and if you
think you'd like to risk some of your
surplus funds in the hope of pos-
sible reward, ask for a copy of our
booklet called "*How to Invest in
Stocks and Bonds*." It's available—
free—from any of our offices.



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LETTERS

Mr. Galbraith tells us we must have faith, "a determined liberal faith." But it is precisely the engine of failure that makes politicians so consistently wrong.

GWYNN NETTLER, Ph.D.

Lecturer in Sociology

University of Alberta

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

Mr. Galbraith writes about economic problems in a true Keynesian sense: with clarity and wit. In fact, he hit so many nails on the head so squarely that someone should hire him to work as a chief carpenter for our national economic programs.

BENJAMIN W. B.

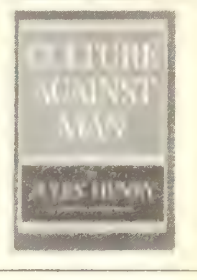
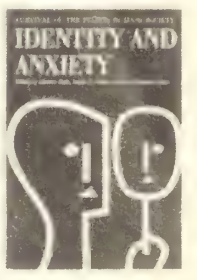
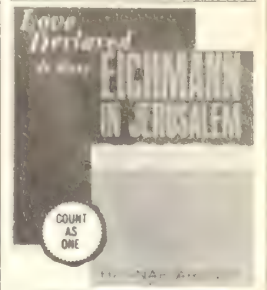
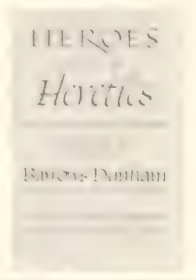
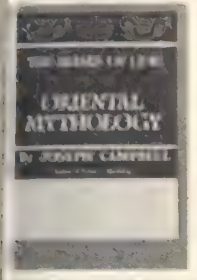
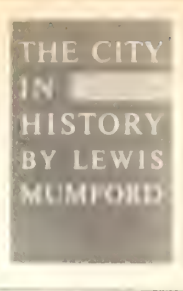
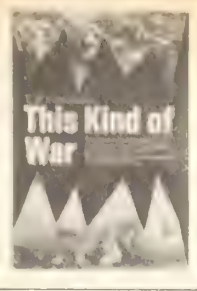
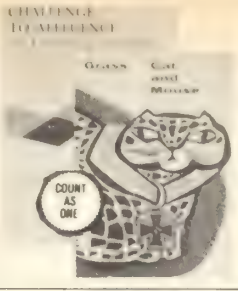
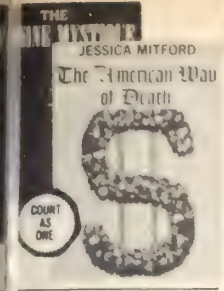
Everett, Mass.

The Pentagon and Patronage

Julius Duscha, in "Arms and Big Money Men" [Part I, March] has strung together a collection of tired clichés which have been formalized, over the last couple of years, into a sort of litany of technological, military, and political Know-Nothingism. . . .

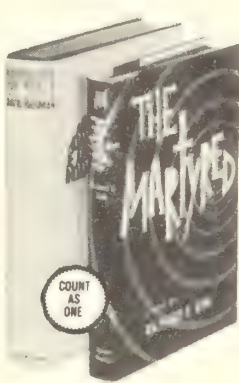
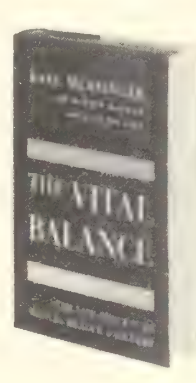
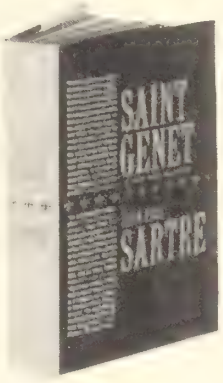
Mr. Duscha seems to find it surprising that Congressmen and Senators often view defense contracts as public-works projects. Anyone who has been around Washington for a length of time knows that this is true, but not only of defense spending. All federal spending falls in this category. Mr. Duscha optimistically suggests that money now being spent on defense should be shifted toward "education, rapid transportation, the renewal of our cities," etc. If he thinks that Congressional pressures will be directed on such projects, if he thinks that these would be free of waste, political manipulation, hasty decisions, outright graft and corruption, and all of the flaws he sees in the handling of defense contracts, then he is indeed whistling up a rose. Nowhere in government are there more examples of what Mr. Duscha views with such alarm than in the farm program. . . . Since the end of World War II, there has been no Billie Sol Estes in the defense program—not to my knowledge, at least. . . .

In the defense program, as in every effort involving large numbers of people and large sums of public money, there is waste, political pressure, Congressional logrolling, po-



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LETTERS

administration. No responsible person would deny this. But it is quite another thing to ignore the *raison d'être* for the program and to suggest that it would be better to spend defense money on something else rather than concentrating on spending it better. The need for a defense program is the nub of the matter and to conclude that the need is being manufactured by a sinister cabal of military leaders and industrialists is not worthy of *Harper's*. Let's disagree on weapon systems and strategies by all means. But let's not try to prove our point by questioning the motives of those with whom we disagree. . . .

JOHN F. LOOSBROCK, Ed.
Air Force Space Digest
Washington, D. C.

MR. DUSCHA REPLIES:

It is not surprising that Mr. Loosbrock would object to an effort to take a critical look at the defense program. His magazine is published by the Air Force Association, which, as I pointed out in the article, reflects the official views of the Air Force.

Nowhere in the article did I suggest that the need for defense has been "manufactured by a sinister cabal of military leaders and industrialists." I specifically rejected the "cabal" argument that has been made by other critics of the military and I also acknowledged the need for a defense program costing billions of dollars.

To say that there is waste in other government programs is no defense for the waste in the military programs.—J. D.

Mr. Duscha, in speaking of Navy, political, and other efforts to keep naval shipyards in operation, states: "Lobbying with and for the Navy are two powerful organizations, the Navy League and the National Security Industrial Association, both of which are financed by Navy Contractors." . . . I would like you to correct these errors in context.

Firstly, you should be interested in my President's Message in the January issue of *Navy—The Magazine of Sea Power* in which I say, . . . We agree with the Secretary of Defense—unneded [shipyards and other] installations should be closed."

Item number two. The Navy

League numbers well in excess 37,000 members. Less than one per cent of these are corporation or business memberships whose dues income is less than 1.5 per cent of our total dues income. Actually, we are "financed" by the voluntary individual memberships . . . only 10 per cent of whom are even in defense industries.

ROBERT H. BARNUM, Nat. Pre.
Navy League of the U.
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Duscha's statement about the National Security Industrial Association is incorrect. NSIA is a non-lobbying organization . . . and exists for the sole purpose of providing effective exchange of information and advice—in short, liaison—between industry and the Executive Branch of the government in defense matters. The Association is supported by the dues of its members, which are by no means only "Navy Contractors." Membership is open to all business, research, and educational organizations in the U. S., who are interested, directly or indirectly, in national defense. The membership, in fact, includes many contractors, subcontractors, and others concerned not only in Navy work but also in work for the other Services, for NASA, and for AEC. . . .

A large proportion of NSIA's work lies in rendering assistance to the Department of Defense, especially with respect to problems on which comprehensive industrial advice is needed. Incidentally, NSIA's most notable single contribution in this respect has been in the area of cost reduction.

R. N. MCFARLANE, Exec. Dir.
National Security Industrial Assoc.
Washington, D. C.

If Julius Duscha's remaining articles are as good as Part I of "Arms and the Big Money Men," this series will be the most important *Harper's* has run. . . . The lunacy is not in having armed forces but in permitting the military tail to wag the political dog. If we are so intellectually bankrupt that our only way of developing a noncommunist economy is through a military-based economy, we are indeed as degenerate as the Communists have claimed. . . .

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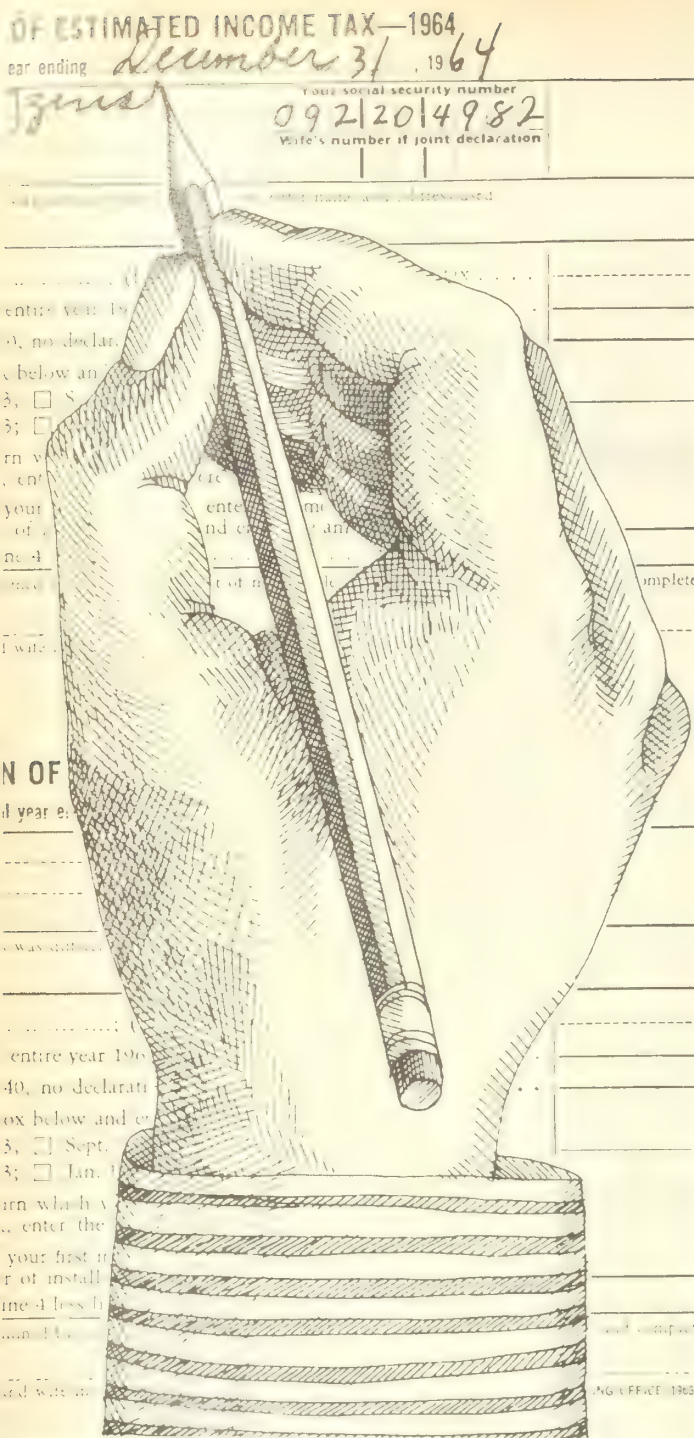


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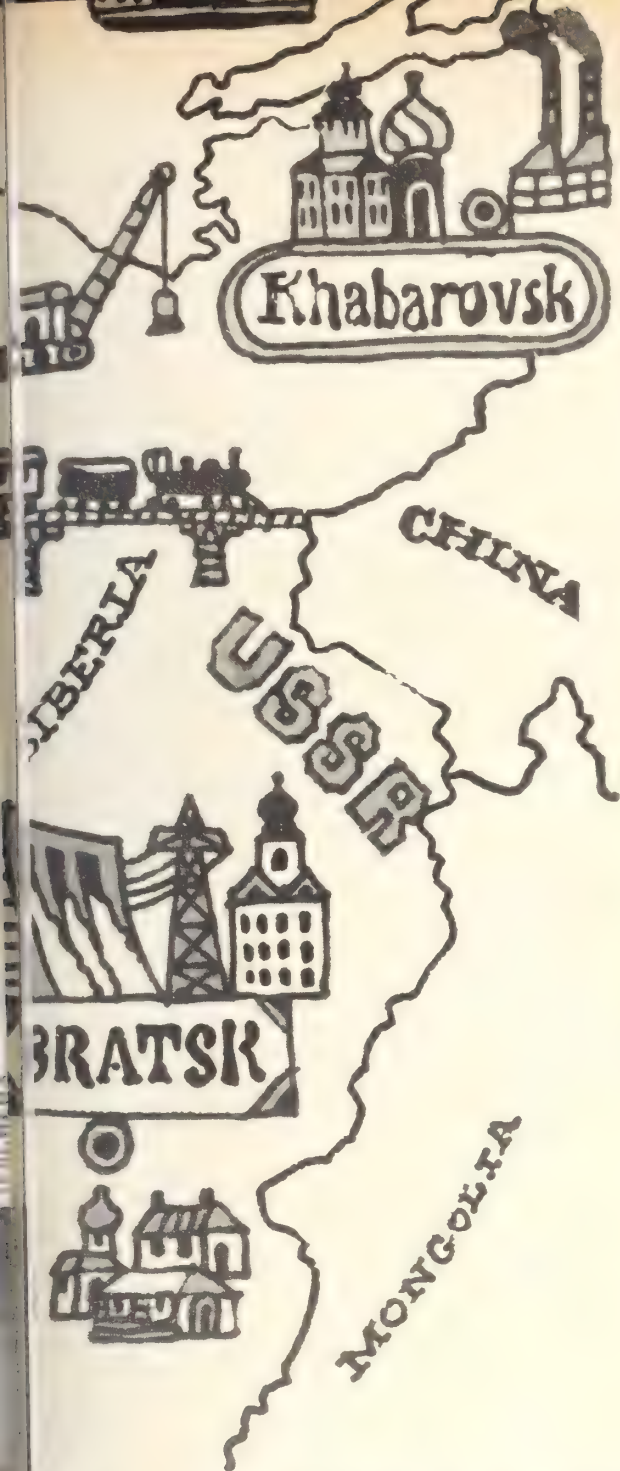
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THE PERCEPTIVE What's brewing at Bratsk, Russia's huge hydro site? How are things at Khabarovsk, 25 miles from Red China? Soviet electric power is being cut back, and Japanese investment in Siberia is growing. This news came from our Moscow News Bureau chief after a recent 10,000-mile journey. Such coverage is routine for McGraw-Hill's World News Service. Every week, this large business-news-gathering service relays a quarter million reports to McGraw-Hill's 43 business publications.



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What Doctors Can Do To Cut the Cost of Medical Care

by Theodore M. Sanders, M.D.

Dr. Sanders is an internist practicing in New York City who has been for many years an attending physician at voluntary and municipal hospitals. He was a member of the Committee for the Nation's Health and is a board member of the National Consumers League.

In the good old days fifty years or so ago, when a physician called on a lobar pneumonia patient, he might have prescribed tincture of aconite to abate the fever, a mustard plaster as a counterirritant, and fresh air. Then he went home and prayed to God for help during the crisis seven days away. Today, an antibiotic can lower the temperature within thirty-six hours.

No one, except a John Birch Society member, yearns for the past, but there are some lessons to be learned from it. The old-style doctor usually took care of his pneumonia patient at home. The modern one prefers the hospital where he can order a culture of the sputum to determine the causative organism, sensitization tests to find the best antibiotic to combat the bacteria, blood tests to follow the course of the disease; where oxygen is available and X-rays will watch the lung inflammation resolve. We have reduced the mortality from 20 per cent to less than one per cent and the duration of the disease from three weeks to one. We have also increased the cost of the illness fivefold—from approximately \$150 to \$750.

For Blue Cross subscribers—and others who are adequately insured—these costs are often hidden. They are real nonetheless. This is well-known to people who have no in-

surance, those who have used up their allotted Blue Cross time, and others who are insured under plans which give less protection. These patients are seldom rich.

I am thinking, for example, of a grocery clerk I will call Mr. Kruger, who belongs to a union health plan covering twenty-one days of hospital care a year. He has allergic asthma which occasionally precipitates irregularity and inefficiency of the heart. Last year, after he had spent his three insured weeks in the hospital, he developed a severe fungus pneumonia, caused—ironically—by the antibiotics and cortisone that had alleviated his asthma and bronchitis. He now needed, for about six hours a day, intravenous treatments of Amphotericin B (a drug known by the trade name of Fungizone). The cost of each treatment, which must be administered and regulated by a registered nurse, is around \$30. Mr. Kruger's hospital stay of two weeks for these treatments in a voluntary, nonprofit institution cost him \$1,195.

A few months later he became ill again and was admitted to the intensive-care unit, where the actual cost to the hospital is over \$50 a day. At the ward rate of \$30 his bill came to \$800. Since his financial situation was now desperate, philanthropy moved in: the hospital and city welfare funds paid part of his bill. Twenty years ago Mr. Kruger would have died of the same ailments. Today he is alive and well. However, he is also heavily in debt.

Such occurrences are not rare, even though three-quarters of all Americans are now covered by some form of health insurance. For it pays

only 30.1 per cent of the cost of medical care which now amounts annually to the enormous sum of \$35 billion. Of this total 27 per cent is spent on hospital care; 25 per cent on drugs; 23 per cent on doctors' fees, and the rest on dental and other services.

These statistics are analyzed in detail in a new book, *The Economics of American Medicine*, by Professor Seymour Harris of Harvard.* This eminent economist has done a thorough research job. He has collected all the facts, brought them up to date, and even projected some into the future. His book provides a complete and objective picture of how the "economics of the marketplace" affect medical costs. He also makes it possible to compare what Americans are getting for their money with the cost of other systems, particularly the British Health Service.

Not being a physician, Professor Harris makes few qualitative judgments. He is not trying to prove that one system is "better" or "worse" than another and he is not looking for villains. The American doctor is not painted as a saintly hero nor as a greedy pill merchant but as a professional man primarily concerned with the welfare of his patient. I think this picture is generally true; and it is also a fact, as Professor Harris points out, that doctors' fees have risen slowly compared to other items in the medical bill. Thus doctors might seem to be absolved from economic responsibility.

Not so. The doctor is, as Professor Harris says, "the key member of the medical team." What he does or does

* Published by Macmillan (\$8.50).



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How the great engineers of Borg-Warner helped keep this baby alive.

In 1961, Lutheran General Hospital near Chicago came to Borg-Warner's Research Center. The doctors had heard of a new method, developed in Holland, which the patient was kept under pressure in a hyperbaric chamber. Could Borg-Warner design such a chamber for them? Read what happened next and what's happening in the world of hyperbaric medicine today.

IN SEPTEMBER, 1962, a "blue baby" came to Lutheran General Hospital with an estimated forty-eight hours to live.

His parents had heard about an experimental chamber that was built

for Lutheran General by the engineers at Borg-Warner—a pressure chamber that increases the oxygen level in the blood by as much as 15 times.

The doctors agreed with the baby's parents to try this chamber as a last-ditch effort.

The Chicago papers picked up the story, and for weeks the people of Chicago anxiously followed the baby's progress.

Twenty days later, the baby died of heart failure. It was a sad day.

In New York, the parents of another "blue baby" heard about the work being done by Lutheran's doctors. They flew to Chicago. Their baby needed an operation, but wasn't thought strong enough to survive it.

He did survive. The chamber helped him gain weight and strength, and when the operation was performed, it was successful. Our picture shows you how that baby looks today—eighteen-month-old James Patrick Angus of Long Island, N. Y.

James Patrick Angus became the go-ahead for a full-scale hyperbaric facility.

Supported by the John A. Hartford Foundation, the doctors of Lutheran General went back to Borg-Warner. Could the engineers of the

Research Center design three large hyperbaric chambers and the machinery to make them work? Could the engineers at Borg-Warner's York Division build the new facility?

You bet they could.

The new facility is now in operation at Lutheran General, helping doctors learn the extent to which high pressure oxygen may help patients suffering from gas gangrene, carbon monoxide poisoning and certain kinds of shock.

And they plan additional research to evaluate its effect on heart attack victims and patients suffering from strokes and from impaired circulation of arms and legs.

The great engineers at Borg-Warner are pleased to have been a part of all this. And just tickled silly about young James Patrick Angus.



not do affects hospital and drug costs as well as the price of his own services.

Hospital costs have gone up three times as fast as all consumer prices. The price of food, drugs, and everything else used by the hospital has gone up—with the biggest increase in the payroll. Interns and residents now earn \$1,500 to \$4,000 a year—not much of a salary for a young doctor with a family but a tidy sum in the hospital budget. During my own days as an intern, I received board and maintenance for two-and-a-half years' work and then was handed a check for \$50 with the suggestion that I donate it back to the hospital. In those days graduate nurses commonly worked a twenty-hour day at fifty cents an hour. Today the usual rate is \$20 for an eight-hour day—not a high income for a skilled profession. But the very sick patient who needs round-the-clock private nursing pays \$60 a day for it, and Blue Cross does not cover such an item, though a few indemnity and major-medical policies may contribute part.

There are now 114 workers for each hundred patients in the hospital, compared to 73 per hundred fifteen years ago. In the voluntary hospital where I work the ratio is even higher—there are almost three full-time employees for each patient. What do all these white-coated people do? They work in the pharmacy; the clinics; the operating, emergency, and recovery rooms; the cardiac, X-ray, and other departments; blood bank, oxygen maintenance, engineering, accounting. They cook, make beds, clean, and in effect provide hotel accommodations.

In large part, the staff increase—like other costly increases—is required by progress in scientific medicine. From 1950 to 1960 the number of tests handled by the average hospital laboratory increased sixfold. Many of these tests are marvelous new tools, but they are very expensive in money and man-hours. All too many doctors routinely inscribe a full page of tests in the hospital order book. Some are necessary for the patient; some are interesting for educational purposes and for clinical research; and some are simply a shotgun attempt to hit the right diagnosis. Doctors should be wise

enough to use their God-given senses, experience, and logical thinking to arrive at a provisional diagnosis, and then order only the tests needed to confirm or disprove it. The doctor's forethought would mean a considerable saving to the patient's blood supply and pocketbook.

As hospital costs have risen—and as more and more patients make full use of their insurance—Blue Cross premiums have steadily gone up. This is not because Blue Cross makes a profit. As the biggest purchaser of hospital services, it drives a hard bargain with the hospitals and gives its subscribers excellent value. But a great many patients who could not afford it in the past now go to the hospital when they are sick. They go, generally, with their doctor's blessing, for he can see a half-dozen patients in the hospital in less time than it may take to visit one home.

Many physicians make virtually no house calls. Today's young mother doesn't seem to object to bringing a very sick baby to the doctor's office. But I suspect the older generation of pediatricians learned quite a bit because they were acquainted with the baby's home as well as with its weight and growth rate.

An elderly patient of mine gleefully told me the story of the doctor who discovered in the middle of the night that the toilet in his house

was not functioning. He called plumber, who was annoyed at his sleep disturbed. "Just drop aspirins down the drain," he "and call me in the morning isn't better."

Now I cling to the old-fashioned idea that if you are really sick, have a right to stay in bed and your doctor come to see you. A happens, the idea also makes nomic sense. Many patients who now hospitalized could be well cared for at home if more doctors were willing to make house calls. It would certainly be cheaper to expand excellent visiting-nurse services to keep filling hospital beds with patients who often do not need costly and elaborate scientific equipment.

While hospitals are often overused for insured people, they are underused by those who are not insured for purely economic reasons. For instance, just a few weeks ago I saw an elderly man in cardiac failure whose employer had allowed his Blue Cross insurance to lapse. He could not afford a semi-private bed at \$10 a day, and he is too proud to accept ward care. So I had to treat him on an ambulatory basis. He is improving much too slowly and he is taking a calculated risk with his life.

Economics also affect what happens to a patient after he is admitted to the hospital. For example, I was recently called in as a consultant to see a semi-private patient who had uremia from acute nephritis (Bright's Disease). The hospital did not have an artificial kidney, so recommended transferring him to a hospital that had one. This machine requires a team of doctors, nurses, and biochemists—costing \$360 a treatment. Blue Cross usually does not cover such costly life-saving therapy. While his friends and family were trying to figure out the way to pay for the treatment, the patient died. Possibly he would have lived anyway, but the decision about treatment was made on economic not medical grounds. The extra-corporeal heart pump used in cardiac surgery is even more expensive, and it costs a hospital \$500 to insert the electrical pacemaker used on patients with heart blocks. Eventually, I predict, Blue Cross will cover the cost of such rare pro-



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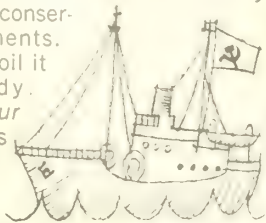
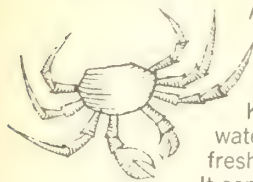
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THE EASY CHAIR

cedures. But there is a limit to the expenses that can be loaded onto voluntary health insurance without pushing the premiums up beyond the means of the average individual.

Fortunately most ailments do not require such elaborate treatment. Pills cost a good deal less but even they are no small item in the medical bill. From 1929 to 1956 prescription sales climbed from \$140 million to \$1,466 million a year, and the average price per prescription rose from 85 cents to \$2.62. Citing the findings of the Kefauver Committee, Professor Harris makes a strong case for more—and more stringent—regulation of the pharmaceutical industry by the government.

Here, however, I am concerned with what doctors could do to cut the nation's drug bill. Most of us are much too susceptible to the pitch of detail men who call on us daily with elegantly packaged samples of "new" products. Often the "newness" consists only of a different arrangement of molecules or a combination of several old drugs. Marketing these "new" products is profitable for the pharmaceutical houses but it is an economic waste which doctors tolerate.

Drugs are always cheaper if ordered by the generic rather than the proprietary trade names. For instance, 1.5 grains of sodium secobarbital (generic name) costs about a third as much as 1.5 grains of Seconal (trade name), both of which have been pronounced equally safe and effective by the U. S. Food and Drug Administration.

All good hospitals request doctors to use generic names, but few doctors carry this sensible habit over into their private practices. This is not due to sheer cussedness. Pharmaceutical advertisements and detail men first announce new drugs by their trade names. Much later, the American Medical Association christens the drugs generically—and then usually with long, undescriptive names. For example Peritrate, a coronary artery dilator is, generically, penterythritol tetranitrate. Diuril, a diuretic, is chlorothiazide. Dexedrine, a cerebral stimulant, is dextroamphetamine sulphate.

Practicing doctors are often rusty on chemistry and lazy about writing. So it is not surprising that they use

the familiar trade names. But the AMA's Council on Drugs could certainly invent brief and functional descriptive names and do it easily. Lately the Council has been making an effort in the right direction.

In an affluent period, people have more of what Professor Harris calls "disposable income," i.e., money after taxes, not needed for the bare essentials of life. They worry more about their health, thanks in part to the widespread publicity about the big killers—heart and blood-vessel diseases and cancer. Psychosomatic complaints have been increased by the competition and frustrations of urban life. These days stress seems to require tranquilizers, fatigue requires vitamins, and so the average American swallows pills *ad nauseam*.

While the demand for medical care has been rising, the supply of doctors has been steadily shrinking in relation to the population. As a result American physicians have done very well for themselves financially.

Doctors are now in the top 5 per cent income group in America—with the average net income for those in private practice, according to Professor Harris, \$25,000. An English general practitioner earns only 3 per cent more than a college teacher but the average American physician earns three times as much. In what seems to me an understatement, Professor Harris observes, "The public tends to get a bad image of the physician if his income seems to be out of line with that of others of similar training."

Harris does not, however, accuse American doctors of price gouging. "Physicians do not behave exactly like other members of the market," he says. "As the demand rises they react by providing increased service through longer hours and more services per hour . . . they are slow to react through an increase in the fee charged."

In fact, from 1936 to 1961, the cost of each service rendered by a doctor increased only 23 per cent—far less than the rise in the price of beauty parlors, plumbers, electricians, and other services. What, then, caused the big jump in doctors' incomes? Professor Harris attributes it to (1) improved collections and (2) "increased productivity"—made possible

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through the use of more assistants, more efficient drugs and equipment, and a variety of techniques (including the elimination of house calls) which enable him to see more patients per hour. When doctors are scarce, each one is more "productive"—that is, he works longer hours. At present, Professor Harris points out, the average physician works at least 50 per cent more hours than the average industrial worker.

The scarcity of physicians affects medical costs. For example, when bronchoscopy was in its infancy and there were no more than a dozen first-rate specialists in the country, \$1,000 was a usual fee for removing a small toy which a child had aspirated. Today almost every good hospital has a skilled bronchoscopist and he will charge \$250 or less for the same service. Conversely, as a type of service grows scarce, it commands a higher price. Thus in 1929, when there were plenty of general practitioners, they earned only 40 per cent as much as specialists. Today, as the GP becomes a vanishing breed, his income is within 81 per cent of the specialist's. Similarly, in the Southeastern states, where there are 22 per cent fewer doctors in relation to population, they have higher average incomes than in the more prosperous Northeast.

A doctor shortage, of course, operates to the detriment of the patient. He pays more and gets less of the doctor's time for his money, errors of omission inevitably increase, and the quality of medical care suffers. In my opinion doctors have an obligation to see that there is an adequate supply of young physicians so that the older men are not overworked and spread too thin. This is essential to keep the quality of care high and the cost within bounds.

Unfortunately, the medical profession must take a large part of the blame for the present shortage of physicians and the increased costs which have resulted. Although the AMA has sponsored some modest scholarship programs, it has until recently opposed all federal aid to medical education. One is forced to agree with Professor Harris that "in agitating against federal aid for expanding medical schools . . . the AMA has acted like the most restrictive trade unions."

The AMA has also fought stubbornly against Medicare—the health insurance plan for old people financed through Social Security—on the grounds that it will be an "entrenched wedge" for "socialized medicine" and that there is no need for such legislation. But the fact is, as Professor Harris says, there are few advocates of compulsory national health insurance in this country today. On the other hand, the problems of old age and sickness are a matter of a widespread concern—not merely to the old people themselves but to the families, who must often sacrifice the needs of their own children if they don't want to see their parents spend their days as public charity cases.

Professor Harris suggests that the AMA might hold the line on "socialized medicine" better by moderating its attitude on Medicare. "Once the problem of the old, more vulnerable than any other group and one with much political power, is treated adequately," he says, "then the likelihood of National Health Insurance would be greatly reduced. . . . The AMA greatly underestimates the vested interest and power of existing insurance groups who will oppose National Health Insurance vigorously."

Most American doctors firmly believe that they can deliver the best medical care under our present combination of fee-for-service, voluntary hospital and sickness insurance and an unfettered pharmaceutical industry. They insist on doing this with a minimum of help from government, though why they fear government I do not know.

As one learns more about systems of medical care in other countries it is obvious that none is perfect and that ours has much to commend. But it also has some glaring defects, particularly its price tag. As the most influential spokesmen for "free market" medicine it behooves doctors to do much more than they have done to keep the cost of medical care within the reach of every sick individual. This means that physicians will have to learn to think honestly and objectively about the economics of their own profession. Open-minded study of *The Economics of American Medicine* would be an excellent way to begin.



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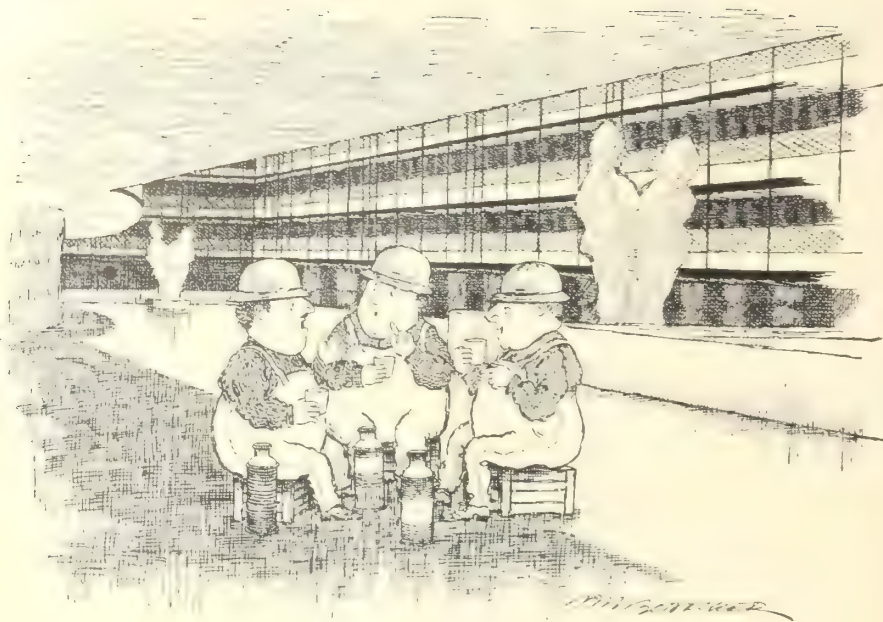
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A Parlor for New York *by Russell Lynes*

Author of "The Domesticated Americans" and other books of social history, Russell Lynes also frequently observes and writes about our public buildings and manners.

Late in February, on the occasion of a meeting of the Friends of the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library, I put my head up through a hole in the bottom of a model of the New York State Theatre that was set upon stilts, and looked around. I found myself encased in an image of red plush and gold that had all the charm and much of the spirit of a seventeenth-century peep show. Mr. Lincoln Kirstein, impresario, soloist, and teacher of American ballet, stood by encouraging those of us who were waiting for the meeting to take a look. "It is absolutely accurate," he said, "except that the color isn't quite right. Actually it is richer."

A few days later I was able to verify Mr. Kirstein's observation in the presence of Philip Johnson, the architect of the new theatre in Lincoln Center that was to open on April 23 with a performance by Balanchine's ballet troupe. (On April 29 there was to be a benefit for the New York Public Library's distinguished Dance Collection, whose eighty thou-

sand programs, photographs, prints, books, and other memorabilia will next year be moved to the Center.) Mr. Johnson, a wiry man, both speaks and walks in spurts, and he talks, not without justification, in superlatives. The afternoon he took me to the theatre the sky was rather overcast, and the tall travertine colonnades of the façade of the theatre looked creamy against the bronze-mullioned glass panels behind them.

"This is the *last* time a building will be built of travertine," he said. "Soon nobody will know how to carve it. All of the travertine we're using is from the same quarry in Italy."

In front of the theatre's façade, which faces the portal of Philharmonic Hall, was a blue-and-white-striped circular tent that might have housed a large carousel.

"Look in there," Mr. Johnson said to me.

Inside was a complex of copper pipes in a wide circle that looked not unlike an air filter for a gigantic automobile engine.

"It's going to be the *most* spectacular fountain in the world," Mr. Johnson said. "Don't ask me to explain it. It will work with electronic tapes and computers. You program it, and then just push a button. We hope to get people like John Cage

and Sandy Calder to program it." Johnson looked up at the building.

"Ah," he said, "they're putting the travertine for the balcony. beautiful."

The New York State Theatre had been a gleam in the eye of Mr. Kirstein and Mr. Johnson since 1939, long before Lincoln Center was conceived and before it became a matter of civic pride to isolate Culture in enclaves. Johnson's first concern with housing the dance was his removing of the rooms of the American School of the Ballet when this school was located at Madison Avenue and 59th Street. With very little chance of ever seeing them realized in stone and plush, Johnson made plans and models for the ideal dance theatre over the years.

"The teacup cannot be improved on," Kirstein had said at the meeting of the Dance Committee when he was discussing the new theatre, "neither can the baroque theatre do not mean baroque as a decorative attitude and ideal. The baroque theatre is based on a picture frame, a musical theatre and ballet theatre must have a proscenium that is still a frame."

The new theatre at Lincoln Center



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AFTER HOURS

Mr. Kirstein explained, is a "very large theatre," not quite as large as the City Center, where the ballet now performs (3,300 seats), but nonetheless very large. It will have about 2,800 seats, "not all of them perfect but more of them perfect than in any other theatre." The plan is "radical" there are no center aisles and there are forty inches between rows of seats.

"Everybody is going to like it except the critics who have no aim to sit on," Mr. Kirstein said. "It is a theatre that reminds you of the great ones of Europe. It is a theatre that gives importance to the spectacle. It is actually a small opera house designed for things with a singing rather than a dialogue base, operetta and shows like *The King and I* and ballet. It doesn't pretend to be a perfect acoustical house. Everything has been left out that is not concerting. The best seats are in the center of the third balcony."

A number of years ago when the first discussions of the new theatre were held, Governor Rockefeller, according to Mr. Kirstein, said: "I should build a monument that would last forever." The Governor had something beside just a theatre on his official mind. He also observed that "New York has no parlor," and he urged that the State Theatre correct this shortcoming and provide a site of splendor for official entertainment commensurate with the dignity of the Empire State.

Mr. Johnson set out to make the theatre and its parlor as elegant and as rich as possible and he has managed to do just this without being pompous (no mean trick) or oppressive. Tiaras will look well in the theatre with its gold-faced balcony and gilded proscenium; so will diamonds and white kid gloves. But also will almost any other sort of garb, because the richness has a kind of magic that endows what it contains with elegance. I am guessing, of course, for when I saw it, it was occupied only by a few construction men in overalls and yellow plastic helmets and some craftsmen high on scaffolds finishing the gold-leafing the ceiling.

"It's the biggest gold-leaf job in the world," Mr. Johnson said, adding another superlative.



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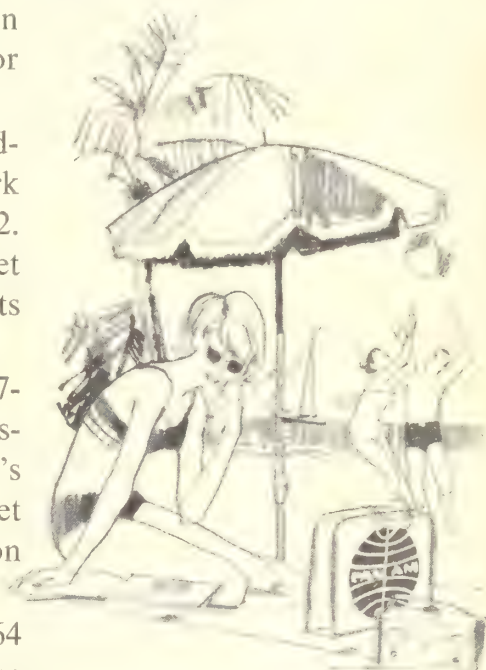
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AFTER HOURS

Just inside the front entrance of the theatre is a comparatively low-ceilinged (compared, that is, with the ceiling of the room above) foyer at one side of which the ticket windows are set in panels of red marble. From either end of this foyer, wide, shallow staircases lead up to a grand promenade. One wall of this tremendously tall (50 feet) and long (200 feet) room is the north glass façade of the building, against which are inside balconies and a curtain of metal beads that by day will soften the light from outdoors without being opaque, and by night will glitter from the light within without obscuring the view of the fountain.

At either end of this hall, which can be used as a banquet hall seating six hundred persons (the kitchens are in the basement), are sculptures of heroic size, carved in Carrara marble after statues by Elie Nadleman. The afternoon I was there, they were still swathed in canvas and tied with ropes, and their bases were still to be encased in polished stone. The wall that faces the shower of beads is broken by three balconies which are the promenades for the levels above the pit of the theatre. Their railings are paneled with a mesh of gilt, made of irregular and reflecting metal. It is the ceiling of this room that is the biggest gold-leaf surface in the world. It is as alive as it is rich.

"Gold is gold," Mr. Johnson said, "and there is no substitute for it."

Mr. Johnson took me onto the stage, on which were scattered (but not in disorder) metal frames of various sorts that evidently had something to do with the elaborate mechanics of lifting and lowering scenery.

"What are these?" I asked.

"I haven't the faintest idea," said Mr. Johnson, and added, "There are springs under the flooring of the stage. Balanchine wanted them."

On the far side of the stage (stage right) we paused and looked up.

"We've got the highest operating proscenium in the world . . . thirty-nine feet," he said. "The stage is fifty-six feet wide—the same as the Met—and it's sixty feet deep. That is big for an American stage but not for a German stage."

I pointed to an elaborate panel filled with switches, hundreds and

hundreds of them. "What's that I asked."

Mr. Johnson turned to an electrician who was working on "Don't you call that the panel board?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," the man said.

"It's the latest thing, they tell me," Mr. Johnson said. "I wouldn't know."

We went into the theatre proper and looked up at the scaffold that covered the area where the curtain will be. A board fell down through the iron pipes with an ominous clatter.

"This is a hard-hat job," Mr. Johnson said. "The light in the theatre will come largely from the reflection of light on the curtain. It will glow."

He pointed up to the chandeliers which were designed by Richard Kelly and to the lights widely spaced in circular reflectors in the balconies. "They are not meant to give much light; they will look like jewels." The ceiling is a gold mesh over the main part of the house, and where the top balconies recede there are lighted holes in the ceiling to emphasize a sharply retreating perspective ending in darkness. Everything that is not gold is deep red.

In the promenade, everything that is not gold is travertine and the walls are covered with an off-white carpeting to give them a rich texture.

"This must have been a terribly expensive job," I said.

"Nineteen million," Mr. Johnson said. "We're below budget."

It was after the crews had quit the day when we tried to leave the building through its main entrance by which we had come in. A watchman stopped us.

"I'm the architect," Mr. Johnson said.

"There were three other guys who said they were the architect," the watchman said.

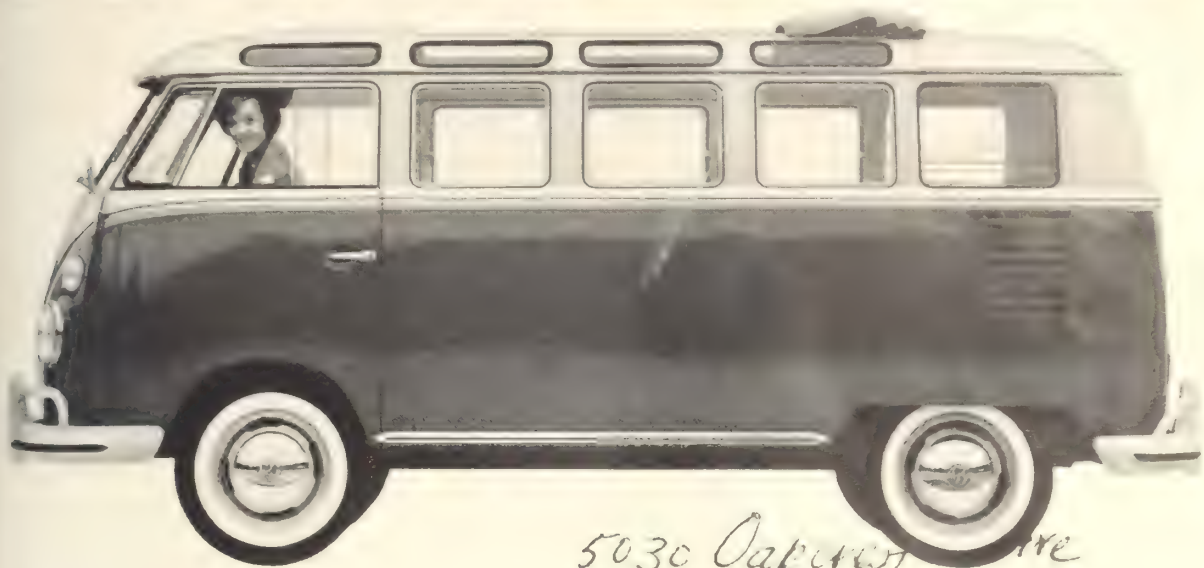
"My name's Johnson; what's yours?"

They shook hands, and the watchman led us to an exit on the other side of the building which we reached by crossing the stage.

As we passed the main watchman at a table, our guide said to him, "This here is the architect." The watchman at the desk said, "Yeah."

And then we were out on the sidewalk.

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Harper's

magazine

Give Slum Children a Chance

a radical proposal

By Charles E. Silberman

Can the nation afford a public-school system which is failing to educate between 50 and 80 per cent of its Negro and white slum children?

Horace Mann called education "the great equalizer of the conditions of men . . . the balance wheel of the social machinery."

The wheel is out of balance. As the one institution with which every Negro and white slum child comes into intensive and prolonged contact, the public school offers the greatest opportunity to dissolve the cultural barrier that helps block their advance. But the opportunity is being muffed: no city in the United States has even begun to face up to the problem involved in educating the Negro or white slum youngster.

The root of the problem educationally is that the slum child does not learn to read properly in the first two grades. Whether because of this reading disability alone, or because of difficulty

in handling abstract concepts that stem from independent causes, the slum child falls further and further behind after the third grade; the gap widens, and his IQ actually declines. His failure to read properly affects a lot more than his school work. It has a profound impact on how he regards himself and consequently on how he regards school. Poor reading skill at the start is the major cause of school dropouts and subsequent unemployment.

No informed person can believe any longer that the poor—or the Negroes specifically—are congenitally slow or illiterate. Yet we have had almost no success in combating this most crippling of a child's handicaps. Even the most well-intentioned and well-financed special program for the "culturally deprived child" serves to help only a small upper crust. New York City, for example, spends some \$200 a year *more* per child in slum schools than in white middle-class schools. Yet with it all, third-grade pupils in the schools of central Harlem are one year behind grade level in academic performance; by the sixth grade, they have fallen nearly two years behind, and by eighth grade, two and a half years. And some cities aren't even making an

effort. Chicago, for example, appropriates 20 per cent *less* per child in Negro schools than in white middle-class schools.

The reason we have failed is that we start much too late, after the damage is already done. Instruction in the first grade of our public schools takes it for granted that a child has completed a reading-readiness program in the kindergarten year. Yet only a small fraction of Negro or lower-class white youngsters attend kindergarten. Compulsory kindergarten undoubtedly would improve matters, but the basic problem would remain. That problem, stated simply, is that the environment in which lower-class Negro and white children grow up does not provide the intellectual and sensory stimulus they so desperately need. The result is that youngsters from impoverished backgrounds enter school lacking a great many skills which the teachers and the curriculum take for granted, and which most middle-class children have acquired as a matter of course.

A Child's World of Poverty

The slum youngsters, for example, may lack the sense of auditory discrimination—the ability to distinguish very subtle differences and nuances in sound—that is essential to reading. The noise level in a household in which a half-dozen people are living in two rooms tends to be so high that the child is forced to learn how *not* to listen; he develops the ability to wall himself off from his surroundings. Hence he fails to develop an ability to distinguish between relevant and irrelevant sounds, and to screen out the irrelevant. If, for instance, a truck rumbles by while the teacher is talking, the lower-class pupil hears only one big jumble of sound; the middle-class pupil has the ability to screen out the irrelevant noise of the truck and listen only to the teacher.

More important, the lower-class child has not had the experience of having adults correct his pronunciation; correction of baby speech and of mistakes in syntax or grammar is one crucial way in which the middle-class child learns the ability to distinguish subtle nuances of sound and language—"b" as opposed to "p," for example. In the case of the lower-class Negro youngster, particularly in families recently moved from the South, the problem is compounded several times over by the fact that the phonic system of the language he speaks is quite different from the system of the language which the teacher speaks and which the reading primers use.

The lower-class child, moreover, tends to have

a poor attention span and to have great difficulty following the teacher's orders. The reason is that he generally comes from a nonverbal household: adults speak in short sentences, if indeed they speak at all, and when they give orders to the child, it is usually in monosyllables—"get this," "bring that." The child has never been obliged to listen to several lengthy sentences spoken consecutively. And the speech he does hear tends to be of a very simple sort from the standpoint of grammar and syntax. In school, the middle-class teacher who rambles on for several sentences might just as well be talking another language. The nonverbal atmosphere of the home also means that lower-class children have a limited perception of the world about them: they do not know that objects have names (table, wall, book), or that the same object may have several names (an apple is fruit, red, round, juicy). They also have very little concept of size or time.

The lower-class youngsters are poorly motivated, because they have had little experience in receiving approval for success in a task or disapproval for failure; but school is organized on the assumption that children expect approval for success. And since the parents, because of their general nonverbal orientation, do not ask the youngsters about school, the children have no way of knowing that the parents *do* very much want and expect success. For much the same reason, these children do not conceive of an adult as a person of whom you ask questions and from whom you get answers—yet school is based on the assumption that children who don't understand will ask. The middle-class mother, by contrast, is engaged in almost constant dialogue with her child. The slum child's home is characterized by a general sparsity of objects: there are few toys, few pictures, few books, few magazines, few of anything except people and noise. In one group of Negro children whom Dr. Martin Deutsch, director of the Institute of Developmental Studies of New York Medical College, has studied, 50 per cent said they did not have a pencil or pen at home, and about as many said there were no books or magazines. Their experiences outside the home are equally narrow; 65 per cent had never gone beyond a twenty-five block radius.

Charles E. Silberman is a member of the Board of Editors of "Fortune" Magazine and a lecturer in economics at Columbia University. He was educated in the New York City public schools and at Columbia University, and was co-author of "America in the Sixties." His forthcoming book, "Crisis in Black and White" will be a study of the Negro in American society.

Given this poverty of experience, it is almost inevitable that the slum child will fail when he enters school. He simply has not been prepared to produce what the school demands, and by and large the school makes no attempt to adjust its curriculum to the realities of what its children actually know, as opposed to what they are *assumed* to know.

"The Child Is Father"

So far, I have stressed the slum youngsters' failure to acquire a specific set of skills—auditory discrimination, sense of timing, etc.—which are prerequisite to learning how to read. The problem cuts far deeper than that. An impressive body of research in the psychology of cognition and perception as well as in the neurophysiology of the brain has made it clear that exercise of the mind early in life is essential for its later development. The human being is born with less than one third of the adult brain capacity, and there is tremendous growth of the cortex after birth. The way in which the cortex and, indeed, the whole nervous system develop is directly affected by the environment. Hence, mental alertness and in particular the ability to handle abstractions depend physiologically on a broad diversity of experience in the environment of early childhood.

"We know now," says Professor Jerome Bruner, director of Harvard's Center for Cognitive Studies, "that the early challenges of problems to be mastered, of stresses to be overcome, are the preconditions of attaining some measure of our full potentiality as human beings. The child is father to the man in a manner that may be irreversibly one-directional, for to make up for a bland impoverishment of experience early in life may be too great an obstacle for most organisms." As Bruner puts it, "supply creates its own demand"; in the phrase of the great Swiss child psychologist Jean Piaget, "the more a child has seen and heard, the more he wants to see and hear."

The problems Negro and other slum youngsters have in learning are no different in kind, therefore, and hardly different in degree, from those of any children coming from a culture of poverty. Thus, the analysis that Deutsch, J. McV. Hunt, and others have made of the reasons for the failure of lower-class children in school are virtually identical with the diagnoses Israeli educators have made of the reasons for the academic failures of the so-called "Oriental Jews"—children of immigrants to Israel from Arabic countries in

North Africa (Morocco, Algeria, Egypt) and the Middle East (Iraq, Yemen, Kurdistan). A sizable gap is evident when these youngsters start school: they score, on average, sixteen points lower on IQ tests than children coming from a Western European background. And the gap widens as they go through school; by age thirteen, the IQ differential is twenty-two points. Until remedial measures were taken, few went to high school, which is not compulsory, and hardly any to the university. Yet there could be no conclusion drawn about inherent inferiority; for a thousand years, the flowering of Jewish culture and learning was in Arabic countries. Studies by Israeli educators have pointed to the same reasons for these youngsters' poor academic performance: an impoverishment of environment—a lack of stimulation, particularly of the verbal sort, in the early years—which must be compensated for in some way if it is to be overcome.

Starting in Nursery School

Nothing less than a radical reorganization of American elementary education is necessary, therefore, if the schools are to begin to discharge their obligation to teach the Negro and white slum youngsters. To reverse the effects of a starved environment, the schools must begin admitting children at the age of three or four, instead of at five or six. The nursery school holds the key to the future—but a very different kind of nursery school from the one most Americans are familiar with.

It is between the ages of three and six that the battle is won or lost. "The two-and-a-half and three-year-olds are almost universally curious and friendly," says Dr. Ronald Koegler, a neuropsychiatrist at UCLA who is experimenting with a Montessori nursery program for culturally deprived children, "but by the age of six, the children are already different. The culturally deprived have already been deadened by their environment and are already so far behind the middle-class child that all the best elementary education will not be sufficient for them to catch up." Dr. Koegler may be exaggerating somewhat, but the point he is making is basic: the schools which wait until kindergarten or first grade will need to employ many, many more resources to do what they might do with comparative ease for children at age three and four.

By all odds the most important experiment in nursery education for Negro and white slum children is a research and demonstration project

directed by Martin Deutsch in ten New York City public schools and five day-care centers. Deutsch's ultimate objective is to develop a standardized curriculum and a set of teaching techniques that can be used in similar programs anywhere in the country. (Some thirty cities are setting up, or talking about setting up, nursery programs for the culturally deprived, more or less modeled on the Deutsch experiment.) The curriculum is designed to teach the youngsters the verbal and perceptual skills they need in order to learn to read, and also to bolster their sense of self. There is a great deal of emphasis on teaching labeling—getting across the notion, first, that every object has a name, and, second, the more sophisticated concept that objects may have a number of different labels, each referring to different attributes. A teacher may use puppets or other replicas of people, animals, and objects to illustrate the story she is reading, to drive home the relation between people and things. Much use is made, also, of toys: stuffed animals, dolls, peg boards, color cones, to teach color, shape, and size. Auditory discrimination is taught through a tape recorder, in which background noise is used to mask a relevant sound; the level of the background noise is gradually stepped up, to enhance the child's discrimination. To help develop a sense of self, the rooms contain a great many mirrors; many children have never seen themselves in one. One of Deutsch's most successful techniques has been to take a photograph of each child and give a copy to the child and to the parent; 85 per cent of the youngsters had never seen a picture of themselves. The pictures were then used to construct a book about the class.

The physical arrangements of the classroom are planned carefully. The emphasis is on order, beauty, and clarity—on balancing color, physical objects, and space. This is important, Deutsch feels, because there is so little beauty and so little structure in the children's own lives. They respond amazingly to beauty. (Children will typically comment, "I wish I could live in this classroom," and older brothers or sisters in the same school will express envy at the younger child being in such an attractive room.) Each room is divided into a number of self-contained sections: a reading section with books, as well as tape recorders children can use on their own to play back a favorite story; a music section, with phonograph and records; an activity section with blocks and other toys involving motor skills and coordination. The sections are quite distinct—clarity is necessary, in Deutsch's view—but not rigid; they can be rearranged whenever desired.

Each child has his own cubby to provide a sense of privacy and personal possession, both of which are difficult to find in a slum home.

The Israeli Example

It is not enough just to work with the children. Deutsch tries to work with the parents too—to win their trust, which is essential if the program is to succeed, and to give them some instruction in how to help their children. Once the former is done, the latter is relatively easy: once they have been persuaded that this is a genuine attempt to help their children, not a venture in brainwashing, the parents (or rather, the mothers—55 per cent of the youngsters come from broken homes) are eager to get instruction. Deutsch and his staff suggest that the parents encourage the child to talk at the dinner table, especially about school, a completely novel experience to a great many parents; that they give him toys, praise his success—in short, let the child know that the parent wants him to succeed in school and is interested in what he does. This has enormous impact on the children's verbal ability, for they begin talking about school when they get home, instead of remaining mute; and it has profound effect on increasing motivation.

The youngsters in Deutsch's experimental classes show significant improvements in IQ test scores. The more profound effects may be less measurable, but they are striking to anyone who spends even a few weeks in one of the classrooms observing the children; they change under the observer's eye. Kindergarten teachers who receive youngsters exposed to even as little as six months of Deutsch's experimental program are almost speechless with enthusiasm. In all their years of teaching, they say, they have never had slum youngsters enter as well-equipped intellectually, as alert, as interested, or as well-behaved.

My proposal to extend public education down to the nursery level is not nearly as extreme as it sounds. Israel, with a standard of living only about one third that of the United States, has already adopted such a policy, and is in the process of establishing nurseries for the Oriental Jews as the means of acculturating its new immigrants in a single generation. The government has formally adopted a policy of preferential treatment, called "state protection." Compensatory education begins at the prenatal level, when amateur social workers visit the pregnant mother and the father; among other things, they teach the parents how to play with the children,

and leave a set of toys which the government lends the family for a period of a year or so. The government is rapidly establishing free nursery schools so that the Oriental youngsters can begin school at three; the curriculum closely resembles the one Martin Deutsch is developing.

Help does not stop at that point, however. The Israeli educators have tried to isolate the critical points in intellectual development. The first is the nursery-school years; the second is the first and second grades, when the children learn to read. The Israelis are convinced that anyone, even the mentally retarded, can be taught to read. The problem, as Dr. Moshe Smilansky, Pedagogical Adviser to the Minister of Education puts it, is simply one of adapting the method of instruction to the state of development in which the child comes to school. Three years of intensive work have convinced the Israelis that 80 to 85 per cent of the Oriental youngsters can be brought up to the expected reading level.

The third critical point at which Israel's Oriental youngsters need help is the junior-high period (ages twelve to fourteen); they receive up to eleven hours of additional instruction a week, in order to help them adjust to the more complex curriculum they begin to receive, and to help them prepare for high school. In addition to the extra instruction given to all the Oriental youngsters, the government has adopted a separate program for the most academically talented: the top 25 per cent. The object, quite explicitly, is to encourage the development of an intellectual elite among the Oriental students—to create a group that will go through high school and the university without difficulty and then move into positions of responsibility in government, in business management, and in the army, thereby demonstrating to the rest of the Oriental community as well as to the Western Jewish community that Orientals *do* have the capacity to move to the top of Israeli society.

An Older Experiment

One reason the Israelis have been so successful is that they have far greater administrative flexibility than we do in America; the director of research operates out of the office of the Minister of Education, so his research results can be immediately translated into administrative policy. The main reason for success, however, is the commitment to the program of "state protection" at all levels of government. The officials in charge of the program (though needless to say,

not all the teachers in the field) really believe that there is no inherent difference in intelligence between Oriental and Western youngsters—and that in any case IQ scores are meaningless as a guide to a child's potential.

This notion is crucial if any program is to succeed in the United States. The traditional American approach has been to see the child as a more or less fixed, static entity that has been determined by genetic environment. Hence the emphasis on IQ: you have to measure what the child is before you can decide what to teach him, and how. The Israeli educators—and people like Deutsch, Bruner, Professor O. K. Moore of Rutgers, and Professor J. McV. Hunt of the University of Illinois, in the United States, as well as Montessori before them—see the child instead as an "open system." They are interested less in what the child *is* than in what he can *become*, and their goal is to provide whatever materials and techniques are needed to develop his intellectual abilities to the fullest. This is a far cry from the so-called "life adjustment" approach so popular in the United States a while ago; indeed, it is its very opposite, since life adjustment assumed irreversibility of a child's nature. The Israelis reject the idea that there is a point at which it is too late to help a child, though they agree that help is far more effective if begun in the nursery years. And they assume that intellectual development is a major source of mental health; children who receive an infusion of competence from the very beginning—who learn "I can" at the start of school—will tend to be stable, well-adjusted individuals as adults.

The Israeli example is by no means the only one. The first demonstration of the value of early childhood education in reversing the effects of poverty occurred nearly sixty years ago, when the Casa dei Bambini was established in a Roman tenement by Dr. Maria Montessori, one of the towering figures in the history of education, and one who is just beginning to be appreciated. Something of a Montessori revival has occurred in the United States in recent years, and several experiments using her methods are in process.

The Montessori approach may be particularly relevant to our own time for a number of reasons. It emphasizes what psychologists call *intrinsic* motivation—harnessing the child's innate curiosity and delight in discovery. Each child is free, therefore, to examine and work with whatever interests him, for as long as it interests him, from the materials that are available. What is available is determined by the Montessori concept of "prepared environment," which places

great stress on training the sensory processes: cognition is enhanced by providing appropriate stimuli to *all* the senses.

The chief advantage of the Montessori approach, in the opinion of J. McV. Hunt, is that "it gives the individual child an opportunity to find the circumstances which match his own particular stage of development." It has the corollary advantage of making learning fun, whereas the conventional American approach to kindergarten and elementary education manages to establish remarkably early the notion that learning is unpleasant. ("Let's stop playing with the blocks now, children; it's time to learn our letters.")

As in Israel, help for our underprivileged cannot stop with creation of a nursery program, though such a program is crucial. The cultural distance between the school and the community, and the disorganization of Negro and slum life, mean that a great many lower-class youngsters will need extra help all the way through school, and especially in the early grades. It may be useful, for example, to provide them with texts that offer a better bridge between their own lives and the rich world of Western civilization than, say, the almost universal "Dick, Jane, and Sally" series of reading primers. Unfortunately the first experiment in creating an "integrated" series of reading primers—*Play with Jimmy*, *Fun with David*, and *Laugh with Larry*, written by staff members of the Detroit Public Schools, moves in precisely the wrong direction. The books show a well-scrubbed Negro family in the same sort of antiseptic suburban environment that Dick, Jane, and Sally play in, and the level of prose almost makes the Dick, Jane, and Sally readers sound like poetry. (The Detroit readers use a much smaller vocabulary; the Detroit experts made tape recordings of Negro children's speech, and discovered that their vocabulary contains only about half as many words as white children's.) There is some reason to assume, however, that what these youngsters need is stimulus to the imagination—some evidence that reading is a means of escaping the confines of the slum for something more exciting than a backyard barbecue or a trip to the supermarket.

Implementing the Imperative

Current dogma, of course, condemns any program of compensatory education, no matter how massive, as a return to "separate but equal," hence an expression of prejudice. But one group

of Negro leaders, headed by Professor Kenneth Clark and the Reverend Eugene Callender, has already had the courage to face up to the realities of the education problem in central Harlem. Their views are expressed in a report issued by Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited, Inc. (HARYOU), a group set up with funds from the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime.

The authors mince no words about their belief in integration and their distrust of many of the measures taken so far. But their main proposition is "that this vicious cycle of educational inefficiency and social pathology can be broken only by instituting an educational program of excellence in the schools of deprived communities," and their most important recommendation is a proposal to establish compensatory nursery programs for all Harlem children. In the long run, they argue, excellence requires an end to segregation. But in the short run—"during that period required to obtain more adaptive, democratic, nonsegregated schools for all children"—compensatory education is necessary, for 50 per cent of the junior-high-school students need massive remedial work if they are to be brought up to grade level.

Integration is a moral imperative—the greatest moral imperative of our time. It is essential not so much for Negroes as for whites, who must learn to live in the great world in which they are the minority. But merely throwing white and black students into the same classroom without regard to differences in knowledge and academic performance does not constitute integration in any meaningful sense. How are we to achieve meaningful integration—which leads to genuine contact, to real communication, and to understanding of each group by the other?

The only honest answer is that genuine integration will not be possible until the schools in Negro neighborhoods, and the schools in white slum areas as well, are brought up to the level of the very best in the city—until the schools do their job so well that children's educational performance will no longer reflect their income, or their social status, or their ethnic group, or their color.

To say this is not to suggest indefinite postponement, but to demand that the public schools stop dithering with projects and demonstrations and turn immediately to the most pressing task. Neither the large cities nor the nation as a whole can afford a public-school system which fails to educate between 50 and 80 per cent of its Negro and white slum students.



The Ordeal of Lash Calhoun

by Nathaniel Hartshorne

Dear Rex Balpeen:

Thank you for your interest in our professional writing school. Both manuscripts you submitted have been carefully read and edited. Your article ("Lizards Can Be Fun!") is in the capable hands of our articles specialist who will be writing to you soon. Your novel, *Blood and Guts*, has been my baby.

As a work of fiction, *Blood and Guts* doesn't quite come off. To be frank (but not discouraging), it lacks structure and characterization. The plotting is haphazard, the style derivative. There is no central focus, no consistent point of view. However, these are all things that can be fixed. Don't worry about that. But there's a heap of work ahead.

The two major problems, in my professional opinion, are your protagonist, Lash Calhoun, and the genre of novel you've selected. I'm afraid editors simply will not buy Lash as he stands now. And you're up against it right away with a war story. They've been done pretty thoroughly and, to sell now, they've got to offer the reader something that really swings. And I'm not at all sanguine about using the Lebanon landing as a backdrop. That wasn't really a war. Why not choose something really big like World War II?

Why doesn't Lash Calhoun stick to my ribs? For several reasons: As a rule, I am sympathetic

toward Southerners. Some of the most memorable figures in our fiction have been from the South. But Lash lacks their dignity; worse, I'm afraid he lacks their *realness*. It may be that name, which seems a wee bit forced. Or it could be the dialect, which is always a tricky thing to work with. For example, I grew tired of Lash addressing everyone as "brer." And I think you've overdone his use of four-letter functionals. Obscene speech is part of the realism of men at war, I suppose, but when it rolls out of Lash's mouth curled up in that dialect over and over again, it works against the kind of reader empathy you should be building at this stage of the novel.

There are a number of inconsistencies about Lash that bother me. In that scene in the latrine, for example, when Lash leaps up on the sink to defend Lope de Vega, there was something not quite credible about the whole thing. In the first place, this seems to contradict the strong hint of cretinism that runs through the narrative of his childhood. Secondly, what happened to Lash's accent here? And would Lash's semi-literate barracks mates really be criticizing Lope de Vega—in the latrine? If so, do you believe they would remain there listening for thirty-six pages of blank verse?

Not that this isn't moving. It is, if you have

a good grip on Spanish. But it doesn't belong here. I'd use it later in the novel, say, after page 2000 when Lash is brooding about his Nobel Prize speech. Or, you might extract the whole thing and try marketing it as a depth think piece. (It might just light a fire at *Partisan Review*.)

I am afraid the women in Lash's life are not fully realized. I can visualize Orville Prescott and the gang tearing these poor creatures to pieces. Take Sheena, the little Arab prostitute—by the way, is that really an Arab name? Sounds a little phony somehow. Sheena is potentially interesting and sympathetic, but not fleshed-out. This passage, for example:

"Ah need you, gal, need you, need you!" Lash moaned.

"Yonkee love woo-mon?" she laughed in that tinkling way that sent the blood pounding through his ears.

"You said it, I'll ole gal, only don' cawl me no Yankee, hear? Haw!"

"Yonkee buy woo-mon?" she tinkled, bubbling the malted in his face.

"Ah got me a bitty ole piece a bottom lan' in thet bayou jes' a-settin' thar with the jay droppins awn it a-waitin' fer me onct ah git outta this man's awmy," Lash whispered, nibbling her lobe.

Now, this is good intimate stuff between a lonely soldier and a pretty young girl; why spoil it with all that subsequent discussion about the Soil Bank? Moreover, if you're going to establish Sheena as an earth goddess, don't have her saying things like "creepsville." Or, if she says these things, don't have her call him "sahib," which seems wrong in any context.

You've created a number of complications that aren't really essential. For example, there are just too many conflicts raging within Lash. He has this thing about his mother, which is enough of a problem for anyone to cope with, God knows. But then he is also torn between being a painter and a boxer. Couldn't he simply be a tortured welterweight and let it go at that? This conflict only appears in Book II ("The Ordeal of Young Heracles") and is never mentioned in Books III, IV, or V. Why not cut it altogether?

Speaking of Book II reminds me of something else. It may come as a blow, but plots went out with *Ben Hur*. Readers today don't want to be

bothered with complicated story lines and yours is labyrinthine. I'm with you from the landing at Lebanon up through his meeting Sheena. But when he discovers that Sheena is actually the daughter of a sheik and he becomes involved with the Nasser underground, I lose you. And I never did understand how he got from Egypt to Cape Kennedy. Perhaps a map would help. At any rate, I'm for cutting Book II or at least toning it down to build toward the climactic books in which Lash finishes his prison term and runs for the Presidency.

These comments should give you something to chew on over the next few weeks. And while you're chewing, you might think over these secrets of achieving commercial success and recognition:

The product and the package: This may be distasteful, but one of the first things you must learn in this writing game is to think of yourself as a manufacturer with a product to sell. To sell it, you've got to have a good looking package. Always submit a typed manuscript! Editors don't like handling boxes of index cards. (I spilled most of Book III, "The Furies," all over the 51st Street platform of the IRT the other night.)

Finish your work: Editors like to read a complete novel. It may be that we lost a box of index cards, but I suspect that you forgot to finish the novel, which ends in the middle of a sentence. Got to watch that kind of thing.

Play it cool: You've got to appear more casual in your relationships with publishers. The draft of your letter to Random House has a kind of desperation about it. By the way, the publisher is the one who gives the author's luncheon and press conference, Mr. Balpeen, not the writer.

Stick to writing: You've got enough to worry about as a writer without bothering about production details. Your designs for the cover are interesting, but publishers like to handle this kind of thing themselves. Also, let Hollywood take care of itself. If *Blood and Guts* is right for his purposes, Daryl Zanuck will know about it, I can assure you. And these people are very sensitive about doing their own casting.

Be realistic about yourself: This is my final and most important secret, Mr. Balpeen. You've got to try to see yourself as editors see you. That may be difficult and discouraging, but if it's any comfort, I did it and have managed to make a satisfactory adjustment here at the writing school.

Earnestly yours,

NATHANIEL HARTSHORNE

Nathaniel Hartshorne, an editor with Educational Testing Service in Princeton, New Jersey, is a free-lance writer on the side. He says he would like to devote all his time to humor, "but with four kids to support that seems impossible."

The Jews in Germany Today

by Gertrude Samuels

Why the scene of Hitler's "final solution" is still "home" to a curious—but dwindling—remnant . . . and how they live with the contempt the Jews in other countries feel for them.

Some tell you that they are regarded as strangers in Germany. As one Frankfurt Jew put it: "We are in a sort of national reservation. This has remained from the Hitler ideology."

Some tell you that they do not trust the Germans. The one-way glass door of the Düsseldorf synagogue is symbolical: through it one can see what happens outside while remaining unseen inside. Some are in business and appear to be secure. Still they tell you that they will send their children to be educated abroad, for they "see no future for them in Germany."

In the synagogues they pray for Israel. Yet many came back from Israel, and other countries, "because this is our homeland; we feel more comfortable here."

Thus do the German Jews—who prefer to call themselves Jews in Germany—reflect their troubled souls, their ambivalence, their isolation as citizens in the new Germany. Though they are a protected minority today, they continue to feel overshadowed and deeply affected by the past. Personal adjustment is difficult. And, too, they are crushed by the contempt in which they feel they are held by the proud Jewish communities abroad. In Frankfurt, they take Jewish visitors

from America to "see our historic cemetery"—and seem stunned when one visitor says brusquely: "You show me a boneyard of Jews in order to show me that you have a 'living community.' Show me your *Kinder*."

There are about 30,000 Jews who, having survived the Hitler years, have elected to live again in the country of their people's ordeals. Nearly all live in the major cities of West Germany; almost none are in East Germany. Additionally, perhaps 8,000 to 10,000 Jews have no connection with the registered Jewish communities, some having intermarried, others preferring to pass as gentile Germans.

To understand all that their decision to remain implies, one must recall briefly the terrible history which preceded it.

When Adolf Hitler came to power in 1933, there were in Germany itself some 560,000 Jews. This community was the proudest, the most prosperous and distinguished Jewish community in Europe. Eleven members had received the Nobel Prize, including Albert Einstein. Probably their best-publicized national characteristic was their assimilation with the gentile population.

They were, of course, the first Jews to know the ordeal of existence under Hitler. "In the size of the lie," he had written in *Mein Kampf* "there is always contained a certain factor of credibility, since the great masses of the people . . . will more easily fall victims to a great lie than to a small one." And Germans accepted with enthusiasm the great lie—of pernicious Jewish influence in politics, science, business, medicine,

law. The world knows how the Jewish people were branded with numbers like cattle. *Kristallnacht* was the night when Germans burned down all the synagogues in the country. The loss of civil rights and human dignity for Jews was written into the country's laws. By 1939, when war broke out, some 300,000 German Jews had fled.

A year later, after their conquest of Poland, which had over three million Jews, the Germans placed Polish Jews and the remaining German Jews in city ghettos and concentration camps. Many died of abuse as slave laborers and of starvation. Then in 1941, Heinrich Himmler, chief of security organizations, was charged by Hitler with "the final solution of the Jewish problem"—meaning the extermination of all Jews. Adolf Eichmann, of the Reich Security Head Office, got the job of seeing that Jews were transported to the camps and there killed.

Auschwitz, Dachau, Theresienstadt, Buchenwald, Bergen-Belsen, with their ovens, crematoriums, and mass graves, and Warsaw with its fighting ghetto that ended in flames—all became places of Jewish martyrdom. By the time that Hitler's dream of a thousand-year Reich died in twelve years with his defeat in 1945, the Nazis had managed to kill, according to the estimate at the Nuremberg Trials, 5,700,000 of prewar Europe's 7,500,000 Jews. To the remnant of Jewry (that had survived largely with the help of gentiles, or by hiding in the woods), Germany was a cemetery.

True, as Germany prospered again, it tried to make some amends, with restitution payments to individuals, and "reparations" to the new State of Israel. Nearly four billion dollars have been paid out to individuals alone. But can a people really recompense for the murder not only of some six million men, women, and children but also of their unborn generations? Is it possible for Jews to settle down here again, to believe again with Goethe that "if you inquire what the people are like here, I must answer, 'The same as everywhere' "?

No Jew living here seems able to answer that sort of question without emotion—for by and large, the Jews here do not know what the Germans are like, and they are not at peace with themselves. Who, then, are the survivors of the

once-great German Jewish community? Why are the Jews here?

Only a small percentage of the 30,000 Jews—perhaps 5,000—are of German descent. Most of the others are Eastern European Jews (from Poland, Hungary, Romania) who were in the German camps after the war, or fled into the German Displaced Persons Camps from the post-war, anti-Semitic excesses in East Europe. They had then thought Germany was to be a way station to other countries. But after bitter years of waiting for visas that never materialized—or unwilling to go to Israel—they gradually became too cynical or too tired to move on.

No Home for Children

They accepted life and jobs in Germany. In succeeding years they were joined by some 7,000 who returned from various countries for restitution payments or personal reasons. This latter group includes many elderly people who could not adjust to life in Israel, who were homesick for the old culture, or who returned to live on the pensions which are their due. Jews outside Germany tend to look kindly at least on the elderly group for having survived at all.

Recent statistics gathered by Germania Judaica of Cologne, a leading research institute for the history of German Jewry, dramatize the doubts of many in the community. As shown in the box on the next page, the figures reflect the abnormality of the age structure. Few are children—indeed, not more than 10 per cent are in this bracket (though in 1959, the figure had been 14.2 per cent). The largest group is middle-aged and old.

Because of the feelings of insecurity, many have kept dual nationality and dual passports. Certainly, few families want to keep their children here. The memories of ghettos and mass graves hardly make for mixing it up joyously with the Germans. The wife of one Orthodox rabbi, just returned from sanctuary in England, told me bluntly: "Our children will go to England for their education."

Many youngsters themselves have run off to Israel, in rebellion against their families or out of idealism. A poll taken by the Jewish Central Relief Agency in Frankfurt shows that 80 per cent of the city's young Jews would not remain in Germany.

Professor Helmut Gollwitzer, theologian of Free University in West Berlin, said on television that "every Jew who is still alive here is alive in spite of us." But why in Germany? There are

Gertrude Samuels, who has been a staff writer and photographer for the "New York Times" for the past twenty years, has visited Germany often since World War II. Several times she accompanied boatloads of refugees from DP camps to the U. S. and to Israel. This article began with notes she took in West Berlin last fall.

a multitude of reasons, of which Jews in the outside world may not approve, but the Jews in Germany have their own rationale. Their reactions range from tortured self-examination to belligerency when it is suggested that there is something morally wrong—corrupt—about this community. The paradoxes are disturbing.

Many of the East Europeans are self-employed in small businesses (as tailors, bakers, tobacconists, night-club owners, and the like). Perhaps 20 per cent are employed by industry. Yet there is also, in Berlin, a new "Persian" Orthodox group, who send their children "back home" for marriage partners. Others are hopelessly tied to language and sentiment. One now-elderly Jew of Berlin, who had fled to Israel and had become a successful merchant, returned several years ago for restitution, and stayed.

"I am sixty-seven," he says sadly, "so there is not much planning for me to do for my future." His son remains in Israel.

Another Jew who speaks fluent French told his American visitor in hard tones: "I lived in France and was protected in the underground by Christians. But I consider myself a German. I have no apologies. I came back because I feel more comfortable in Germany."

Several actors and theatre people, tied to the language, are back, including Fritz Kortner, the actor and director. Professor Max Horkheimer, sixty-six, a refugee who returned several years ago to direct the United States-endowed Institute for Social Research at Frankfurt University, is now emeritus, but he is still active in local politics. Very few are in government. Dr. Herbert Weichmann, a Hamburg lawyer who had been a civil servant in the Weimar Republic, reemigrated from New York with his wife. He is Finance Minister of Land Hamburg.

Others tell you freely that they are back because they make "a good living." The somber truth is that there is such a confusion of hope and despair among many Jews that the only honest ones appear to be the most immoral ones—those who tell you candidly that they came back for material reasons.

One businessman, in reply to a question from an American, said with a shrug: "Look, I can make more money here. I have children, and that's why I'm here." The American said later: "*Die Welt ist gross*—the world is big—and everyone to his taste."

And there are some, though probably a fraction, who feel a dedicated personal mission about returning, if only briefly: to help the emerging generation of Germans to know what a Jew is.

A Vanishing Community?

Jewish population in 12 German cities today:

Berlin	6,329	Krefeld	111
Frankfurt	2,478	Wuppertal	105
Munich	2,276	Koblenz	—
Hamburg	1,381	Braunschweig	—
Wuppertal	134	Baden-Baden	40
Bremen	124	Passau	30

Age groups among Jews in Berlin:

Age	Males	Females
Up to 20	373	356
21 to 40	586	462
41 to 60	1,196	1,062
Over 60	1,133	1,161

Age distribution, in percentages, among Jews, as compared with that in normal (gentile) communities (1959):

Age	Jews	Normal
Up to 20	11.2%	33.1%
21 to 40	19.8	30
41 to 60	37.8	25
Over 60	28.2	12

* Source: Germania Judaica institute of Cologne, 1963 demographic survey: *Jews in Germany Today* (No. 5).

** Berlin had 180,000 Jews before Hitler.

Erika Milee of Hamburg is such a person. A professional dancer who lost her mother, sister, and relatives at Auschwitz and Theresienstadt, Erika had managed to escape via Italy and Portugal to South America. Her career has flourished in Argentina and Brazil. She thought she would never return. But not long ago she came back to Hamburg to see her young nephew, orphaned and now twenty, before he left for Israel. As she sat with her memories in the harbor she decided on her experiment. On the west side of Hamburg, she opened the Erika Milee Dance Studio for Children. On a typical day at the studio, I watched this vibrant, auburn-haired woman, now in her fifties, directing the children in a lively Mexican folk dance, then rehearsing them in new ballet steps for their coming recital. For spiritual sustenance in Germany, nothing rivaled this poignant scene of the Jewish artist and the German children.

"What I do," Erika says, "is not only the dancing. The children love me for the lessons, yes. But they know now what is a Jew. Say it's another kind of mission—the high humanity idea. I think it is better than hating for the rest of my life."

She expects to stay for another year.

The Jews are such a complex people that it is sometimes hard to find the main current of Jewish thought. But certainly many Jews outside Germany have an abhorrence of the Jews living inside Germany. They feel there is an immorality about the Jews in Germany, because this group is facing, day in and day out, the people who are responsible for one of the greatest tragedies in Jewish history. To such outsiders, Germany's Jews seem indifferent to the art of decent living, even to investigating honestly their own attitudes toward doing business with their executioners.

"How Can You Live Here?"

At any rate, the Jewish leaders of Germany have become so sensitive about this that some prepare in advance for the inevitable question from foreign visitors.

Recently, the elders of the B'nai B'rith Lodge No. 2296 in Frankfurt welcomed Americans of B'nai B'rith's civil-rights arm, the Anti-Defamation League. There were toasts with cherry brandy and wine ("*L'chaim*—to life"). Then the expected question came—from a former Austrian refugee, now a civil-rights expert living in Chicago. Hans Adler, who had lost his family in Austria and later served with U. S. Army Intelligence, was revisiting Germany. He asked in tones subdued but with an emotional timbre: "How can you live here? Every third man between the age of forty and sixty-five years of age may be potentially a killer of your people."

The first vice-president replied grimly that he expected that question. He asked his secretary to read off a prepared, typed statement. The crux of it was, in the Lodge's own English translation:

The words, "connection to the homeland," cannot be blotted out from the dictionary. We have the good right to demand the full understanding for our feelings, despite the crimes of a damned system . . . which should never be forgotten by the Jews all over the world.

We Jews, who returned into our homeland, are regarded as immoral—but not without interest in financial meanings. Our children are influenced by outsiders systematically and told that they never will have any future in Germany. Why not? . . . Could there be a profit to have a Germany without Jews? Could this be a service to the Jews of the whole world?

Germany is worth to get confidence, and all we Jews should finally push away our feelings of hate and prejudice. We should help to build up the respect for the new Germany. . . . Anti-Semitism exists as well in your country as it

exists in England and France, wherever Jews are living. Jews have rights but also duties to their countries. One of the most beloved duties is faithfulness.

In such excerpts one glimpses the rationale and the confusion. And there is sad irony, too, in the pulls and stresses within the Jewish community itself. The small group of Jews of German stock who feel outnumbered by the East Europeans reflect old prejudices. At the same Frankfurt meeting, one spokesman of German descent said in tones of contempt:

"There are people coming here from the East who are speaking Yiddish and do not learn German. But their children will speak German and be better citizens."

As one American Jew wryly commented later: "In this aftermath of war, you're going to get many irrationalities, and if you try to understand you are going to get many bumps."

Largely to dispel the loneliness and uneasiness that Jews feel in Germany, they tend to concentrate in the cities. Even Erika Milee has few friends ("mostly people in the theatre or music") and leads a relatively isolated life. The uneasiness stems from latent attitudes which the Jews sense, despite the Federal Republic's genuine efforts to destroy the poison of Hitler's creed. This feeling was heightened by the epidemic of 450 recorded Swastika smearings on the rebuilt synagogues and public buildings in the winter of 1959-60, and by the growing number of neo-Nazi periodicals in West Germany.

There are harsh penalties for anti-Semitic acts. But Jews here and abroad cynically recall that thousands of the old leadership Nazis are free again on the streets. Their sentences were commuted by the West German government. The Federal Supreme Court has complained about the "mildness" of sentences for the lesser war criminals, whose trials are continuing. And there are twenty-year statutes of limitations in Austria and Germany which become effective in 1965; hence war criminals who go undetected or unindicted until then may go free.

One current story illustrates Jewish fears that anti-Semitism has only gone underground. It tells of the German who exclaims to another:

"It's starting again!"

"What is?"

"Don't you know? All jockeys and Jews are being arrested."

"Ja?" comes the shocked reply. "Why the jockeys?"

But there are Jews who do not reflect fear of the Germans, or, for that matter, much

knowledge of Jewish customs. Some are bringing up their children in a sort of spiritual and religious vacuum in a renewed effort to assimilate. When two Americans went recently for the traditional *shabbat* (Friday night) dinner in the home of a Jewish theatre owner, they spoke of the traditional twist bread on the table as "*chala*." The boy of the house asked his father: "What is *chala*?"

And some, far from feeling compunction at doing business with the Germans, are exploiting it to the full. In Hamburg the other week, Hans Adler, whom I mentioned earlier, spent four marks in determined phone calls to find a Jewish tailor who could make him a suit. At the shop, the delighted owner showed Adler the cloth, took measurements, then called for his assistant—a German. The man bowed and clicked, saying respectful "*Jawohls*" and "*Danke schöns*" as he took down instructions and rushed to work.

Adler said later, with awe: "It was like something in the theatre."

Repairing German Morality

What is the future of the Jews in Germany? Many believe that this is a vanishing community—that Hitler's plan for a *judenrein* Germany, a nation without Jews, will be virtually completed within the next two or three decades. The reasons given are the age structure of the present Jewish population, the pull of Israel, and the declining influx of Jews owing to the problem of latent anti-Semitism. Additionally, the material progress of the Jews has not kept up with that achieved in other Western countries.

The Central Council of Jews in Germany reported that only 300 Jews settled in Germany in 1960-61, as compared to 1,600 in 1959. Rabbi Hans I. Grunewald of Hamburg, an executive of the Union of European Orthodox Jewish Congregations, told a congress of Jews in Washington not long ago that "with only a handful of Jewish births each year," the German-Jewish community "is a dying community."

Germania Judaica of Cologne, in its new demographic survey and analysis, also concludes: "The state and the movement of the Jewish population in Germany have, as shown by this exposition, reached a point which makes their disappearance as an independent group within little more than one generation, a certainty."

Jewish leaders inside the country furiously deny this. Heinz Galinsky, chairman of the Berlin Jewish community, lectured American Jewish

leaders on this question at the Berlin Community Center. Galinsky lost his first wife and his parents in the camps. The Center was built, with the help of the West Berlin Parliament, on the old site of the destroyed synagogue. Incidentally, it was on this and other public buildings that anti-Semitic slogans in the English language were recently posted. The posters, bearing such statements as, "Despite Jewish lies, Hitler was right. . . . Hitler is fallen but National Socialism lives on," were among thousands sent into Germany by the British National Socialist movement, which works with certain extremist groups in Germany.

Galinsky was incensed about recent articles in the German news magazine *Der Spiegel*. The series entitled "Homestead in an Accursed Land" was viewed sympathetically by many Jews. "[The articles] give the impression," he thundered in German, "that Jews are here only as transients, for the purpose of collecting restitution, and that they won't stay. It is important, *meine Damen und Herren*, that this impression is not created, in order for Jews to have the goodwill of all citizens."

Rejecting reports that there is no future for Jews in Germany, Galinsky went on: "Those who want to live here, or who *must* live here, will have the possibility of living a full Jewish life." Finally, he expressed the hope that "the gates of the Iron Curtain states will open and that the Jews of those countries will come to this land of Germany." (My notes here read: What would Ben-Gurion say to this crack?)

At the same meeting was the new liberal rabbi of Berlin, Charles Lehrman, whose daughter is a young actress in Israel. Rabbi Lehrman told me: "Berlin is certainly not a dying community. I don't know about the rest of the country, but a real community can only develop itself when there are many Jews. Therefore, in the smaller cities it's a *rakhmones*—pathetic.

"If Jews through our whole history," he went on reflectively, "had never come back to countries in Europe from which they had been expelled, then there would be no Jews in most of Europe. At one time or other, Jews have been hounded from England, France, Spain. Even after they were thrown out of Egypt, Maimonides lived on there."

Certainly liberal Germans would like to see the Jews take their place permanently in Germany again. They seem to feel that something vital has gone out of German life with the loss of the Jews; that the nation cannot really be repaired morally unless the Jewish element is

restored. Thus Graf Dr. Schweinitz of the Federal Press and Information Office of West Germany told the Anti-Defamation League group in Bonn: "We wish Jews would . . . find it in their hearts to stay here, to live with us again. We cannot ask this. If no Jew or his child ever returned, we could find it natural enough after what happened in those twelve years. But if Jews in ever-increasing numbers do find their way back to Germany, we shall be able to think of no greater proof of reconciliation than this."

Kaddish Is for the Realists Too

The pros and cons are at least muted as one moves into the last resting place of the martyrs. Bergen-Belsen, where Anne Frank is buried in one of the mass graves, is such a place of memory. Some 50,000 victims alone are buried here, in what today resembles a large, quiet park. The Lunenberg *Heidekraut*—the sweet-smelling purple heather that Heine loved—blooms now among the trees and on the graves. The mass graves look like truncated pyramids. On the day of my visit, German women were walking their dogs along the pathways. German officials were actually escorting some American Jews around the hallowed grounds, reviewing in earnest tones the extent of the Jewish massacre—as if Jews of any country didn't know.

But German schoolchildren had also arrived, and they made the occasion memorable. They stood at the graves, read their legends to one another—"Hier ruhen 5,000 Tote, April 1945," ("Here lie 5,000 Dead")—and took pictures.

They were very quiet for children. They moved with curiosity and respect beside Jews who were saying the traditional *kaddish*. This is usually considered as a prayer for the dead, because it is said by mourners. Actually, it does not refer to death. It is in superlative praise of God:

"Magnified and sanctified be His great name in the world," the *kaddish* begins, "which He hath created according to His will. May He establish His kingdom during your lifetime, and during your days, and during the life of all the house of Israel, ever speedily and at a near time, and say ye, Amen." And it ends: "He who maketh peace in His high places, make He peace for us and for all Israel; and say ye, Amen."

In a way, the prayer illuminates the basic optimism of the Jew about eternal life. In terms of present-day reality, it serves to remind listeners that some Jews survived the Nazi holocaust, found new homes all over the earth, found peace again, started to live again.

And some who survived apparently expect to go on surviving even in Germany. It will not be easy for them. They will have to live with the contempt of the Jewish communities outside Germany. They will have to live, if not with self-contempt or the contempt of their children, at least inhibited by memories, and by the latent anti-Semitism that they say they feel around them every day of their lives.

At least, their task will be shared. Their leaders have pointed out that it cannot be the Jews' task to act as the *praeceptor Germaniae*; the problem is not solely a Jewish one, but a German one. To survive among the executioners, the Jews are, in short, going to have to convince themselves that Goethe was right.

Poser

(Seven minutes is the time allotted for solving the following problem. In case of need, you will find the answer on page 124.)

Three cards from an ordinary deck are lying on a table, face down. The following information (for some peculiar reason) is known about the cards:

1. To the left of a Queen, there is a Jack.
2. To the left of a Spade, there is a Diamond.
3. To the right of a Heart, there is a King.
4. To the right of a King, there is a Spade.

Can you assign the proper suit to each picture card?

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D, J S-Q - K
K J Q

Aldous Huxley in California

by Anita Loos

Writers, film stars, philosophers, and astrologers were his companions in the lovely—and sometimes bizarre—environs of Hollywood.

In the summer of 1926 my husband and I were living in New York, where my existence was hectic in the extreme. The previous year *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* had been published and was giving rise to stirring incidents almost every day. I was getting countless letters from people I'd never met; the most exciting of them all came from Aldous Huxley, written at a time when he must have been on a lecture tour:

Congress Hotel
Chicago

14-May-1926

Dear Miss Anita Loos,

I have no excuse for writing to you—no excuse, except that I was enraptured by the book, have just hugely enjoyed the play, and am to be in America so short a time that I have no leisure to do things in the polite and tortuous way. My wife and I are to be in New York for about a fortnight from Monday 17th onwards and it would be a very great pleasure—for us at any rate—if we could arrange a meeting with you during that time. Please forgive my impatience and accept the sincere admiration which is its cause and justification.

Yours very sincerely,
Aldous Huxley

Soon after Aldous and Maria arrived in New York they came to tea at our apartment. On first meeting Aldous, I was immediately struck by his physical beauty; he was a giant in height, with a figure that was a harmonious column for his magnificent head; the head of an angel drawn by William Blake. His faulty sight even intensified Aldous' majesty, for he appeared to be looking at things above and beyond what other people saw. But his chief trait was an intense curiosity and, while he was the greatest of all talkers, he was equally the greatest of all listeners.

Maria, a lovely brunette no taller than five feet, with wavy hair, pointed oval face, and big blue-green eyes, was as unusual in her way as Aldous was in his. It was after I came to know her well that I learned the real meaning of the word "fey," for Maria lived a life of pure fantasy. She studied palmistry, believed in the stars, and even in the crystal gazers of Hollywood Boulevard. At the same time, she had practical virtues that made her the truest helpmeet I ever knew. As well as being Aldous' best-loved companion, she was his housekeeper, secretary, typist, and she drove his car in California. She protected him from the swarms of bores, pests, and ridiculous disciples who try to attach themselves to a great man, and all the while her unconventional reactions amused Aldous as well as amazed him.

Following that tea party in New York, our correspondence was resumed and later the same

year we all met in Paris; then in London, by which time a friendship with Aldous and Maria had become a constant factor in my life. After my husband and I moved to Santa Monica, the Huxleys came to settle in nearby Los Angeles, bringing their son Matthew, whom I met for the first time. Many complex reasons have been offered as to why Aldous left London—but the explanation is really quite simple. The dry air of Southern California was most soothing to his lungs, which were never robust, and his faulty vision was at its best in the California sunlight, which was still of a pristine clarity. Later on, when smoke and grime polluted the air, the Huxleys used to go for breathers to nearby desert areas or Aldous remained in town and suffered, for his American roots were too firmly implanted for him to pull free.

From the time they arrived in Los Angeles the Huxleys were in daily contact with us; if we did not meet, at least we spoke on the phone. They soon collected a group of friends; among the regulars were Edwin Hubole, the distinguished astronomer and theorist of the expanding universe, his wife Grace, Gerald Heard, Christopher Isherwood, Charlie Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Greta Garbo.

For years our lives ran along the most pleasant lines. No place in the world provides as much food for laughter as Los Angeles and its environs: its extraordinary assortment of kooks and goons; its fantastic religious cults; the Four Square Gospel of Aimee Semple McPherson, the Holy Rollers, and the Great I Am were a constant source of amazement and delight to Aldous. He took as much pleasure in speculating about these cults as their devotees did in practicing them.

Every Sunday our group came to my house on the oceanfront at Santa Monica for lunch, after which we usually took long walks on the beach, entertained by Aldous' infinite variety of comment on botany, sea shells, birds, and what have you. Walking was his favorite entertainment and, like the Pied Piper, Aldous led us all after him. When work was over, we went for almost daily excursions either on the beach or through the fire-breaks plowed across the crackling, dry hills that surround Hollywood. Those walks, by the way,

set us apart from the majority of Southern Californians, who are so dependent on wheels that they've lost the use of their legs except for crossing sidewalks from their cars to front doorways. Any citizen caught by the police using his feet for transportation is suspect. On one occasion, Aldous, out for an evening stroll in Beverly Hills, was stopped by two officers of the law who wanted to know what he was up to. Aldous' reply that he was merely taking the air didn't at all convince the patrolmen, who ordered him to get off the sidewalk at once or they'd haul him to the station. That near-arrest greatly amused Aldous as a measure of the Southland's kultur.

Stick 'em Up, Pardner

Both Aldous and Maria loved picnics; the thought of one made them happy as little children. I recall one particular outing with *dramatis personae* so fantastic that they might have come out of *Alice in Wonderland*. There were several Theosophists from India, the most prominent being Krishnamurti. The Indian ladies were dressed in saris which were elegant enough, but the rest of us wore the most casual old sports outfits. Aldous might have been the giant from some circus side-show; Maria and I could have served as dwarves, but with our tacky clothes the circus would have been pretty second-rate. Nobody would ever have recognized the glamour of Greta Garbo and Paulette Goddard in that tatterdemalion group. To protect themselves from fans who might crop up out of nowhere, Greta was disguised in a pair of men's trousers and a battered hat with a floppy brim that almost covered her face; Paulette wore a native Mexican outfit with colored yarn braided into her hair. Bertrand Russell, visiting Hollywood at the time, Charlie Chaplin, and Christopher Isherwood all looked like naughty pixies out on a spree. Matthew Huxley was the only one of the group who was a mere normally disheveled teen-ager.

The picnic gear was as unusual as the cast of characters. Krishnamurti and his Indian friends, forbidden to cook their food or eat from vessels that had been contaminated by animal food, were weighed down with crockery and an assortment of clattering pots and pans. Greta, then strictly a vegetarian, was on a special diet of raw carrots which hung at her side in bunches. The others could and did eat ordinary picnic fare, but Paulette, to whom no occasion is festive without champagne and caviar, had augmented the equipment with a wine cooler and Thermos cases.

Anita Loos is the celebrated author of the novel and hit musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Her other novels include "But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes"; other plays, "Happy Birthday" and "Gigi." She is currently at work on her autobiography, though this essay will be part of a collection in honor of Aldous Huxley.



GEORGE PECK'S TANGS COURTESY OF VARIOUS SOURCES

Idous Huxley in Hollywood, 1946

We had started out in several motor cars, with no definite objective except to find a spot where a fire could safely be built and the Theosophists could put their uncontaminated pots and pans to use. It wasn't easy to find a location; we dared not venture into the dry brush because of the devastating fires which plague Southern California when it isn't being devastated by floods. Finally we found a place which, in the matter of safety, was ideal. The scenery, however, left quite a lot to be desired, for we had chosen the sandy bottom of the Los Angeles River, which is a raging torrent for about two weeks during the rainy season and drier than a desert the remaining fifty weeks of the year. As we trooped down into the hot river bottom, we failed to notice a sign that read, "No Trespassing."

Krishnamurti and the Indian delegation set about cooking their rice. And while the remainder of us were unpacking sandwiches, Greta's raw carrots, and Paulette's caviar, we were shocked by a gruff male voice ringing out with, "What the hell's going on here?"

Stunned into silence, we turned around to face a Sheriff, or some reasonable facsimile, with a gun in his hand.

"Don't anybody in this gang know how to read?" he demanded of Aldous.

Aldous meekly allowed that he could read, but still no one got the man's implication until he pointed out the sign. Then Aldous, feeling that we were not going to desecrate the bed of the Los Angeles River (already strewn with rusty cans and assorted rubbish), politely asked if we might be permitted to stay. The Theosophists' rice was on the fire, our food on the tablecloth, and Aldous promised that as soon as lunch was over we would clean up and leave the river bottom neat and tidy. It was apparent that his plea was getting us nowhere; the Sheriff merely glowered and fingered his gun. Then Aldous played his trump card. He indicated the presence of Miss Garbo, Miss Goddard, and Mr. Chaplin. The Sheriff's measly little eyes squinted only briefly at the group.

"Is that so?" he asked. "Well, I've seen every movie they ever made," said he, "and none of them stars belong in this outfit. So you get out of here, you tramps, or I'll arrest the whole slew of you."

We folded our tents like the Arabs, and guiltily stole away. It was not until we were in the garden at the Huxley house where the picnic was resumed that we began to think about the titillating headlines our adventure might have produced and how they would have added to the long

list of Hollywood scandals. "Mass Arrest in Hollywood. Greta Garbo, Paulette Goddard, Charlie Chaplin, Aldous Huxley, Lord Bertrand Russell, Krishnamurti, and Christopher Isherwood Taken into Custody." That Sheriff might have had his picture in newspapers all over the world and realized every humble Californian's dream of sharing billing with the greats. But, alas, he missed his chance by letting our batch of scoff-laws go free. I hope he reads this now and is properly regretful over losing his one opportunity for fame.

At Home with King Kong

When the expanding industries of Los Angeles began to darken the air with smog, the Huxleys retreated to Santa Monica, and their home on a hilltop overlooking the Pacific became a source of fun for all of us. The house had been furnished by a somewhat eccentric previous owner, and it gloried in a swarm of conversation pieces which could have been assembled in no other culture in the world. The first thing to greet one on entering the hall was an *objet d'art* that had once been used to advertise some movie—a larger than life-size facsimile of King Kong, the Ape Man, in whose hairy arms a sparsely dressed cutie was struggling, while Kong looked around for a convenient spot to commit rape. The remainder of the decor did Kong full credit; there was a bar that was an Arabian night's dream of dowdy grandeur; red lights revolved and blinked down on a large, stuffed crocodile, and there were layer upon layer of tortured motifs cut out of wood with a fret saw.

Of course, Aldous could have thrust that eyesore of a bar together with King Kong and his sexpot victim into the cellar, but he didn't. He seemed to feel it would be a shame to dispense with a unique source of amusement in a world filled to the brim with sadness.

During World War II, Aldous' proud sensitivity made him look on its grim course as a matter so personal that it shouldn't be discussed. I remember the night when Paris fell and a number of our group came to dine at our house. When Aldous arrived his face was dead white, he bore the expression of someone who was peering into hell; but the talk was mostly some sort of scientific discussion between Aldous and Edwin Hubble. Nobody mentioned Paris.

Incredible as it may appear, there were times in our relationship when I was able to feel a little superior to Aldous. He once came to me to say that, staunchly as he had remained apart from the

movie industry, he now felt tempted to try for a job in it. The Battle of Britain was on in full force, his income was curtailed by it, and his obligations increased. Did I think he might possibly make good in one of the studios? I laughed at his ridiculous humility and told Aldous that nothing could be easier than to find him a job.

I was working at MGM at the time and, on investigating the new projects coming up, found one which seemed ideal—a movie version of *Pride and Prejudice*, which was ready for dialogue. When I informed the producer that the great writer was available, he set up an appointment with Aldous for the very next day.

Very soon after their interview my phone rang; Aldous was calling, with Maria listening on the extension, and their mood was that of gloomy resignation.

"I'm sorry," Aldous said, "but I can't take that movie job."

I wanted to know why not.

"Because it pays twenty-five hundred dollars a week," he answered in deep distress. "I simply cannot accept all that money to work in a pleasant studio while my family and friends are starving and being bombed in England."

"But Aldous," I asked, "why can't you accept that twenty-five hundred and send the larger part of it to England?"

There was a long moment of silence at the other end of the line, and then Maria spoke up.

"Anita," she said, "what would we ever do without you?"

"The trouble with Aldous," I told her, "is that he's a genius who just once in awhile isn't very smart."

Aldous did take the job, of course; his family and many friends in England benefited thereby. So did the movie, for Aldous' dialogue was fine, as television viewers of the Late, Late Show can now attest.

Among our diversions in those days were any number of experiences among the mystics of that world center of mumbo jumbo; the more ridiculous our adventures, the more they helped Aldous to measure the outer boundaries of human idiocy. But occasionally an incident turned out to be thought-provoking in the extreme.

We all came to believe in the powers of a handwriting expert who worked in a shoddy booth at Santa Monica, for our very first encounter with that lady instituted a healthy respect for her. A group of us had gone to the pier to have dinner at a little fish restaurant, and while waiting to be served, Charlie Chaplin noticed a sign

across the way that read, "Scientific Handwriting Analysis. Ten Cents." Charlie decided, as a joke, to try the expert out. Aldous stopped him. It would be too simple for a swami to "read" for Charlie because his appearance was familiar to practically everyone in the world. On the other hand, no one would recognize Aldous. So Charlie wrote a few words on a scrap of paper and Aldous took them to the lady. He returned from his interview in a mood of deep contemplation and reported what had happened. The lady had studied the writing a moment and then looked up at Aldous suspiciously. "Are you trying to make fun of me, sir?" she asked. Aldous assured her he was not and wanted to know why she asked. She paused and studied Charlie's writing more closely. Then, still suspicious, she asked, "Did you write this while you were in an unnatural or cramped position?" Aldous then admitted that the writing was not his own but he assured the lady that it had been done quite normally. "Then," said the expert, "I don't know what to say, because if what you tell me is true, the man who wrote this is a God-given genius." We were all duly impressed. Later Aldous came to know the handwriting lady personally; she turned out to be well-versed in her trade and we consulted her frequently.

The Bright Side

In my own particular view, Aldous' sense of humor outshone all the other facets of his tremendously complex nature. It even came into play at the time when one of those hellish Southern California brush fires had destroyed the home where Aldous lived with Laura, whom he had married the year following Maria's death. He and Laura had scarcely escaped with their lives, but Aldous' manuscripts, Maria's diaries with their record of the happy, eventful years they had spent together, Aldous' priceless letters from most of the great people of his time, and a library that had been collected during the major part of his life, had been reduced to ashes. On reading about the catastrophe, I phoned Aldous from New York for a firsthand account. I could sense that he was smiling when he said quizzically, "It was quite an experience, but it did make one feel extraordinarily *clean*."

I shall always think of Aldous as smiling. One of my most cherished mementos of him is a delicious bottle of Schiaparelli perfume in a fancy pink box made in the shape of a book. On the flyleaf Aldous wrote, "For Anita, one of the few books that doesn't stink."

The Disarmament Blues

Arms and the Big Money Men, Part III

by Julius Duscha

In his first two articles, Mr. Duscha traced the interwoven initiatives of Congress, the Pentagon, and the private contractors, in allocating and spending the nation's fifty-billion-dollar defense budget. This month, in concluding, he estimates our chances for a safe economic passage to disarmament, and suggests plans for overcoming the fears of depression that hold us back.

Most Senators and Representatives do not like to think about disarmament. Not all, however, are as vituperative as Craig Hosmer of California, a ranking Republican member of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee, who solemnly warned the House last November against the "nutballs" and "domestic idiots" working for the U. S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. The Congressman was alarmed because the House was being asked to grant an added \$5 million for disarmament studies. Set up by Congress in 1961, this tiny agency headed now by William C. Foster gets along on an appropriation of \$7.5 million. Congress refused the request for more money.

One of the Senate's few efforts to study disarmament problems has also ended in frustration. More than eighteen months ago the staff of the Foreign Relations Committee completed a survey of the problems defense contractors might have in converting to other work. But the results have been kept secret—perhaps because influential Senators are afraid of feeding the Soviet propaganda line that the United States needs large expenditures for arms to keep its economy prosperous; perhaps because the Committee did not agree on conclusions.

The Soviet allegations may be true. No one knows whether the modern American economy can get along without large defense budgets. We

do know that the spending generated by World War II and not the New Deal pump-priming measures of the 1930s pulled the United States out of the decade-long Great Depression. We also know that there has not been a major depression in the last twenty-five years, a period during which defense spending has been maintained at unprecedented levels. When the cost of veterans' benefits, atomic-energy programs, and interest payments on the national debt—which are largely a legacy from World War II—are added to current spending on defense, the total amounts to nearly three-fourths of the federal budget. In some recession years defense has been the only "growth industry," and today the livelihood of at least twenty million American families is directly or indirectly tied to military expenditures.

Disarmament may still be a long way off, but during the last year there have been signs—chiefly the test-ban treaty—that the Soviet Union may be weary of the arms race. In the United States it has become evident that the nuclear-weapon stockpile cannot be increased forever. President Johnson's decision to reduce defense spending was a belated recognition of the nation's overkill capacity.

Still, there is great reluctance both on Capitol Hill and within the Johnson Administration to develop plans for converting defense-production

facilities to other uses and for helping workers find new jobs should disarmament become a reality. The major force working against disarmament and reconversion planning in the United States today is not the military; nor is it the 18,000 corporations holding defense contracts, the thousands of subcontractors, and the thousands of communities that depend on defense plants and military bases for their prosperity. The main obstacle is massive popular and governmental distrust of the Soviet Union—based on the Soviet record of aggression and broken agreements. But despite these understandable fears, the very magnitude of our involvement in the defense effort is beginning to inspire counteracting fears for the stability of the American economy—and ought to spur, rather than hamper, planning of measures to offset disarmament, when and if it comes.

Replacing the Balance Wheel

Slow as our government has been in undertaking leadership, the Executive Branch has made some moves. Following Congress' outcry against President Johnson's plans to close down a few military bases, in December 1963 the President set up an interdepartmental Committee on the Economic Impact of Defense and Disarmament. This nine-man committee, headed by Gardner Ackley of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, has extremely limited authority—not to make studies of its own but merely to evaluate and coordinate those now in existence. The material they have to work with is sparse.

Among studies now in existence, the best government guide to the possible repercussions of a disarmament agreement is a twenty-eight-page pamphlet written in 1962 by Emile Benoit of Columbia University for the Disarmament Agency. Benoit was chairman of a panel set up by the Agency to study the economics of disarmament. The panel assumed—and, of course, the assumption is debatable—that defense spending would decline over a period of twelve years from its present \$50 billion levels to \$10 billion. It also assumed that at the end of the initial disarmament period the United States would be spending \$7 billion for inspection programs and international police forces. This would mean total defense spending of \$17 billion, less than one third of the present budget. (A recent estimate by former Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell L. Gilpatric indicates a possible 25 per cent reduction in military spending by 1970.)

The panel's report went on to point out that a cutback in government expenditures matched with a reduction in taxes does not make up for the decline in federal spending because Americans generally do not spend all of a tax cut. "To provide adequate offsets, therefore," the report added, "tax reductions would have to be even greater than the net reductions in government expenditures, raising the politically sensitive issue of deliberate deficit financing, and possibly encountering the troublesome obstacle of the national debt ceiling." Moreover, it would be difficult to strike the right balance between tax reduction and increased government spending for such controversial programs as federal aid to education, urban renewal, the redevelopment of depressed areas, assistance to rapid-transit systems, and adequate social services for poverty-stricken Americans.

The worst readjustment problems would come in those industries and areas where defense spending has provided most of the jobs. Ninety-five per cent of the men and women in the aircraft and missile industries, 60 per cent of those in shipbuilding, and 40 per cent of those in the manufacture of radios and other communications equipment are dependent on defense spending. These industries are concentrated in such cities as San Diego, where 80 per cent or more of the employees in industrial plants are engaged in defense work; Seattle (50 per cent); and Los Angeles (33 per cent).

To help these people and these industries directly the Disarmament Agency panel would have the government help companies plan their conversion to the manufacture of products for the civilian economy, increase unemployment compensation, greatly expand manpower retraining programs, help pay the costs of workers who must move to other cities to find work, and encourage higher severance pay by making it a legitimate cost in defense contracts. But Congress has not acted on any of the panel's recommendations.

"It is generally agreed," the Disarmament Agency panel concluded, "that the greatly expanded public sector since World War II, resulting from heavy defense expenditures, has provided additional protection against depressions,

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since this sector is not responsive to contraction in the private sector and has provided a sort of buffer or balance wheel in the economy."

The members of the Disarmament Agency panel, all but four of whom were government economists, were not pessimistic about the nation's ability to compensate for the loss of large defense expenditures. They were concerned over the political problems involved in convincing Congress that a substantial reduction in defense spending should not be reflected only in tax cuts but that much of the money should be transferred from the Pentagon's account to meet the needs of education, transportation, our crowded cities, and our depressed rural areas.

The Best Job Done So Far

Their concern is understandable in view of the experience during the last three years with the "redevelopment" program, which tries to help bring industry to depressed areas, and with the manpower-retraining legislation. To get the depressed-areas program through Congress President Kennedy had to agree to turn it into a pork barrel. So many rural areas were made eligible for these loans—to get support for the program from Southern members of Congress—that the Area Redevelopment Administration has been unable to concentrate its efforts in the depressed communities that need help the most.

The manpower-retraining program has suffered from Congressional suspicion of federal expenditures designed to help solve America's social problems. Congress has provided little money to train the unskilled because such programs quickly become entangled in racial prejudices as well as fears of an increased federal role in education.

I once asked Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois why most of the liberal Democrats in Congress had abandoned their efforts to increase government spending to provide for the needs of Americans and had enthusiastically embraced tax reduction as the way to a better life. The tax-reduction route had once been sound Republican doctrine scorned by liberal Democrats. The Senator's reply was that he and other liberals had reluctantly concluded that Congress would not vote the funds needed for adequate social-welfare programs; so why not try to stimulate the economy by cutting taxes?

As far as action at the local level is concerned, it is the Defense Department—through its Office of Economic Adjustment—which has helped to

bring about some of the most encouraging results to date in aiding communities to convert from a defense-oriented economy to other work. With only a small staff and no funds available for direct assistance to communities, Donald F. Bradford, the present director, and his predecessor, Robert F. Steadman, have had to confine their aid to stimulating local initiative and to pointing out the availability of federal funds from such agencies as the Area Redevelopment and Small Business Administrations; the Housing and Home Finance Agency; and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

Presque Isle, Maine, a city of 13,000, is one of several places where the Office of Economic Adjustment has helped to turn the closing of a military base to a community's advantage. There a Snark missile base employing more than 1,500 persons was shut down because the weapon had become obsolete. A federal task force representing ten departments and agencies was set up to work with Presque Isle businessmen and Maine officials. A new state vocational training school was located at Presque Isle, where the state took title to some of the Air Force buildings as surplus property. A community industrial council brought in plywood, furniture, and paper plants, and the area's forestry industry has been revived.

Wichita, Kansas, represents another success story—for the Office of Economic Adjustment, as well as for its own citizens. When the Air Force announced that it would halt the production of B-52 bombers at the Boeing plant in Wichita, the Office helped businessmen and public officials to evaluate the city's advantages and disadvantages and to decide how best to attract new industry. After taking a good look at itself, Wichita expanded its meat-packing, grain-handling, oil-processing, and wholesale-distributing facilities, developed civilian aircraft and electronics industries, and started manufacturing boats. The city's unemployment rate has been kept well below the national average.

Yet Wichita has not completely weaned itself away from the defense program. The Boeing plant is still modifying B-52s and working on the Saturn missile. Last summer the Office of Economic Adjustment helped set up a two-day seminar at the University of Wichita to show Kansans how they could do *more* defense business.

All that the Office's experience has proved so far, of course, is the self-evident fact that a catalyst is needed to help a community help itself. But could such catalytic powers suffice in California, where a third of all jobs in manufacturing plants are dependent on defense? California has

been getting almost one fourth of all defense contracts and in 1962 its defense business amounted to more than \$7 billion. Here disarmament could mean disaster unless adequate plans were made to cushion the impact of a sharp cut-back in defense spending. That is why Governor Edmund G. Brown and other California political leaders have urged Congress to provide for more retraining programs as well as workers' moving allowances. Brown also would have the federal government provide grants to help defense-oriented communities plan for reconversion and to finance remodeling and retooling that might be needed to turn defense plants into modern factories for consumer goods.

In addition to the practical steps taken by the Office of Economic Adjustment, the Defense Department under Secretary McNamara is trying to develop methods for forecasting defense spending over a five-year period. Such forecasts would be the essence of the much-discussed Early Warning System to alert companies and cities of changes in defense needs. But first the Department must find out where all of its contract dollars go. It has just begun to make, through its captive research agency, the Institute for Defense Analysis, a comprehensive study not only to determine the impact defense spending has on communities but also to discover to what areas defense dollars flow through contractors, sub-contractors, and sub-subcontractors.

Is Johnson Sidetracking the Senators?

In the Senate the most comprehensive program for dealing with the economic consequences of disarmament has been put forward by a freshman Senator, George McGovern of South Dakota. McGovern told me he became concerned about defense spending when as a member of the House in the late 1950s he saw the way Pentagon appropriations were whooped through Congress with only a handful of dissenting votes. But McGovern was understandably reluctant to challenge such ruling elders as Chairman Carl Vinson of the House Armed Services Committee.

When McGovern got to the Senate last year he decided that the time had come to speak out. He formulated a plan and proposed a bill which would establish an Economic Conversion Commission which, under the direction of the Secretary of Commerce, would develop programs for helping companies and communities to move out of defense work into the production of civilian

The Secret in the Cat

by May Swenson

I took my cat apart
to see what made him purr.
Like an electric clock
or like the snore

of a warming kettle,
something fizzed and sizzled in him.
Was he a soft car,
the engine bubbling sound?

Was there a wire beneath his fur,
or humming throttle?
I undid his throat.
Within was no stir.

I opened up his chest
as though it were a door:
no whisk or rattle there.
I lifted off his skull:

no hiss or murmur.
I halved his little belly
but found no gear,
no cause for static.

So I replaced his lid,
laced his little gut.
His heart into his vest I slid
and buttoned up his throat.

His tail rose to a rod
and beckoned to the air.
Some voltage made him vibrate
warmer than before.

Whiskers and a tail:
perhaps they caught
some radar code
emitted as a pip, a dot-and-dash

of woolen sound.
My cat a kind of tuning fork?—
amplifier?—telegraph?—
doing secret signal work?

His eyes elliptic tubes:
there's a message in his stare.
I stroke him
but cannot find the dial.

goods. He also would have the President call a national conference "to focus nationwide attention on the problems of conversion and economic growth and to encourage appropriate study and organization in all relevant parts of the nation's economy."

Finally, McGovern's proposals would require companies that depend on defense for at least 25 per cent of their business to establish committees to determine how to turn their facilities to the production of civilian goods. Few contractors now have any plans for converting to other work, and some of the largest depend so heavily on Pentagon spending that they have had comparatively little experience dealing with the civilian economy.

"What is needed," McGovern told the Senate, "is a coordinated effort between private industry and government to smooth the transition. The development of competence for conversion will make possible more realistic appraisals of defense spending, for then decisions on the termination of contracts or the closing of installations to meet legitimate efficiency and security requirements need not be blunted by concern for economic dislocation. This is bound to improve both the short- and long-term design and administration of our security policies."

Proposals similar to McGovern's have been put forward by three other Senators. To remove the proposals from the supercharged atmosphere of disarmament discussions, all three have broadened their plans to include the widely acknowledged problems of automation and other changes in technology. Senator Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota has advocated the establishment of a Commission on Automation, Technology, and Employment which would direct particular attention to the economic consequences of disarmament. Senator Philip A. Hart of Michigan has proposed a Commission on the Application of Technology to Community and Manpower Needs, one of the benefits of which would be, in the Senator's cautious words, "a greater understanding of the feasibility of a transfer of industrial skills and technology from defense-oriented programs to work on programs in the civilian sector." Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania, who delights in challenging the Senate Establishment, has not only sponsored a Planning for Peace Resolution; he even held hearings last fall on some of the employment problems that might result from disarmament.

All of these proposals have now been blunted by President Johnson's Committee on the Economic Impact of Defense and Disarmament men-

tioned above. Unfortunately, the President's committee is only a bland version of what McGovern, Humphrey, Hart, and Clark had in mind. The Senators wanted action as well as study. Some members of Congress who are concerned about disarmament problems suspect that Mr. Johnson hurriedly established his committee largely to sidetrack the proposals that have been made on Capitol Hill. The President is reported to have been particularly concerned about Clark's plans for further hearings—which might have led to action—on the enormous economic problems of disarmament, an issue that could prove to be embarrassing in an election year to an Administration committed to an expanding economy and a war on poverty.

The Tangle-footed Crutch

Meanwhile, on Capitol Hill there has been no appreciable decline in Congressional attempts to use the defense program as a crutch for the economy. Sometimes those Congressmen who seem to be the most concerned about the need for planning for disarmament are also the most determined to make contracts serve economic interests as well as defense needs.

Senator Humphrey is one of the most articulate advocates of policies designed to channel more defense work to small businesses and depressed areas. A pharmacist as well as a political scientist, Humphrey still has an interest in a drugstore started by his father in South Dakota and has never forgotten his father's struggles during the Depression years of the 1930s. Humphrey also is acutely aware of the difficulties faced by depressed areas such as the exhausted iron range of northern Minnesota.

Defense Department regulations provide for the setting aside of some contracts for small businesses and depressed areas, but only 17 per cent of the defense dollar goes to small businesses and a mere 4 per cent to areas where unemployment is heavy. Many small businesses and depressed areas get subcontracts, but there are no reliable statistics on these. In deploring the small amount of prime defense contracts that find their way to depressed areas, Humphrey told the Senate last fall:

"Our policy, or at least our asserted policy, of encouraging defense spending in areas of substantial labor surplus has been an expensive failure, not only economically, but socially, creating strains on housing, schools, and other municipal facilities, where there is a very large

amount of defense spending going on in a limited area. . . . If we added all the other things—unemployment compensation, public works, relief assistance—we would learn that the policy of letting the contract in what seems to be the cheapest area actually turns out to be the most expensive, because this is one country.”

Similar arguments have been made by New York's two Republican Senators, Jacob K. Javits and Kenneth B. Keating. As defense requirements have changed, New York State's share of the defense dollar has declined and unemployment has increased in communities that used to thrive on defense spending. Once defense-contract decisions are based on economic considerations, new dangers arise, as Senator Keating himself noted in December. He told the Senate that “defense contractors have informed me that there is more and more evidence of the use of depressed-area set-asides as a loophole. A firm which wants defense work may buy an obsolete facility in a depressed area, force most of its own employees to move, and then claim a preference.”

In 1962 Defense Department officials awarded Food Machinery Corporation a contract for personnel carriers and other vehicles when it agreed to do the work in an old ordnance plant at Charleston, West Virginia. Also in 1962, Chance-Vought got missile and truck contracts because it said it would do the work in some old Chrysler facilities in Detroit, at a time when unemployment was high in that city. Competitors protested the contract awards, which were perfectly legal, after the basis for them became known.

When Secretary McNamara announced that two military bases would be closed in upstate New York, Senator Keating rose on the Senate floor to denounce the Defense Department for taking “the rather lordly view that it is not a WPA program and has no responsibility at all to consider employment prospects that may be affected by its activities.” Keating found that to be “a most shortsighted outlook.” The Senator said that under the government's accelerated public-works program it costs \$4,230 to create a job. “The taxpayers,” he concluded, “are not saving money in the long run if the Defense Department budget is cut by a few millions of dollars, but the area-redevelopment program then has to be increased by several hundred million dollars.”

Who is being shortsighted—Keating or McNamara? By promoting defense spending as a solution to the problems faced by depressed areas, some Senators and Representatives are making even more difficult the efforts by others to develop plans for the economic adjustments that would

have to be made if spending for arms were reduced. Would it not make far more sense for the government to keep defense contracts out of depressed areas so that such areas would not have to go through another period of painful readjustment should defense spending be cut back sharply?

Hazards—Political and Psychological

Nor do the political overtones surrounding the awarding of defense contracts help efforts to stimulate planning for the conversion of the arms industry. Members of Congress who have come to depend on making announcements of defense contracts in their states or districts to boost their reelection campaigns can hardly be expected to look with favor on plans for disarmament.

More than a year ago Republican Senator Clifford P. Case of New Jersey proposed that all the records and communications leading to the award of a defense contract be made public. Case also urged Congress to set up a joint Senate-House Committee to review space as well as defense contracts. He suggested that the committee be headed by a Senator or Representative belonging to the opposition—that is, the Republican—party: “One immediate benefit would be that members of Congress and the Executive Branch would be in a better position to resist pressures from contractors who seek political help in obtaining contract awards. . . . The knowledge that any outside intercession would become publicly known would serve as a warning and, I believe, the strongest possible deterrent to those who would seek improper intervention.”

Secretary McNamara has told Case that he is “in complete agreement with your objectives of maintaining public confidence in the defense procurement process,” but neither the Defense Department nor the White House has gotten behind Case's proposals. The President should not only support such proposals; he also should ask Congress to take the defense program out of the category of “make-work” by urging repeal of the legislative provisions requiring the channeling of some contracts to small businesses and depressed areas.

These steps should be part of a broad Presidential effort to stimulate planning for the constant changes in the defense program and for the possibility of disarmament, however remote it may be. Such planning cannot be done by the study committee that Mr. Johnson set up last

December or by the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, which is primarily concerned with negotiations with the Soviet Union. An office with a director and a staff ought to be set up—probably on the White House level—to evaluate and develop programs that could be used in easing the economic shock of disarmament. Existing programs that should be studied include unemployment compensation, manpower retraining, aid to depressed areas, small-business and community-facilities loans, and accelerated public-works projects. New proposals that should be looked into include (1) moving allowances for the unemployed, (2) loans and grants to help defense contractors buy machinery and make other changes to convert their plants, and (3) assistance to communities that would be hard hit by heavy reductions in defense spending. Out of these studies would come legislative proposals.

Studies should also be made to determine the size of the continuing defense industry necessary under disarmament. Would the inspection procedures required to police a disarmament agreement be of such magnitude as to create a vast new industry, perhaps even approaching the size of the defense program itself? Admittedly, the answer may depend on unresolved debates over future military strategy, but the investigation needs to be made—and made public.

The needs of the civilian economy have been shortchanged for so many years—to give defense priority—that it would hardly seem necessary to carry out additional surveys of what should be done by both government and private enterprise to provide a better life for all Americans. Schools, parks, highways, and rapid-transit facilities need to be built. Slums must be cleared away. Depressed areas have to be brought back into the mainstream of American life. The list of the nation's needs is long and obvious, and could easily be compiled as part of the planning for disarmament.

Most important of all is the educational effort that must be led by the President* to convince the nation—even in this election year—that government spending for civilian needs is as vital as tax reduction when defense expenditures are

* It is also in part the job of the press, which generally fails to go behind the surface facts of military programs and spending. Although *Congressional Quarterly*, a Washington research service available to newspapers, published a lengthy study of the implications of the military-industrial complex three years ago, few newspapers or magazines have given any serious attention to the far-ranging political and economic problems resulting from the defense program.

cut back. Most Americans seem to feel that government spending on social needs is inherently bad while spending by individuals on private needs is always good. To overcome this psychological hazard is primarily the President's job.

It is true also that military minds in the government and their allies among the defense contractors could be a formidable obstacle to any disarmament agreement, but Secretary McNamara has shown that this force is not necessarily insurmountable. The overwhelming support given the test-ban treaty by the Senate last fall—despite behind-the-scenes military opposition—is an indication of what direction from the White House can accomplish in the face of Pentagon pressure. The longer the educational and planning efforts are put off, the more deeply embedded will become the idea that defense expenditures are essential to the economy, and the more influential will be the military-industrial complex.

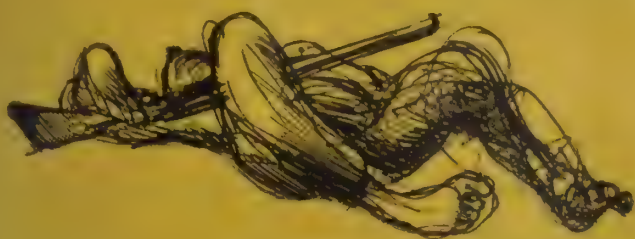
But then, of course, there is always the space program. In its few years of existence it has taken on all of the pork-barrel characteristics of what Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas has called "its daddy"—the defense program. Congress slowed down the growth of the space program somewhat last year, but no one on Capitol Hill expects space spending to decline substantially in the near future. It is, as Fulbright has noted, "a grab bag of goodies for everybody." Whenever James E. Webb, the director of the Space Agency, discusses the effects of possible reductions in his budget, he speaks of them in terms of contracts for Congressional districts, and members of Congress have no trouble understanding him.

Could it be that as defense spending declines and the power of the military decreases, space spending will take up the slack in the economy? Some defense contractors already are doing as much business with the Space Agency as with the Pentagon, and others are looking toward space enterprises as the easiest alternative to arms contracts. Webb's judicious distribution of space business may yet be the salvation of the defense contractors.

But let us hope not. If the nation's needs on earth must now await the exploration of the moon and the planets beyond it, the United States will never fulfill the needs of its millions of disadvantaged citizens—needs which have been neglected too long already in the name of defense. The man who is sworn in as the next President will not be qualified for the job unless he has the courage to lead in running the risks of peace.

Three Poems

By A. B. Guthrie, Jr.



Twin Lakes Hunter

Last night a freezing cottontail
Slept just outside our outside door
And drew upon the heat that leaked
Through threshold from the floor.

Rex, the hunter told me so.
"Cold out," he said. "Some storm!"
He hoped the little fellow
Slept snug enough and warm.

He backed up to the Monarch range,
A-shiver in his mackinaw.
"I been outside an hour," he said.
"Take me a week to thaw."

"Snug, so you can shoot him later?"
He answered, "Please don't scold.
It's just I can't abide the thought
Of dying from the cold."



Island

This week they found Hank Jeffers dead.
He'd fired a bullet through his head.
Not boozed up, either. Not one beer.
Stone sober, he had chosen lead.

Most people thought it pretty queer,
This choice of time to disappear.
Just when the fumes had left his mind.
Or had they since last year?

Hank Jeffers left no fruits behind—
Two youngsters dead, one born stone blind.
Two former wives, gone where the hell?
The bars tore up the chits he'd signed.

The bearers sank the pauper's shell
That tax-paid undertakers sell;
And many matched misdeed and deed
And some said, "Just as well."



Twin Lakes Winter

These quaking aspens, once I knew
The courthouse, never to be true
The winds say, "Look there, and the snow,
But there's no snow, and it won't go."

The firs, those living pines,
Though far and few, they never agree.
Each claims the place by prior decree,
Or grandfather's log fire.

I say each side is right, in mine.
Each pile of snow, each grove and pine,
I can't be both, but I'll be the line
"No trespassing" says my gatepost sign.

This plumed-up house is warm although
The killing winds of winter blow.
I count a bird dead in the snow
And watch the way my fires go.

Much Ado About Shakespeare: Three Summer Festivals



by Julius Novick

You can choose your classics done with bazz or with elegance; on a neo-Elizabethan stage or behind a proscenium arch; indoors or under the stars. . . .

In 1964 the entire English-speaking world is celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. Coming from England to the United States this spring, the Royal Shakespeare Company is gracing New York with *King Lear* and *The Comedy of Errors* at Lincoln Center's new State Theatre, and even Broadway is snapping to, with Richard Burton's *Hamlet* and (maybe in the fall) Sidney Poitier's *Othello*. But in a few months Shakespeare will be four hundred and one, the quadricentennial boom will be over, and the Broadway powers—and audiences—will sink back into their characteristic

state of bottomless indifference to dead playwrights (biologically speaking), verse playwrights, and above all to a playwright like Shakespeare who happens to be both.

Except for the occasional largess of British visitors such as Sir John Gielgud (who is directing and playing the ghost in the Burton *Hamlet*) or the Old Vic Company (which, before it disbanded forever last year, played its last engagement in the noncommercial purlieus of the City Center), Broadway has done very poorly by William Shakespeare. In the past decade it has served only as a showcase for foreign productions of his plays. It follows that where Shakespeare is thus ignored, other playwrights of the past are also ignored. As far as Broadway is concerned, then, classical theatre is dead.

The question is, how far Broadway is concerned. Until a few years ago, nearly everything in the American theatre that was not Broadway

was parasitic upon it; but this is no longer true, and it is rapidly becoming more and more clearly and radically not true. Permanent, noncommercial art theatres will offer the best classical theatre in the future, or else the classics haven't got a future in North America. Among these theatres, several base their activities upon a momentous discovery first made, perhaps, at Stratford-upon-Avon in England. It has been found there that the desire of men and women for greenery and fresh air in the hot months can be conveniently yoked with their desire for dramatic art, by means of classically oriented theatres pleasantly located amidst trees and lawns. This discovery, combined with Shakespeare's position as the greatest and most popular of dead dramatists, has resulted in the summer Shakespeare festivals—notably the New York Shakespeare Festival in Central Park, Manhattan; the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy at Stratford, Connecticut; and the Stratford Shakespearean Festival Foundation of Canada at Stratford, Ontario.

These three appear to have won their right to permanence, but owing to differences in leadership, in physical construction, and in financial circumstances, each has developed in a different direction. One has concentrated on seeking a wider public; one, after years of floundering, is now devoting itself to the formation and training of an acting company, a true Shakespearean ensemble; and a third, having built itself one of the great stages of theatrical history, is developing a style that will make the best possible use of it. The younger theatres now springing up under every bush cannot help being influenced by these three.

Wooing the People

Joseph Papp, the founder, producer, and zealot-in-chief of the New York Shakespeare Festival, is perhaps the only impresario in history whose greatest accomplishment is his audience. He has built his Festival on a simple but revolutionary basis: a professional company giving outdoor performances of the plays of William Shakespeare to which the public is admitted *free of charge*. Every summer he puts on a three-month season at the Festival's roofless Delacorte Theatre near the middle of Central Park—which is to say, in the heart of Manhattan. About 150,000 spectators, from nearly every walk of New York life, are attracted there every year; they form (as Richard Watts, Jr. has pointed out) a public

comparable in many respects to that which crowded Shakespeare's own Globe.

No other American producer has done so much as Joe Papp to reach the vast public that does not ordinarily go to the theatre. He once sent *Romeo and Juliet* on tour through the five boroughs of New York; it drew audiences of around two thousand a night everywhere except—for some reason—in the Bronx. Logistic and financial problems have so far prevented him from repeating this venture, but this summer he will hit the road again—greatly to his satisfaction, since audiences in the outlying areas are even more demotic than those in Central Park. (It was in Brooklyn that one girl nudged her neighbor during the balcony scene of *Romeo and Juliet* and said, "See, Dolores, she's just as flat-chested as you are.") Papp even admits that one reason for the popularity of his Festival is that it provides a "cheap date" for impecunious youngsters.

Joe Papp was impecunious, too, not so long ago. Born in Brooklyn in 1921, he grew up in the slum neighborhood of Williamsburg. His father was a trunk maker—"a workingman," Papp emphasizes. Papp himself worked in a laundry after graduating from high school, having no money to go to college. While in the Navy during World War II he decided that the stage was his vocation; after his discharge in 1946 he studied acting under the GI Bill, and did theatrical odd jobs (including a stretch in the road company of *Death of a Salesman*) in order to keep alive until he could have a permanent theatre.

Finally, in 1953, he established the Shakespeare Workshop in a church on the Lower East Side. In the summer of 1956, the young group gave its first outdoor performances of *Julius Caesar* and *The Taming of the Shrew* in the Grand Street Amphitheatre, which the WPA had built alongside the East River. Everyone donated his services: the total budget for that first summer was about \$750. The Parks Department lent the Amphitheatre free of charge; this was the beginning of the fruitful and portentous relationship between Papp's troupe and the often-reluctant government of the City of New York.

In the summer of '57 the group moved into makeshift quarters in Central Park, and began

After graduating from Harvard, Julius Novick studied in England as a Fulbright Scholar and at the Yale School of Drama as a Woodrow Wilson Fellow. He has written about the theatre for the "Harvard Crimson," "The Village Voice," the "New York Times," and other publications, and has acted and directed here and abroad.

calling itself a Festival. Recognizing its success and its possibilities, the city gave Papp the small Heckscher Theatre, located within a Welfare Department building, for winter headquarters. But something was missing at the new theatre: the crowds, the excitement, the whole *ambiance* of the summer and the outdoors.

And something else was missing: money. Papp asked the city government for \$40,000 to pay half the costs of his winter season, but the city refused; Mayor Wagner insisted that the Festival "simply is not an operation of government." And so this first uptown winter season came to an abortive end in February 1958.

The Papp strategy was now clear: he proposed to make the municipality a silent partner in his enterprise, by first demonstrating that he both deserved and needed municipal subsidy, and then badgering and shaming the city fathers until he got it. The strategy failed in the winter of 1957-58; but in the long run it has succeeded. The New York Shakespeare Festival probably works more closely with its local government than does any theatre in the country. The city provides it with two theatres, with an annual appropriation of \$100,000 toward its summer season in Central Park, and (this year) with \$170,000 for its tour of the five boroughs; its winter season in the



Heckscher Theatre, now primarily for students, is financed by the Board of Education to the tune of \$50,000 a year. The Mayor is the Festival's patron, and he helps it to raise from foundations and private donors the rest of the money it needs to stay alive. The state government is also in on the act: it provided \$40,000 for a Festival tour of upstate New York. And yet, having begun not as an arm of government but as an independent organization, the Festival has never lost its independence. When former Parks Commissioner Robert Moses tried to force it to charge admission, Papp fought him in the courts—and won. The upshot was that Moses, generous in defeat, persuaded the city to appropriate \$250,000 to build the Festival the permanent theatre it now occupies in Central Park.

Now Papp wants the city to build him another theatre, in the Civic Center it is planning for downtown Manhattan: a multi-purpose theatre, convertible for proscenium or arena staging, in which he would not confine himself to Shakespeare. The Mayor is interested; it seems a long time since he declared that the Shakespeare Festival "simply is not an operation of government."

Cough Gently, Juliet

In what time can be spared from fund raising, Papp and his colleagues have been trying to create a style for playing Shakespeare that will make the most of the conditions under which they work: a large popular audience and a small budget. (They spent some \$300,000 on the 1963 summer season; Stratford, Connecticut, about \$800,000; and Stratford, Ontario, \$1,055,098.33.)

These conditions dictated an outdoor theatre, as the cheapest way to get a couple of thousand people within reasonable proximity of a stage; and open-air staging introduces a number of factors beyond human control. Unseasonable cold or the threat of rain can make it difficult for an audience to concentrate. Things can go wrong onstage: a high wind once blew over a standing torch, and Romeo and Paris had to rise from the dead to put it out, while Juliet, who had caught cold from lying so long on her bier in the night air, coughed gently in the background. And yet the open air has its advantages. It is a fresh sensation—and a stirring one—to see Macbeth's banners streaming in a real wind.

Another constant of Central Park Shakespeare is the neo-Elizabethan "thrust" stage: a permanent platform with an upper level at the back (Juliet's balcony, or the walls of a besieged city, as the occasion requires), the whole surrounded on three sides by the audience. From scene to scene (even from play to play) the stage remains pretty much the same; with few or no set changes, one scene can flow directly into the next, and the action becomes continuous—unpunctuated by the stage waits that hampered what might be called neo-Victorian Shakespeare, on which most of us were brought up.

Stuart Vaughan, who directed many of the Festival's productions from 1956 to 1959, took good advantage of this stage's potential for vigorous, headlong action. He assumed a posture of somewhat self-conscious revolt against decorative and elocutionary Shakespeare: "Perhaps we are the first classic theatre in America," he said, "to acknowledge a 'Method' base." His Shakespeare

was for the most part swift, intense, believable, and sexy, with plenty of bazzzy stage business; but he usually managed to avoid meretriciousness and superficiality. And he had a gift for discovering and letting loose actors—Colleen Dewhurst and George C. Scott are deservedly the best-known—who combined Shakespearean grandeur and passion with a willingness to work for \$40 a week. The only important faculty in which he was frequently deficient was restraint. Although he once gave a note to an actor playing Macbeth, admonishing him that on the line, “Look like the innocent flower, But be the serpent under’t,” he was not to be fondling his consort’s bottom, he sometimes encouraged his actors to greater excesses than this.

Since Vaughan’s departure Papp has directed many of the company’s productions, and has carried Vaughan’s artistic policies to untenable extremes. Papp is ever-conscious of his responsibilities toward an audience “composed of persons who insist that we serve them a style of Shakespeare they can relate to their contemporary experience . . . and will settle only for characters with whom they can identify.” In practice, he often seems bent on reducing Shakespeare’s heroes, written “ten feet tall” (in the words of an actor no longer with the Festival), to the size of the boy next door. In *Antony and Cleopatra* last summer, his Antony was a tough-talking, hard-headed little fellow who made the Roman hero into an American sergeant. Papp seems to have no objection to actors untrained and graceless in speech and movement; perhaps he thinks they help the audience to “identify.”

A permanent and specially trained acting company is beyond Papp’s means at present. But even on an *ad hoc* basis, it is possible, though not easy, to find actors in New York who can play Shakespeare competently. There were several in Central Park last summer, but they were often misused and made to look less than their best. What the New York Shakespeare Festival needs, above all, are directors—or a director—as capable on the stage as Papp is on the phone with the Mayor. Until it finds one, a great opportunity will continue to be largely dissipated by the very man who created it.

As Papp himself says, the “social impact” of his enterprise “has been greater than its artistic impact.” (He is particularly proud of the opportunities he has given to Negro actors—prouder of this, perhaps, than he is of his productions themselves.) North of the theatre in Central Park stretches a large field containing several baseball diamonds; already, at dusk in

summer, when the ball players are leaving and the theatregoers arriving, the two groups appear to blend together. If a true homogenization ever does take place, if the theatre ever becomes accepted, the way baseball is, as the province and privilege of people from all economic and social levels, open and abundantly available to anyone who is interested . . . this may never come to pass entirely, but if we get noticeably nearer to it in the future, Joseph Papp will have been at least partly responsible.

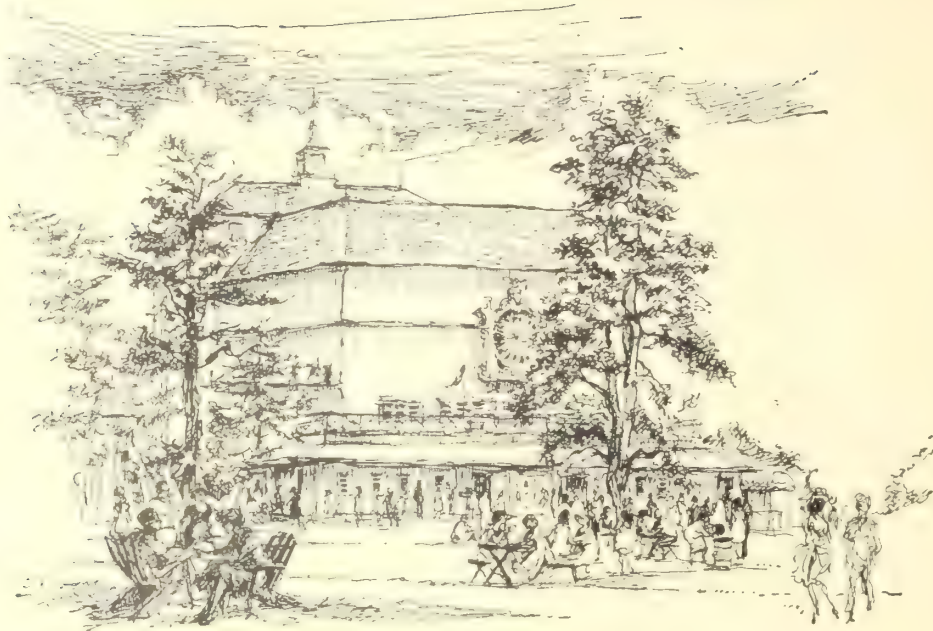
Haste on the Housatonic

Like most theatre men who accomplish anything significant, Papp is a splendid fanatic: he knows what he wants, and he is bound and determined to get it. The same is true of the reigning powers at Stratford, Ontario. But no one could say the same, at least not until very recently, of the authorities at the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy, as the institution is called that is located so delightfully on the banks of the Housatonic River at Stratford, Connecticut.

The ASFTA was born of the older generation of the American theatrical Establishment. Its founder was the late Lawrence Langner, one of the originators of the Theatre Guild. The theatre that Langner built for his Festival (after Katharine Cornell broke ground “with a ceremonial shovel,” as a press handout put it) is a handsome structure with a vague external resemblance to Shakespeare’s Globe. Inside, however—in the words of Jack Landau, one of its ex-directors—it “was designed as a conventional nineteenth-century theatre, like any Broadway playhouse,” complete with a picture-frame stage inside a proscenium.

During the Festival’s first season, in 1955, *Julius Caesar* and *The Tempest* were produced in literal, heavily pictorial settings of the most old-fashioned sort; the action took place entirely behind the proscenium. Hollywood stars (Raymond Massey, Jack Palance) headed the heterogeneous, hastily assembled company; a number of good young actors (Christopher Plummer, Fritz Weaver) appeared with them. An English director, Denis Carey, was imported to rehearse them all, in a tremendous hurry, in a still-unfinished theatre. It is universally conceded that the results were a mess.

The following year, John Houseman (Orson Welles’ old colleague at the Mercury Theatre, and the producer of the Hollywood *Julius Caesar*)



was brought in to make a fresh start, with the assistance of a young director named Jack Landau. The first thing they did was to extend the forestage out into the audience, producing a highly serviceable playing area. (The two theatres of the Royal Shakespeare Company—the original Stratford-upon-Avon institution, and its London branch—are proscenium houses similarly equipped with projecting forestages; people keep complaining that this sort of arrangement is an unwieldy compromise, yet excellent work can be done on it, by conscientious artists.)

According to Michael Langham, the artistic director at Stratford, Ontario, a theatre must “keep sticking its neck out, and doing what it believes. It must never attempt to woo popularity. . . . We must have the guts to create fashion rather than follow it.” But in Connecticut, Houseman and Landau wooed popularity abjectly, with Hollywood stars and fancy production gimmicks. Some of their work, especially in the tragedies, was merely dull. But a lot of it, especially Landau’s, tended to justify the contention of Professor Alfred Harbage that

Modern production [of Shakespeare] is undertaken in the doubt that the plays can still stand on their own merits, or that the audience is qualified to perceive those merits, and is marred by a determined spirit of helpfulness.

Surely nothing but “a determined spirit of helpfulness” could have produced such anomalies as Stratford’s Texas-style *Much Ado*, or its Civil War *Troilus and Cressida*.

A new administration at Stratford, however, seems at last to have reformed it altogether.

Houseman resigned (honorably and bravely) when the powers above him refused to schedule a national tour that would keep the company together over the winter. Landau remained for a year or so, and then he too was gone, and a wealthy businessman named Joseph Verner Reed came in as executive producer. The details of the transfer of power are not clear, but the precipitating factor appears to have been money: in 1962 the Ford Foundation offered Stratford half a million dollars (about the cost of one big Broadway musical, but a lot of money for an art theatre) to finance a two-year program for training American actors in the classics. Unlike the old “Academy” that the Connecticut Festival had desultorily maintained, the Ford program was not for neophytes but for seasoned professional actors. They would be paid a living wage while they studied full-time in the winter, and in the summer they would comprise the Festival company.

The grant was accepted—as half-million-dollar grants generally are. When it expires in the fall of 1964, a sizable group of actors will have completed two full years of training and performing together. Theatre people have been saying for many years that the abilities of American actors in classic drama have been dissipated for lack of an opportunity to work together long enough to develop a consistent style; the Stratford experiment, (along with that beginning at Lincoln Center) could be the best chance our history has given us to find out what a theatrical ensemble can (and can’t) do.

Both the training program and the summer

seasons are under the direction of Douglas Seale, an Englishman who has worked at both the English and Canadian Stratfords; and Allen Fletcher, an American veteran of the San Diego Shakespeare Festival. Seale says he works "in a funny free-lance way without any strict reference to the Stanislavski Method. . . . But what I really believe is that any good actor cannot avoid employing these [Stanislavski] techniques."

Fletcher is more emphatic: "As well as I can understand them, yes, I do [use Stanislavski techniques]. . . . The whole Stanislavski thing is really a way of developing an actor's imagination, and I'm all for that."

The New York Shakespeare Festival may have been the first, but it is no longer the only classical theatre in America to embrace the Method. But Fletcher adds that the sound, the musical value of the words, helps the actor to sustain emotion, especially over long passages, so that an actor without sensitivity to words or sounds is lost in trying to play Shakespeare.

Realizing that rhetoric and "guts," verbal and emotional values, are not mutually opposed, and can even strengthen one another, Fletcher directed a *King Lear* at Stratford last summer that made the most of both. It was in this production that the company, halfway through its training program, revealed its quality. Except for Morris Carnovsky—a magnificent Lear—and the extras, all the actors in it had studied together before rehearsals began. Philip Bosco played Kent with humor, charm, abounding zest, and no hint of the sanctimoniousness that Kent can so easily fall into. Douglas Watson was an infectiously gleeful Bastard. Lester Rawlins played the Fool not as a slick professional jester, but as a true madman; he got his laughs skillfully, and yet sometimes this Fool's riddling truths were appalling.

This summer, in pursuit of Fletcher's aim "to build a company . . . so we don't have to rely on wildly going out and trying to find 'names,'" Bosco will appear as Benedick in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Watson will act Richard III, and Rawlins will essay Hamlet. The prospect is exciting. It is too early to be sure, but it looks as if the Housatonic Stratford may finally have found itself an identity.

Ontario Thinks Big

At the moment, however, the continent's leading center for Shakespearean production is the minor industrial and agricultural market town of Stratford, Ontario (pop. 21,000). When Tom

Patterson and Tyrone Guthrie opened the Stratford Shakespearean Festival in a tent by the River Avon, they not only transformed this unpretentious place into the cultural capital of Midwestern Ontario (a title that had long gone begging); they made the Canadian Stratford a Stratford indeed, to which pilgrims flock from every province of Canada, every state in the U. S., and thirty foreign countries as well. Total attendance since 1953 is nearing two million.

This summer the Festival will mount a sixteen-week season during which five plays will be presented in a theatre (no longer a tent) that seats 2,258. Out of the Festival have come several TV productions, a movie version of Tyrone Guthrie's Stratford production of Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex*, and touring ventures in Canada, in the U. S., and at the Edinburgh Festival. The company appeared for three weeks this spring at Sir Laurence Olivier's theatre at Chichester, England, where it had the honor of performing on Shakespeare's four hundredth birthday.

But how did such a Festival emerge in such an ordinary out-of-the-way small town? Tom Patterson, the local boy who founded the Festival, once told a radio audience that he got the idea

. . . while lying on the banks of the River Avon listening to a band concert and I thought if we couldn't have something better than this in a town by the name of Stratford, with the Avon River and the beautiful park system, swans floating along, there was something wrong with us. That was the sort of embryo of the plan . . .

Actually, Stratford got its Festival for less romantic reasons, the chief of them being Patterson himself. He is mild-mannered, bespectacled, bow-tied, and bald, with an unspoiled Canadian accent; he looks like an assistant professor, but he moves mountains.

When he founded the Festival, he had had no experience in the theatre whatsoever; he was earning his living as associate editor of a Toronto periodical called *Civic Administration*. In 1951, while covering a convention of the Canadian Section of the American Waterworks Association, he ran into the Mayor of Stratford.

"We were bragging about Stratford to the other people in the room," Patterson says, "and I turned to him and said, 'What about a Shakespeare Festival in Stratford?' and he said, 'Fine, see what you can do.'"

Patterson (then aged thirty-one) got in touch with Sir Tyrone Guthrie, formerly director of the Old Vic, and one of the most adventurous and influential directors in the English-speaking

theatre. In a spirit of what-the-hell, Guthrie agreed to come to Stratford, meet Patterson and his committee, and give advice. Guthrie writes in his autobiography about the results of the meeting:

We agreed—and here my respect for the committee was great; and the more I think of it the greater it grows—that to present Shakespeare even adequately is a very, very expensive proposition; so expensive that there could be no hope of making ends meet in the first year, and comparatively slender hope that ends would ever meet. And still the committee was resolved to raise the needful funds and go forward.

A thousand committees in a thousand small towns—and some large ones too—have been formed to Do Something to improve the cultural level of their communities. Where this group was distinctive was in being unwilling to settle for the usual Little Theatre project doing warmed-over Broadway plays. Quixotically, they determined to have the best. And so they ended up with a Festival which is simultaneously the leading indigenous Canadian theatre, a source of theatrical impetus for the whole Canadian nation, and also a theatre of international caliber, a monument to Tyrone Guthrie's brand of theatricality.

Tom Patterson performed the initial leap of faith by believing that Midwestern Ontario and its surroundings could provide an audience for the plays of William Shakespeare in the absence of any living local theatrical tradition (and in a country where only radio and television could be counted on to keep actors in eating money). For all its international *réclame*, the Festival is solidly rooted in its environment: 71 per cent of its audience comes from the province of Ontario. This is an audience, moreover, not just for stars, or for particular plays, or for productions that have received "rave notices"; it is an audience loyal to the Festival itself. With the exception of four British actors, Guthrie engaged an entirely Canadian company for the first season of 1953. Six actors from the first Stratford company appeared there again in 1963; many actors return year after year. One of them, Douglas Rain, has appeared there every season so far.

The Festival's discovery of the possibilities of Canadian talent and Canadian audiences has led to further attempts to make use of both. "Theatre breeds theatre," Patterson says. He himself (along with Douglas Campbell, a leading Festival actor) founded the Canadian Players, a company which tramps the byways of Canada and the U. S., taking professional theatre to

places where there is usually none. In the wake of the Festival's success, other enthusiasts have set up theatres in Winnipeg and Vancouver, and Patterson helped to start the Neptune Theatre in Halifax. He hopes that there will eventually be a chain of such theatres all across Canada, exchanging productions with one another.

Tom Patterson and his colleagues have shown that an art theatre can play an important role in national life; but their festival has more palpable, more directly theatrical claims on the attention of Americans. Guthrie has moved on to his new theatre in Minneapolis, but he has left behind a legacy, the essential element of which is the stage which he created with his long-time colleague, the designer Tanya Moiseiwitsch. This stage has already exerted a tremendous influence on theatre construction in England and America.

Achilles in Blood Red

The Festival stage is a very free adaptation of what we believe Elizabethan stages to have been like. From a façade that is an abstracted version of the Elizabethan "tiring house," with a balcony above a columned inner stage, it juts into the auditorium, which is wrapped around it in a 220-degree arc. There is no proscenium arch to separate the actors from the audience; this stage can never be hidden behind a curtain.

Neo-Elizabethan staging for Shakespeare is all the rage nowadays (*cf.* the New York Shakespeare Festival, for instance), but something about the Stratford stage makes it uniquely exciting, even during intermissions. For the most part there is no scenery: the ever-present stage is "dressed" only by the actors in their splendid costumes, and by such props as they bring on and off themselves. Such a stage is ideally suited to the virile theatricality of Guthrie and his successor, the English director Michael Langham. In the latter's *Troilus and Cressida* (designed by Desmond Heeley) last summer, Achilles, the selfish and sensual, appeared first in a huge red cloak that somehow managed to leave the impression of him half-naked; later, when finally aroused to fight, he was a stunning figure of vengeance in his bloody-red leather armor. His combat with Hector (arranged by Patrick Crean) was the most sensational stage fight I have ever witnessed. And yet the sensationalism was not gratuitous: it helped to dramatize the opposition between chivalry and naked power which is one of the important themes in the play.

In the final analysis, a theatre must be judged

by its attitude toward its author. If this attitude is one of fidelity tempered by understanding, the result will probably be a well-selected group of actors, well used. There may be defeats and even disasters, especially in so complex an undertaking as the production of Shakespeare's plays. But if the basic attitude is sound, then the successes are likely to predominate in the long run; while if the attitude is frivolous, perverse, or unenlightened, the successes will be flukes, and the failures typical. At Stratford, Ontario, in spite of certain lapses, the basic attitude appears to be sound.

Michael Langham, who directed three out of last season's four productions, says:

Shakespeare was ready to encompass, to embrace, the full span of man's experience and emotions . . . and if we're going to be a Shakespearean theatre of any significance, we have to aspire to embrace the same span, by doing all his works whether they are reputedly "popular," in quotes, or not.

In pursuance of this policy, Langham in 1963 directed two of the Bard's least-loved plays: *Troilus and Cressida* and *Timon of Athens*. *Timon* was the tougher problem (especially as Langham took it over from another director shortly before rehearsals began). Its plot is both rudimentary and loose; the incidents are repetitive; the characters are flat. Nevertheless, Langham believes it to be the unfinished "scenario for a great work," and on this understanding he set out to supply what Shakespeare had left out, even to the point of putting in a whole new scene (almost entirely in pantomime) to provide some missing motivations.

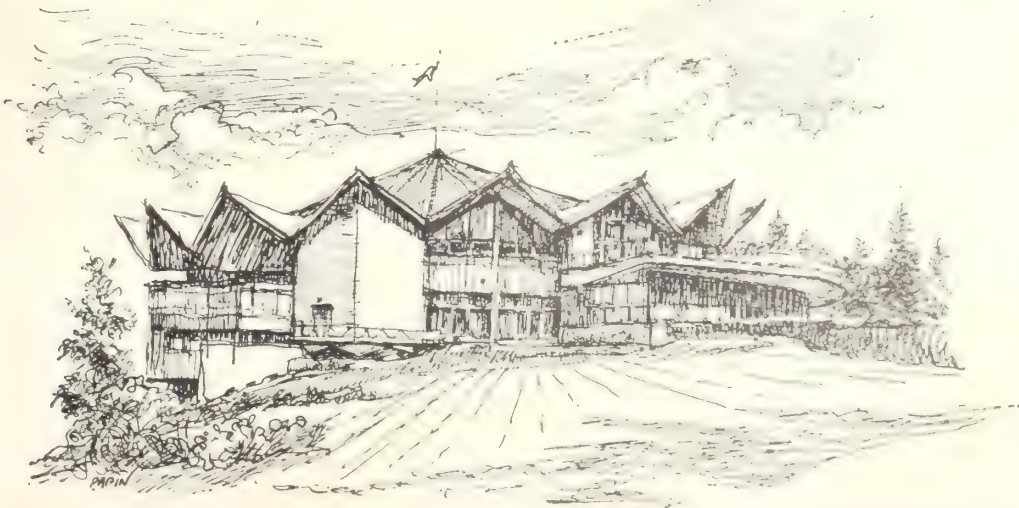
To Langham, the play is a violent attack on materialism, the evisceration of a decayed so-

ciety, and he made it so for his audience. Staging the production in modern dress, with music by Duke Ellington, he was able to reveal the degeneracy of "Athenian" society more vividly for modern spectators than the play could probably have done unaided. It was a brilliant directorial tour de force. Unlike certain other clever directors, however, Langham gets his effects not so much by what he imposes on his scripts as by what he evokes from them.

Langham's *Timon* and *Troilus* and Fletcher's Connecticut *Lear* indicate that the high mystery of Shakespearean production has not, as is sometimes alleged, vanished from this hemisphere; these productions even provide reason to believe that it will flourish, perhaps as never before.

Lately, all three of our Festivals have begun to branch out into extra-Shakespearean areas. Stratford, Connecticut, mounted Shaw's *Caesar* and *Cleopatra* last season. Joseph Papp has helped to found a dance festival at his stadium in Central Park, and has promised Sophocles' *Electra* this summer. At Stratford, Ontario, there are art exhibitions, and a music festival each year; Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* was given in the great arena for two successive seasons, and in 1964 Wycherley's *The Country Wife* and Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* will share the repertory with *Richard II* and *King Lear*.

New theatres have thus more than begun to fill the vacuum created by Broadway's abdication of its responsibility to the classics. We can look to these theatres, and hopefully to others not yet established, to fulfill other functions that Broadway has abdicated, and to launch some enterprises of which Broadway has never dreamed.



A New Kind of National Election

by Senator Joseph S. Clark

A dissident voice on Capitol Hill proposes some root-and-branch changes—to revitalize Congress and give more substance to our political campaigns.

The dismal record of the first session of the 88th Congress has become history. The opening months of the second session have seen passage of a tax bill which should have been enacted eighteen months earlier. As this is written, the Senate is engaged in a stubborn filibuster conducted by eighteen Senators to prevent their eighty-two colleagues from voting on the House-passed civil-rights bill. A sillier exercise in futility has rarely been engaged in by supposedly mature men. There seems little likelihood that any other significant legislation can be passed before adjournment. Surely the time has come to consider what can and should be done about Congress, the sapless branch of our governmental tree.

The political forces which select the modern President are such that for the last thirty years he has been oriented in an urban, industrial, international, activist, pro-civil-rights, and at least moderately liberal direction. A substantial number of the members of Congress in both parties are the product of political forces which give them a rural, pro-business, anti-labor, isolationist,

conservative perspective, with an attitude toward civil rights which ranges from passive unconcern to outright hostility. These differences represent a genuine cleavage on public policy. The hostility between the Presidential and Congressional attitudes deepens as problems central to the cleavage—the state of the economy, disarmament, or civil rights—press for solution.

Presidents achieve, or fail to achieve, legislative success to the extent that they can extract support from a balky and often hostile Congress. Congressional opposition suddenly appears from quarters which were mute and almost invisible during the campaign. Within his own party the President faces opposition to the very principles his party espouses and proclaims in the platform.

At the national level the parties simply fail to perform the function of permeating a government divided constitutionally into separate branches with a common philosophy of governmental action. The division within each party means that the President lacks an effective majority within his own party, even though it is the majority party in Congress, to secure the adoption of the Presidential program. President Eisenhower needed and got Democratic support for his program when the Republicans controlled the Congress; Presidents Kennedy and Johnson needed and, alas, less often got enough Republican support for their programs. The combined liberal wings of the two parties hold a precarious major-

ity over the combined, conservative bipartisan coalition on many issues but by no means on all the important ones. And since the coalition is, generally speaking, opposed to all significant action and perfectly content with the status quo, no President elected by the nation, regardless of his party, is likely to receive support from it for the positive program on which he based his campaign for election.

For four consecutive Presidential elections, from 1948 through 1960, the national platforms of both parties and the State of the Union dates have promised action. Truman's Fair Deal, messages of the successful Presidential candidates Eisenhower's Crusade for Freedom, and Kennedy's New Frontier were all turned back by the fire of the Knowlands, Hallecks, Harry Byrds, and Judge Smiths from the citadel of the bipartisan conservative Establishment on Capitol Hill. During this period a legislative policy has prevailed which neither party has been prepared to submit for approval to the American people in a national election. So far the barriers to needed action imposed both by the unrepresentative character of Congressmen and by the rules, customs, and traditions of the Congress have withstood most efforts at change.

A Congress which defeats the President's program does not enact one of its own. Congress does not have and, because of internal contradictions, cannot produce its own program. The same party divisions which prevent the President's party from uniting in support of his program prevent it or the opposition from uniting in support of an alternative.

In theory, of course, the elements in each party which share the Presidential outlook could unite across party lines. They do so on many issues before the Congress; but the alliance is temporary and on the whole less successful than the "Congressional party" alliance between the conservative Republicans and Southern Democrats. This is largely because the procedures of both Houses encourage inaction. It is much harder to pass a bill than to defeat one.

The political system thus normally produces a President chosen through a process in which na-

tional considerations predominate, whose program as set forth in his party's platform is then submitted to a Congress chosen through a process profoundly local, one in which parochial considerations predominate. Congress today simply does not represent the majority will of the American people as expressed in national elections.

The causes of this essentially undemocratic situation, not unlike the condition of the British House of Commons in the early 1830s before the First Reform Act, are too complex to be treated adequately here. To cure matters will call for comprehensive reform both in the methods of electing Congressmen and in the rules and traditions which control their conduct once they get to Washington. But we might consider two areas outside the Capitol where changes in present practices and methods of election would help to bring Congress back into the mainstream of national purpose.

Rewards vs. Responsibility

One of them is the impact of the spoils system on Congressional action. The whole logic of patronage is to strengthen the worst elements in local political systems. The political machine's true character, Denis Brogan has written, is its "political indifferentism." This puts the case against the local machines precisely. Patronage serves to create and nourish a political organization that is indifferent to public policy and therefore essentially amoral. By relying on tangible economic rewards to create a corps of the faithful large enough to produce victory at the polls, the machine extorts tribute from government, subordinates issues, and debases the political process. In doing so it discourages able people from political participation and nurtures self-perpetuating cliques of political leaders unrepresentative of the government talent our country is capable of producing. This has its inevitable effect on both the caliber and the behavior of Congressmen, many of whom are products of local machines.

Just as a mayor's appointive power is often vested in a ward leader and a governor's appointive power is delegated to a county leader, so much of a President's power is exercised by a Senator or a Representative. The executive is held responsible for the appointee's performance, but the effective power of appointment is vested in those who share none of this responsibility. The effect of this immunity from responsibility is heartless and inefficient government. One celebrated case required President Franklin

Senator Joseph S. Clark's new book, "Congress: The Sapless Branch"—from which this article is adapted—will be published soon by Harper & Row. Elected to the U. S. Senate from Pennsylvania for a second term in 1962, Senator Clark had been Democratic Mayor of Philadelphia (the first in sixty-seven years), a partner in his own law firm, and a Colonel in the Army Air Force in World War II.

U. S. Man at the Acropolis

ATHENS, March 15 [1964]—Former President Harry S Truman was approached by an enthusiast, a stranger who introduced himself as a Truman Republican, during a visit to the Acropolis this week.

A companion scoffed that "there ain't no such animal." But Mr. Truman rejoined:

"Oh, there are a couple of them around."

Asked to define the breed, Mr. Truman chuckled as he answered:

"They are sort of like Nixon Democrats."

—Special to the *New York Times*.

Roosevelt to appoint as United States marshal a man convicted of homicide, in order to secure Senatorial confirmation of an Under Secretary of Agriculture. The marshal was a favorite of the chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee.*

Strengthening the national parties and increasing their concern with public policy thus requires, first, continued reduction of the role of patronage in political life. Much, of course, has already been done in local, state, and national government through enactment of civil-service laws. But the battle is far from won, as every practicing politician knows. A start could be made by eliminating Senatorial confirmation of postmasters. Despite civil service, these appointments have huge patronage implications. Politicians cling to such powers with tenacity in spite of repeated demonstrations that patronage is no longer serviceable as a political weapon. More enemies than friends are made through political appointments unrelated to merit. Successful political careers are today increasingly built upon the exploitation of issues. The patronage-bloated political organization is contributing less and less to electoral victory as the level of voter education and sophistication rises.

*A Senator spends many tedious and unprofitable hours in seeking to placate the pressures which flow from the powers which "Senatorial courtesy" confers on him for those appointments requiring Senatorial confirmation. News of a judicial vacancy in his state prompts many a Senator to echo a British Prime Minister's reaction to the need for an ecclesiastical appointment: "Damn it, another bishop dead."

Nor is patronage necessary for the health of strong political parties. It serves only to strengthen elements in the political structure which are alien to the spirit of the age, hostile to the strengthening of the policy-oriented elements in parties, and contrary to the dynamics of a healthy and competitive political system. And so, in the end, Congressional patronage makes for a less effective Congress.

A Sweepstakes Election

It is desirable, second, to bring the President and Congress closer together. The terms and times of electing Congressmen should be changed. The forces of nationalism as opposed to parochialism, the forces of democracy as opposed to oligarchy and plutocracy, and the ability of the President to obtain enactment of the platform on which he ran and was elected would all be strengthened if elections to both the House and Senate were held only in Presidential years. This could be accomplished by a constitutional amendment increasing the terms of Representatives to four years, decreasing the terms of Senators to four years, and eliminating mid-term Congressional elections, hence requiring the election of the entire Senate at the time of each Presidential election.

Consider the purposes of the draftsmen of the federal Constitution in fixing the terms of Representatives at two years; the Senatorial term at six, with one-third of its members to be elected every two years; and providing for federal elections in every even-numbered year. They thought:

1. Members of the House would represent the people and be immediately responsive to their wishes as the price of reelection.

But today fewer than 100 out of 435 Representatives need worry about reelection. The others have safe seats and, within reasonable limits, can vote as they choose.

2. Members of the House, being responsive to popular sentiment, would represent liberal if not radical views.

But for some years the House has been the more conservative body, constantly refusing to vote for measures advocated by both the President and the Senate which appear to have popular support.

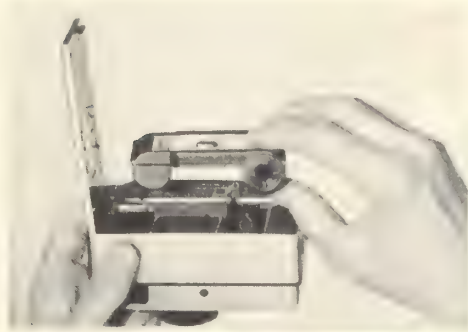
3. The Senate would consist of a conservative body of elders who would restrain the ardor and radicalism of the House.

But newly elected Senators are getting younger

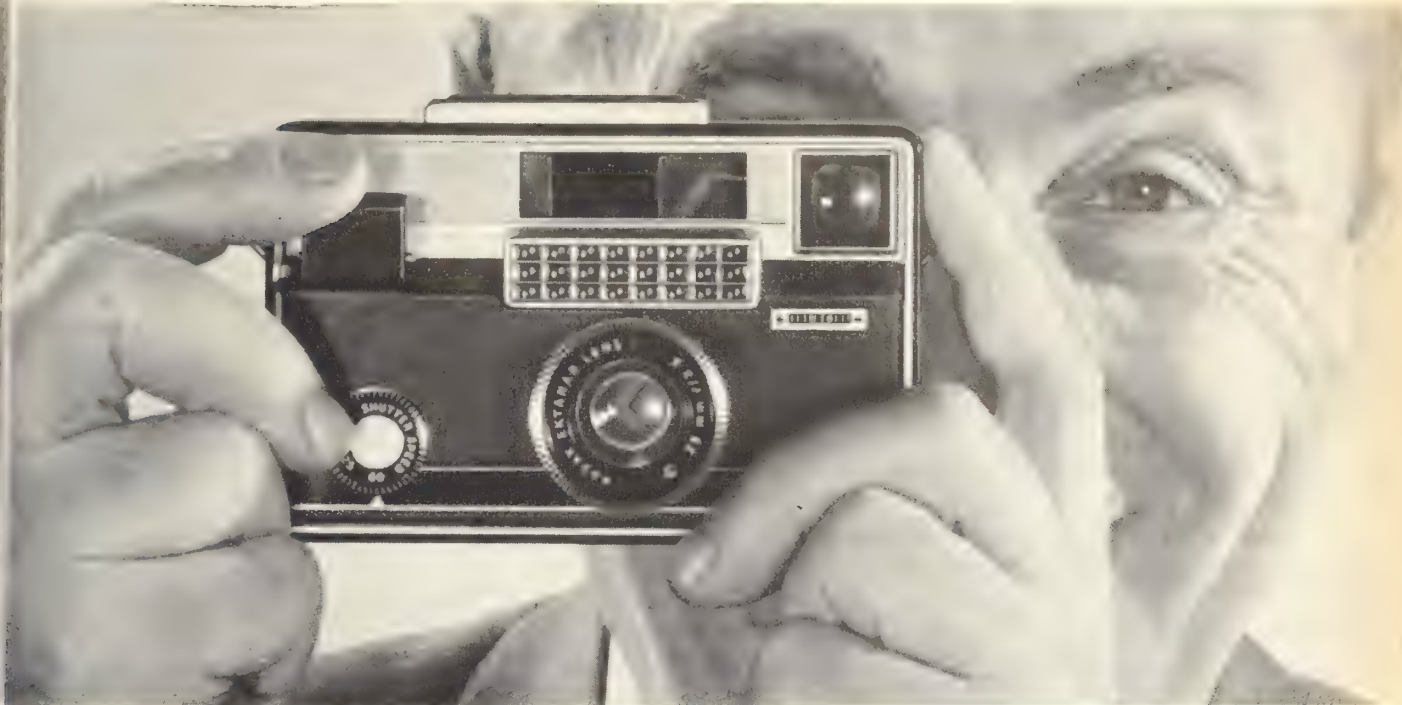
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at every election. And both individual Senators and the Senate as a body are far more liberal and far readier to follow the lead of the President than the House.

4. The framers envisaged a government without parties.

But parties sprang up in President Washington's time and with the exception of "the Era of Good Feeling," which ended after the election of 1824, have existed ever since.

5. They believed that the doctrine of the separation of powers was essential to preserve our hard-won freedoms.

But the doctrine of the separation of powers is seriously crippling effective governmental action in a world of constant change and, by tending to immobilize the President, is threatening to destroy those very freedoms it was instituted to preserve.

History has destroyed both the hopes and the philosophical basis for the methods and terms of Congressional election established by the Constitution. It follows that we should consider changing the terms and times of electing Congressmen without being inhibited by ancestor worship.

First, the House of Representatives. Two years is too short a term in which to represent effectively a Congressional district. A newly elected Congressman from a competitive district has hardly warmed his seat before he must leave it to campaign for renomination and reelection.

And if he comes from a noncompetitive district, he will remain a Representative for the rest of his political life. So what does it matter if he goes through the motions of getting reelected once every four years instead of once every two?

If he comes from a competitive district, he will be more of a statesman and less of an errand boy if he runs always at the same time and on the same ticket as the Presidential candidate of his party. The strengthening of the national interest in terms of the effective dialogue on issues which such a procedural change would bring about would be substantial. The strengthening of the national parties even more so. The strengthening of the hand of the President, who alone speaks for all Americans, would be the most substantial of all.

Much the same thing can be said about the Senate. Six years is a needlessly long term; one can become lazy, arrogant, and remote from one's constituency. A Senator becomes all too often too big for his pants. He is apt to consider himself and the "club" of which he is a part remote and above the political passions of the day, a statesman who can rise above the common herd. If anything were needed to prove the

point, it was the almost ridiculous posture taken by many Senators about the test-ban treaty. Here was a relatively unimportant but on the whole quite helpful little agreement which *would* decrease the danger of radioactive fallout and *might* lead to a further relaxation of U. S.-U. S. S. R. tensions. Quite clearly it was in the best interests of both countries to approve, although its military importance was insignificant. Equally clearly it would not signal the end of the Cold War, the elimination of the arms race, or the beginning of a beautiful friendship with Russia.

The Senatorial Bark

But in the Senate there was much talk of "grave constitutional responsibilities." There was an enormous amount of poking around in corners alleged to be dark and mysterious for the purpose of unmasking sinister Russians bent on setting off nuclear explosions on the other side of the moon, where the Communists could see what was going on but we couldn't. There was a great beating of the bushes to find scientists—any old scientists—to testify that the treaty might, conceivably, under some circumstances, endanger the ability of the United States to get started on basic research which a generation from now might tell us whether, as we now think, it is impossible to invent an anti-missile missile capable of preventing intercontinental or, for that matter, intermediate-range ballistic missiles from destroying both our cities and our nuclear deterrent power. And there was an equally frantic search for military men, naval men, airmen, in fact any graduate from Annapolis, West Point, or Colorado Springs who would shake his head and testify gravely that, yes, the worried scientists might well be right.

And in the end the treaty was ratified by a vote of eighty to nineteen. But the Senate, being the Senate, had put on what it considered a fine performance in the best tradition of "the greatest deliberative body in the world." As James Reston so well put it, "The effect of giving a Senator an opportunity to talk to an attentive audience is much the same as giving a dog a succulent bone. In both instances the reaction is to both drool and bark."

(It should be noted, however, that with few exceptions during the twelve days of debate on the treaty, the discussion consisted of set speeches made to an almost empty chamber. There were thirty-odd Senators present when Senator William Fulbright opened the "debate." That was the



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high-water mark. When I spoke in support of the treaty, there were three Senators on the floor. Senator Barry Goldwater made one of the principal speeches against the treaty to a Senatorial audience of four. Senator John Stennis drew six. When Senator Strom Thurmond called for a "live" quorum before he made his speech, it took almost an hour to round up fifty-one Senators. As soon as they answered to their names they left the chamber. By the time Senator Thurmond got into the body of his speech, there was no one on the floor except the presiding officer and a junior Republican Senator who was present to protect Republican interests against sudden and unexpected attack.)

If our terms were cut to four years and we were forced to run in the same election as that in which the President was elected, we might make a useful contribution in our respective states to a quadrennial national debate on national issues and, if we backed the winning candidate, return to the Capitol prepared, not to sabotage his program, but to help him enact it into law.

Let it not be pretended that bringing the Congress more into the stream of Presidential politics will result in a legislative branch less apt to assert an aggressive independence. A constitutional

history of more than a hundred and fifty years—from the Alien and Sedition Acts through Civil War Reconstruction to the tyrannical excesses of Senator Joseph McCarthy—will convince the objective student that there has never been a President who threatened American history so much as the petty tyrants in Congress who presided over committees which browbeat witnesses, assassinated the character of loyal Americans, passed unconscionable laws undermining civil liberties while at the same time refusing to legislate in support of civil rights, thus earning from time to time the just rebukes of a vigilant Supreme Court.

These suggestions are frankly an effort to mitigate the disadvantages our forefathers imposed on us when they foisted Montesquieu's already outmoded theory of the separation of powers on future generations of Americans. The proposals should be judged as such. It may be a long time before they achieve such popular acceptance as to make a constitutional amendment politically feasible. But they might just start some intelligent and uninhibited citizens thinking about how to overcome the eighteenth-century governmental mechanisms our ancestors imposed on their descendants.

America the Beautiful

I filled in a gap between newspaper engagements in Miami and Los Angeles with a two-week, 3,500-mile, bus-hopping, overnight-stopping zigzag across the Deep South and West, which was grueling but intensely rewarding and, I think, a fair sampler of this method of scouting the United States hinterland. . . .

Podded in the Super Scenicruiser's silver metal, foam rubber, air suspension, tinted panoramic glass and refrigerated climate, I rolled north into Florida's bombardment of sign-detonating commerce. It seemed, in the hallucinatory days that followed on the westward trek, that the landscape was never empty of a hamburger heaven or a billboard. The hard sell, the desperately bright enticement, the promise of a dazzling Good Life, scudded endlessly on like a giant can of film. . . .

At the end of the line—Los Angeles' complex of turnpikes, skyways, and flyovers. Behind—a super spectacle of smart shoddiness and ingenuity, masstopian plenitude, and eager despoliation, a kind of chock-a-block emptiness, all gone in an orchid blur of neon, and abundance of processed Disneyland romance and rustic tricks compensating for the poignant, melancholy sense that, among the welter of goodies and consumer service, somewhere along the old covered-wagon trails this is how the West was lost.

—Kenneth Allsop, in *The Spectator* (London), January 24, 1964.

Fast Dan

A story by William Price Fox



School was out for the summer and Earl Edge and Bo Hunnicut, aged fifteen, were sitting in the back booth at the drugstore drinking Pepsi Colas and reading the Columbia, South Carolina, *Record*. Earl was reading the Help Wanted ads for summer jobs.

"Here's something, Bo. Carpenter helpers, no experience, dollar an hour, Colonial Heights . . . That's good money. How about it?"

Bo finished the last of his Pepsi and began picking at the wet label. "That's the place Jethro worked."

"Doing what?"

"He wasn't doing no carpenter helping. They had him on straight labor. Hundred-pound kegs of nails. That's what they had him on. Carried them all day. Haven't you seen him lately?"

"No."

"Man, he looks terrible."

Earl held his finger on the ad and shook his head. "Whew . . . Didn't they have any wheelbarrows?"

"Too muddy. Everything had to be moved by hand. And when the mud dried he had to carry the kegs up from a storage basement. He's lucky to be alive."

Earl slid his finger down the column. "Here's grill work. Five Points, doesn't say who it is."

"Anything about hours?"

"No. Nothing."

"That's Brown's place. He never mentions the hours until he hires you. He wants you there from noon till two in the morning and if you're tired enough he'll let you sleep on the dirty linen."

"Fourteen hours a day, that's against the law."

"For grill help? Hell, Jack Stevens works fourteen every day. You ever heard of a union for grill cooks?"

"Don't get so excited. I only read you the ad. I didn't say anything about going down to see him."

Bo opened the paper and smiled, "Looka here, looka here. Here's a John Wayne show at the Palmetto. That's for me. That's what I want to do. How much money you got?"

"Thirty-five cents."

"Any at home?"

"No . . . You?"

"Not a nickel. You feel like getting some bottles up?"

Earl folded the paper and slid it up under the jukebox station at the side of the booth.

"Let's ride."

They left the drugstore, climbed on their bikes, and went to Bo's house. They picked up two hundred-pound croker sacks and dropped them in their bike baskets and headed uptown. At the Silver Dipper Pool Room they found fifteen pint bottles and eleven half-pints in the garbage and in the men's washroom. At Gayden Brothers they picked up thirty more in the dark alley behind the bowling alley. They stopped again at the Busy Bee, the Spot, and the American Bar and Grill. Within two hours their sacks were filled and they headed back toward the Bottom and Claude Johnson's. Claude had one of the biggest corn-whiskey outlets in Columbia and he paid two cents for unwashed pint bottles and one cent for half-pints. Claude used his own bottle caps. Earl and Bo collected two dollars and ten cents for the two bags of bottles and headed home to wash and dress for the movie. It was dark by the time they met at the drugstore and began the long ride up Elmwood to Main and down Main to the theatre. As they rode along Earl said, "Listen, we're getting too old to be making money like this. What if some gal from class sees us tipping around the Silver Dipper alley with those damn sacks slung over our backs? What are we going to say?"

Bo sat back on the edge of his seat. They were coasting down the last block of Elmwood to Main. "Never thought of that. It wouldn't be too good. I'd really hate for Mary Alice to see me coming out of an alley like that. Boy we must really be sights." They turned the corner at Main. Bo said, "Okay, Earl, tomorrow no more bottles. I don't care how much we need the money. No more bottles."

They pumped hard to get up speed for the short hill up Main to Laurel Street.

The lights of Main Street and the city lay out before them and in the summer night, which would with luck drop to eighty degrees, the tall cascade of white and blue lights of the movie house looked like Niagara Falls. They caught the green light at Laurel and ducking their heads, to cut the wind resistance down, they pedaled as fast as they could toward John Wayne and the great air-conditioned plant of the Palmetto Theatre.

In the morning they were sitting on the curb near the drugstore in the block of shade cast by the mailbox when Dan Driggers drove up. Dan was a tall, slow-moving colored fellow. Someone had said when he was younger he had played baseball and had caught for Satchel Paige. But now he was almost fifty and he made his living doing

sheet-metal work out in West Columbia. Dan's Chrysler was his pride and joy. He kept it in perfect condition and it was always freshly waxed and clean. Every time he got out of the car he'd pull a soft chamois cloth out of his back pocket and buff and polish the chrome work of the radiator and the grille. And when the wind came up from the west he'd cuss, wet his fingertips and pick off the fine lint blown over from the cotton mill. No one was allowed to lean on Dan Drigger's Chrysler. Dan eased the car to the curb, taking care he didn't soil the freshly whitened white-wall tires, and pulled the brake on. He grinned out the window at Earl and Bo. "You boys come on in. I got some news."

They climbed in the back seat and stretched out. Dan always kept funny books in the back seat for Earl and Bo to read to him. Earl slumped down away from the burning sun. "You want me to read to you, Dan?"

"No. No reading today. I got some news. How you boys like a nice ice-cold Pepsi and a bag of potato chips?"

Earl said quickly, "Fine, Dan. That would be fine."

Dan went inside the drugstore and returned with three Pepsis and three bags of Wise's Potato Chips. He handed the drinks and chips over the seat and sat down under the steering wheel. "Now I'm going to tell you what I've gone and done."

Bo leaned forward. "You quit your job?"

Dan grinned and nodded. Earl sat up. "You mean you're out of work? What are you going to do?"

A faint smile tickled along Dan's mouth and he took a deep drink out of his Pepsi.

Earl said, "What kind of job you going to get, Dan? There's not much call for ex-sheet-metal men around Columbia. You planning on staying in Columbia, aren't you?"

"Shore I'm going to stay in Columbia. I was born here and I aim to die here. But I kind of figured you boys were sort of experts on getting jobs. I mean what with all that reading the ads all the time. Maybe you could find something for your old buddy Dan. You know, something kind of interesting. Something different."

William Price Fox left high school in Columbia, South Carolina—the setting of this story and of his story collection, "Southern Fried"—and joined the Air Corps, where he became a bombardier-navigator. He graduated from the University of South Carolina in 1950 and is now working in New York. His second book, "Doctor Golf," came out last summer.

Earl said, "I'll go inside and get the classified and we'll go through them."

Bo swallowed a handful of potato chips and said, "Wait a minute. I know where there is a job. I tried to get it last week but they want someone older."

Dan looked at him. "Where is it?"

"A rack boy. They want a rack boy at the Silver Dipper. Boy, I'd give my eyeteeth for a job like that. Not much to do and play all the pool you want. Now that's what I call a real job."

Dan shook his head, "No man, I want me an outside job. Ain't healthy being around all that drinking and shouting and smoking all day. Besides, what I know about racking balls?" Dan smiled and reached back and patted Bo's shoulder.

"Listen, I already made up my mind about what I'm going to do. I just wanted to see what you boys were going to come up with. But you got to admit going from a sheet-metal shop to a rack job in a low-class place like the Silver Dipper don't make much sense."

Bo sat back and picked up a funny book. "I was just trying to help."

"I know you were boy and I appreciate it. Now I'm going to tell you about the business I'm going in. I've decided to go into the transportation business."

Earl said, "You going to haul whiskey?"

"Man no."

"What?"

"People. Men and women and children and dogs and livestock if they can pay the fare. I'm going into the cab business."

"No lie?"

"No lie . . . I got me a good car. Right or wrong?"

"Right."

"I'm a good driver. Right or wrong?"

"Right."

"Well, that's all you need and I'm opening up a cab company."

"When?"

Dan finished his Pepsi and bounced the bottle out onto the hard clay between the curb and the sidewalk. "First thing in the morning."

On the next day Dan arrived at the drugstore with the Chrysler converted into a cab. It looked good. He'd gotten a painter to black the rear side windows out and paint across the black area in big, white, good-looking letters "Fast Dan." Along the trim below the window in half-inch lettering he had printed "Owner, Proprietor and Operator—Dan Driggers . . ." and then brackets enclosing his new name, "Fast Dan . . ."

Earl said, "Where'd you get that name?"

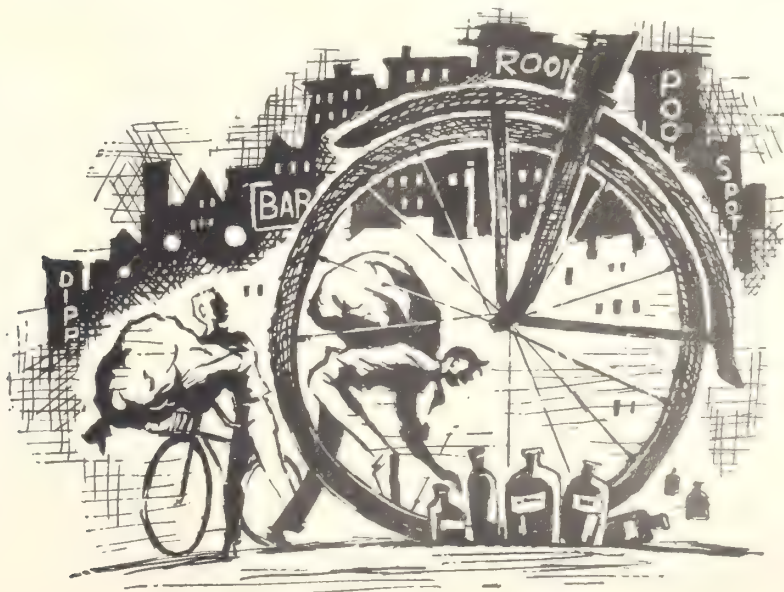
Dan straightened his new short-billed motorcycle hat, "It came to me in the middle of the night. Like it?"

"I guess so."

And so Dan Driggers went into business. He had no license, no meter, no uniform, and no rates . . . only a motorcycle cap, two blacked windows in his Chrysler, and his brand-new name, "Fast Dan." A passenger, drunk or sober, would get in at the drugstore. "How much to Irmo?"

Irmo is fifteen miles from Columbia and twelve of the miles are over dirt roads. Dan would say, "Where in Irmo?"

"Al's place." Dan would think it over for a long time and pretend to be doing a complicated mathematical problem behind his eyes. The passenger would say, "All right, how much?"



Dan would say, "I don't rightly know. I suspect whatever you think it's worth."

"Let's say three dollars."

"That sounds fine for there and back. But I'll have to have a little something extra if I have to wait around all night to bring you back."

And Dan drove slow and careful and everything worked out fine. Only one trouble—the minute Dan would get his hands on two dollars or five dollars he'd be up at Gus Spode's Texaco station on Main Street buying new stuff for the Chrysler. New lights, new rings, new brakes, new chrome, new everything. Three out of every four dollars that Dan made went to Gus Spode's but it wasn't too long before the Chrysler looked and drove like a combination Rolls-Royce and Pierce Arrow.

Dan couldn't read or write or do figures, so Earl and Bo kept his books in a Blue Ribbon tablet. They kept track of the miles he drove and the gas he used and the money he collected and the money he spent at Spode's. Every Saturday Dan would buy a half of a case of Pepsi-Colas and a box of sandwiches and potato chips and they would go out to the Blue Hole Rock Quarry. There they would swim and lie around in the sun and eat the food and drink the Pepsis. The Saturday picnic was their fee for doing the book-keeping and advising Dan to quit spending so much money on the car. But it didn't do any good. Dan had to have new fog lights, Dan had to have a new grille, a new radiator, and he had seen a sterling silver winged figure of an angel with trailing flags and leaping deer for the radiator that he said he had to have or he would die.

On Friday Dan gave Earl and Bo a letter from his sister. He said she'd gone north to Charlotte a couple of years back. He figured she was in some kind of trouble. She was. The letter had been hand printed on a piece of brown wrapping paper. It read:

Dear Dan,

How are you. I is in terrible trouble. I need \$67.50 at once. My address is Thelma Driggers, 601½ Fortune Alley, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Your loving sister,
Thelma

P.S. If you ain't got the \$67.50, \$25.00 will be fine.

Earl handed him back the letter. "What's wrong?"

"She need another bortion."

"What's a bortion?"

"Well, it's a kind of like a ring job or a valve

job on a straight-eight engine only it's more serious."

"That's too bad."

Dan shook his head. "Tell me something—how much is forty-two fifty from that figure you just read me?"

"Forty-two fifty from sixty-seven fifty is twenty-five dollars."

"Man they shore do get prices for them up there in Charlotte. Now where in the world am I going to raise twenty-five dollars?"

Earl said, "But she said she needs sixty-seven fifty."

"She always does that. Thelma always adds the month's rent on."

Later Earl and Bo asked Doc Daniels what a good price for a "bortion" was. There was a woman standing at the fountain and when Doc looked up from the gallon of chocolate syrup he was pouring into the dispenser Earl thought he was going to throw the jar right at them. When the woman left and Doc settled down and Earl told him that the bortion was for Dan's sister, Doc scratched his head and said a first-class one should run right around three hundred dollars. Bo said, "Don't they have any cheaper ones than that?"

Doc said, "Well, there are ways of cutting corners but it would be hard getting much below three hundred dollars."

Bo said, "Well we know of one that's going for twenty-five."

Doc whistled and picked up the chocolate-syrup jar and began pouring. "Don't tell me any more about it and forget you even mentioned it to me. Okay?"

"Okay, Doc, whatever you say."

Dan went on a short haul and came back. He looked worried.

"Where am I going to raise that kind of money?"

Bo said, "You want to haul some whiskey for Claude Johnson? We can get twenty-five dollars out of him."

"No man, I ain't going to haul no whiskey in my Chrysler. If I lose my Chrysler I am through. The law would catch me in a minute, shoot my car full of holes, and where would I be? I tell you where I'd be, I'd be wiped out. That's where I'd be."

Earl and Bo could think of nothing else except collecting over two thousand bottles which was impossible.

Suddenly Dan snapped his fingers. "I got it. Small loans, that's where I'll go. Up there on Assembly Street. I've heard about them places.



They're up there someplace. All we got to do is find them. Let's get in the car and I'll drive and you boys read the signs, we're bound to run into them."

Bo said, "Wait a second. I'll go check the yellow pages."

The Friendly Kredit Co. were friendly enough. They agreed that a twenty-five-dollar loan could be arranged in ten minutes and that even if Dan couldn't sign his name his mark would be fine. They drew up the papers. Everything was set until they explained that Dan would have to use his car for collateral. They then explained what collateral meant. Dan shook his head, "No sir."

They explained what collateral meant again.

"No sir, I ain't signing no paper mentioning anything about my Chrysler."

They tried again and finally Earl and Bo tried.

"No sir . . . no sir . . . I appreciate it and I know you gentlemen will treat me honest but, no sir."

They went back to the drugstore.

Earl tried to read Dan a Batman and Robin funny book but he was too restless and worried to sit still. He got out of the car and began polishing the grille and the radiator, and going over the windows. He was moving too fast and Earl could tell he was very tense.

As the sun set behind the magnolias of the Logan Elementary School yard, Dan came inside and sat under the wheel. Finally he spoke. He spoke toward the window. "How much whiskey Mr. Johnson want hauled?"

Bo said, "Fifty gallons up and fifty gallons back."

Earl said, "Why is that?"

"He needs some aged stuff for blending and it's up in Camden."

Dan said in a strangled voice, "How's it packed?"

Bo said, "Kegs."

Earl said, "How come you know so much?"

"He's my uncle, isn't he? Besides I tried to borrow the money from him but he's broke until he can get this delivery in."

"Well, why can't he deliver it himself?"

"His cars are all hot."

Dan sighed lowly. "They watching his house?"

Bo said, "No."

It was dark in the car when Earl heard a small thudding sound from Dan. He looked over the seat. Dan was biting the top of the steering wheel. Earl whispered, "Let's haul it, Dan. Me and Bo will be along. We can drive out Taylor and get on those back roads. I know every inch of those roads. We can make it before midnight."

"Boy, I been praying youall would come along. I just don't seem to have any choice. Okay, we'll haul it. But I want one thing understood—if the law starts after us I want you boys to promise me you'll jump and hide out in the woods. If youall will agree to that we'll do it."

Bo nudged Earl in his ribs. "You got my promise, Dan. I'll jump. How about you, Earl?"

"Me too, Dan. I'll jump."

Dan turned around smiling. "Let's get going."

After the sun had set and the alleys were in darkness, Dan drove his car to the rear of Claude Johnson's place for the pickup. The unaged whiskey was packed in five ten-gallon wooden kegs. Each keg weighed about forty pounds and the size was perfect for the big trunk on the Chrysler. Claude gave Bo the keys to the storehouse and told him to place them in a tomato can by the door when they left. They loaded the five kegs into the trunk and started off. They knew

the tail end of the car had dropped down with the two hundred pounds but it wasn't until they were out on Harden Street heading for Taylor that they realized the springs had collapsed. The car was squatting down on the chassis and every small bump they touched felt like driving over a railroad crosstie. The car was taking a bad beating and Dan pulled over under a dark lane of trees. They got out and looked at the rear of the car. It looked like it didn't have any rear wheels. Dan shook his head, "Now that won't do. That won't do at all."

Bo said, "Let's put a couple of kegs up on the front seat. That ought to balance her."

They took three kegs out of the trunk and put them on the front seat floorboards. Earl and Bo crowded around the kegs and sat on the front seat. They went out Taylor to Greene over to Reade and then out the back roads all the thirty-seven miles to Camden. They arrived at Claude's storehouse at ten o'clock and unloaded the five kegs.

The whiskey was stored in the back of the store. Dan saw it first. "Oh Lord, look at that. We are through."

The fifty gallons for the return trip wasn't stored in ten-gallon kegs, it was in a single fifty-five-gallon Coca-Cola barrel. There was no way to carry it without the Chrysler's rear end dragging the ground. The barrel was too big to get through the door of the car and put it on the front seat. Dan looked around the warehouse for Mason jars or five-gallon tins or anything he could use to spread the weight out, but there was nothing.

Dan sat up on a loading platform with his head in his hands. "I knew that trip up here was going too good. I knew it."

Bo got a piece of rope and measured the barrel and took the rope out to the car. He returned shaking his head. "It won't fit anywhere but in the trunk. And it just will fit there. We'll have to leave the trunk lid up and lash it down."

Dan moaned. "Oh man, that's all the law has to see is that back end dragging and the edge of that barrel sticking out. We ain't got a chance."

Earl and Bo left Dan sitting on the platform and went over to the car. "Listen, why don't I go call Claude. Maybe he's got some suggestions."

Bo called back to Dan, "Dan, listen, we're going down and call up Claude. See what he says."

Dan didn't answer.

They started for the street. Suddenly Bo snapped his fingers. "Wait a minute. Wait a minute. We can't call Claude, they got his phone tapped. All they have to hear is that he's expect-

ing a load in tonight and we're in real trouble." They stood still in the dark gazing at the white lights and the red neon of an all-night café on the outskirts of Camden. They returned to Dan and sat with him on the platform. The giant barrel loomed like a glacier on the floor before them.

Earl said, "We might as well try and carry a piano as that thing." They were quiet for a while. Fertilizer had been loaded on the platform they were sitting on and the sharp yellow smell was still heavy in the air. A dog barked in the distance.

Finally Dan spoke, "Them were pretty good back roads there. I think I'm all for trying it."

Bo said, "I'm for forgetting it. We'll go back and make Claude pay us half of the money. We'll get the rest tomorrow someplace."

Dan said, "Someplace, like where?"

Earl said, "Don't worry, Dan. We'll figure something out."

Dan shook his head, "Naw, that ain't no good. If he don't get his whiskey we don't get our money. What's fair is fair and we made an agreement."

Bo spoke. "Let's at least see how it looks in the trunk."

After Earl backed the car up they laid two pieces of timber from the floor to the car trunk and began rolling the barrel up the skid. The barrel weighed almost three hundred pounds and Dan pushed the back and Earl and Bo pushed the sides. Slowly it settled into the trunk. Dan pulled the timbers out, "Now let's see how she looks." He tried to close the trunk lid. It came down one foot and stopped. The lid stuck up from the car on a thirty-degree angle. Dan groaned, "Oh Lord—that's bad. You can tell what it is even in the dark." Bo pulled the heavy rope out of the back seat and began lashing the trunk lid down as tight as it would go. It came down another inch but no more.

Earl said, "How about the springs?"

Dan took a flashlight and slid under the car. He whistled. "Gone. It's squatting right on the frame. Might as well not have any springs."

Even in the dark of the storehouse they could tell that the Chrysler's rear end would be dragging the ground and every policeman, preacher, and Boy Scout would know what they were hauling. Their only hope was the back roads.

It's thirty-seven miles from Camden to Columbia and a good car with no strain can get there in thirty minutes; but the roads that Earl directed Dan over cut through the swamp and ran along the edge of the Congaree River, and the journey



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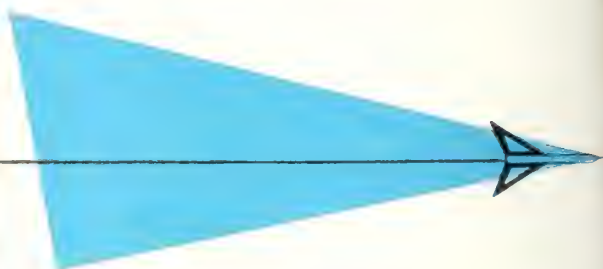
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from the outskirts of Camden to Spider Hill that overlooks the city took three hours and fifteen minutes. The rear end kept wanting to fishtail with all the weight concentrated in the trunk. Added to that, when they went up a hill or down a hill the exhaust pipe and the gas tank would scrape along the roadbed. At the top of Spider Hill Dan collapsed over the steering wheel. "Man, I am a nervous wreck."

Without thinking, Bo blurted out, "If you think you're nervous now just wait till we get on Richland Street." But Dan was too tired to hear and the message didn't register. Earl heard it and a pair of cold claws began kneading his stomach.

Claude's place was on Richland Street just south of Wayne at the bottom of a half-mile hill. They started down the hill and Bo spoke. There was a shrill nervous quality in his voice, as if he had been keeping a terrible secret from them. "You'll have that money in no time now, Dan. Maybe a little bonus for all this extra risk."

Dan said, "All I want right now is to get rid of that whiskey. Nothing else."

The road was clay with washed ruts and the car began to chatter. Dan spoke again, "When does he want me to flash my lights?"

Bo said, "Stop at Gadsden Street. Just hit them once and then leave them off. If he flashes once it's okay. If he flashes three times turn off and keep going."

"What does that mean?"

"Means the law is waiting."

"Oh Lord, don't tell me that. Where am I going to drive? Why didn't you tell me he was being watched. Oh Lord, if I had any sense I'd drive straight to the police station right now."

Bo's face firmed. "It's going to be all right, Dan. I know it is." Earl didn't speak. He felt warm sweat drenching him under his arms and across his chest.

At Gadsden Street Bo said, "Flash the lights, Dan. Flash them."

"You flash them. My hands' so slick I can hardly hold the wheel."

Bo reached over and turned the lights off and then back on. They slowed down and waited. And then Claude's lights went off and then on. They were safe. The law wasn't around. Claude Johnson had flashed his lights only once and everything was all right.

The sweat had cooled on Earl's chest and arms and he began to relax. Claude's place was less than two blocks away. They passed under a street lamp and he saw a faint grim smile on Dan's face. Earl squeezed Bo around the shoulders. A

block and a half to go now. Earl could see Claude smoking his pipe on the porch. One block to go and Earl was dying to let out a Rebel Yell. He held it back until they were fifty yards from Wayne Street. He cupped his hand over his mouth and let out a soft yell that felt great. It was a beautiful noise and Bo joined in at the end. They did it again. This time it sounded like two beagle hounds coming home after being away a long, long time. Dan murmured a pleasant sound and they all three joined in the final rising, sweet yell. The beautiful noise was interrupted by a siren.

"All right, pull over."

A wet pulsing panic seized Earl, Bo grew rigid, and Dan, after he had stopped the car, flopped forward on the steering wheel as if he had been hit with a post-hole digger.

The officer's flashlight stung in and counted the faces. There was no need for him to look any further. There was no need for him to open the trunk and taste the whiskey, for all of the misery and panic and guilt were shining out from the grim faces.

"All right, what are you carrying?"

Bo's voice skittered up, "Scrap iron."

"Let's have a look."

The officer pushed down his kick stand on the motorcycle and dismounted. The light appeared in the rear window and Earl heard him tap the flashlight on the full barrel of Kershaw County Corn Whiskey.

The officer returned. "Well, well, well . . . and you a cab driver."

"Yessir."

"Fast Dan Cab Co. I suppose you have a license for that too, haven't you?"

"No sir."

"Give me your driver's license."

"No sir."

"No sir, what?"

"No sir. I don't have none."

The officer took a leather notebook out of the saddlebag. "Where's this whiskey going?"

No one spoke.

"Come on, speak up."

Dan said, "Captain, you know I can't tell you that."

The officer looked down the street at Claude's. "Well, it doesn't take any Sherlock Holmes to figure that one out." He came around to the other side of the car and opened the door. "All right, you boys come out here. I want some information."

Earl and Bo got out. "Names? Addresses? Parents? School?" He filled out a long complaint

form. "Which one of you know Claude Johnson?"

Earl said, "We both do."

"I guess I don't have to tell you you're in serious trouble?"

"No sir."

He looked at Bo. "You Claude's nephew?"

"Yessir."

"Want to say anything for the record?" He had his book on the fender. He handed the flashlight to Earl. "Here, hold this."

Bo started talking slowly, then faster, then as fast as he could. He told the officer everything. About Dan's cab, about the records in the Blue Ribbon tablet, about Dan's sister, Thelma, the small loans, the unaged whiskey, the big fifty-five-gallon Coca-Cola barrel, the ride back from Camden, Spider Hill, everything. . . .

The officer was silent for a while. Dan kept leaning on the steering wheel trying to believe it was all a bad, bad dream. The officer led them away from the car. "Dar's sister is Thelma Driggers?"

Earl said, "Yessir."

The officer seemed to be smiling, "Well, how about that? I'll tell you something. Thelma Driggers used to cook for us, practically raised my kids while I was off in the Navy. Where is she now?"

"Up in Charlotte."

"Well, boy, I'm really sorry to hear about her difficulty. I really am." He folded the complaint sheet in half and held it by the corner.

"How old are you boys?"

"Fifteen."

"What grade?"

"We'll be in the tenth come September."

"Well boys," the officer said, "I guess I don't have to tell you how close you came to getting into some real trouble."

Bo said, "No sir."

The words "how close" rang in Earl's ears. Tears welled in his eyes and the small white lights

from the colored houses along Richland Street looked green and red and gold.

"I'm not going to take you boys in. I'm going to tear up these complaints."

The gold lights turned silver and then back to gold and beautiful music came from some place in the top of the tall loblolly pines that lined the street.

"All right, now get back in that car. Tell Claude I'll leave him alone for a few days but no more. Understand?"

"We understand."

Dan was paralyzed. Bo pushed him over in the seat and took the emergency brake off and began coasting down the hill. He flashed his lights once and Claude returned the signal by flashing as fast as he could. He had seen the police officer. When they got to the driveway Claude came running down the steps and into the yard. "Get that stuff out of here. For Christ's sake, Dan, are you out of your mind?" Bo leaned out the window and told him part of the story.

Dan didn't speak or move. He just sat there like he'd had his backbone removed. After the whiskey had been unloaded, Bo and Earl got the money from Claude and sent the money order to Thelma.

Dan acted limp all that night and all the next day. Finally they made him drink down a couple of Atlantic Ales but he still wouldn't talk. He just sat out there on the front bumper of his Chrysler and drank and smiled and every now and then he'd shake his head. Then he'd pause a while and drink some more, and shake his head some more.

It was after sunset and the mockingbird that usually hung around the drugstore had arrived and was making a sound like a tom cat when Dan slowly arose from the bumper and, taking his chamois cloth, he smiled and began stroking softly, softly stroking the radiator, the hood, the fenders and the chrome trim of his beautiful 1939 Deluxe Chrysler.



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The Quickening War Against Viruses

by Maya Pines

As they unlock the secrets of living cells . . . American and British scientists are developing wholly new lines of defense against man's smallest and most lethal foes.

Everybody complains about virus diseases—from the common cold and flu to intestinal upsets and “virus X.” Some of our most serious illnesses, such as hepatitis or encephalitis, can be traced to infection by viruses. Yet until recently it could be said that nobody did a thing about curing them.

A virus disease, almost by definition, was something medical science practically gave up about, once you'd caught it. Prevention was possible in many cases where a vaccine existed, as for smallpox or polio, and where it was used in advance. But if anyone was unlucky enough to come down with a viral illness for which no vaccine had yet been developed, or to contract polio or smallpox despite the vaccine, doctors had little to offer beyond the familiar prescription, “Stay in bed, rest, and take plenty of liquids.”

Even the most daring medical researchers hesitated to believe that ways could be found to stop the growth of viruses in the body without causing irreparable harm to the patient. Yet in the past five years this process has begun—and the

excitement among the scientists involved knows no bounds.

If they succeed in finding ways to combat virus diseases, their work may rival in importance the discovery of antibiotics a quarter of a century ago. The wonder drugs of that era help us control such bacterial diseases as typhoid, strep throat, syphilis, and some forms of pneumonia. After World War II they led to enormous optimism, with the general impression that *all* infectious diseases were under control or would soon give way to drugs. In fact, however, nothing was known about how to cure—or even treat—the diseases caused by viruses, which are far more common and often more debilitating than those caused by bacteria.

Viruses are the smallest infectious particles that are known to exist, so minute that they can be seen only under electron microscopes which magnify objects more than 100,000 times. Apparently lifeless, and unable to reproduce on their own, they propagate by invading a living cell and forcing it to manufacture more viruses in their image. In the process, it is suspected, some viruses alter the very genetic nature of the cell they invade, and in this sense they may be called “bits of heredity.”

Although some antiviral vaccines have existed for a long time, the best-known being the vaccine against smallpox, they resulted from brilliant deductions by such men as Jenner and Pasteur who never had a chance to see the viruses and merely assumed their existence. Until 1948, when Harvard's Dr. John Enders devised a new way to make viruses grow in cultures of human tissue, it was almost impossible to study viruses methodically. His technique cleared the way for the development of polio and measles vaccines, as well as the discovery of hundreds of previously unknown viruses.

Vaccines are killed or weakened viruses which stimulate the body to produce specific antibodies. These antibodies then recognize and attack the virus whenever it enters the body again. Unfortunately there are so many kinds of viruses—all living creatures, even bacteria, seem vulnerable to large numbers of them—that it would be impractical, if not impossible, to develop specific vaccines against them all. To complicate matters and drive vaccine makers to distraction, new strains of viruses keep turning up just in time to resist existing vaccines. Because of such virus “drift” last year, for instance, the massive program of flu shots did very little to prevent an epidemic and some government scientists now doubt that it was worth the effort.

Other people's antibodies, such as those given in gamma globulin shots against measles, can prevent some illnesses or make them much milder. But they must be taken very soon after exposure to the disease, before its symptoms appear.

Not only have viruses been difficult to isolate and identify—new ones are still being found all the time—but their actual role in producing disease remains unclear. Many virus infections produce no visible disease at all; for each case of paralytic polio there are hundreds of polio infections so mild as to remain unrecognized. Yet in certain circumstances the consequences of even the mildest virus infection may be disastrous—as in the case of defective babies born to mothers who had German measles during the first three months of pregnancy.

Hope for the Unvaccinated

Other long-term consequences are only beginning to be recognized. In the opinion of many researchers, human cancer is one such consequence. Parkinsonism, multiple sclerosis, and some aspects of the aging process have all been mentioned as possibly of viral origin. "It has become clear that many of the chronic diseases of later life must have their beginning in early life—some of them, perhaps many, viral in origin," says Dr. Robert J. Huebner, chief of the Laboratory of Infectious Diseases of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases.

This is an entirely new line of thought in medical research, and one rapidly becoming so popular that an unconvinced scientist facetiously suggested setting up a new research center to be called "The Institute for the Study of Schizophrenia, Nearsightedness, Cancer, and Other Viral Diseases."

Despite the widespread interest in viruses, until the past five years it was not generally believed possible that any remedies for virus diseases could be developed (although, of course, some could be prevented by vaccines). And until 1962 not a single such remedy existed.

Today, however, the search for antiviral agents is proceeding briskly on two main fronts: One group of scientists is hunting for drugs that can block specific viruses; others are studying interferon, a substance produced by the body itself as a defense against all viruses.

For those who pin their hopes on antiviral drugs, the achievement of an ophthalmologist at the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Hospital, Dr. Herbert Kaufman, in treating eye infections two

years ago marked the beginning of an era. Previous experiments had shown that an anticancer drug named IDU (for 5-iodo-2-deoxyuridine) could block virus growth in a test tube. Using this drug in the form of eyedrops, Dr. Kaufman succeeded in curing serious infections caused by the cold-sore (Herpes) virus. This drug has now won general acceptance and has prevented blindness in hundreds of cases in the U. S. and abroad. Although it has shown signs of activity against several other virus diseases, such as smallpox and some forms of encephalitis, it is too toxic for anything but external use. Half-a-dozen other drugs or derivatives of IDU are now being investigated to see whether they would prove equally effective while doing less damage.

Another drug, thiosemicarbazone, was actually taken by mouth by 1,101 persons in Madras, India, during a smallpox epidemic there last year. Supervised by Dr. D. J. Bauer of Great Britain's Wellcome Foundation, this was the first attempt at preventing a virus disease by means of drugs. All of the persons involved in the experiment had slept in a room with a smallpox patient. Some of them received the drug quite late in the twelve-to-fourteen-day incubation period, though not so late as to have broken out in a rash. Of this group, only three persons developed smallpox—all mild cases—while among the 1,126 similar persons who served as controls, seventy-eight developed smallpox and twelve died. The British medical publication, *The Lancet*, called this "the most significant advance in smallpox control since the days of Jenner."

What with increasing air travel, smallpox "scares" are likely to occur frequently in the U. S. At the same time the nation has become highly vulnerable to smallpox, since three Americans out of four fail to keep up their vaccinations. So this advance may save lives quite close to home.

Before drug therapy can be developed much further along these lines, however, researchers need to find the answers to some key questions about how and why the drugs work. This is a slow, meticulous, painstaking task now being carried out in several laboratories around the country. Prominent among them is New York's Rockefeller Institute.

Here Dr. Igor Tamm, a tall biochemist of Es-

Maya Pines, a free-lance writer who specializes in medicine, science, and psychiatry, is the author of "Retarded Children Can Be Helped." She is now working on a book about current theories on the causes and control of diseases.

tonian origin, spends his days absorbed in his detective work. Relying on ever-larger and more complicated apparatus—ultracentrifuges, incubators of odd shapes and sizes, spectrophotometers, body-temperature rooms, cold rooms, sterile cooled rooms with filtered air, and a powerful microscope equipped for photography, which sits enthroned in its own darkroom—he has been closing in on ever-smaller areas within the cell.

Viruses, he explains, do not have the molecular building blocks or the energy with which to reproduce by themselves. They can multiply only by using what they find in a cell. "Since the building blocks are the same for cell and virus, it was thought unlikely five years ago that you could specifically inhibit one and not the other," he says.

The break came with the discovery of a new enzyme (RNA-polymerase), never present in healthy cells, which viruses manufacture in the infected cell. By focusing on this enzyme, Dr. Tamm and his associate, Dr. Hans Eggers, succeeded in interfering with virus growth alone. In 1961 they showed that a chemical called HBB inhibited the synthesis of viral nucleic acid. Many viruses such as polio, Coxsackie, rhinovirus, and others which belong to the group known as picornaviruses are stopped in their tracks by HBB and another drug, guanidine. The drugs do not hamper the normal processes of the host cell, yet seem greatly to lessen the damage inflicted by the virus. Apparently they act by blocking the new enzyme (RNA-polymerase) which is responsible for the synthesis of viral nucleic acid.

This explanation does not yet satisfy Dr. Tamm, however. "Uppermost in my mind," he says, "is finding the primary site of action. With exactly what molecule does HBB combine? What aspect of the structure of the HBB molecule interacts with what aspect of the receptor molecule? Once this has been established, we'll have a very useful tool for further study of viral molecules."

For the time being there is no practical application of this research to the treatment of virus diseases. "There may be certain particular situations where these drugs may become useful," says Dr. Tamm cautiously, "but first we need to establish that they are innocuous." Another problem is that drug-resistant mutants appear very rapidly, although this could be circumvented by using HBB and guanidine together.

Most people, of course, recover from virus infections without benefit of drugs, even when

these infections result in overt disease. What makes them recover? Until 1957 there was no even a coherent theory on this subject. The body's only known defense against viruses was immunity to them—the familiar buildup of antibodies produced either by vaccination or by a previous infection with the same virus. This accounted for resistance to reinfection, but how the body dealt with the first infection remained a mystery.

Second Line of Defense

In 1957 Dr. Alick Isaacs and a coworker in England's National Institute for Medical Research were studying another poorly understood phenomenon, so-called "virus interference," when they noticed something extraordinary. Virus interference had been known for at least a quarter of a century. Various scientists had found that when one kind of virus invaded a group of cells, no other viruses could gain a foothold. Monkeys infected with Rift Valley fever virus, for instance, had proved invulnerable to yellow fever; this could not have been due to antibodies, since antibodies against the Rift Valley fever virus have no effect on the virus of yellow fever. Similarly, the oral polio vaccine, which is made with attenuated live virus, never "took" with Mexican children who were already harboring a common enterovirus in their intestines. The vaccine was supposed to cause a mild intestinal infection and thus stimulate antibodies against virulent strains of polio, but somehow the polio virus never got to first base when the other virus was present.

Why did one virus exclude all others? Dr. Isaacs and Dr. Jean Lindenmann were pondering this while they observed the effects of killed influenza virus on a culture of chicken cells. They removed the treated cells from their glass flask, suspending a fresh batch in the same nutrient fluid. And then they noticed that the fluid itself had acquired a surprising quality: it could make any other chicken cell resistant to any kind of virus infection. Evidently the first cells had secreted some powerful substance, which was the key to virus interference.

Excited by this discovery, they named the substance "interferon." "The body," reported Dr. Isaacs, "has not one line of defense against virus infection but two. . . . The second line of defense, discovered only recently, looks in some ways more like a first line. Against the nucleic acid of the virus . . . the invaded cell generates

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a substance that blocks the reproduction of the virus and stops the infection." Unlike antibodies which act outside the cells, this substance goes to work right inside the infected cell. Some of it is also released to the cell's immediate surroundings, where it can be taken up by other cells for extra protection.

In a later experiment at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, cells infected with virus under test-tube conditions either recovered, died, or remained chronically infected, depending on the amount of interferon which was allowed to accumulate in the test tube.

Interferon is more active than penicillin per unit of weight, in the opinion of researchers who have tried to extract and purify it. Unfortunately it presents enormous technical difficulties. A virus-infected animal will produce interferon continually for several days, but the great bulk of it is reabsorbed immediately. Only a fraction of the total can be extracted at any given time, when the animal is killed and his tissues ground up. The resulting fluid must also be concentrated enough to be used in injections—and if anyone has yet succeeded in doing so he is keeping it a secret.

Even in crude unconcentrated form there are only a few millionths of a gram of interferon available in laboratories here and abroad. Hence no truly convincing test of its effectiveness can yet be made. Three British drug companies and the British government are developing interferon for experiments with animals and human volunteers. In the U. S., too, several researchers are waiting for a chance to try out the new substance—none more eagerly than a young experimental biologist at the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, Dr. Samuel Baron.

Rapid Detection Methods

For the past few years Dr. Baron has been working on various kinds of nonspecific factors involved in recovery from virus infections. "We think we're just beginning to understand the factors influencing the natural course of infections," he says. "Now we can think about interposing some elements to speed up recovery."

A virus infection usually begins in the respiratory tract (as in measles) or in the intestines (as in polio), he explains. From there it generally gets into the bloodstream and spreads around the body until it reaches its target organ. In the case of measles, this means the skin, where a

rash appears. In polio, it is the nervous system, with resultant paralysis. Occasionally the target organ is also the first place where the virus lands, such as the lung surface. It then destroys cells only on that surface and never gets into the bloodstream. Such infections are quite mild, since the surface is generally more expendable. When viruses get into the central nervous system, brain, or heart, however, they can be fatal. Interferon makes its appearance almost immediately after infection. In the mouse it has been identified within one hour after injection of a virus into the bloodstream. "Within one hour!" emphasizes Dr. Baron. "This is the fastest-known defense reaction to a virus." The level of interferon then rises rapidly. So does the level of virus growth. In an experiment with encephalitis virus, injected in the brains of mice, Dr. Baron showed the virus multiplying so rapidly that the original two hundred virus particles had mushroomed to ten million particles within three days. This level persisted to the fifth or sixth day, after which, if the mouse recovered, the number of virus particles decreased.

Curiously, the story of the mouse's symptoms did not parallel what went on in its brain. Although virus growth there reached its peak on the third day, the first symptoms of encephalitis did not appear until the fourth day. As Dr. Baron points out, "This means that if too many brain cells are already destroyed when the first symptoms appear, no therapy will help."

To stop multiplication in the early stages, even before the symptoms appeared, Dr. Baron resorted to a "nonspecific factor" which had been studied by a French biologist, Dr. André Lwoff of the Pasteur Institute in Paris: high temperature. "Lwoff and others before him had shown that the fever response inhibits the growth of many viruses," says Dr. Baron, "so we attempted to treat mice with fever therapy. Mice do not normally have a fever response, but we put them into an incubator and raised their temperature to 106° F. Their normal temperature is the same as man's, 98.6° F. We found that if we treated them with fever one or two days after infection, all the animals recovered. If we treated them on the third day, after the virus had reached its maximum, 50 per cent of the animals recovered. After the first symptoms of paralysis on the fourth day, however, we could no longer protect them." As soon as Dr. Baron has enough interferon, he plans to repeat this experiment using interferon instead of fever therapy.

Fever therapy by means of typhoid injections or a hot box used to be a common treatment for

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syphilis and other diseases long before there was any explanation for it. Dr. Baron, who is a physician as well as the father of four, respects the positive effects of fever. He does not artificially lower his own children's temperature at the beginning of infections, as long as the fever does not go above 102° F and the patient is not too miserable. The trouble with this therapy is that viruses differ in their reaction to heat. For instance, although the attenuated polio viruses cannot grow at fever temperature, the virulent polio viruses thrive on it.

Obviously one great difficulty in any early treatment of virus infections is the time lag in recognizing the illness. If the first serious symptoms occur long after the viruses have reached their peak, how can the patient get to the doctor in time?

According to Dr. Baron, there are two reasons for some optimism: "First, it may become possible to detect extremely small amounts of virus as rapidly as within one or two hours after a sample is taken from the patient. Second, some signs of illness often occur while the virus moves to the target organ. As the virus of encephalitis spreads through the blood to the brain, for instance, there may be a high fever and obvious illness. A broad research effort is going on in this area employing electronic, biologic, and biochemical means. Rapid detection methods have not been used so far because there has been no need for them—you couldn't do anything about a virus infection anyway. But they could be developed and used if needed, as in a community outbreak of some virus disease."

On the Threshold

Even assuming that these methods could be worked out, there remains the problem of getting the remedy to the site of infection. Interferon seems to act very locally, being absorbed by nearby cells. Any treatment with it would have to be extremely precise as to time and place.

In the light of all these drawbacks, opinions about the practical value of interferon vary sharply. "Probably the most important contribution of interferon will be its help in the understanding of viruses," says Dr. Huebner. "We haven't really got to the point where we can tell what its value will be. But I have great doubts about it therapeutically—you'd need a billion dollars' worth of interferon to prevent a single community outbreak for a few days. As a public-health measure, it doesn't offer much promise."

Several drug companies that were interested in developing interferon for commercial production have given up their efforts. Other firms still persist.

Dr. Baron believes that interferon is "potentially therapeutic, without question. Enough interferon can inhibit the multiplication of every virus studied so far. It is stimulated by infection with almost any virus. It will act in almost every cell studied—you put it in the fluid around the cell, which does the work of picking it up. There are very few substances with such universal antiviral effect." If it proves feasible to use monkey interferon to treat human beings, as early tests in England suggest, the substance could be produced in large quantities—though at great cost. Since interferon is not toxic and does not seem to stimulate the production of antibodies against it, it could be given frequently.

All the problems involved in producing interferon could be bypassed if ways were found to stimulate us to make more of our own. Dr. Isaacs' most recent research in England warrants some optimism about this possibility. He now believes that interferon may have played an important role in evolution: It protected cells against nucleic acid (the bearer of heredity) entering the body from any foreign organism. Interferon protects us against viruses since they too contain nucleic acid. Any kind of foreign nucleic acid will start interferon production. Even a cell's own kind of nucleic acid can be modified chemically to a degree of "foreignness" that will start the mechanism of production.

Dr. Isaacs believes it may thus become possible to develop a kind of vaccine, made of treated nucleic acid, that will stimulate our own production of interferon and increase our resistance to all virus infections.

Most optimistic of all is one young biochemist who regularly works Stakhanovite hours in his Midwestern laboratory. "I used to feel that people who were in terrible pain from cancer would be better off dead," he told me. "But now when I hear someone has died of cancer or leukemia, I'm very sad his life couldn't have been prolonged at least a bit more, until we found something that could help him. We're on the threshold of something very big."

Few of his colleagues in biochemistry or biology are equally sanguine, and only a segment of them agree that human cancers are caused by viruses. What they do share is a deep commitment to virus research and a feeling that their work—wherever it may ultimately lead—is vitally significant.



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An Englishman's Audit of Rhodes Scholars

by Lord Elton

They haven't turned out exactly as The Founder (or his American critics) expected—but they have contributed some extraordinary people “to the world's fight” . . . ranging from a Secretary of State to a lumberjack.

Soon after the publication of the substance of Cecil Rhodes' Will ten days after his death on March 26, 1902, the *New York Evening Post* pronounced ominously “we greatly misread the present purpose and value of Oxford University if the endowment does not have an effect quite contrary to that which its founder had in view.”

What disastrous consequences in particular the *Evening Post* was expecting of the Rhodes Scholarships was not entirely clear even then. But since Rhodes was already on record as wanting for his annual draft of thirty-two young Americans, twenty “young Colonists,” and five Germans* “the best men for the world's fight,” who after spending two or three years at Oxford were to return home and there “esteem the performance of public duties as their highest aim,” it was obvious enough that there was a good deal

* In the course of time the German Scholarships were discontinued and those from the British Commonwealth were considerably increased.

which could go wrong with his designs. And the *New York Evening Post* was far from enjoying a monopoly of lugubrious conjecture. In Oxford crusty dons retailed, and endorsed, over their common-room port Henry James's despairing protest at the coming irruption of a horde of barbarians, while in America professors of science denounced the “sterile classicism” of Oxford, and Andrew Carnegie assured all concerned that the best young Americans would never be induced to waste their time at Oxford, since Oxford could certainly not give them what they wanted most—which, he explained, would be dollars.

Sixty-two years later it is at least clear that in 1902 the crystal ball was considerably clouded. And why not? In 1902 nobody knew whether the scholars were to be schoolboys, undergraduates, or graduates. And when, early in 1903, the first emissary of the Rhodes Trustees arrived in America to assure a skeptical convention of college presidents in Chicago that their best course would be to select the candidates likeliest to become President of the United States, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, or Ambassador to the Court of St. James, nobody as yet had any notion as to how in fact candidates were to be selected. But by 1930 a process of trial and error had gradually evolved the State and District Selection Committees, each consisting, save for its Chairman, exclusively of former Rhodes Scholars, which today conduct the two stages of the annual competition. Discrimination in the highest degree is required of these gentlemen; for in effect they are charged with the apparently superhuman task of discovering among almost a thousand candidates each year a handful of those likeliest, not so much perhaps to become President or Chief Justice as to serve their generation to its conspicuous benefit, and with marked distinction to themselves. Moreover the Selectors are briefed to seek not—as in Rhodes' day all examiners would have sought, and even now most still do—for intelligence only but for intelligence combined with character; and they must detect these qualities without the aid of the traditional written examination, which down the ages has ensured the triumph of so many a voracious but ineffectual absorber of other people's ideas.

A good deal naturally depends upon written statements by the candidates, and on their testimonials, whose eulogies however are apt to be so all-embracing as almost to justify the headline over a local announcement of an early election: “Is He the Perfect Man?” But the crux of the process is undoubtedly the personal interview and the Selectors' acquired aptitude for thawing the

taciturn and unmasking the plausible. In a long-remembered encounter in Massachusetts a candidate whose preliminary disquisition on Plato had left the Selectors floundering was asked how he would spend a week in New York if supplied with unlimited funds. On his first day, the young man replied at once, he would take his young lady to the Versailles Restaurant to hear Edith Piaf sing. On Tuesday they would go to Goody's and purchase all the records they had never yet been able to afford. The Committee was already pricking up its collective ears. Gourmandise, cosmopolitanism, and now cultural depth!

"On Wednesday?" asked the Chairman expectantly.

On Wednesday, since he could draw on unlimited resources, the candidate would buy Columbia University and make himself president. Why? Because its philosophy department was rotten and he wished to reorganize it. On Thursday the three top-ranking world stars, to whom he would have sent telegrams of invitation on Tuesday, would play lawn tennis with him at the West Side Club. Gourmet, music lover, reorganizer of universities, and now a player of championship tennis!

"Of course he was elected," commented Erwin D. Canham, editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, himself a Rhodes Scholar, after recounting this perhaps cautionary tale; "of course he was a success at Oxford. I hope he will also be a success in life."

But despite all the preliminary pitfalls nobody who has studied the record is likely to deny that, both at Oxford and after it, the Scholars have been a success. At Oxford there have naturally been a handful of obvious failures—the late Warden of Rhodes House, who serves *in loco parentis* to the Scholars scattered over their various Colleges, reckoned about eight among Americans during the central years, 1931 to 1952—whether because they did not take to the place or the system or, even more understandably, the climate; or, more simply, because the Committees which elected them were having an off day. Slightly more numerous perhaps have been those who, though they made good in Oxford, remained unreconciled to it. From the remote years when I taught there myself I still

Lord Elton, an Oxford graduate, has been a soldier, a prisoner of war, an Oxford don, a Labor party candidate for Commons, a radio broadcaster, a frequent speaker in the House of Lords, and the General Secretary of the Rhodes Trust. His books include "The Revolutionary Idea in France" and "St. George or the Dragon."

recall the discomfort of listening to a brilliant weekly essay from an American Rhodes Scholar whose every gesture and intonation radiated fiercely controlled disapproval of his entire surroundings, from his tutor to the Gothic skyline beyond the window. Let us hope that he learned something, if only self-control; at any rate he is now a distinguished and prosperous commercial consultant. But the portent of the Scholarships, veiled from the Jeremiahs of 1902, has been the statistical insignificance of the genuine casualties. Precisely what proportion of Scholars have not only proved themselves "the best men for the world's fight" but have also, as was specifically demanded in the celebrated Will, "esteemed the performance of public duties as their highest aim" and displayed into the bargain "qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for, and protection of, the weak, kindness, unselfishness, and fellowship"—this is something else again. But the American Scholars are a fairly cohesive community, reported on regularly in Class Letters to their Journal, *The American Oxonian*; so far only one of them, I believe, has sunk without trace; and there will be plenty of evidence available if ever a suitable panel of researchers, including presumably a professor of moral philosophy and a psychoanalyst, should be assembled to pronounce an authoritative verdict.

Adept at Football—or Rugby

In the meantime is it possible to lay a cool finger on any prevailing patterns in the undeniably remarkable achievements of the American Scholars? Remembering the unnerving unfamiliarity to an incoming American of Oxford, the Oxford system, and the Oxford climate, one expects adaptability to feature prominently in most subsequent success stories. Thus although Rugby football is unknown in the United States, the tactics of the Oxford team in the varsity match of 1931 were revolutionized by the inclusion of F. L. Hovde from North Dakota. For from the line-out Hovde could hurl the ball the width of the field, where a three-quarter back, duly forewarned by a code word, would be waiting to gather it at full speed. With code words resounding for the first time at Twickenham, many an astonished old-timer must have begun to understand why Rhodes banked on American adaptability—and in retrospect one reason at least suggests itself for Hovde's subsequent Presidency of Purdue University.

If, as seems likely, adaptability is something

like a *sine qua non* for college and university Presidents, it took a curiously different shape in the athletic career of another of the rare American Rugby Blues, Alan Valentine (1922), later president of the University of Rochester. In his veiled autobiography, *The Education of an American*, Valentine recalls that, "as a former player of American football," his hero had been "delighted with the normal English tradition of clean sportsmanship." In the Cambridge match accordingly he expected an exceptionally chivalrous contest and went into the field determined not to bring discredit on America by the slightest infraction of the rules. Alas! "Within ten minutes he found himself on the receiving end of more deliberate foul play than he had met in four years of American varsity football." Adaptability however came to his rescue. "By the second year he was better prepared . . . and evened the score."

Urbane, Not Estranged

Adaptability looms large in the very variety of the careers of the American Scholars, ranging as they do from a solitary Secretary of State up, or down, to a solitary Bishop. It has occasionally been objected, and by Rhodes Scholars, that there have been too many academics, and it is true that in the fiftieth year of the Scholarships, apart from the numerous professors, there had already been thirty-three presidents, chancellors, or vice-chancellors of American universities or colleges. But it does not follow that, as an unacademic critic concluded, not enough bowlegged cowboys from Wyoming were being elected. Few channels for the "performance of public duties" are more socially beneficial than a university or college presidency, and—seeing what he is up against—a successful president is pretty certain to be required to rank among the "best men for the world's fight."

Adaptability is conspicuous also in individual careers. When in 1939 "Whizzer" White, the nation's top collegiate scorer, arrived in Oxford a term late, having been allowed to postpone his matriculation in order to play a season's professional football for Pittsburgh, few can have recognized the chrysalis of Byron R. White, today, with John M. Harlan, one of the two Rhodes Scholar Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. And the adaptability with which Elvis J. Stahr entertained his Oxford friends to insular tea and crumpets as well as transatlantic mint julep on ice surely prefigured his eventual

translation, through corporation lawyer, lieutenant-colonel, professor of law, vice-chancellor of one university and president of another to Secretary of the Army in 1962.

One critic, H. B. McClellan, himself a Rhodes Scholar, who not long ago had occasion to take a bird's-eye view of the literary productions of the American Scholars, claimed that he had observed another strand in the pattern. (Incidentally it is interesting, and somewhat mysterious, to note that whereas in all other spheres of human activity the notable Scholars from the Commonwealth are roughly a match for the Americans, in literature classified as "creative" it is Americans first and the rest nowhere.) Their urbanity was the first shared characteristic to give McClellan pause. Certainly "urbanity was inherent in him"—according to one obituary of the late John Mark Saunders, author of numerous well-known screenplays, including *A Yank at Oxford*, "the whirling tragedy" of whose life might have served as plot for a Scott Fitzgerald novel. Urbanity was likewise a marked characteristic of the work of Elmer Davis and Christopher Morley (both from the Class of 1910). It may be that their urbanity was born of naïveté—"deliberate Indiana naïveté" in the case of Davis, thought McClellan—overlaid by sophistication, and it is possible that they brought more sophistication away from Oxford than they took into it. Davis however, whom *Harper's* called "the greatest journalist of his generation," is on record as recalling Oxford "chiefly as a place where too many bells were always ringing in the rain." As for the versatile belletrist, Morley, the manuscripts, letters, and journals in the huge Christopher Morley Collection assembled at the Humanities Research Center of the University of Texas should provide ample evidence of the urbanity of an author who, when editing a new edition of *Familiar Quotations*, included a phrase of his own, "New York, the nation's thyroid gland"—which can hardly have been familiar since it had never been published.

If some scholars indeed gained urbanity from their Oxford years it may well have been not so much from the terms as from the vacations, when those who were in funds explored Europe and many who were not often accepted invitations, which were liberally available, from hosts and hostesses whom works of reference could still describe as "the nobility and gentry." In the spacious pre-war years the social atmosphere in English country houses may occasionally have struck some of the guests as a trifle over-rarefied, but I have heard Professor Bergen Evans recall



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with some emotion how after his last term at Oxford he wrote to a Bishop of his acquaintance to ask whether he might bring a visiting aunt, who regarded Bishops with an infinity of respect, to call on him shortly before they returned together to the States, how thereupon they were both invited to spend a weekend at the episcopal palace, and how he only learned by chance, as he was departing, that the Bishop, who had been on summer holiday when his inquiry was received, had returned with his family, recalled his staff, and opened up the palace for the occasion. As for the first visit of Colonel Eddie Eagan, then amateur light-heavyweight champion of the world, to the home of his college friend, the Marquis of Clydesdale, it included seconding his host in the bloodthirsty Scottish boxing championships and was followed by a near-world tour during which the two were entertained by viceroys, governors, maharajas, and field marshals and fought the local champions wherever they went.

The well-marked regional loyalties of "Stanley Vestal" (Walter S. Campbell, Class of 1908), whose writing concentrated on the frontier West, and of the three Southern authors, John Crowe Ransom, Robert Penn Warren, and Cleanth Brooks, would certainly have earned the benign approval of the Founder, who was clearly determined that any new loyalties among his Scholars should be born without "withdrawing them or their sympathies from the land of their adoption or birth." Not unnaturally the homing instinct has been conspicuously stronger with Americans than among Scholars from the Commonwealth. The count of Americans who have not returned to the States is negligible, whereas considerable numbers of Scholars from the Commonwealth (particularly the New Zealanders) have worked or settled permanently in England or some other Commonwealth country; in 1958 thirty-one of its former Scholars were in New Zealand, to set against nineteen still in England. The paradox, that new links are likelier to strengthen than to weaken old ones, on which Rhodes founded his system, has been endorsed by the American experiment.

The Grand Design Emerges

Yet even with this significant addition, the adaptability and urbanity of his Scholars would hardly in themselves have satisfied a Founder who himself gave his name to a new country, and was looking for "the best men for the world's

fight." Let us however dispose once and for all of the ancient myth, never cherished so fondly in America as in some of the Commonwealth countries, that the ideal Rhodes Scholar is necessarily a stalwart athletic prodigy. Though Rhodes talked fondly of "the world's fight" and directed that "fondness of, and success in, manly outdoor sports" should be one of the qualifications for his scholarships, Selection Committees have always been warned against attaching much importance to mere skill in hitting or kicking a moving ball. Had it been otherwise, the late Jan Hofmeyer, the South African statesman who might have changed his country's destiny had he survived, would assuredly not have been elected on the strength of his persistently enthusiastic but startlingly unskillful cricket. But if we combine "the world's fight" with "the performance of public duties" the notional figure—the "image"—which begins to take shape can readily be seen as the statesman, or at least the politician.

The Founder himself was a Member of Parliament in the old Cape Colony for twenty-two years, and Prime Minister for six, and there have occasionally been complaints that not enough of his Scholars have been treading in his footsteps. Rhodes would undoubtedly have liked to see Rhodes Scholars ubiquitous in the seats of power throughout the Commonwealth and the United States; indeed he once told W. T. Stead, no doubt more than half seriously, that he hoped that one day the Prime Minister and the leader of the Opposition in every British Colony would be a Rhodes Scholar. It is possible therefore that he would have been faintly surprised at his goodly company of college presidents and even that, however mistakenly, he would have seen them as a by-product of the grand design. But the truth is that when in his pioneer fashion he prescribed the selection of his men, not for their scholastic achievements only but for human qualities in the round he was making the wide variety of their subsequent careers inevitable. And whatever his reaction to academic notabilities in general he would surely not have raised an eyebrow at the eminence of some of his Scholars in science and medicine. Some ten years back the world's leading neurosurgeons were two Rhodes Scholars, the late Sir Hugh Cairns from Australia and Wilder Penfield from New Jersey, who was naturalized as a Canadian citizen in 1934; these were conspicuously performing public duties as well as taking a handsome share in the world's fight, and when Penfield received that highest of British distinctions, the Order of Merit, in 1953, Rhodes would surely have had no more mental reserva-

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tions as to his not having been a Prime Minister than when the Nobel Prize was awarded to a Rhodes Scholar from Australia, Sir Howard Florey, in 1945 for his work on penicillin.

It is almost inevitable that if one is prospecting for a recognizable pattern in a widely scattered community one should turn one's telescope on the successes, if only because they are apt to be more fully documented. Nevertheless, if what Rhodes was after, in addition to intelligence, was toughness, chivalry, and public spirit, he might have found them no less plentifully among those of his alumni who have never earned a paragraph in *Who's Who*—which after all, takes no special interest in "sympathy for, and protection of, the weak, kindness, unselfishness, and fellowship." Or even in the few who were frowned on by Oxford. I have heard it asserted without challenge in a company of South African Scholars, that none of them, and they included a Chief Justice, had more fully lived up to the ideals of the founder than a certain obscure master at a preparatory school. If it comes to that, only St. Peter himself could rule out a claim on behalf of the once celebrated football Blue who after the breakdown of an unhappy marriage ended his days as a lumberjack. And what of the undergraduate who, returning flown with wine and after permitted hours, climbed by the recognized route from the roof of his taxi to the spiked crest of his college wall, paused triumphantly for a moment, and then, his brains being somewhat confused, leaped down, severely spraining his ankle, into the lane from which he had just ascended? He may have won no laurels at Oxford but who knows? Even there he may have deserved his scholarship.

Endemic Among Politicians

It remains that, whatever else he wanted or would have put up with, Rhodes would have liked to see Rhodes Scholar elder statesmen heading Governments and Oppositions alike wherever Governments and Oppositions should be found throughout the British Commonwealth and the United States, and *ex hypothesi* younger politicians coming up the hard way behind them. Perhaps he considered that intelligence, toughness, chivalry, and public spirit are endemic among successful politicians; certainly they were evident in his own career. An estimate of the political record of his American scholars is not easy to come by, for the sufficient reason that, whereas in Britain and the Commonwealth the ambiguous

designation "politician" is reserved for one who has been elected to the legislature and has practiced the exacting arts of parliamentary warfare, in the United States it may be held to cover anyone holding an executive appointment which will be terminated by a change of the Administration.

Among American Scholars the parliamentarians have been, comparatively speaking, as few as the authors have been numerous. Perhaps indeed the scarcity of the one is a corollary of the plentifulness of the other, and some Americans have become poets because there were fewer temptations than in other countries to become orators. Even in the Commonwealth, needless to say, the Scholars have never provided every Parliament simultaneously with a Prime Minister and a Leader of the Opposition, but there has been a respectable showing of Members and Ministers, particularly in Canada, where there have also been three Provincial Prime Ministers. And two Scholars, the once fiery Norman Manley of Jamaica and the still fiery Dom Mintoff of Malta, have headed both a national Government and a national Opposition.

By comparison, Rhodes Scholar legislators at Washington have been few. Perhaps the best known in the present Congress are Carl Albert of Oklahoma, Majority Leader of the House, and Senator Fulbright of Arkansas, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee and originator of the celebrated Fulbright Scholarships, whose blood relationship to the Rhodes foundation is unmistakable. High executives, under successive incumbents of the White House, have been more plentiful. And in the Kennedy Administration the constellation of Rhodes Scholars was almost startling. How many of them should be viewed as opposite numbers of a Cabinet Minister in the British system is not easy for a detached observer to decide. As to Secretary of State Dean Rusk; Chief of the State Department's Policy Planning staff, Walt Rostow; Assistant Secretary of State Harlan Cleveland; Ambassador to Bonn George C. McGhee; and former Secretary of the Army Elvis J. Stahr (who reverted, after a year's tenure, to the ranks of university presidents) there would seem to be no doubt. On what precise rung in a Parliamentary hierarchy to seek an opposite number for Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, Deputy Attorney General, or Charles J. Hitch, Assistant Secretary of Defense and Comptroller, or Kermit Gordon, Director of the Bureau of the Budget, is a trifle more perplexing. And at least three others, it seems likely, would rank with the junior Ministers in a legislature

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How far did Oxford get toward arming the Secretary of State and his coadjutors, or for that matter any of her Rhodes Scholars, for their subsequent achievements? There is some temptation to presume a special contribution to governmental careers from a university which grew up in the middle ages, and remained until the first world war, the exclusive training-ground of a ruling class, and which even now, despite its State Scholars and its dense suburb of laboratories, retains much of its ancient tradition. But to isolate the particular contribution to the particular individual is another matter. Nobody, it is probably safe to say, saw Dean Rusk, undergraduate at St. John's College, as a future Secretary of State; but then nobody, it is equally safe to say (except perhaps himself), foresaw Harold Macmillan as a future Prime Minister. Rusk was recognized as able and virtuous, played lacrosse for the university, and won the Cecil Peace Prize; Macmillan was recognized as able and virtuous and was Secretary of the Union. But this does not take us far. Besides serving crumpets to friends, whom he made easily, Elvis Stahr accepted numerous invitations to English country houses, played lawn tennis energetically, and was known, even at Oxford, as "the Colonel." Hitch was the first American Rhodes Scholar to become a teaching Fellow of an Oxford College, and for thirteen years dispensed lucid instruction to pupils in economics and turned a shrewd eye on the business affairs of the Governing Body of Queen's. Nobody, it is certain, would have ridiculed a prophecy that one day he would be Assistant Secretary of Defense, but then nobody, it is almost equally certain, would have made it.

An Ivy League Flavor?

The world has moved fast and far since Rhodes began to put the final touches to the last, or near-last, draft of his Will, before the captains and the kings of Kipling's *Recessional* had ceased celebrating British dominion over palm and pine at Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and while Oxford was still training a ruling class to shoulder the white man's not unprofitable burden. Most of what Rhodes labored to create in South Africa is already in ruins, and the incoming tides are even lapping at his own Rhodesia. Are the Scholarships too now a Victorian survival, doomed to inevitable decay in an age for which privilege and Empire have become terms of abuse?

Statistically, it must be admitted, there has been a distinct flavor of the Ivy League about the American Scholars. The 1,609 of them elected between 1904 and 1960 came from some 228 universities and colleges, of which 66 had so far produced only one each. But Princeton, Yale, and Harvard between them had been responsible for 279, that is 17 per cent of the total output. Incidentally the Marshall Scholarships would seem to be in an even worse state of imbalance, for of 73 male scholars elected during the first six years of the foundation, eighteen hailed from Harvard and six from Princeton, together close to one third of the grand total.

Doubtless the officials of both foundations would like to see the distribution of the Scholarships evened out, but in a sense they are the prisoners of their own admirable systems. For inevitably the institutions which have been most fertile of Scholars are those which have themselves created national scholarships whose criteria of selection closely resemble those originated by Rhodes. Inevitably too they are such as are noted for close contact between faculties and students—so that a testimonial from, say, Harvard is likely to be lengthy, knowledgeable, and intimate, while from most other American universities and colleges it will usually suggest that its author has known of the candidate only as a unit in the audience at certain lectures, who has made certain grades. Moreover the universities which produce Rhodes Scholars in abundance are naturally those with Rhodes men plentiful in their faculties and ready to suggest, even to a sophomore, the wisdom of keeping his eye on an eventual candidature.

It is also probable that the kind of man who will get himself to Yale or Princeton if he can is often the kind of man who will get himself to Oxford if he can. Yet it need not be supposed that the Scholars represent the vestigial remains of aristocracy in America or are amateurs of the ancient tradition of privilege in Oxford. Indeed if they were, they would be in for a sizable disappointment on arrival. For by any standards other than academic, a substantial proportion of Oxford undergraduates must strike an American newcomer nowadays as definitely underprivileged, while as for the white man's burden, he will find Scholars from recently created Rhodes constituencies in Ceylon, Ghana, Malaya, Nigeria, and the Caribbean purposefully preparing themselves to assume the black or colored man's equivalent. Oxford has somehow contrived to adapt itself to an evolving world for some eight centuries and so far the Scholarships seem to be imitating it.

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Some of the casualties of our maneuvering in Saigon have occurred in Washington . . .

"The only war we have," as Defense Secretary McNamara calls the conflict in South Vietnam, bears a public aspect of extreme confusion. Confident predictions of imminent victory have alternated rapidly with dire cautions of coming disaster. At one juncture, the State Department was speaking of a "ten-year war." At another, Secretary McNamara was withdrawing American troops even while he described the military situation as "serious" and "deteriorating." Not long before that the chief American commander in the field went on record with the forecast that victory was "only months away."

Men are rarely as silly as they sound, however, and even what looks to be sheer chaos usually has an inner logic. In the case of Vietnam, as in so many other cases, the inner logic finds its roots in bureaucratic tensions. For years, the American approach to South Vietnam was colored by a struggle between two radically different viewpoints. To be specific, the viewpoint of the "Never Again" club at the highest echelons of the United States Army was at odds with the thrust of the Kennedy Administration. For tactical reasons, almost as much as by reason of conviction, the clash generated radically different assessments of the progress of the war—as well as proposals for escalation that were regularly advanced by the military and served to put the civilians on the defensive. While President Johnson has sought to end the quarrel, it remains a question whether he can disentangle

American policy from its effects.

The first, the most important, and undoubtedly the least well-known group in the kaleidoscopic picture is the Never Again club. It consists of the Army generals who bore the main brunt of command in the Korean War and who later came to dominate the command structure of the Army. Never Again was their reaction to Korea. They would never again, to be specific, commit American troops to battle against Asians on the Asian mainland without, at least, an advance guarantee that, if necessary, they would have the right to escalate the war to the point of bombing enemy cities and supply lines.

The Never Again outlook found preliminary expression first in General Eisenhower's 1952 campaign statement that Asians should fight Asians; and next, in the spring of 1954 at the time of Dienbienphu, when the French appealed for a direct American military commitment in Indochina. The Army Chief of Staff and former Eighth Army Commander in Korea, Matthew Ridgway, opposed a commitment on the theory that, as he put it later, the cost of victory "would be as high as, if not higher than, that in Korea." General Ridgway's resistance was not decisive. The Navy and elements of the Air Force were ready to launch air strikes in Indochina; but when the British refused to underwrite that policy, this country's civilian leadership backed away entirely from military intervention. At that time there began a pattern of events that later was to become familiar—direct resistance by the Army to commitment of American forces on the ground, plus outside political proposals for escalating the war that

caused the civilian leadership to climb down. In the process, the Never Again club won its first test.

Diem and the Generals

After the fall of Dienbienphu and the partition of Indochina under the Geneva treaty of 1954, the South Vietnamese government of Ngo Dinh Diem turned to the United States for military support. As military advisers to Diem, a series of Army generals went out to South Vietnam. In 1954, General J. Lawton Collins, Chief of Staff during the Korean War, was sent as a special representative of President Eisenhower. After him, as chiefs of the Military Assistance Advisory Group, or MAAG, went Generals "Iron Mike" O'Daniel, Sam Williams, and Lionel McGarr. In collaboration with Diem, the Generals built a living monument to the Never Again club.

The basic idea was to raise an indigenous South Vietnamese force capable of resisting the kind of invasion that had brought American troops into Korea. To that end there was set up a large (175,000 men) Vietnamese army, grouped in large units (four army corps), equipped with heavy weapons (tanks and artillery), positioned in fortified strong points (mainly along the frontier facing communist North Vietnam), and intended, as General O'Daniel wrote, "to fight conventional forces." The unavowed political purpose of the Vietnamese force was to support the Diem government; and except at the very beginning when Diem was at odds with his own commanders, he and the American generals got on fine. As General Collins once put it, the United States was no

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interested in "training or otherwise aiding a Vietnamese army that does not give complete and implicit obedience to its premier."

Most of the time the American civilian authorities in Saigon felt dim misgivings—especially after 1959 when the Communists, instead of attacking from the north, began to concentrate on guerrilla attacks behind the lines in the south. But these doubts were swept away as win predictions streamed in from the American military. In the spring of 1959, for instance, the second-ranking U.S. Army man in South Vietnam told a Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee that "The Viet Minh guerrillas [had] ceased to be a major menace to the government."

"On the basis of the assurances of the head of the military aid mission in Vietnam," the subcommittee declared a year later, the U. S. military mission "can be phased out of Vietnam in the foreseeable future."

The plain fact is that the State Department representatives in Saigon were no match for the American generals aligned with Diem. A dramatic example of where the power lay emerged from Congressional testimony by General Williams and Ambassador Elbridge Durbrow in 1959:

Senator Mansfield: Have you as Ambassador ever directed the Military Assistance Advisory Group to refrain from pursuing a particular military aid project?

Ambassador Durbrow: Yes . . .

General Williams: The answer to that is "No."

Ambassador Durbrow: I guess you are right on that . . .

A serious challenge to the Never Again outlook was first posed by the Kennedy Administration in 1961. President Kennedy himself was at all times keen to tailor military resources to meet a wide variety of different contingencies. As early as the spring of 1961, he was telling the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the sharpest terms that while they were prating to him of nuclear war and conventional war, he actually had to fight, in Laos and in South Vietnam, two unconventional wars.

For the Far East as a whole, the Kennedy policies were chiefly entrusted to Averell Harriman, a veteran proponent of military force for political purposes, who became

Assistant Secretary of State in November 1961 and Under Secretary in the spring of 1963. Typical of the Harriman approach was the landing of American troops in Thailand in May 1962, to insure communist signing of the Geneva agreement that in July 1962 provided for neutralization of Laos. It is equally typical that the Never Again club opposed the landings in Thailand.

Imitating the Enemy

As regards South Vietnam, the chief exponent of the Kennedy-Harriman line was Roger Hilsman, a West Pointer turned scholar, who, after serving as State Department Intelligence chief, replaced Harriman as Assistant Secretary. Hilsman argued that "to fight guerrillas you must adopt the tactics of the guerrilla himself." Instead of conventional forces, he advocated small, roving units, trained in counterinsurgency tactics and constantly ambushing rival guerrilla bands in the remote parts of the country. Instead of wooing the Diem government in Saigon, he favored programs of health, education, and police protection designed to win over and hold the peasants.

Despite the backing of Kennedy and Harriman, however, the Hilsman views were not decisive. The President, for a starter, was extremely loath to run directly against the recommendations of his military advisers. Moreover, at every critical juncture, the Never Again club not only resisted pressure to change tactics, but the other services—true to the pattern at the time of Dien-bienphu—chimed in with proposals for escalating the war. Rather than reject these proposals directly, the President elected to negotiate. A key role thus devolved upon the men he selected to negotiate with the military. They were Secretary McNamara and General Maxwell Taylor, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. And their repeated visits to the field were much less inspection tours than negotiating sessions designed to align the American command in Saigon with the policies favored in Washington.

The first test came at the end of 1961. By that time the communist guerrilla penetration had spread so successfully that most of the ap-

proaches to Saigon were being threatened. In late November, Taylor went out to Saigon to see what could be done. His recommendation stressed the need for a shift toward a counterinsurgency program bulwarked by an eleven-point program of political reforms. In line with his recommendations, the American training mission was expanded from several hundred to more than fifteen thousand men, who were specially trained in counterinsurgency tactics. More than two hundred helicopters, with American pilots, were made available to give mobility to South Vietnamese forces. To bring the countryside under control and protection, a program of fortified villages, or "strategic hamlets," was launched.

But if the new program looked like a victory for the Hilsman theory, the victory was a shallow one. The program of political reforms was not done within a month after Taylor's return from Saigon. Instead of a lean and hungry American command headed by officers with counterinsurgency training, an elaborate headquarters was established with a veteran commander from Korea, D. Harkins, who was made a four-star general. Though strategic hamlets were set up by the hundreds, the operational emphasis was still less on holding and protecting the peasantry, than on massive search-and-kill maneuvers—staged by thousands of men supported by helicopters—and on air strikes.

Enter the Bud

All through 1962 and 1963, Harkins complained that only lip service was being given to his doctrine. He stressed the absence of night operations, small units, of close ties with the peasantry, and of the kind of vigilance that such ties would produce. In rejoinder General Harkins pointed out, first, that President Diem would not permit such tactics and, second, that the war was going well and that the string of victory was continuing from Saigon was renewed in September 1962, for example. General Harkins told Joseph Alsop after the buildup of the Vietnamese army was complete that "native forces could win the war within one year."



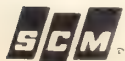
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In the late summer of 1963, there came a second direct test. The issue was forced by Buddhist protests against the Diem government, and the crackdown which the government instituted in retaliation. The Buddhist incidents raised for the United States the question of how much pressure should be applied to the Diem government on behalf of a reform program designed to win over the countryside. While all parties agreed on the need for reform, there was once again division inside the American government. The Hilsman group felt that the war was going badly, and that pressure for reforms should be applied, even at the risk of unseating Diem. The command in Saigon felt that the war was going well, and that pressure for reforms should not be applied if it ran the risk of promoting political instability.

Once again there was a mission to Saigon—by McNamara and Taylor at the end of last September. General Harkins poured out anew his tales of imminent victory. McNamara and Taylor were convinced. As a gauge of their faith and not—as was widely surmised—for political purposes, they declared in a White House statement of October 2, that the U.S. mission in South Vietnam could be concluded by 1965. McNamara ordered the phasing out of a first unit of about a thousand American soldiers.

But McNamara also reported, in line with the Hilsman thesis, that the Diem regime was—unreformed—a handicap to the progress of the war. On the basis of that judgment, the President decided to press Diem for reform, even at the risk of courting his removal. He launched the series of moves, including public rebukes and the cutting down of military and economic aid, which cleared the way for the military coup that unseated the Diem regime on November 2.

Three weeks after the fall of Diem, John F. Kennedy was assassinated. Almost immediately the Never Again club was on the move. The Saigon command for the first time acknowledged that the military situation was serious. But it blamed the decline on the ouster of Diem and the political instability that followed. From the Pentagon came demands that the military be allowed to run the war without interference by the State Department. And once again the

proposals for escalating the war were bruited about.

President Johnson, who had previously endorsed Diem in the warm terms, seemed disposed to listen. The establishment of a special Task Force in the State Department, Harkins and Hilsman were cut out of Vietnamese policy-making. When Hilsman resigned, he was replaced by a former Assistant Secretary of Defense, William P. Bundy. A serious study of the possibilities of carrying the war to North Vietnam was conducted in the Pentagon. In a speech at Los Angeles on February 20, the President at least hinted that the U. S. might be getting ready to attack North Vietnam, and perhaps even communist China. And to top off the Pentagon's bureaucratic victory, General Harkins was retained in Saigon, at least temporarily.

Shuffle Again

But the Pentagon studies show that expansion of the war ran great political risks without any likelihood of returning important military dividends. After another trip to South Vietnam by McNamara and Taylor in early March, the policy of trying to fight a guerrilla war on the ground was reaffirmed. It was in effect the Hilsman policy without Hilsman.

The theory in Washington after the latest shuffle was that it had finally become possible to settle down to a steadier role in the prosecution of the war. But to what purpose, besides holding off any major developments until after the fall elections, was not clear. What was clear, however, was that, not for the first time, the United States had mixed up military and political roles. The technicians, properly concerned with military means, had come to fix on a political end: the stability and security of the Diem government. The political leadership, properly concerned with ends, had come to concentrate on an issue of military means: the counterinsurgency program. In the shuffle, the ultimate diplomatic purpose of this country was virtually ignored. And the way was opened for the diplomatic initiative to pass out of American hands—perhaps to the willing, not to say grasping, hands of General de Gaulle.



son and Reality: Shakespeare to Calvin Coolidge

by Paul Pickrel

ably there is not a month of the that fails to see the publication a new book on Shakespeare, but month, with the celebration of 400th anniversary of his birth (the 348th of his death), the flow became a flood. There are any to be reviewed here, but a on may tell us something about we now stand in relation to speare, and indirectly some- about where we now stand in on to ourselves.

s a cruel fate for a poet to be- a cultural monument, a syno- for boredom to generations of boys, the abused vehicle of ers', scholars', actors' vanity, a name that makes most people ly uncomfortable, as if they cted that they had holes in the of their souls. Yet such a poet mensely useful too. If Shake- e had done nothing more than n off the immense amount of pottery that his work has at- ted to itself over the years and ered socially innocuous, he would ve a monument where English oken. More important, he serves kind of barometer of the climate inion; to know the history of espeare criticism is to know how y of the keenest among those have shared his language, and who have not, have felt through ears about the great issues of and politics, life and death.

Victorians (and most of us past were taught from texts edited ne Victorian spirit)—the Vic- ns, to repeat, were essentially rical in their approach to Shake- e. In producing his plays the was archaeological accuracy;

the occasional anachronisms in the text embarrassed them, as they can hardly have embarrassed the author, who probably never heard of an anachronism (the word seems not to have been known in his lifetime). In studying his life, there was great interest in his development; his years of productivity were divided into various periods, and elaborate guesses about why one period was different from another much occupied the biographers. The plays too were read as slices of history; the characters were thought of as real persons with lives that antedated and sometimes outlasted the drama; so a famous work like *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines* could be produced.

Such books are no longer written. Now when a historian arises to say that he has a privileged claim to the truth about Shakespeare, as A. L. Rowse has recently done in his biography and his edition of the sonnets, he is not likely to find the congregation docile, not because Rowse is a bad historian but because history is no longer the place where we look for the truth about Shakespeare.

When Stratford Began

That is not to say that historians can no longer work with Shakespearean materials to our profit and delight. They can, and if they are suitably modest in their claims, they will even receive a respectful hearing. **The Great Shakespeare Jubilee** by Christian Deelman (Viking, \$5.95) is a very careful, elaborate, and fascinating piece of historical writing, a reconstruction of the first celebra-

tion in honor of Shakespeare in 1769.

The whole thing began in a piece of village shrewdness that miscarried. Stratford had a new town hall and the city fathers thought that it would be a canny trick to get a portrait of Shakespeare or something of the sort for its ornamentation out of David Garrick, the great actor in distant London who was making such a successful thing of the local boy's plays.

But Garrick was very nearly as good a businessman as he was an actor, and before he got through, the corporation of Stratford had got an inexpensive cast of a statue of Shakespeare out of him, but they had also received a far more costly portrait of Garrick by Gainsborough and had been inundated by a celebration the likes of which they could not have imagined.

The Stratfordians were not enthusiastic. Some thought a jubilee had something to do with a Jew Bill pending in Parliament, but others more sensibly concluded that the whole thing was a papist plot. Nevertheless, their town was reclaimed from the boondocks and had its only industry thrust upon it at a single stroke. Henceforward Stratford would be to all the world *The Birthplace*, making its living out of curios and lodgings and the systematic exploitation of the faithful.

But the celebration was more than a midwife for the entrepreneurial spirit; it witnessed the birth of the cult of Shakespeare, of bardolatry. Some of the verses Garrick wrote for the occasion are so fulsome in their praise that they would be embarrassing even if the poetry were better;

or make many a Christian hymn sound timidly adulatory. (Garrick was a little apologetic about the immense quantity of verse he wrote for the Jubilee, but his old teacher, Dr. Samuel Johnson, the greatest Shakespearean critic of his own or possibly any other time, refused to write anything for the celebration, or even to attend.) The romantic movement was under way; the poet was more important than the poetry (no play by Shakespeare was produced at the Great Shakespeare Jubilee); news of the celebration spread to the Continent, its less attractive features (like the great rainstorm that flooded out the last day) lost in transit, and fed the idea of romantic genius emerging there.

Deelman tells his story in meticulous detail, but tells it well. His main character is not of course Shakespeare, or even Shakespeare's reputation, but the actor who did more than any other to shape that reputation, David Garrick. A distant, chilly, calculating, manipulating sort of man, the effect Garrick had on his audiences can only be accounted for on the supposition that he had, as he so much wanted to have, gifts as an actor comparable to Shakespeare's as a writer. His portrait by Gainsborough that the reluctant city fathers of Stratford paid for two hundred years ago was lost in the second world war; it is a pity, for the Stratford of today is his monument too.

The Quotidian Shakespeare

In *How Shakespeare Spent the Day* (Hill & Wang, \$5) the British drama critic Ivor Brown has written another work that is essentially historical. The title is unfortunate; nobody knows how Shakespeare spent the day in the sense that we know how Fanny Burney or Arnold Bennett did. But Brown assumes that a man who turned out two plays a year for many years, who acted in them and other plays, and who was an important shareholder in a very busy producing company spent a good deal of time around theatres, and so the book is a description of theatrical life in Shakespeare's time.

This is not a book based on original research, as Deelman's is, but Brown has read widely in theatrical history,

and his long experience of the modern stage (his wife is a producer) enables him to make a number of penetrating comments on the researches of others. He ventures to disagree, for instance, with the assertion of the great theatrical historian Allardyce Nicoll that there was no director in Shakespeare's theatre, chiefly because when we see a play in production in a Shakespearean text, as we do in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, there is very much someone in charge. Another, more fanciful, and certainly unproven suggestion is that Shakespeare may have had the services of what we call a research assistant in preparing his works.

There is a wealth of fascinating material here on many subjects. Money, for example: a fine cloth-of-gold cloak for an actor cost twenty pounds, about three times what a playwright got for a new play and a third of the sixty pounds Shakespeare spent to buy New Place, one of the best houses in Stratford and the place of his retirement. Shakespeare had a good income, but it did not come from his writing; it came from his share in the theatre.

A portrait of sorts emerges from this book, and it is the antithesis of the Byronic romantic genius that the world was beginning to believe in when Garrick staged his jubilee; it has little to do either with the Victorian concept of the poet ricocheting from handsome young noblemen to dark lady—according to the periods of his work. Here instead is the Shakespeare the twentieth century favors: a solid bourgeois businessman, eminently respectable, careful with his money, who might have been (like Wallace Stevens) an official of an insurance company or (like T. S. Eliot) head of a publishing house if the theatre of his time had not provided a sound outlet for his acquisitive instincts.

How Rich a Mind?

To the Victorians Shakespeare's mind was of great interest. They wrote many books to demonstrate his knowledge of the law, of botany, of ships, of birds. (It is said that the terrible starling was introduced in this country by a gentleman who thought that every bird mentioned by Shakespeare should be represented

here.) These books provided a considerable impetus to the effort to find another author for the plays, for showed, it was thought, a mind richly furnished to belong to a man from Stratford.

Our age has turned away from learned Shakespeare, from Shakespeare the thinker. As the intellectual framework of the plays—"great chain of being" as Love called it, or the "Elizabethan world picture" as Tillyard called it—has been recovered by scholars and familiarized by critics and teachers, his ideas have come to be regarded as conventional; his attitudes toward kingship, the law, religion, the relations between parents and children and so on are regarded as very much what might be expected of a man of his time. Those passages of encyclopedic wisdom, like Polonius' advice to the departing Laertes, which were once set for the class to memorize now receive little heed.

For us it is only a short step from regarding a mind as conventional to regarding it as commonplace. We assume that a good mind is one that thinks differently from others; it is not enough to think the same thing better. We are heirs enough to the romantic notion of genius to make a cult of "creativity"; we are sufficiently attached to the idea of originality (as Chaucer and Shakespeare were not) to have a copyright law that makes at least a show of originality in an author a legal necessity.

But there is some awkwardness in living with a portrait of Shakespeare as a solid bourgeois whose head was stuffed with all the received opinions of his time, because he was obviously a superlatively intelligent man; and the notion that he was also a precise and passionate thinker is vigorously defended in *Shakespeare's Politics* by Allan Bloom, with one essay by Harry V. Jaffa (Basic Books, \$5). Significantly, neither author is a professional student of literature; both are political scientists trained under Leo Strauss, to whom the book is dedicated.

Oddly enough, Bloom does not turn to the history dramas, where Shakespeare's politics are usually investigated, but to the two Venetian plays concerned with outsiders to the political community, the Jew Shylock and the Moor Othello, and to the

Edwin O'Connor

Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *The Last Hurrah* and *The Edge of Sadness*

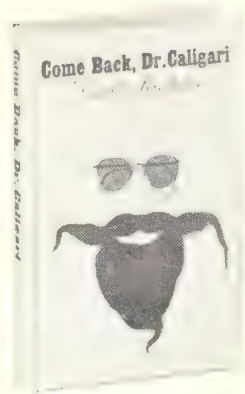


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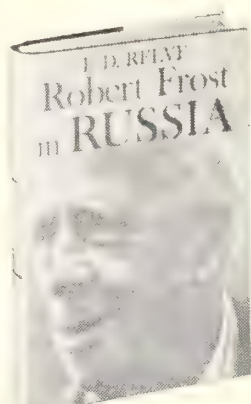
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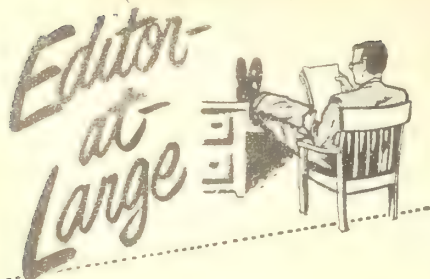
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Shortly before I sat down to write these notes about Edwin Diamond's new book, *The Rise and Fall of the Space Age*, a radio news announcer said that there were a couple of hundred objects now off there somewhere in space. I couldn't help wondering, given Diamond's thesis, whether some of those objects might not be lost heads.

The thesis is . . . well, let's not call it a thesis book; let's merely say that it is a question-asking book. But the questions are the sort that leave the persons asked red-faced and gasping for air. Some of those who have made sweeping statements in behalf of the "space race" and the "space gap" may wish that they were off exploring the upper atmosphere permanently when Diamond's book gets around.

In brief, the book questions such matters as the desirability or possibility of man making a moon landing in this decade; the costs of the effort; the purported economic and other benefits ("spin-off" and "fall-out") of the missile industry; the propriety of the astronauts' conversion from heroes to objects of exploitation; the starting and cancellation of Defense Department and Space Agency projects. Mr. Diamond is not a partisan man. He lays about him on every side with a broad-edged, sharp pointed blade, performing surgery on self-satisfied smilers or puncturing the balloon figures sent up by apologists and official spokesmen. By the time he is finished, smiles and chamber of commerce-like satisfactions have been neatly excised. Even a few heads have been rolled, at least in print.

Maybe that's how a few of them get Up There after all.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Rise and Fall of the Space Age (\$3.95) by Edwin Diamond is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 6315 York Road, Baltimore, Maryland.

THE NEW BOOKS

Roman plays, chiefly *Julius Caesar*. Of these essays, more later.

Jaffa's contribution is an extremely subtle and intricate study of the first scene of *King Lear*. Earlier critics, notably Coleridge, have deplored the opening of this play; the old man is clearly a fool to be dividing up his kingdom on the basis of how much flattery his daughters can produce. Jaffa argues that this is misleading, that Lear, like any good Shakespearean king, is deeply concerned for the preservation and unity of his kingdom; lacking a son and realizing that the youngest of his three daughters is the most suitable to be his successor, he is actually engaged in a very skillful and carefully thought out maneuver to make her ultimately queen of a united kingdom, until she rends his fine net of diplomacy by speaking the truth.

Jaffa's interpretation will only work if we assume that Shakespeare's ideas were profoundly conventional, that he and his audience shared so large a body of political beliefs and expectations that the merest gesture could evoke them on the stage. Yet it will also only work if we assume that Shakespeare was a careful thinker, that he thought what he thought extremely well.

A Welcome Aberration

The aspect of Shakespeare that we feel most at home with, that we regard as most worth exploring, is of course his imagination. The historians have probably consumed their capital; unless new documents are discovered, we do not expect much more help from them, in spite of occasional protestations like Rowse's; new historical works will be peripheral, like Deelman's, or popularizations of material already known, like Brown's. A work like Bloom's and Jaffa's is for the present at least a welcome aberration. We now want to know about the poetry "as poetry," to use the tired formula that invites us to focus our attention on the poet's imagination.

There are many reasons for this preference—the exhaustion of earlier approaches, the development of a psychology that permits us to search out meanings in the smallest verbal idiosyncrasies, and the undoubtedly true assertion that since we would

never have heard of Shakespeare if he had not been a great poet, it must be the poetry that matters and therefore should claim our attention.

But more is involved. In recent years there has grown up a body of critical doctrine that essentially cuts the work of art off from both producer and consumer, that sees a poem somewhat as the Venerable Bede saw the bird that flew out of the black night in one window and flew back into the black night in another. Literature becomes more and more detached from reality, more and more a vision, as the titles of recent books of criticism indicate with remarkable regularity. And even the titles can be misleading; a book called "The World of Dickens" would once have been about nineteenth-century London; now it will be about Dickens' imagination, his "vision."

This is, I suppose, only a special instance of what has been happening in many areas of life. As Daniel Boorstin has pointed out, everywhere the image seems to be becoming more important than the experience. The theologian does not speak of man in the New Testament but of the image of man in the New Testament; governments do not worry about the power and their glory but the image they create; many buildings seem to have been designed less to be useful than to be photographed. So our concern with Shakespeare's imagination is only a part of a larger shift where we locate our reality, in the picture seen by the mind's eye.

The Shakespearean Imagination by Norman Holland (Macmillan, \$7.50) is consequently more central to the contemporary effort to understand Shakespeare than any of the previous books discussed. It begins in a rather old-fashioned way with some account of Shakespeare's life and theatre and the history of Shakespeare criticism, but then it locates Shakespeare's true theatre "in the mind" and that is where the author is obviously happiest.

Holland approaches the plays, not through their figures of speech, the imagery, and he even finds a particular figure that dominates a particular play. This effort is most successful in the instance of *Romeo and Juliet*, where he finds the dominant figure to be the oxymoron, a

THE NEW BOOKS

king of opposites, as in the phrase "rueful kindness." He is determinedly unhistorical; the famous question whether Othello and Desdemona had time to consummate their marriage, for instance, he dismisses impatiently on the grounds that such a problem deals with them as if they were real people when of course they are only characters in a play, visionary figures. He is little concerned with plot; possibly the word "structure" does not appear in his book.

Yet curiously enough, his conclusions are often similar to Bloom's and Jaffa's, though they come at the ways through their ideas. This is most startlingly apparent when his say on *Julius Caesar* is compared with Bloom's on the same subject. Most of us have been brought up to regard Caesar as a tyrant or would-be tyrant and Brutus as the noble embodiment of republican virtue, and to think of Orson Welles' famous production, set in a fascist square with Caesar's troops in black shirts, as a fair commentary on the play's politics. To the contrary both Bloom and Holland argue, convincingly I think, that Caesar is the hero and the two chief conspirators, Brutus and Cassius, the one Stoic and the other Epicurean, are too limited by their philosophies (Bloom) or by their attitudes (Holland) to recognize and live comfortably with political greatness. In their essays on *Othello* too there are similarities.

The kind of criticism that occupies Holland in *The Shakespearean Imagination* is extremely difficult to write; since it is not anchored in character or plot or ideas, it tends to float around, examining now one set of images, then another, indulging in tangential ingenuities. At its best this kind of criticism requires two gifts that one might wish were more apparent in Holland's work. The first is a very sure control of the tone of the critical discourse. Here Holland fails badly. He indulges in a great deal of that sort of academic humor which is supposed to pep things up by talking the language of the students; he cannot refer to the oxymoron, for example, without telling us that it is a handy word for crossword puzzles and cocktail parties, or say that the strawberries on Desdemona's handkerchief are a symbol of perfect righteousness without point-

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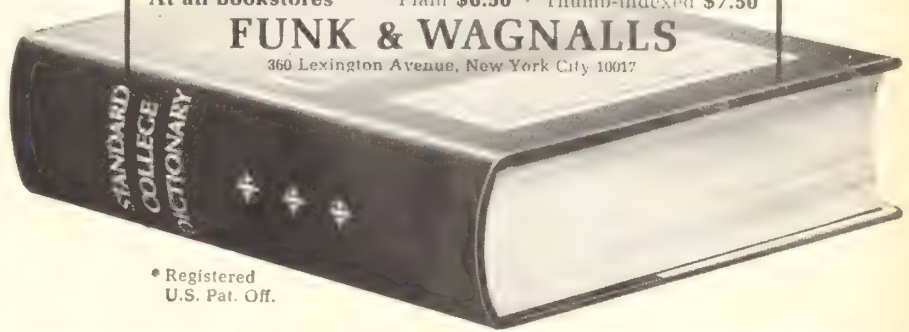
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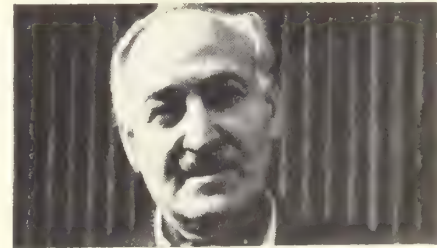
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To the may-be-impossible question posed above by Frank E. Vandiver, he and six other distinguished men attempt answers in *THE IDEA OF THE SOUTH*.

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Contributors are: George B. Tindall, Richard B. Harwell, Louis D. Rubin, Jr., T. Harry Williams, Walter Prescott Webb, Hugh B. Patterson, Jr., and Frank E. Vandiver.

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ing out that he is giving us "a handy bit of information for seeing Ingmar Bergman movies with"; his description of *Measure for Measure* as a soap opera may not be very enlightening even to those who have seen a soap opera. His language again and again falls too short of the mark; to call Cleopatra Antony's "girl friend" or to say that "in *King Lear* Shakespeare's imagination seems to have hit a low point" is to show an indifference to the effects language creates that makes us wonder if he is a reliable guide to the language of its greatest master.

The other gift that such criticism requires to be of the best is imaginative tact, a sure sense of when to press a point and when merely to suggest it, of how to enter a work of art as if one were a privileged guest rather than a vandal ransacking the drawers. Holland is often too impatient, too exuberant, or too solipsistic for that kind of tact.

Yet for anyone who wants to know how Shakespeare is being read and taught today, *The Shakespearean Imagination* is the book of those under review to be bought or borrowed. If the reader has not been previously exposed to this kind of analysis (and possibly even if he has) his temper will be tried; he will wonder how the lucidity of Bradley, that golden moment in the Indian summer of Victorian criticism, could ever have been supplanted by this muddle, where hendiadys and metonymy jostle Christ-figures, every sea voyage is a ritual purification, and the Elizabethan sexual pun on the word "die" is explained in nearly every chapter and discovered where it does not exist. And yet, for all their deficiencies and excesses, their uncertainties of taste and tone, the critics of Holland's generation, including Holland most certainly, can tell us something about Shakespeare's imagination that Bradley could not.

What Makes Art Trivial

The art historian Edgar Wind, in *Art and Anarchy** (Knopf, \$6.95), argues that our present nearly exclusive concentration on the artist's

vision is mistaken, though he is equally dissatisfied with the contrary exclusive concentration, represented by the French movement of *engagé*—art wholly committed to practical issues. To neglect what he calls the "human bias" of art (roots in our experience of history, society, and so on) trivializes it; but then, so it does to neglect the aesthetic achievement.

Indeed, Wind might have called his book "The Trivialization of Art," because that is what concerns him. He thinks we are exposed to too much art; we are excessively tolerant; the patron has become a passive consumer; the techniques of the art historian and the connoisseur have directed our attention to the stylistic detail to the neglect of the "human bias." Wölfflin, a very great art historian of the last generation, for instance, wished to make the essence of the Gothic style as evident in the pointed shoe as in a cathedral, and Morelli, the father of modern connoisseurship, showed that the artist's hand could be identified more accurately in his minor details (such as ears and hands) than in his large design.

It would be a mistake, however, and a mistake that Wind does not make—to see anything like a close parallel between the techniques of connoisseurship worked out by Morelli and the techniques of the new criticism applied by Holland to Shakespeare. Superficially, there is a strong resemblance: both look at details previously neglected, details that probably come from the fringe of the artist's consciousness. But the objective is very different; the connoisseur wants to identify the artist, which is far more often a problem in the study of painting than in the study of literature, whereas the critic wants to explore the artist's meaning. Yet the larger meaning of Wind's fascinating little book is applicable to literature: it too can be trivialized.

France is not of course the only or perhaps the chief scene of an art committed to social purposes today. There is also Russia, and *Both Sides of the Ocean* by the Russian novelist and critic Victor Nekrasov (Holt Rinehart & Winston, \$4.50), though nominally an account of the author's travels in Italy and the United

* Two articles drawn from this book appeared in *Harper's* (February and March 1964).

THE NEW BOOKS

States, provides considerable insight into the attitudes toward art of one cultivated and lively contemporary Russian artist.

The arts that particularly concern Nekrasov are motion pictures and architecture (he was trained as an architect). In both he is opposed to anything that elevates the artist's vision above or beyond social purpose or reporting. The motion pictures that most interest him are documentary; they use previously existing houses and streets rather than the work of scene designers, and people off the streets rather than trained actors. In architecture he is loyal to what he calls the "rationalist-constructivist" building of the 1930s. He can hardly deplore enough that an architect like Le Corbusier should have built such a thing as the Ronchamp Chapel (which Nekrasov has not seen). What is wrong with this chapel is, as Nekrasov says, the "image," or imagination: "This is the saddest part of all. Because the image

things. The personality that comes through his book, however, is charming and open and less doctrinaire than his opinions of Le Corbusier would suggest.

The Cost of Vision

William Golding's new novel, *The Spire* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.95), is concerned with the relation between vision and reality, not from the critic's point of view but from the artist's. The subject of the book is the building of the great spire of Salisbury Cathedral, the tallest in England, and the main character is Jocelin, the Dean of the Cathedral, who, neither architect, engineer, nor builder, can still be called the creator of the spire, since its possibility came first to him in a vision and its realization became the object of his life-long devotion.

The striking thing about the completed spire is that it has no foundations, thereby violating the medieval engineering principle that a building must go down into the earth as far as it rises above it; the striking thing about the process of the construction, as Golding imagines it, is that the corresponding psychological principle cannot be violated: to create, man must go as far down in his own weak and sinful nature as he hopes to rise above it. To see his great spire soar over Salisbury Plain, Dean Jocelin has to descend into a world of jealousy, mean contrivance, adultery, and bloodshed. "Whatever flames upon the night/Man's own resinous heart has fed."

As a novel, *The Spire* is excessively didactic; since we know before we start the book that the spire was in fact successfully built and still stands, the obvious source of suspense vanishes, and Golding finds no other of comparable force to keep his narrative going. He makes his point about human nature clearly enough, but even if the reader did not know it before he started the book he would certainly have guessed it long before he got to the end. The writing, too, has a curious opacity resulting (perhaps) from excessive economy. Often there seem to be strong feelings behind the prose, but just what they are can only be guessed at. Sometimes it is difficult to see exactly what is supposed to be going on, though



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Books in Brief

Katherine Gauss Jackson will be back next month with her reviews of current books.

before us must be the image of the irrational. Possibly even of the mystic. The logic of form and of architectural construction has been rejected. And instead we have the allegory of the irrational, the expressive, the inexplicable." Perhaps, he says in a slightly different context, that is the way to build churches—"Well then, let them build them that way. The only trouble is that so many people waste their time on them—and is it only time?—when they could be doing so many more useful things."

Nekrasov's book itself presents a problem to the reviewer (as have several books that have recently come out of Russia) of choosing between his human bias and the aesthetic achievement. Nekrasov has many generous things to say about the United States, and he has got into a good deal of trouble back in Russia for saying them. So our impulse is to praise his work. But in fact he is a heavy-handed writer and a traveler who saw only the most obvious

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this could be, of course, simply the difficulty of an incompetent reader.

I conclude with a couple of books which, though far from unimaginative, are not primarily concerned with—or products of—the imagination. Both are examples of superior reporting: in Nekrasov's terms, accounts of real people in real streets.

In *My People Is the Enemy* by William Stringfellow (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$3.95), the streets are Harlem's and the people the Negroes who live there. Stringfellow is a young white lawyer and committed Episcopal layman who spent six years living and working among the poor people of Harlem, and his account of their poverty and other deprivation is one of the best I have seen: vivid, concerned, unsentimental, direct. He is also an acute critic of where attempts to relieve racial poverty in New York go wrong, and offers an intelligent appraisal of the churches' role in the racial crisis.

In *The Great Interlude* by Francis Russell (McGraw-Hill, \$5), the streets are the streets of the past and

the people are various important curious and more or less forgotten figures from the period between the first world war and the 1930s: John Held, Jr., Warren G. Harding, Boston medium, Fitzgerald and Curley, Carlo Tresca, and so on.

Typical of Russell's technique in his essay on Calvin Coolidge, which mingles his recollections of Coolidge with his later reading about the man and sets the whole thing in an account of a recent visit to Coolidge's birthplace in Plymouth Notch, Vermont, a spare ungainly house in bleak and dying countryside. The tone is personal and unpretentious but from the essay emerges a sense of what went into Coolidge, the man without eloquence who could nevertheless say: "I could not look upon the peaks of Ascutney, Killington, Mansfield, and Equinox, without being moved as no other scene would move me. It was here that I first saw the light of day; here I received my bride; here my dead lie, pillowed on the loving breast of our everlasting hills." Even the most prosaic of us occasionally have our vision.

Books on Guerrilla Warfare— Fifteen Years Overdue

by Eric Larrabee

Mr. Larrabee, who is the author of *The Self-conscious Society*, has a persistent interest in military affairs—stemming perhaps from his experience during World War II as a First Lieutenant (Military Intelligence) in the Rhineland and Central Europe Campaigns.

In January 1962, when the *Marine Corps Gazette* devoted a special issue to guerrilla warfare, President Kennedy was heard to remark that he had read it with great interest. Overnight the issue became a rarity. To have a copy casually on one's desk, replacing the bulkier works of Henry Kissinger or Herman Kahn, was a high-scoring gambit in the game of Washington up-to-dateness. What had been a tame subject became a hot one. Where once there were only one or two books about it there are now over a dozen.

They march across the shelf in

variety and confusion, trampling the same ground several times over where they are not treading on each other's feet. Some are how-to-do-it manuals by practitioners—like Mao Tse-tung, Che Guevara, or Vo Nguyen Giap—which you can either read in their entirety or find substantially excerpted in the anthologies. These, like Osanka's *Modern Guerrilla Warfare* or Colonel Greene's *The Guerrilla and How to Fight Him*, not only duplicate the communist classics but other compulsory entries as well, such as Dickey Chapelle's description of Castro's methods and Walt Rostow's address to the Army Special Warfare Center at Fort Bragg.

Some are detailed accounts of specific campaigns, either as journalistic reportage (like Tregaskis' *Vietnam Diary*), or military narratives and analyses of major interest to professional students (like

GUERRILLA WARFARE

vo on the Huk campaign in the
pines by Colonel Baclagon and
els Valeriano and Bohannan).
are the fruits of British and
ean scholarship (those of
dier Dixon and Otto Heilbrun).
some have been produced by
ican university centers (Galula
Harvard and Paret and Shy
Princeton), where the daily lan-
e is apparently that of high gov-
ental policy. In fact one could
very well explain either the
ality or sudden proliferation of
books without assuming that
have a more official origin than
format indicates.

e fashion for guerrilla war
g military theorists is welcome
if about fifteen years overdue.
subject suffers from simplicity
obviousness. It is of course as
s warfare itself, but it did not
ire its name until the nineteenth
ry nor intellectual respectabil-
until the twentieth, when T. E.
rence gave it a doctrine and
e an elegant entry for it in the
clopedia Britannica. After the
of World War II it became of
ssity the predominant form of
fare, but this was not generally
nowledged.

or some years the idea of preserv-
peace with nothing but a strategic
force seemed far more appealing
he American public, and the ex-
ence of Korea did nothing to
ease its enthusiasm for fighting
le" wars. What eventually turned
tide was a growing awareness of
nuclear stalemate and the fact,
er its spreading umbrella, that
Russians were reserving the
nt to continue supporting—as
ushchev called them—"wars of
ional liberation." These are guer-
a wars by definition, and until we
ned how to cope with them we
re going to take some losses.

here were other inhibitions, too.
ring the postwar decade it was not
y to manifest much interest in
rrilla tactics without looking like
ommunist sympathizer. Guerrilla
r is intensely political and cannot
conducted successfully without
ular support. To say so seems in-
ent and obvious enough today; it
not seem so then. China was the
case, and the image in everyone's
nd was that of General Stilwell, a
n commander of irregulars whose

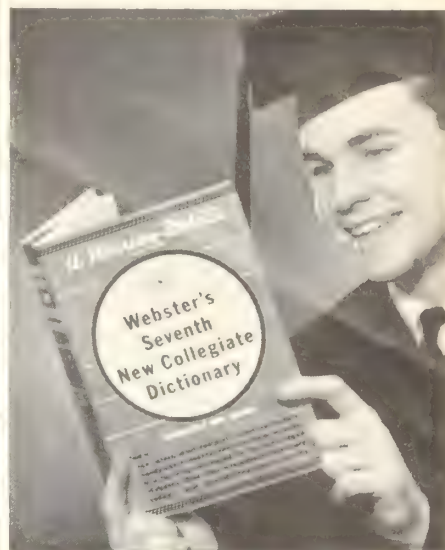
innate sympathy for the infantry
virtues had led him to recognize,
where others neglected it, the poten-
tial power of the Chinese Commu-
nists. The guerrillas all seemed to
be on the opposite side from ours. As
long as there were no American
forces capable of fighting at the
people's level, there was no way of
identifying the American interest
with the people's point of view. As
long as no American politician would
support a guerrilla strategy, there
was no way out of the corner into
which we were so carefully boxing
ourselves.

One of President Kennedy's many
merits was that he recognized this
dilemma long before taking office
and acted to resolve it immediately
afterward. Guerrilla war was not
merely a passing fancy for him but
an essential instrument of his policy.
The aim was to restore flexibility to
the American position by giving us
some response to communist moves
other than turning loose the bombers
or backing down. This was an ab-
solutely necessary step, and yet
observers of the American political
process may wish to note that Mr.
Kennedy said nothing notable about
it in his campaign. Here was some-
thing the country was compelled for
its own preservation to do—some-
thing we had in fact postponed doing
for a decade—and yet no politician
making an issue of it could possibly
have been elected.

The current crop of guerrilla war-
fare books both offers an explana-
tion of the phenomenon and sug-
gests how its worst effects might be
avoided. A distaste for this type of
war is not limited to Americans.
"Little" wars are bloody, dirty, and
discouraging. They offer no oppor-
tunity to strike the telling blow, to
marshal industrial technology, to
achieve decisive and dramatic vic-
tories. The main object of the guer-
rilla is to prevent superior power
from being brought to bear. He hits,
runs, and hides; where possible he
merges into the landscape and be-
comes indistinguishable from the
local population. His aim is to baf-
fle and annoy, then to wear down his
opponent in the prolonged effort re-
quired to contain him.

Confronted with an enemy who
behaves this way, however, Amer-

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Music may be an abstract art but it is performed by men (thought for the week), and without the men, no music. Composers like to underplay the role of the interpreter, but (until electronic music becomes the vogue) there can be no performance without them. A few years ago Gregor Piatigorsky, the cellist, was a member of a symposium discussing the contribution of the interpreter and, even more specifically, the virtuoso. Piatigorsky was asked whether or not the virtuoso was apt to overdo things; to gild the lily; to make himself more important than the composer. Piatigorsky went into a fine Russian rage. "Everybody knocks the virtuoso," he roared. "We are supposed to be the egocentrics. Tell me, have you ever heard of a composer writing a Sincere Symphony or a Humble Sonata?"

It is a fact that certain music rises and falls on the availability of the interpreter. Handelian opera died with the castrato singer. Bel canto opera (the operas of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti) began to disappear shortly after the turn of this century, when singers schooled in that style retired with nobody to take their place. Today we seldom hear Wagner at the Metropolitan—not so much because the music itself is in decline, but because there is in the entire world no Heldentenor—and, indeed, only one dramatic soprano that can be discussed in the same breath with Flagstad, Leider, and Fraubel. Birgit Nilsson cannot be everywhere at once, nor can she sing every day.

All of a sudden, starting with about 1950, bel canto opera began to come back. It came back largely through the efforts of one singer, Maria Callas. Callas was the one who resurrected works like Bellini's *I Puritani* and

Il Pirata. She had the flair for this kind of music, and the personality to attract audiences. Had Callas retired with no one to take her place, the bel canto revival would have died with her. But she was followed by Joan Sutherland, and today it is Sutherland who is sparking the bel canto renaissance. Early in 1954 Callas had recorded *I Puritani*. Now comes a recording of the same opera with Joan Sutherland as Elvira. The other singers in the cast are Pierre Duval (Arturo), Renato Capecchi (Riccardo), Ezio Flagello (Giorgio), and Margreta Elkins (Enrichetta). Richard Bonyngne leads the chorus and orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino (London A 4373, mono; OSA 1373, stereo; both 3 discs).

In bel canto operas the voice is the thing. Very few operas of the period have plots that are anything but laughable, and there is little of interest in the orchestra. The music was written for virtuoso singers—singers with immense breath and technical control, extraordinary range and subtlety of color. As a rule these operas were as stylized as cowboy pictures. Choruses and ensembles were meted out just so. The leading soprano had two or three solos in which slow arias were followed by fast cabalettas. The slow arias were supposed to show the singer's ability to handle a long, flowing, melodic line. Beauty of phrase and sound were the criteria here. In the cabaletta the fireworks were unleashed: scales, arpeggios, leaps, trills on high notes, and so on. Every so often during the course of the opera, the composer had to arrange for duets in which the male and female singer would do these tricks in unison.

I Puritani is a standard opera of its kind. Despite the claims of some of its admirers, it musically is weak. Its melodies—the vaunted Bellini melodies—lack harmonic interest and have little but a faded prettiness to

recommend them. Bellini's dramatic sense is primitive, and so are his powers of characterization. Two or three hearings of *I Puritani*, and it is musically exhausted.

But what the opera does have, and what can keep it alive given the proper participants, is singing. And it is the kind of singing that offers the unique Sutherland the chance to make an unforgettable impression. She alone carries this album. It was quickly learned, when Callas started resurrecting these operas, that hardly a living singer had the background and schooling for this repertoire. Where Callas—and now Sutherland—are able to take full command of their roles, the other singers sort of stagger along, simplifying their assignment, doing the best they can. Thus we are getting but one aspect of bel canto opera. In a work like *I Puritani*, the baritone and tenor have parts equally difficult as the soprano's. But where today is there a coloratura tenor or baritone? In the new album of *I Puritani* Capecchi, a competent baritone in Verdi roles, cannot begin to sing his part as written. Pierre Duval, the tenor, just manages to reach those fortissimo high Ds in his last-act aria, but at the expense of tone. In addition there is the matter of style, and here too all of the singers in the album except Sutherland show little idea of bel canto phrase and tonal production.

In these operas, one not only has to sing the part as written. It is necessary to sing it as unwritten. In Bellini's day it was customary for the singer to embellish and embroider. The composer and the audience expected it. The cantilena arias were sung pretty much as written, but in the cabaletta the singers were on their own. Sutherland follows the old tradition. In her two big arias, *Son vergin vezzosa* and *Qui la voce*, she sings the first part simply, with

Answer to Poser on Page 50

From the third and fourth statements, the King is spotted between a Heart and a Spade. The second statement identifies the King as a Diamond and the first statement makes the Jack a Heart and the Queen a Spade.

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

oncentration on tone and finish of phrase. But when she comes to the abbalettas, she unleashes her full technical armament, adding cadenzas, augmenting the passagework, inserting sections to show off the best points of her technique. This she does with unflinching taste. She and Bonyng (her husband) have researched this style thoroughly, and are completely at home in it. As Sutherland has the voice to handle the singing with ease, what we have is a reconstruction of a long-dead style.

It is instructive to compare the Sutherland recording with the 1954 Callas. Even Callas' admirers admit she has a flawed voice. And even Sutherland's admirers wish that she had a little more temperament. A direct comparison of the two Elviras immediately demonstrates that Callas is more in character, such as it is. (The character of Elvira is pretty one-dimensional.) Callas has better diction than Sutherland, and has a more interesting musical mind. She shapes phrases with more art, has much better rhythm and brings a kind of intensity to her work that Sutherland only hints at. The Callas personality flares right through the record.

But from the purely vocal aspect there is little contest. Lovely as is Callas' voice in its middle range, it becomes forced and ugly above the staff. Callas makes some cuts in the role, she seldom ornaments and does not interpolate the florid cadenzas that Sutherland does. Sutherland revels in the technical elements, while Callas is careful indeed. Callas takes the cabaletta to *Qui la voce* very much slower than Sutherland, and in comparison sounds inhibited.

And thus, while it is all very well to say that a singer must do more than yodel or hit high E flats square on the head, it also must be recognized that the *raison d'être* of an opera like *I Puritani* are those very yodels and E flats, those trills and arpeggios, those fast-running scales and other technical brilliancies. It is hard to see, then, how any listener could fail to make a decision in favor of Sutherland in *I Puritani*. For in an opera in which singing is not only the important thing but the only thing, Sutherland provides the singing.

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JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

The Herds

Not being much of a big-band man myself, I hadn't paid the attention I should have to Woody Herman. He is one of the astonishing survivors; he began in the Swing Era and he is still going strong. He didn't do it by self-consciously trying to remake himself in somebody else's image, either. It's still recognizably Herman.

I suppose what put me off was the raucous cry—"Caldonia! Caldonia! What makes your big head so hard!" —from the First Herd's recording of the same name back in 1945. It sounds for all the world like pure clowning, something you'd expect from a sophisticated Spike Jones. But Herman explains: "I've always thought that the essence of jazz was its spirit of abandon. . . ." On those terms it almost makes sense.

The problem is how to make good jazz out of something very noisy. In terms of mere power a large band can build up a big head of steam in no time, and the temptation is to turn it loose and sit back hoping the results have a real drive behind them and not just decibels. What you sometimes get are screaming brasses and pounding reeds, and that's all. But when the Herds really get going well the heaviness disappears and perpetual momentum takes over.

For the postwar Herman I prefer the old Columbia *Three Herds*, even though it has been superseded. Of the Hermans from Philips my choice is 1964's, which strikes me as bouncier than last year's. Collectors of "third-stream" jazz-classic curiosa will want Stravinsky's *Ebony Concerto* played by Herman, but should not be surprised if they find more in it of Igor than of Woody.

The 3 Herds. Woody Herman and his Orchestra. Columbia CL 592. The Thundering Herds. Columbia C3L 25 (3 LPs). Woody Herman 1963. Philips PHM 200-065. Encore—Woody Herman 1963. Philips PHM 200-092. Woody Herman: 1964. Philips PHM 200-118. Stravinsky: *Ebony Concerto*. Everest LPBR-6009.



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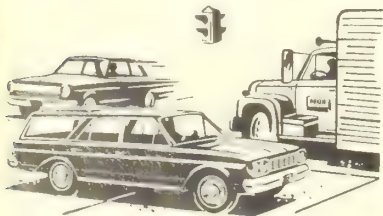
"I have two boys who can do some pretty horrible things to the upholstery of a car in short order. But the inside of my Classic wagon has proved as tough as it is good looking.

"I particularly like the brakes, too. They stand up remarkably well under all the stop-and-go city driving I do. And I've never seen any that work so smoothly in wet weather.

"Gas mileage has been surprisingly good. I never expected to get 18-20 miles with an automatic transmission—and in so much city traffic.

"Writing testimonials is not one of my fortes, but I feel compelled to take pen in hand and congratulate those who make such a fine automobile possible."

You can see why Rambler is America's best-selling six-cylinder wagon! The great Classic also comes with an optional 198-hp



V-8 or the new Torque Command 232... the 6 that comes on like an 8—great! And the smart Roof-Top Travel Rack is *standard* equipment. See your Rambler dealer.

LETTERS

Abolish New Jersey?

I ran for office to abolish coroners in New Jersey, but after reading Bruce Bahrenburg's article ["New Jersey's Search for Identity," April], I feel I should abolish New Jersey.

(MRS.) ANNA M. MURRAY
County Coroner of Union County
Summit, N.J.

For all its warts, I think you have done an injustice to New Jersey. After reading your April article which claims that the state is "fast becoming a victim of Creeping Anarchy," I could not help wondering whether, instead, *Harper's* is fast becoming a victim of Creeping Sensationalism. True, New Jersey suffers many of the pangs of rapid growth and urbanization that you mentioned—from decaying cities and inadequate suburban schools to polluted rivers and a plethora of local political jurisdictions. But of what other major urbanizing state are all these things *not* true?

The article makes much of the fact that the state has no sales or income tax, and that the level of state expenditures for such essential public purposes as education is consequently lower than in most other states. The implication is that the people of New Jersey just don't care enough to pay the taxes to solve their problems. The fact is, however, that when you add both state and local taxes, the people of New Jersey are making a greater total effort to meet their public needs than most other states. And this is all the more significant when you consider that the people of New Jersey pay more federal taxes and receive less federal aid than most states.

Among the fifty states, the average per capita payment of state and local taxes is \$223. In New Jersey it is \$234, giving the state a ranking of fifteenth among all the states. And in the payment of federal taxes, New Jersey ranks sixth among the states, according to the Tax Foundation, but near the bottom of the "getting" end.

Your article gave scant attention to some of the state's achievements. As you noted, it has been regarded as political suicide to advocate broad-based state tax. Yet Governor Hughes has done just that. New Jersey has one of the most modern institutions in the nation. Great improvements have been made in court system. The state is one of three or four states which have launched major programs to preserve parkland and nature's amenities from the onrush of the bulldozer. It is one of the few Highway Departments in the nation that are truly acting in the goal of moving people, and not just vehicles. . . . Certainly it is fair to say that New Jersey has its blemishes as well as its blemishes.

Your article has served a useful purpose in reminding us that New Jersey (and other urbanizing states too) still has a long way to go in providing the kind of livable and attractive environment that we have a right to expect at this point in the twentieth century.

HARRISON A. WILLIAMS, Jr.
U. S. Senator (New Jersey)
Washington, D.C.

Cops and Robbers

I had some qualifications about some of the views expressed in your Crime and Punishment supplement [April]. With all deference to the "rights" of the accused, I hold to the atavistic view that society still has a few left, honored or not. . . .

If anybody is even mildly interested in my worm's eye view, let me sputter that I want society to play with loaded dice so that it can win. I know too many slick sociopaths who believe that the law can be beaten and lamentably have demonstrated this. Wags have accepted the quaint notion that the law should be respected, our gutter cousins have too often shown it can be twisted into a symbol of contempt and ridicule. Warder Tinsley holds a more benign view and lets me play the role of Bastille's bit-

Liquidity,

the word that means you can buy and sell stock quickly and easily on the New York Stock Exchange.

You may never use the word, but when you decide to buy or sell a round lot of stock "at the market," liquidity can have two very personal meanings for you—time and money.

Time because your transaction can be made quickly, usually in a matter of minutes.

Money because the price will be reasonably close to the last sale after your order reaches the floor of the Exchange.

Liquidity is a big word at the Exchange. It describes one of the unique characteristics of the market place—the remarkable ease and speed with which you can convert stock into cash, and cash into stock.

The interplay of many kinds of investors brings it about.

For example, some 17,000,000 Americans are shareowners. Suppose you, as one of them, instruct your Member Firm to sell 100 shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange at the market, which means the best price your firm's floor broker can get when your order reaches the floor.

Chances are that others are doing the same. And still others are instructing their brokers to buy.

These buy and sell orders converge at a post on the floor where that particular stock is traded. In the two-way auction

market, brokers try to get the best price possible for their customers. The highest bid and the lowest offer have precedence, and thus the transaction is made. It can all happen in just minutes.

In other cases, of course, this smooth functioning of supply and demand can hit a roadblock—an unusually wide spread, for example, between what is asked for a stock and what anyone is willing to pay.

Then an Exchange Member called a Specialist, who specializes in certain stocks, is expected, within practicable limits, to step in with a higher bid or lower offer, reasonably close to the last sale. If there is a lack of buyers or sellers for a stock at a particular time, he'll frequently buy or sell for his own account. Thus he risks his own money, helping to fill in temporary gaps between supply and demand and encouraging an orderly market.

Still other sources contribute to liquidity.

One is the floor trader. He is a Member of the Exchange, bound by a specific code of rules. He speculates for himself, trying to anticipate what the market will do next and risking his money on his judgment. While he operates for profit, his speculation often helps to take up the slack when temporarily there is a

sizable imbalance between public supply and demand.

Another is the institutional investor—organizations like banks, colleges or pension funds that often trade in big blocks of stock.

When you buy or sell an "odd lot"—any number of shares less than the usual round-lot unit of 100—a separate procedure helps supply liquidity. An odd-lot dealer on the floor buys or sells your stock at a price related to the round-lot price at the time he executes your order. This unique system enables you to trade an odd lot generally with the same ease, and at almost the same speed, as a round lot.

Just how important is liquidity? Every day, millions of shares flow between buyers and sellers. The ease with which it is done in the bustling Exchange market has become a tradition. Consider that they can buy or sell so readily. For an important reason, we know that many people are willing to invest in the Department of American Business.

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and Sherry means Duff Gordon



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LETTERS

ter bastard. I shall be watching your Letters columns to see how singular my position really is.

GEORGE L. [unclear]
Clinical Psychologist
Colorado State Penitentiary
Canon City, Co

To minimize the problem of law enforcement by saying that two thirds of the inmates of state and federal penal institutions were convicted of "nonviolent" crimes [in Cool Look at 'The Crime Crisis' James V. Bennett] is, I feel, completely misleading.

The "housebreaker" who ranks low on the totem pole of criminal society becomes the murderer by reflex action as he strives to still the screams of terror uttered by a woman who stumbles on him in an otherwise empty house. The "drunkard" who spends so many of his useless days and nights in the local lockup can become the engineer of death behind the steering wheel of an automobile. His companion in misery, the "winer" may strip and kill a drunken woman who dares to leave the bar in his company at closing hour. The man who pays a small fine for parading the streets in women's attire may in a drunken rage give expression to his bitter frustration over the way life has treated him and kill someone he really does not hate.

The purse snatcher who comes up from behind to strike down an aged woman for her widow's mite; the car booster who smashes the window of an unattended automobile to get a camera; and the masked man who risks death to get some cash at gunpoint from the till of a liquor store probably all have one thing in common. They must at any price obtain the narcotics which alone can make life bearable for a few brief hours.

Viewed in this perspective, what meaningful distinction remains between "violent" and "nonviolent" crime? . . .

PAUL F. KNIEF
Santa Monica, Calif.

Bennett writes of "the fine state institution at Fox Lake, Wisconsin, where the inmates carry their own keys." This is pathetic. It is true that many of us who are running around loose are dishonest and untrustworthy. But people who have



All of a sudden, it stops looking funny.

If you think a Volkswagen Station Wagon is just a funny-looking car maybe you never saw one fit in a space that regular wagons have to pass by

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that starts in the morning 1-2-3

and when you stop at a gas station, \$3 fills it up and you don't have to worry about gas for maybe 3 weeks and

take kids for instance "Are we going in the Volkswagen bus?" and they say "Yay!" and clap their hands and if it's a glorious day you can slide the sunroof back and let in all of the glory

all of a sudden, it stops look-

ing funny.

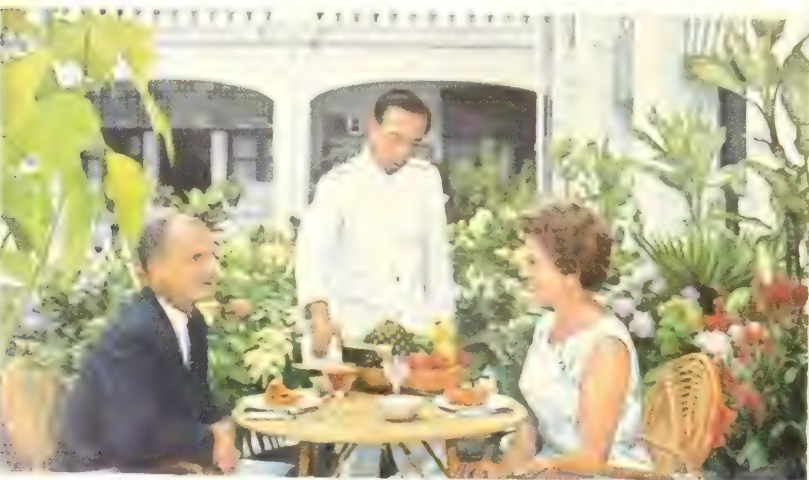
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LETTERS

en convicted of a felony have at
ne time been certified as dis-
ne ble. So to give a convict the
y his cell is to appeal to a senti-
m which he does not possess. . . .

ROBERT SIKES
Lodi, Calif.

ing served twenty-four years
ederal prison, I was very much
sted in the Crime and Punish-
supplement . . . a most excellent
entation of a most difficult topic.
as a contemporary of Morris
' Rudensky at the Leavenworth
1. As it is a unique experience
custodial officer to receive a
te publicly from one of his
ges, I should like to correct an
in the spelling of the custodial
r's name, which is James J. Red-
[not Bedford, as it appeared in
er the Stretch"] of Cambridge,
onsin. I join Mr. Rudensky in
ag tribute to this great-hearted

L 25882

ur apologies to Mr. Redford for
typographical error.

THE EDITORS

rofessor B. J. George, Jr.'s article,
New Approach to Criminal Law,"
not only a brilliant challenge to
yers and legal educators, but also
atalyst for all educators. Let's not
t integrate the behavioral sciences
o the study of law, but also inte-
te law into the behavioral sciences.
an educator of delinquent chil-
en, I can see current issues which
uld show a need for a lawyer on
ny graduate faculties. These prob-
ns are: the teacher and civil rights,
e counselor and child-labor laws,
e psychologist and confidential tests
g., should parents be informed of
Q. scores?), the social worker and
linquency laws, etc. Unless educa-
rs integrate areas of learning,
ciety will be the loser.

JULIUS ROSEN, Vice-Pres., #408
Council for Exceptional Children
Livingston School for Girls
New York, N. Y.

The supplement on Crime and Pun-
hment was interesting and valuable.
owever, on page 154 in the Ribman
rticle there is a statement which is
ot true as to the courts of New York
tate. The article states: "At present

"Possible? Is anything impossible?
Read the newspapers."

Duke of Wellington

An open-minded attitude toward what's
possible and what's impossible is one
of the mainstays of our research effort.

Extreme care is always used with that
word "impossible." Instead, most
of us (not all) cultivate the blunt
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Perhaps it was put best by a friend
of ours when he described us
as "optimists, but intelligent optimists."

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LETTERS

very few appeals are made on behalf of indigent defendants. . . ."

1962-63 court year the five principal appellate courts of New York City heard 1,023 appeals in criminal causes. In 595 of those appeals were, because of the indigence of defendants, assignments of lawyers who served without fee.

CHARLES S. DESMOND
The Chief Judge of the State of New York
Buffalo,

THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

Judge Desmond has good reason to be pleased with the unusual number of appeals made on behalf of indigent defendants in the New York courts—a record perhaps unequaled by any other state. Our statement, of course, had reference to the federal courts.

SAMUEL M. RIBKIN

Those of us pursuing the study of law find distilled here a revealing and thought-provoking series encompassing many of the problems and promises which challenge our society and our profession, but which the curriculum has not time to discuss.

BRIAN D. THIES

Hastings College of the Law
San Francisco, California

Projecting the Image

To wrap headwaiters and reporters into one package, as Peter F. Drucker attempts in "If I Were a Corporate President" [Easy Chair, April], is an obvious "straw man" technique. He may feel personally that the relationship between corporate president and the press is unimportant but very few responsible executives or working reporters agree with him. The corporate enterprise which publicly owned corporations strive to build and maintain with the press is one based on mutual honesty, cooperation, and respect—not one based on flattery and free loading, as Mr. Drucker appears to assume. . . .

The corporate presidents who "civitate" reporters certainly do not "neglect their other duties." First and foremost, any such executive must successfully perform his major duty—to operate his business profitably. . . .

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There are strange sights and sounds in the woods these days, as these bears will attest. But it's all a part of growing timber as a crop on Weyerhaeuser tree farms.

In this case, a noisy whirlybird is disturbing the quiet of the forest as it spreads the seeds of a future timber crop on the recently harvested land below. One day soon a new forest will spring to life—thousands of trees to serve the needs of your children, and their children as well.

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Fortunately today's tax structure, in most instances, recognizes the problems inherent in growing timber crops in 60- to 80-year cycles. As a result, 27 thousand firms and individuals have found it possible to practice tree farming on 64 million acres of private land. This assures an endless flow of wood, water, wildlife and other benefits.

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Steel works photo by Charles Van Maanen

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A stylized illustration of a small plant with two green leaves and a yellow flower bud, growing from a green field under a light blue sky. The plant has a thin green stem and is positioned in the center of the frame. The leaves are broad and green with yellow veins. The flower bud is yellow with a green base. The ground is a solid green field, and the sky is a solid light blue.

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phone Operating Companies serve the new communities beyond the big cities, where there's the space and the spirit for growth. And that's where the future is. ■ More reason for the dynamic and continuous growth of GT&E.

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

[illegible]

Parents who teach their children sensible eating habits help the young avoid costly food faddism

AS BEEN ESTIMATED that Americans spend from 500 million to one billion dollars each year needlessly on fads, vitamin pills that are not necessary, and so-called "health foods" which may be perfectly good foods which do not live up to some of the elaborate health claims made for them and which may not be worth the premium prices charged. Parents really interested in getting their children off to a good start in life should be alert to food faddism and health quackery and should prepare their children to avoid being victimized by the faddists and quacks who prey on the young, as well as the aged, because they know of the concern the young have for health and strength and body development.

Although scientific research has demonstrated that drinking milk on the day of an athletic event apparently has no adverse effects on the athletes' performance, there are still athletic coaches in high schools and colleges who instruct their teams to avoid milk at certain periods or times. Some physical education teachers, who influence the attitudes of young people they are instructing, are not well informed about sound nutrition principles.

Parents concerned about the good health of their children should be aware of what the children are being taught, if anything, about what they should eat and why. Generally, schools use nutrition teaching materials prepared under careful supervision of nutritionists who know their business, but there are some cases in which nutrition teachings are not based on well established nutrition principles.

PARENTS CAN TEACH THROUGH GOOD EXAMPLES

In most families, it is likely that the examples set by adult members in their own eating habits will be a very strong influence on the children's eating habits. If adults shun certain foods, then the children, especially the teen-agers, may assume they, too, can avoid these foods. Parents should understand at least the fundamental principles of good nutrition so that they can guide their children toward sensible eating habits and toward an understanding of the role which food plays in health and development.

Parents need not be walking textbooks on nutrition. Nutritionists have made life much easier for us by developing the Daily Food Guide. Family meals may be planned for both taste appeal and good nutrition by selecting from four major food groupings: (1) Milk and Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Breads and Cereals. The groupings are based largely on the kinds of nutrients provided by each group. The Guide recommendations provide only a foundation for a well balanced diet. Depending upon total calories required, other foods not included in these four groups may be selected to round out the daily diet.

The Daily Food Guide is excellent because it fits the

needs of the entire family. Food selection varies only in terms of individual nutrient needs. In other words, an adult whose life is quite sedentary does not require the same quantities of food as a very active teen-age boy or a growing child. (See below for instructions on how to receive your copy of the Daily Food Guide for your family.)

THE DAILY FOOD GUIDE IS EASY TO USE

The Daily Food Guide is designed to make food selection for the family as easy as possible. Here is an example of how the Guide suggests that selections be made:

Milk and Other Dairy Foods: The Guide suggests 3-4 glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers and 2 glasses daily for adults (or the equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream). These quantities of milk are recommended because milk provides important nutrients for all age groups.

Milk is a leading source of calcium, essential for the development of bones and teeth and required for proper functioning of muscles and nerves and for normal clotting of blood. Milk is also an important contributor of riboflavin—which is vital in the body's metabolism—and high quality protein that provides the amino acids needed for body tissue growth and repair. Milk also supplies other vitamins and minerals.

For a moderately active adult man, two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide about 10-15% of his recommended daily caloric allowance; about 25% of his protein; about 70% of his calcium; about 45% of his riboflavin; about 15% of his vitamin A; and over 10% of his thiamine.

For an adult woman percentages of these nutrients provided by 2 glasses of milk would be slightly higher because of the generally lower nutrient recommendations for women, but the calories in 2 glasses of milk still provide only 14-20% of the recommended daily allowance for a moderately active adult woman.

Selecting foods from the other food groups in proper quantities provides the additional nutrients recommended. If the entire family follows this very simple Daily Food Guide, and if reasonable effort is made to develop understanding among the young why it is wise to select food in this pattern to provide a balanced diet, the young will be less susceptible to the siren songs of faddists and quacks who promise them a "quick and easy" path to super bodies and brains via their pills and "health foods."

For complete information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

a message from dairy farmer members of



american dairy association

After Hours



The Grave Collector by Susan Black

Susan Black is a writer on the staff of "The New Yorker" magazine.

The mania for collecting things is notorious for the variety of forms it can take—I've a cousin with a passion for grotesquely painted and lettered shaving mugs, and a lawyer I know has spent a lifetime accumulating eighteenth-century playing cards—but I must say I was startled, a few months ago, to encounter a collector of graves. I encountered him in the likeliest possible place—that is to say, in a cemetery—to which each of us had made his way in order to visit the same distinguished grave.

This was in Zurich, and the grave was James Joyce's. Having a couple of hours to spend between planes and recalling that Joyce had died in Zurich, I'd thought to pay him this meager act of homage; to my surprise, it wasn't an easy task, because the name, though so great a one to me, proved utterly unknown to the Zurichers from whom I sought information. Understandably enough, the concierge of the hotel where I

had lunch had never heard of Joyce, much less of his burial place; he recommended that I try telephoning the British Consulate, which somewhat less understandably had never heard of Joyce and which recommended that I try the local *Schriftstellerverein*, or Writers' Club, which not at all understandably had never heard of him and recommended that I telephone the *Bestattungsbureau*, or Office of Cemetery Information.

The *Bestattungsbureau* seemed thoroughly bewildered by the un-Swissness of the name Joyce; when I impatiently spluttered something about his being a world-famous writer, the voice at the other end of the wire broke in sharply, "It makes no difference who he was. The only thing that matters is the year he died." To this statement, at once so reasonable and so outrageous, I could only reply, "Nineteen forty-one," upon which the voice, after a brief, hard-breathing delay, informed me, "Fluntern cemetery, grave number one four four nine."

Fluntern cemetery lies in the hills above the city at the edge of a neatly

tended woods and not far from the Zurich Zoo, which Joyce once compared to the zoo in Dublin's Phoenix Park. The headstones are so modest and the foliage about the stones so profuse that Fluntern looks far more like an English country garden than a cemetery. Walking up a gravel path that was lined with periwinkles and boasted, at random intervals, slender gray birch or a thick, deep green yew, I easily found my way to number 1449—a flat marble stone on which is inscribed, in block letters and numerals, "James Joyce 1882-1941." I stood there a moment or so, reflecting that if it was true as I had read somewhere, that Joyce disliked flowers, then he would certainly have objected to the flagrantly red begonias that someone had taken the trouble to plant at his grave. Then I heard footsteps on the gravel behind me, and a voice saying, in an American accent, "Ah, good! Excellent! First-rate!"

I turned round and discovered on the path a short, roly-poly man in his late fifties or early sixties, wearing rather rumpled tweeds, too heavy



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Tale of the Capricious Clock

by
Julian P. Van Winkle,
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky,
Established 1849



Alben Barkley used to tell about the clock his father borrowed from a neighbor.

"He kept Mr. Dunn's clock a week," Mr. Barkley related, "but could never tell the time of day or night.

"I should have told you about that clock before I let you have it," the neighbor explained. "When the hand points to eight and she strikes twice, that means it's half-past three!"

There's the same chance for mix-up when you buy your whiskey solely on its stated age.

The label may "point" to eight years, yet the whiskey itself may taste like "half-past-three,"—or even worse!

Depends on *who* made the whiskey and *how*.

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Mellow 100 Proof

AFTER HOURS

for the weather, and a rumpled expression that plainly he wore in all weathers. He appeared to consider his "Ah, excellent!" a sort of introduction, for he went on briskly, "One more off my list."

I begged his pardon.

"Now I can cross *him* off my list," he said, ducking his head toward Joyce's grave.

"Your list of what?" I heard myself asking, somewhat to my surprise, since I don't usually risk asking questions that I'm not certain of wanting to know the answers to.

"My list of graves," he said. "I'm what you might call a grave collector." Clearly, he liked the title he had bestowed on himself; he set it off as if it were a little bomb, waited for me to register the proper expression of astonishment, and then went on. "Naturally, I don't collect graves the way other people collect stamps or coins. Dear me, no! I collect them by visiting them."

"How did Joyce get on your list?" I asked.

"All collectors have specialties," the roly-poly man replied. "I specialize in literary graves. I'm a retired professor of English, and all my life I've been interested in how and where writers die. My wife used to discourage this interest—she said it showed a nasty morbid streak—but now she's dead herself, and I'm alive, so I indulge my hobby to my heart's content."

I suggested that he must enjoy himself hugely at Westminster Abbey. "Dickens is there, isn't he?" I asked. "And Tennyson? And a lot of others?"

"Chaucer, Addison, Ben Jonson, Sheridan, Kipling, Hardy, Browning, Dryden, Samuel Johnson, Aphra Behn—oh, it makes an excellent showing! Père Lachaise is also delightful. There, I've picked off Molière, La Fontaine, Balzac, de Musset, Beaumarchais, and Daudet, though, to tell the truth, the grave that interests me most at Père Lachaise is Oscar Wilde's. Because I have a specialty inside my specialty—you'll think me incurably romantic, but I prefer above everything to seek out the graves of writers who are buried far from home."

"Keats and Shelley in Rome," I said, recklessly playing the only two trumps I had in that particular suit.

"Yes, yes," he said. "Everyone knows about them. And Elizabeth Barrett Browning in Florence. John Reed in Moscow. *My* favorite if you'll forgive me for saying are a trifle less obvious. Karl Marx in London. Frank Harris in New York. Ford Madox Ford in Deauville. Rupert Brooke in Skyros. Visiting his grave on my last sabbatical. Charming! Then there's Sigmund Freud, whom I like to claim as a writer, is also in London, though doesn't have an actual grave. He was cremated and his ashes deposited in one of his favorite Greek vases. I strongly disapprove of cremation for writers."

What do you do," I asked him "about people like Ambrose Bierce who simply disappear?"

"An excellent question!" the grave collector said, raising his right forefinger in a professorial salute. "From my point of view, Bierce is practically a total loss. He must be dead by now, but who knows where? Harriet Crane is only a little better—she jumped off a ship in the Gulf of Mexico and his body was never recovered. Nor do we know where William Blake is, because he was buried as a pauper, in an unmarked grave. As for Bernard Shaw, that scamp! He left instructions to be cremated, to have his ashes mingled with those of his wife, and to have the mixture scattered in the garden of their house at Ayot St. Lawrence. I've been there, of course, and have tramped about the garden, but it isn't a patch on visiting a real grave."

He shook his head, and I felt sure he was mourning certain never-to-be-filled gaps in his collection.

"Actually, I'd have a much better collection of writers buried away from home," he said, "if the ones who died away from home were only buried where they died. Henry James's ashes were shipped from England to the family plot in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Stephen Crane, who died in the Black Forest, was brought back to a cemetery in Newark, while Dylan Thomas crossed the ocean in the opposite direction. He died in New York and was buried in Wales. Byron occupies a peculiar place in my collection. He's buried partly in England and partly—his



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AFTER HOURS

lungs, I believe—in Missolonghi where he died. Two writers who have done a good deal of traveling and whose death are Yeats and D. H. Lawrence. Yeats died in 1939, in the South of France, and remained there until after the second world war, his remains were dug up and carried home to Ireland, thus considerably reducing my interest in him. In much the same way, Lawrence died in 1930 in the South of France, and some years later his widow asked to have his remains cremated and shipped to New Mexico, where she was living. I once visited Vence, where Lawrence was originally buried, so I don't feel the need to visit Taormina where the ashes are. Still, this day, thinking about on the part of dead writers makes me nervous. I'd intended to



year to pick off two of my finest plums—Lafcadio Hearn, in Japan and Robert Louis Stevenson, in Western Samoa—but I heard a rumor that a group of Joyce enthusiasts was agitating to move him back to Ireland and I thought I'd better act fast, while he was still in his first grave."

The little man whipped out a leather-bound notebook and started scribbling on it. "There! James Joyce. Zurich, Switzerland, July 26, 1963."

He slipped the notebook back in his pocket, tipped his tweed cap to me, and started off down the path at a rapid gait. Plainly, he had other graves to collect and little time to waste collecting them, but at a bend in the path he turned and called back to me, "The Irishman's house is his coffin." Joyce said that. He was a good man on graves, Joyce was." Then he waved and hurried off among the stones.

Captain Auke de Jong of the s.s. Nieuw Amsterdam greets several passengers



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Report on space travel:

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For Dr. Charipper it was a routine trip. He made it in a spacecraft mock-up at IBM's Space Guidance Center in Owego, New York.

While his colleagues—and an IBM computer—monitored his controls, Dr. Charipper blasted his spacecraft out of a simulated orbit around the moon and watched the lunar mountains grow bigger on his viewing panel.

Six minutes later, he eased his craft down toward the designated landing area—the center of a large crater.

Though "simulated," these flights are of the highest scientific importance to



Men, with the help of IBM computers, are solving the problems of travel in outer space without leaving the ground.

man's future in space. Thousands of simulations have been made by scientists at research centers studying space travel.

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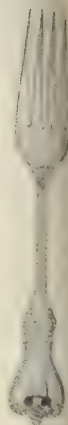
1768-1824

Cup
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1772-1861

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1895

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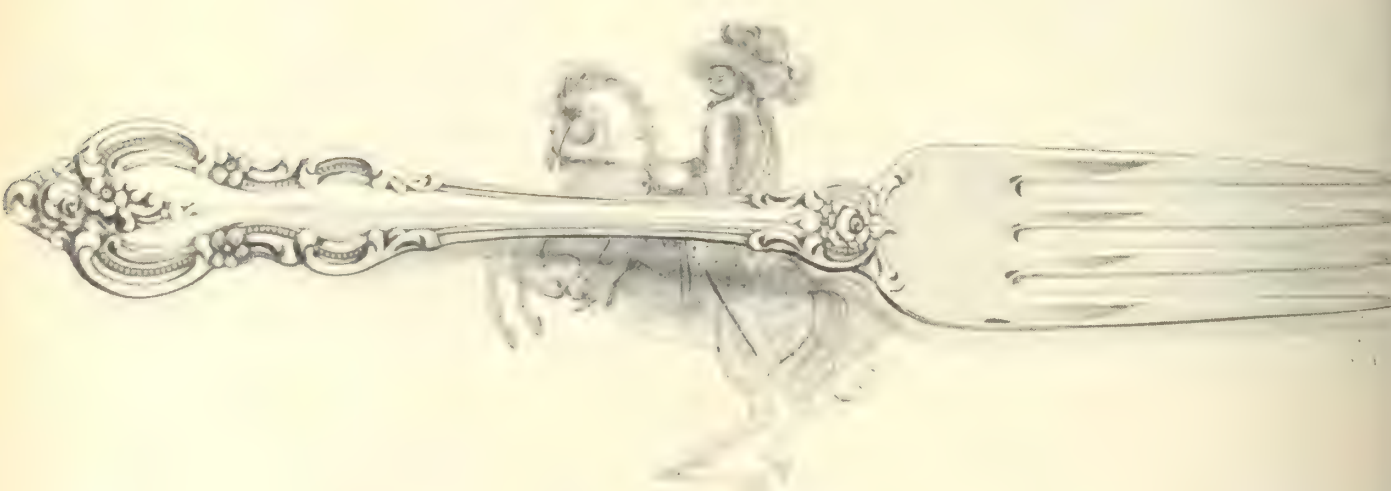
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Harper's

magazine

The Scotch in Canada

Part I. Caste, Love, and the Love of Money

By John Kenneth Galbraith

From a distinguished economist and diplomat comes a surprising narrative about the not-so-distant land where he was born. This is the first of three articles.

In the year 1803 a young Irish nobleman, Colonel Thomas Talbot, appeared on the north shore of Lake Erie at a point about midway between Detroit and Buffalo. He had acquired, with no discernible justification, rights to a large area of rich forest land provided that he found settlers to inhabit it. Settlers arrived, nearly all of them from the Scottish Highlands, and the Colonel granted them land—fifty acres to the settler, a hundred and fifty as reward to the Colonel for coming of good family and getting there first.

The Colonel, who besides being aristocratic, was irreligious, profane, and often drunk, went eventually to his reward. Before his death, he designated as his heir his nephew, Colonel Airey,

who was the subject of one of history's most awesome military misfortunes: At Balaclava, where he had gone to fight for the Queen, his was the name on the order that dispatched the Light Brigade. The aristocrats were seen no more around Port Talbot; the Highlanders remained. I was born in this community something over a century after the Colonel's arrival.

The series of three narratives, beginning here—adapted from a book called *The Scotch*, to be published by Houghton Mifflin this August—is about the settlement as it was in my youth.

I would not have written the book had I not been sent by President Kennedy as his Ambassador to India in 1961. In this post, one combined days and weeks of the most intense activity with odd intervals—while listening to speeches, traveling when one could not sleep, paying one's formal attention to visitors—at regular intervals I found that I could write on a platitude and seemed to listen and that speaking seemed to think I was taking notes. I had a reception line I could use for a new section. The Scotch in Canada

otherwise would have been some tedious times.

All writing can be broken broadly into two classes: what is written to please the reader and what is written for the pleasure of the writer. The second class is rightly suspect, and it is singularly to this class that these chapters belong. And I have wondered why anyone—myself, my neighbors, and a few who share my ancestry apart—should wish to know about the Scotch in this particular part of the world at the moment of which I write. But I have been assured by others that they find the tale interesting and amusing and even in some small measure instructive. If they are speaking the truth, and not merely being agreeable, I think I know the reason: A very large number of us come from rural communities—English, Scotch, German, Norwegian, Swedish. The story of the Scotch in this part of Ontario is, in some measure, the story of tens of thousands in North America who were born on a farm in one of the ethnic transplants from Europe.

There is another, though possibly more debatable, source of interest. The Highlanders considered themselves a remarkably fine race. I was brought up to believe this a sound claim. Perhaps it is simply the pleasure of others to know such stalwart men. That, I do not doubt, would be the Scottish view.

At first glance the Scotch in Ontario—they were never called Scots—would seem to have comprised one of the world's more egalitarian communities. While some were poor, none was rich. All worked with their hands and went as equals to the polls. No man's wealth was reflected in his dress or reliably in his house. Farm income, unlike salary income, yields no exact figure by which people can be known and graded with precision, and the common social distinction of all industrial communities, capitalist and communist alike, between those who give (or transmit) orders and those who take them did not apply. In this community, a few hired hands apart, everyone worked for himself. In the brief moments of philosophical reflection, the point was often made about farming: "It's hard work but a man's his own boss." It did not occur to my

neighbors that this might signify a hard taskmaster or one of questionable competence.

Yet, in fact, this was a highly stratified society with three distinct social classes. At the bottom were those who did not enjoy full citizenship, although by all outward signs they were treated like everyone else. Their views did not command respect; no one quoted them except possibly as an example of error. They knew they did not belong and were reconciled to the fact in varying degree.

At the top were the Men of Standing. They, except in rare instances, were also aware of their position. Others sought their views and in some measure accepted them, especially on matters removed from common knowledge: Who had burned down the Canadian Parliament building? Had some drunken Tory tossed his cigar into a pile of paper? Had it been done by the Germans? On the causes of the McWilliam fire everyone naturally had an opinion of his own.

Between the disenfranchised and the Men of Standing were a much larger group. All too often we underestimate the capacity of men for contentment. One can be a professor without being an Oppenheimer, a pundit but not an Alsop, or a politician without being a Kennedy. Most of the Scotch were content to be considered ordinary citizens so long as they could determine who, because of being better or worse, were not. This they addressed themselves to assiduously.

More than politics, the weather, crop prospects, prices, or any other topic, the Scotch discussed each other. A man's farming methods, marketing decisions, livestock purchases, machinery acquisitions, wife, family, relatives, temperament, drinking, stomach complaints, tumors, personal expenditures, physical appearance and his political, social, and economic views were dwelt on in detail by his neighbors. Out of this discussion came the consensus as to his place. All distinctions are, in some degree, invidious. But few could claim to be founded on so intimate an examination of person and personality. And while the Scotch did not quickly change their minds about those they had accorded positions of honor or excluded from membership, they kept their people subject to constant scrutiny.

Some of the excluded, to begin with the lowest class, suffered their segregation for purely objective reasons. No hired man had full citizenship, though he might be a good worker and much praised. To belong, a man had to own land, and this requirement also excluded the comparatively rare family which rented land. Our neighbors made no fetish of land; none was ever seen hold-

John Kenneth Galbraith, who is now Paul M Warburg Professor of Economics at Harvard, came to the U.S. in 1931 with an A.B. degree from the Ontario Agricultural College, and earned his Ph.D. at California. He served during the war as OPA deputy chief and in other posts and was U.S. Ambassador to India under President Kennedy. The most recent of his several influential books is "Economic Development."

ing the good earth in his cupped hands and gazing soulfully at the sky, and any such behavior would have been taken as an indication of serious mental disorder. But it was cheap land that had brought our ancestors from Scotland in the 1830s and '40s and anyone who didn't own some by, say, 1925 was pretty obviously a failure.

A certain number of families who did own land farmed only fifty-acre tracts. This did not qualify a man either—a man who farmed a fifty was not taken seriously on any important subject and would not ordinarily be elected to public office. Since it was perfectly possible for a hired man, a tenant, or a fifty-acre farmer, by combining diligence and rigid economy with a large mortgage, to own a hundred acres, these barriers to acceptance were not as harsh as they sound. The people so excluded were not very competent. If it hadn't been land they would probably have lost out for some other reason.

A man was also excluded from society if he were either unneighborly or dishonest. But because the common law was clear, these faults were rare and almost no one was ever disqualified by them. A man who was "not quite straight," or one who failed to put his neighbor's need ahead of his own faced crushing public obloquy. It is a great mistake to imagine that prisons and fines are the only means that a community has of enforcing its laws. Nor are they necessarily the most drastic.

Getting on the Indian List

Three other things could lead to loss of full citizenship but with somewhat less certainty than, say, the ownership of insufficient land. These were alcohol, laziness, and ignorance.

The Scotch were divided into two groups, those who drank and those who didn't. If a man drank like a gentleman, it would not hurt his position in the community. Unfortunately it was not on record that anyone ever had. Men drank for only one reason, namely to get drunk. In consequence, a drinking man regularly ended up bruised, battered, and, in the absence of an especially talented horse, in the ditch. If this happened only on rare and festive occasions, it did not hurt too much. But if it occurred with any frequency—if neighbors had regularly to come and do a man's chores while he was being restored after a tear—it cost him his membership. He lost it immediately if he got put on the Indian list.

With the Indian list, the wife of a habitual drinker could have her husband proclaimed an

honorary aborigine. In Ontario, as in other North American jurisdictions, the sale of alcohol to the surviving tribesmen was subject to heavy penalties. It was not really supposed that the Indian list ever stopped a determined drinker from getting liquor. There were many tales of husbands who had succeeded, despite it, in getting drunk and who had beat the hell out of their wives.

The traditions of the community required, in addition to sobriety, that everyone like work or say that he did. A good man did not shrink from pure drudgery—pitching hay, pulling a crosscut saw, forking manure. But not everyone could sustain the required reputation. A few got started later in the morning than others, were more tolerant of thistle and fallen fences, had to go more often to town, or yielded more readily to unpleasant weather or the notion that wives were expendable. They often compounded their felony with excuses—unshod horses, lumbago, broken tools—which everyone knew to be bogus.

This did not lead to automatic exclusion. Our next-door neighbor, Bert McCallum, was unquestionably lazy. His house was unpainted; his barns were in disrepair; something of importance fell off his buildings each year and was never nailed back. His agriculture involved the minimum expenditure of energy; the result in everything from weeds to drainage was deplorable. But Bert was almost everyone's best friend. He was a small man with merry eyes and a quick laugh. Though he was bald in principle, wispy locks of undernourished hair strayed over his head at random. His mind was well-stored with information on a large number of practical matters—how to handle an unruly horse, give it emergency aid, shingle a shed, or prescribe for piles. He always handled the stacking of the straw, which was the one skilled job at a threshing. His instinct, indeed, was to be helpful on everyone's problems except his own. His house was a kind of informal neighborhood club, a place where on a winter evening anyone might drop in. Bert sat in his stocking feet by the stove and made everyone welcome. Unlike many good conversationalists, he seemed on occasion to enjoy listening.

Yet Bert only narrowly escaped the consequences of his indolence. It was discussed and in degree condemned. But there were always people—my father was one—who turned the conviction to Bert's virtues, which everyone conceded. So he was allowed to escape the reputation of being a little too easy.

Lesser men did not fare as

from our place on the Wisconsin
school was an exceptiona

prayed and read the Scriptures every morning. His piety, which was very rare among the Scotch, was supposed to be what kept him from getting to his fields at a decent hour. It did not earn him forgiveness, at least among the living. He was considered to be of no account; the bolder children sensing that they had a duty to perform, shouted "Lazy Jim" at him on their way home from school.

The most interesting ground for exclusion was ignorance. Most societies are reluctant to label a man ignorant. Not the Scotch. If a man lacked information or the ability to put knowledge to useful purpose, the community paid him no attention and denied him respect.

I have never thought this practice entirely wrong. If a man doesn't make sense, it is misplaced politeness to try to keep him from knowing it. Better that he be aware of his reputation, for this may encourage reticence, which goes well with stupidity. And the Scotch were strikingly immune to demagoguery, partly because of their total lack of hesitation in ascribing ignorance to demagogues.

I turn now to the factors which distinguished the highest class, the Men of Standing. A man of standing was likely to meet all of the normal requirements of membership more than merely adequately. He had, as a matter of course, to be strictly sober, a diligent worker, and a competent farmer. Beyond these necessary but by no means sufficient conditions were the special factors which, depending on circumstance, assisted a man up this ladder.

Regrettably perhaps, family was one. No one would have dreamed of suggesting that one clan was inferior to another, yet it was tacitly agreed that some were better. The McDiarmids, Fergusons, Blacks, McAlpines, McCrimmons, and a goodly number of McKillops were of this elite. So, I am obliged to say, were the Galbraiths. We were strongly cautioned against suggesting our superiority and, as a youngster, I swung between disavowing it and apologizing for it. Neither seemed a wholly satisfactory solution.

Size was also an important crutch. The Men of Standing were usually, although not invariably, very large. In this, the Scotch were not alone; most societies favor tall men and discriminate against the short. This may be sound policy. The tall man is more visible than other people and, being more visible, he is much more closely watched. In consequence, his behavior is far better than that of smaller men. Along with the Galbraiths, many of the Blacks, McCrimmons, McDiarmids, and McKillops were very tall.

Animals were also used by the Scotch as a social lever, and more intelligently than in most societies. Almost instinctively people turn to animals, alive or dead, to advance their position. Men and women who sense their inferiority seek the support of superior horses, dogs, or dead mink. They often succeed only in suggesting the contrast. Nothing so accentuates a used skin, desiccated hair, fibrous breasts, angular knees, and gnarled legs as a rich and glossy fur coat. However, distinguished animals do add to the distinction of distinguished people. This the Scotch understood. The average clansman had average livestock and avoided subjecting himself to unfavorable comparisons. Those who felt able to run the risk had good livestock and were admired for their judgment.

The decisive source of esteem was information and the ability and willingness to put it to sensible use. This was partly a matter of education. Even those clansmen who considered education unnecessary for their own families and likely to inculcate an aversion to manual labor, deferred to it in others. But education was only important if combined with good sense. It was, if anything, a handicap if combined with a tendency to suggest silly or extravagant courses of action. The community did not suffer fools gladly. It liked educated fools least of all. The Scotch expected a man to prove his wisdom by putting it to useful purpose. And his useful wisdom could not be confined to such areas of immediate or ultimate self-interest as his own farm or church. A man needed to act on improvement of the roads, the promotion of telephone service, the cooperative purchases of binder twine, or the management of the Wallacetown Fair. He should certainly serve on the Township Council. It was also important that in all his actions he bear in mind his neighbors' concern for saving money.

The Men of Standing had, in short, to earn their esteem. This had a highly practical aspect. Every community needs a great many communal services. To pay for them is expensive; and only a poor class of talent is available for money. By rewarding such work with honor and esteem, the very best men can be had for nothing.

Of Love and Money

The virtue and marital fidelity of our neighbors, from all outward appearances, were impressive. And more penetrating study would not have altered the impression. No one had ever received a divorce or asked for one. No one knew anyone

who had been divorced. This was partly because, until after World War I, there was no divorce law. What God had wrought in Canada, man could put asunder only by a special act of the Canadian Parliament. Each year a certain number of Canadian couples did petition for such special legislation but they were much richer and far more willing to spend money for their personal peace than any of the rural Scotch.

In most countries where it is difficult to dissolve a marriage the community comes to take a rather tolerant view of informal recombinations where these obviously add to happiness or even pleasure. Thus, the Italians, who have no divorce law, have gone far to perfect arrangements which make one unnecessary. The Scotch resorted to no such expedients. A tall and stalwart Highlander who lived very near our place had once been unfaithful to his wife, an almost incredibly unattractive woman, to the eventual impregnation of an unmarried maiden who lived a mile away. The baby, so it was said, was brought home in a red bandanna handkerchief and in any case was tolerantly reared by the wronged wife. Although it all must have happened about 1890, it was still a lively subject for conversation when I was in primary school in 1919.

Among the unmarried, the standards of deportment were equally high. To father an illegitimate child was to sacrifice one's citizenship for some years. The effect on the mother was more disastrous; if, thereafter, she married at all it would be to someone who was permanently devoid of position—a hired man, one who drank, or at best someone with a mere fifty acres and no alternative.

Years before, a local boy was courting one of two sisters in another branch of his family. (No suggestion of incest or inbreeding is implied. The clan was so numerous and dense in the area that, in the absence of an exceptional willingness to travel, marriage within it was inevitable.) An adventuresome type, he sometimes visited his beloved by climbing up on the summer kitchen and into the bedroom that she shared with her sister. When danger in the shape of the father threatened, he would crawl into bed between the girls. By the worst of luck he got the wrong girl pregnant. Though he promptly married her and though the family in general were good farmers and intelligent and public-spirited people, he was celebrated unfavorably by the local historians for a long time and only gradually did the adventure come to redound to his advantage.

In many cultures obloquy attaches to un-

licensed intercourse. This is rarely sufficient to prevent it. Thus the continence and fidelity of the Scotch call for additional analysis.

More must be attributed to the absence of opportunity than would first be imagined. There was no place, literally none, where a questing husband could take an interested wife and go to bed. He couldn't visit her house when her husband was away because husbands were rarely if ever away overnight. In any case, a man's horse and buggy were as firmly identified with his personality as his nose, hair, or gait, and they would be seen passing down or up the road or tied in the yard. In the center of Katmandu, the capital of Nepal, is a temple and around all four sides of it couples engage imaginatively in copulation for all eternity. (One talented woman rewards two well-endowed and highly aroused lovers simultaneously.) A visit by a couple to the hotel in town would have been almost equally unreticent.

Unmarried affection encountered similar barriers. The girl's dwelling was filled with parents and siblings and thus unavailable to anyone less adept at second-story operations than the aforementioned suitor. Resort to the barn, the classical arena of bucolic love, was an outright admission of intent. The couple could go riding together; this, however, was allowed not out of liberalism but from a knowledge of the Canadian climate. In winter a cutter lent itself to love-making only at the cost of extreme contortion and an occasional chilling exposure. The alternative was a snowbank. Things were not appreciably more agreeable in the autumn on the frozen ground, in the spring in the mud, or in summer under the onslaught of the mosquitoes. Chastity was everywhere protected by a vigilant nature.

License for Misbehavior

Something had also to be attributed to the uncompromising Calvinism of our upbringing. We were taught that sexual intercourse was, under all circumstances, a sin. Marriage was not a mitigation so much as a kind of license for misbehavior. Among the rougher element of the community, after the weather, the wisdom of selling cattle, and the personality of the schoolteacher had been touched upon, conversation would often be taken over by one or another of the acknowledged masters of salacious detail. However, in contrast with other cultures, no one ever of his own exploits. Instead, a shy or es puritanical participant would be accused cation with some highly improbable l

would center on the way he denied it. Members of the more prestigious clans never participated in such pastime, and the mere appearance of my father at a neighborhood gathering would turn the conversation back to crops.

An important feature of an austere education in these matters is that to be fully effective it need influence only one of the two people involved. I discovered this during adolescence, after encountering a novel by Anatole France which made unlicensed sexual transactions, especially if blessed by deep affection and profound mutual understanding, seem much more defensible than I had previously been allowed to suppose. It was summer and I was deeply in love. One day the object of my love, a compact golden-haired girl who lived on the Willey's Sideroad, a half-mile away, came over to visit my sisters. They were away and we walked together through the orchard and climbed onto a rail fence which overlooked a small field between our place and Bert McCallum's. Our cows were pasturing on the second-growth clover in front of us. The hot summer afternoon lay quiet all around.

With the cows was a white bull named O. A. C. Pride for the Ontario Agricultural College where my father had bid him in at an auction. As we perched there the bull fulfilled his purpose by serving a heifer which was in season.

Noticing that my companion was watching with evident interest, and with some sense of my own courage, I said: "I think it would be fun to do that."

She replied: "Well, it's your cow."

But I think most of the virtue of the Scotch can be attributed to the fact that love for a good woman (or bad) was not the ruling passion. That was love for money.

One indication was the respect which was accorded to money in everyday conversation. On occasion, at a threshing or of an evening at Bert McCallum's the same rough-spoken clansmen of whom I have spoken might jovially consider the capacity of a well-to-do neighbor to satisfy the demands of his young, vigorous, and healthy wife. But no one would ever dream of bringing up the man's bank balance or of voicing a wish that he might enjoy that. Some things were sacred.

The ordinary farmer referred to his wife, whatever her age, as "My auld woman" or "My auld lady." These terms did not necessarily imply dislike or disrespect; like "dear" and "darling" in more refined communication they were neutral. But no one spoke of "jack" or "dough" or "lettuce" or "long green." When money came

into the conversation, as it often did, it was referred to respectfully.

The passion for money reinforced continence and fidelity in several ways. For one thing, faithful and chaste behavior was the least expensive. Within the family, children were comparatively costless but an illegitimate child could call for cash. A boy married when, with his auld man's help, he could make a down payment on a farm and manage the rest under mortgage. The compulsions of an unpremeditated pregnancy would badly upset this timetable.

More important, the love of money meant that as other passion receded, a man's life did not become less meaningful. Marriage for life, especially if decided on by the principals, is an exceedingly hazardous arrangement. Love is less than durable. If it is deemed vital, its disappearance means either that life is totally barren or that a remedy must be sought in adultery, divorce, and replacement. The love of money meant that a man's emotions were reliably engaged until the day he died.

Yet the Scotch were notably wary of any person who allowed his emotions to rule him. Excessive preoccupation with economy would not cost a man his membership in the society but it could be the cause of considerable adverse comment. One of the great McKillop clan was always known as Codfish John. Many stories were told of his economies. His wife did not average one new dress a decade. Their one recreation was a weekly trip to church drawn by a plow horse. All community festivals—the Wallacetown Fair, the Caledonian games, the Christmas concert—were denied to his family; they were believed to implant ideas of extravagance even in the not excessively impressionable mind of a McKillop. On Christmas Eve, so it was said, John lit the lamp and entertained his bairns by making rabbits on the wall. The entertainment did not continue long because of the expense of the oil and the possible wear on the wallpaper. When he was finally being lowered into his grave at Black's cemetery west of Wallacetown, it was said that he lifted the cover of the coffin and handed out his coat, waistcoat, pants, and undershirt. That was not widely believed. But he did warn his wife to take up the parlor carpet before the funeral.

Interestingly, it was always said of Codfish John, as of anyone else who was excessively frugal, that he was "very Scotch."

Next month, Professor Galbraith will continue this informal chronicle with "A Place to Drink and a Place to Pray."

Brooke of Massachusetts

A Negro Governor on Beacon Hill?

by Edward R. F. Sheehan

He has concentrated on digging out corruption in civic affairs—but he has been embroiled in controversy ever since he took office . . . and his ambition will be tested soon under even hotter political crossfire.

The single statewide executive office in Massachusetts presently in Republican hands is that of Attorney General. Second only to the Governorship in importance, the post is occupied by Edward W. Brooke, a dynamic newcomer who happens to be a Negro, and whose election in 1962 ironically raised him to the titular leadership of an otherwise moribund and overwhelmingly white, Anglo-Saxon party. Brooke has begun to attract national attention because of his stamina in striving to extinguish corruption in a state whose politics Mr. Theodore White has justifiably described as "squalid . . . and despicable."

Politics in Massachusetts are essentially feudal and tribalistic. The venerable Commonwealth has very nearly ceased to be a two-party state; the Democrats control the large majority of elective offices but are themselves centrifugally frag-

mented into dozens of disparate factions. Theirs is a party of great families and contentious ethnic coalitions founded on friendships rather than on discipline or ideology.

Among the Democrats the preeminent families are, of course, the Kennedys and the McCormacks, but they are hardly the only forces to be reckoned with. The ducal splendor of the two great houses is reflected in the less inspiring escutcheonry of multiple political baronets who have entrenched themselves in the legislature, in the cities, and in the wards. And if power in the Democratic party is diffused, so much more so is it in the state government itself. Like his predecessors, Democratic Governor Endicott Peabody reigns but does not rule over a chaotic collection of executive Councillors, autonomous commissioners, and semi-independent department heads many of whom he did not appoint and cannot dismiss. This archaic diffusion of power, compounded by human greed, is one of the root causes of the corruption which has made the image of Massachusetts so unsavory in the nation.

Years before Edward Brooke became Attorney General and increasingly since he assumed office, hardly a week seems to have passed without a new violation of the public trust being

Engineers and consultants have bribed legislators and highway officials to obtain contracts; probate judges have awarded trusteeships to their relatives and friends; real-estate agents have doubled as official assessors; a State Representative was convicted of larceny and then re-elected while still in jail. A judge, the chairman of the State Housing Board, the Deputy Banking Commissioner, and two Governor's Councillors have been convicted or indicted on assorted charges ranging from conflict of interest to bribery and conspiracy—the list seems interminable.

While it is probable that in Massachusetts as elsewhere venal officials are in the minority, the venality has been more than sufficient to turn the average citizen into what Professor Murray Levin calls "the alienated voter"—and to persuade much of the electorate that "bribes, political payoffs, and graft have replaced due process of law as the principle for conducting public business."

Why a Republican?

Corruption has not been confined to the Democrats; it has contaminated Republican officeholders as well, though probably not to the same extent. Corruption, in fact, is not the Republican party's chief problem—its problem is simply whether it is to survive as a significant political force in Massachusetts. To a far greater degree than with the Democrats, the Republican party has been the preserve of great families and inbred cliques—predominately old-stock Yankee, of course—whose ability to persuade the voters to elect them to office has all but evaporated in the face of the self-assertion of ethnic blocs—the Irish, the Italians, and the Jews. In desperation—and, on the part of the "Old Guard," often with painful reluctance—the Republicans in recent years have attempted to regain lost ground by offering, to disgruntled Democrats and independents, electoral slates liberally flavored with "ethnic" candidates. Thus in 1960, despite the immense attraction of John Fitzgerald Kennedy's name at the top of the Democratic ticket, vast numbers of Italo-Americans defected from the Democratic column and helped to install, in the person of John Volpe, the first Roman Catholic Republican Governor in the history of the Commonwealth.

The same strategy was tried in 1962. For the statewide offices, the Republican ticket offered three Yankees, an Italian, an Irishman, a Jew—and, for Attorney General, the young Negro lawyer named Brooke. All of them were defeated—except Brooke.

How had it happened? Edward Brooke's ascent was not an easy one, but neither did it conform to the customary pattern which has impeded so many members of his race in their struggle to succeed. Prejudice has never been Brooke's chief nemesis, nor, for that matter, his principal preoccupation.

Brooke was born and raised in Washington, D. C., the son of a middle-class government lawyer. "I was, of course, brought up in Negro neighborhoods," he recalls today, "but I cannot claim that I ever knew the pinch of poverty." He attended segregated schools in Washington and went on to Howard University. Graduating on the eve of World War II, he was inducted into an all-Negro infantry unit and eventually rose to the rank of captain. Most of his service was spent in North Africa and Italy, and for his behind-the-lines intelligence work with the Italian partisans he was awarded the Bronze Star. In Italy he met and married a white woman, the former Remigia Ferrari-Scacco, and brought her home to America. Theirs has been an extremely successful marriage, and they now have two daughters. Early in the war Brooke had been stationed briefly in Massachusetts, and he returned to enroll in Boston University Law School, where he distinguished himself as a brilliant student and an editor of the *Law Review*.

"Until I was twenty-six, when I entered B. U., my life had been spent almost totally among Negroes," Brooke recalls. "My home life, my boyhood friendships, my secondary schooling, my undergraduate education, my military service—all these I lived among my own people. The world of white men was something which I observed only from afar and which I felt no particular desire to be part of. I know the dreadful discrimination and bigotry which many American Negroes have suffered, but honestly I cannot claim that this had any shattering effect on me. I never had one of those traumatic experiences which have so often embittered the lives of Negroes fighting for their natural rights. Oh, I remember having to move to the back of the bus in the South, and of course at that time I could not attend the white movies or theatres in Washington. My family appreciated fine music, however, so quite often

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when I was a child my mother simply took me to New York, to Carnegie Hall or the Metropolitan."

Brooke set up law practice in Boston and continued to live with his family in Roxbury, the local Harlem and hardly the most elegant section of the city. In 1950, he cross-filed for the Democratic and Republican nominations for State Representative in Roxbury's 12th ward, received the Republican nomination, and has been a Republican ever since. "Cross-filing is no longer permissible," Brooke observes, "but since the Republicans endorsed me in that primary I considered it a matter of ethics to remain a member of their party."

Brooke's critics contend that he became a Republican, not out of conviction, but because it was the most opportunistic thing to do. In any event, Brooke lost in the general election. Two years later, he ran again and lost by a narrow margin. In 1960, he received the Republican nomination for Secretary of State; for the third straight time he lost, though not by much, and the million-odd votes he received proved his forcefulness as a campaigner.

In 1961, Governor Volpe appointed him chairman of the Boston Finance Commission, a "watch-dog" agency in which Brooke first established his reputation as a gadfly of corruption. Turning the light of publicity on shady dealings in Boston's real-estate, fire, and building departments, he exposed widespread abuses in the sale of city land, and secured the dismissal of City Auctioneer John J. McGrath following the disclosure that McGrath, through a "straw," had been purchasing municipal property at bargain-basement rates established by himself. Brooke also was instrumental in importing a national expert to survey Boston's tainted police department.

Less than a year after assuming the "FinCom" chairmanship, Brooke made up his mind to run for Attorney General. His decision did not delight the powers in the Republican party; despite their recent acceptance of "ethnic" candidates, they knew that less than two per cent of the Commonwealth's registered voters were Negroes—and besides, Elliot Richardson, one of the bluest



W. C. FETER TELEGRAM

Attorney General Edward W. Brooke

of Boston's bluebloods, was already in the running for the nomination. Richardson's credentials were impressive. He had been middleweight boxing champion at Harvard; he was a partner in Ropes and Gray, an esteemed Boston law firm, and a millionaire. He had served successively as law clerk to Justices Learned Hand and Felix Frankfurter, as an aide to Governor Christian Herter and Senator Leverett Saltonstall, and as Assistant Secretary for Health, Education, and Welfare in the Eisenhower Administration. As United States Attorney for Massachusetts he had prosecuted the Goldfine case and had widely identified himself as a foe of corruption by exposing federal highway scandals.

The Republican establishment applied considerable pressure on Brooke to withdraw. He was offered a judgeship, and then the endorsement for the largely ceremonial post of Lieutenant Governor, both of which he turned down. "Let's [] it, Ed," Brooke was told by a leading Republican. "Everybody who's anybody in the party is ag[]

you. You can't possibly win an election. You've already been defeated three times. You have none of the assets and all of the liabilities. You're a Republican in a Democratic state, a Protestant in a Catholic state, and a colored man in a Caucasian state—and besides, you're poor." Brooke ignored these admonitions, and continued to scour the boondocks of the Commonwealth in quest of delegate votes at the Republican Pre-Primary Convention of mid-June, 1962, in Worcester.

The battle between Brooke and Richardson at that convention turned out to be one of the most hair-raising in the history of Massachusetts politics. Despite an oath which both candidates had pledged before witnesses to refrain from rumormongering, the convention floor was electric with whispering campaigns. Some of Richardson's supporters alleged improprieties in Brooke's private life and accused him of communist sympathies; a number of Brooke's partisans were not at pains to remain silent about Richardson's unfortunate driving record. Brooke entered the convention confident of a comfortable victory, but as the afternoon progressed he saw many of his pledged votes evaporate—under pressure from Republican leaders—into the torrid summer air.

Leverett Saltonstall, the senior U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, was in the chair. On the first ballot, Richardson received 854 votes to Brooke's 845, and 854 was at first believed to be the necessary majority figure. The Richardson camp exploded in triumphant demonstrations and many of his partisans charged out of the convention hall, screaming and dancing. Brooke, convinced of his own defeat, looked on morosely while Governor Volpe, Congressman Bradford Morse and other Republican notables converged on Richardson to tender their congratulations. Their good wishes were premature; from the chair, Senator Saltonstall announced that Richardson lacked a simple majority by a single vote. A third candidate, Miss Arlyne F. Hassett, had received nine votes—and Saltonstall had refused to allow a number of them to be transferred to Richardson, even though Miss Hassett had withdrawn her candidacy halfway through the balloting.

From the floor, Richardson's startled supporters now shouted that Miss Hassett's votes were void because she had dropped out of the race, and that therefore the necessary majority figure should have been lower than 855. Saltonstall overruled his erstwhile protégé on parliamentary principles, and ordered a second ballot.

This was a crucial decision—and it marked the turning point in Brooke's hitherto inglorious political career. His supporters had mournfully

begun to follow Richardson's out of the hall; Brooke and his aides stormed through their delegations. "Get back, get back—it isn't over yet!" they shouted. Brooke went on the radio: "Wherever you are—in the street or in your automobiles, I need you. I need you now. There's going to be a second ballot."

Brooke's delegates came back. Many of Richardson's—irretrievable in their homes and Saturday night dinner parties—did not. Furthermore, a number of delegates who had been pressured to vote for Richardson on the first ballot now decided to switch. Brooke triumphed easily on the second ballot, 792-673.

Flabbergasted, Richardson decided to challenge Brooke in the September primary. Brooke beat him handsomely in that encounter by more than 42,000 votes, and went on to campaign on a detailed anti-corruption platform which pledged to strengthen the criminal division and expand the investigative powers of the Attorney General's office. From the beginning, Brooke made a marked impression wherever he appeared, whether in person or on television. A fastidious dresser, he exuded an almost majestic courtliness and a cool, unflappable suavity. His voice was smooth and musical, and he was easily the most eloquent candidate from either party in many a year. But the unknown factor remained: would an overwhelmingly white electorate vote for a colored man?

Meanwhile, in their primary the Democrats had selected Frankie "Sweepstakes" Kelly to run against Brooke. A former Lieutenant Governor and Attorney General, Kelly had long advocated a state lottery as the solution to the tax problems of Massachusetts. Although his name was magical in the poorer wards of Boston, he was widely identified among the citizenry at large as an archetype of the old order and a "machine" politician. Kelly is reported to have strenuously denied any connection with an uproarious incident which occurred during the campaign. Not long before the election, exclusive sections of West Roxbury and Wellesley were invaded by a gang of Negro ruffians in dilapidated automobiles plastered with Brooke stickers. Out at the elbows and not particularly sober, they made a number of boisterous inquiries about available real estate, announcing that they intended to establish residence "as soon as Ed Brooke is elected Attorney General."

If anyone intended this sort of thing to horrify the middle and upper classes into voting against Brooke, the move backfired. In fact, much of the money for his well-financed campaign was con-

tributed by wealthy Brahmins. "A great many of them were purging themselves of guilt when they financed Ed," a veteran Boston editor observes. "They were expiating all the sins of prejudice they had committed not only against Negroes but against the Irish, the Italians, and the Jews as well." There is no way of determining whether such tormented motivations were a significant factor among the citizenry as a whole, but on election day, while every other Republican candidate was retreating into limbo, Brooke crushed Kelly with a plurality of nearly 260,000 votes.

Getting the Evidence

The new Attorney General set out to implement his campaign promises. He established a screening board to interview prospective appointees to the thirty-odd assistant attorney generalships in his office, declaring that he wanted the most competent lawyers available regardless of their politics. As it turned out, several of Brooke's close political associates got jobs, but so did a greater number of attorneys who had never met Brooke until after the screening board had recommended them. The professional quality of his staff is considered in legal circles to be very high, and most of the men on it regard Brooke himself with an attitude which approaches awe. "You have to work with Ed to realize just how good a lawyer he is," one of his collaborators observes. "He has a dazzling grasp of legal complexity, and he is a glutton for homework. Whenever he enters a courtroom you know that he has surrounded the case from every possible perspective."

In his attack on corruption, Brooke made a direct appeal to the public conscience: "If an official demands money for services which he should perform as his public responsibility, then the citizen should refuse to pay it, and he should report it to the public authority, and then he should go further. He should be willing to testify under oath, because we can't proceed with just rumor or hearsay or anonymous letters. My office wants information. We want the people to come to us and give evidence of any wrongdoing in this state."

Information began to pour in not only to Brooke's office but to the Massachusetts Crime Commission, which has been feeding him much of the evidence necessary to secure indictments. Since Brooke assumed office, a consulting engineer, an attorney, a state official, and a judge have been convicted of embezzling nearly \$800,000 of public funds during the construction of the

Boston Common underground garage; a Governor's Councillor has been convicted of soliciting bribes; the Director of the Division of Waterways has been convicted of ~~corruption~~—and more than a score of indictments against public officials (including the head of the state police) for conspiracy, bribery, and larceny are presently being pursued in the courts. Among many other measures, the Attorney General has promulgated significant new directives for land-taking procedures in the corruption-tainted Metropolitan District Commission and Department of Public Works, as well as in the Turnpike Authority; he has launched a probe into all phases of racing in the state, and has submitted sweeping anti-corruption laws to the legislature.

But corruption is not the only public issue in which Brooke has become embroiled. His handling of the "Boston Strangler" case and his involvement in civil-rights disputes will undoubtedly expose him to political crossfire in the elections next fall. In the Strangler case, a presumed single assailant has sexually ravaged and garroted some eleven Massachusetts women during the last two years. Responding to public exasperation—after all, Jack the Ripper himself slew only seven—Brooke stepped into the case in January and appointed John Bottomly, an assistant attorney general and one of his chief political advisers, as the coordinator of all police efforts to apprehend the maniac. Bottomly persuaded Brooke to call in Peter Hurkos, the Dutch-born California psychic, in the hope that Hurkos's vaunted extrasensory powers might succeed in identifying the Strangler. "We had everything to gain and nothing to lose," Brooke reasoned. "A group of private citizens volunteered to pay Hurkos's fee, so we gambled and brought him here."

Following a series of uncanny divinations in which he accurately reconstructed the crimes simply by touching objects associated with them, the psychic proceeded to provide a detailed description of the Strangler himself: a slight man with a sharp nose, a scar on his left arm, and a deformed thumb. The police seized a middle-aged shoe salesman who corresponded exactly to Hurkos's specifications and placed him under psychiatric observation. Unhappily, subsequent evidence indicated that the suspect might not be the Strangler after all. (A second shoe salesman who also answered the psychiatrist's description was later detained by the police.) Hardly had Hurkos left Boston but he was arrested by the FBI and charged with having impersonated an FBI agent in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, some weeks earlier. This writing the Strangler case has not been

closed; Hurkos's divinations may yet prove to have been accurate, but the immediate impact of his visit may have harmed Brooke politically. His unsophisticated critics have accused him of witchcraft.

Not a "Militant"

An even more vexing problem for Brooke has been the campaign by local Negro groups to end what they consider de facto segregation in Boston's schools. Last year, the NAACP and other civil-rights organizations staged noisy sit-in demonstrations in the Boston School Committee headquarters, and then a boycott in which thousands of colored children absented themselves from classes for a day. Although Brooke did his best to talk Negro leaders out of the boycott, he was severely limited in his legal power to prevent it, and the fact that he was in the Virgin Islands at the time it actually took place caused many of his critics to charge that he was "running away" from the problem. (The Negro agitation has caused considerable pique among Boston's white voters. In elections last November, Mrs. Louise Day Hicks, then chairman of the School Committee and a vocal adversary of the NAACP campaign, was returned to the Committee by an immense margin; in fact, her plurality exceeded even that of Boston's popular Mayor John Collins by nearly 40,000 votes.)

Last February, prior to another school boycott by Negro groups, the Commissioner of Education put Brooke in an unenviable position by requesting a ruling on the legality of the stayout. The Attorney General rose to the occasion and declared the boycott against the law, even though he had no authority to impose effective penalties. Again, Brooke was absent from the Commonwealth on the day of the boycott, and this provoked new charges that he had "skipped town." His aides explain that he had hoped to be on hand for the event—but it was postponed from its original date until February 26, when he was in the middle of a long-planned vacation.

Brooke is intensely proud to be a Negro, but he is not a "militant." He admits he has never read a book by James Baldwin. "I am interested," he says, "in one thing—*results*. Boycotts, sit-ins, and demonstrations don't achieve the desired consequences in this Commonwealth. On the contrary, they merely intensify the resentment of the population at large and undermine the best interests of the Negro community. I believe that the Negro must win allies, not conquer adver-

saries. If we reject the legal road and use fire and sword, we will confuse those we are trying to persuade and destroy our own program. As far as my own role is concerned, I see myself as the Attorney General of *all* the people. The moment I become a specifically *Negro* Attorney General I cease to do justice to my office and in fact I squander whatever effectiveness I might have in advancing civil rights."

Sentiments of this sort have not endeared Brooke to a number of the more activist Negroes in Massachusetts. Some of them feel that he has lost touch with critical Negro problems and aspirations; they consider him an "Uncle Tom" and resent the fact that soon after he was elected Attorney General he moved out of Roxbury to a handsome new house in fashionable Newton. Other Negroes—probably the majority—identify with Brooke and share vicariously in his success.

They have much to share in. Since taking office Brooke has remained constantly in the center of the political spotlight, rivaling even Governor Peabody—a much less articulate man—in the volume of his public exposure. Hardly a day passes but that Brooke's handsome countenance appears on the television screen, as he gently announces some new indictment or launches some new phase of his investigation into the Commonwealth's diseased civic life. He has as yet shown no temptation to be demagogic in his treatment of the disease. "I have no desire to be remembered as another Thomas E. Dewey," Brooke says, "but I'm very much afraid that history will conspire to cast me in that role." It may indeed.

"The unprecedented scope of the scandals that are to be exposed in the coming months may well make the underground-garage case look like a Kiwanis Club luncheon," says Roger Woodworth, one of Brooke's most brilliant aides. "The evidence that is beginning to pour in to Ed from the Massachusetts Crime Commission is frightening, and the backlog of indictments may take months, even years, to prosecute. The magnitude of them suggests a moral cesspool which even the most decent people in Massachusetts don't want to admit exists—they simply don't want to face the fact that the situation is as bad as it has become. The effect of all this on Ed has been pretty depressing. A noticeable change has come over him in the last few months as the implications of his discoveries have pressed down on him. He's no longer simply disturbed—he's jaded. And he's already suffering from an incipient ulcer."

Despite these tribulations, Brooke retains an outward composure which at times seems to border on inscrutability. But since his reputation

has been built primarily on his record of fighting corruption, he of all elected leaders in Massachusetts can least afford the penalties of public disenchantment. For some months rumors have been circulating on Beacon Hill that the Attorney General is himself in trouble with the U. S. Internal Revenue Service. There is a measure of truth in these reports, but the bare facts—as revealed by his office—differ considerably from many of the whispers they have generated.

Shortly after his election in 1962, the federal authorities began an audit of Brooke's income-tax returns for 1959, 1960, and 1961. For one of these years, it was discovered that he had paid too great a tax. In another, he had failed to report a legal fee amounting to several thousand dollars. Brooke's explanation was that his secretary—who actually compiled his returns—had made a clerical error, and the Internal Revenue Service has pressed no complaint of criminal intent. He and his staff are known to feel that the motivation for making the audit was primarily political—that if he were not a Republican Attorney General in a predominantly Democratic state the audit would never have been ordered. Nevertheless a number of seasoned political observers in Massachusetts believe that in his own best interest Brooke should make an open statement about the facts of the case in order to prevent public confusion and possible disillusionment.

How the Future Looks

What of Brooke's future? He is an ambitious man, and he wants very badly to be Governor of Massachusetts—the first Negro Governor in the nation's history.* He also has aspirations to the U. S. Senate. His most intimate supporters envision him as an eventual occupant of the Vice Presidency. There is some possibility that in the absence of a sufficiently strong candidate for Governor among the declared Republican contenders—Volpe, State Senator Philip Graham, and realtor Francis Perry—the party may turn to Brooke as its gubernatorial candidate this year. Some of Brooke's advisers feel that he has almost a moral obligation to persevere in his struggle against corruption, that a single two-year term is not nearly time enough to complete the task, and therefore that he should seek a second term as Attorney General before going after the Governorship. Other voices plead that Brooke should seize existing opportunities and

* A Negro, P. B. S. Pinchback, served as *acting* Governor of Louisiana during the Reconstruction.

run for Governor now—against Endicott Peabody, a man whom he might well beat. Brooke, these advisers contend, can carry on his fight against corruption just as effectively from the greater office as from the lesser. The Attorney General himself feels torn between the two points of view, but he may find the immediate allure of the gubernatorial chair irresistible. He is uncomfortably aware that if the voters ratify a constitutional amendment in the next election, the Governor's term will span four years beginning in 1966—and it is possible that Robert Kennedy, a man whom Brooke probably could not beat, may run for the office at that time.

Despite his impressive performance thus far, Brooke will have to fight hard for whatever office he decides to seek. Partly as a reaction to the militant tactics of the Negro organizations, color prejudice is running rather high in Massachusetts, particularly among the Boston Irish. During the most recent St. Patrick's Day parade in South Boston, an NAACP float was pelted with beer cans and rotten vegetables; that sort of hostility could be transformed into votes against Brooke. Many Democratic politicians are convinced that Brooke's impressive plurality in 1962 was a fluke. "The people weren't voting *for* Brooke," one Democratic leader contends, "they were voting *against* Frankie Kelly. In fact, five per cent of the electorate—105,000 voters, most of them from Democratic areas—left their ballots blank in that contest. Registered Democrats outnumber registered Republicans nearly two to one in this state, and all we need is a palatable, clean-cut candidate to rally the Democratic majority and turn Brooke out."

There is at least a grain of plausibility to these arguments, and Brooke knows it. Moreover he must realize how much the current anti-Negro sentiment in Boston can harm him—not to mention the colorful but baseless rumors about his private life that certain irrepressible individuals are so zealously propagating.

For all these obstacles, the fact remains that Edward Brooke is an extremely gifted public servant; his brilliance, together with his considerable personal charm, enhance the prospect that he will one day achieve his vision of becoming the nation's first Negro Governor or even the first Negro U. S. Senator since Reconstruction. If he fulfills his present promise and forges an enduring contribution in the melancholy struggle to make the Massachusetts body politic a little less odious, he will have earned whatever lofty office a discriminating citizenry has within its power to bestow.



A Persian Courtship

by Anne Sinclair Mehdevi

From dolls and giggles, a teen-ager in Iran used to step directly into motherhood and responsibility—but Sari intended to be as up-to-date as her own Western veneer.

In my husband's family, as in so many Teheran families, everyone depended on everyone else. Thus, while we waited for our own villa to be made ready, we quite naturally lived with his sister Mitrah. It was there that I formed my friendship with Sari, Mitrah's twenty-year-old daughter. Sari was my mentor and guide during my early days in Teheran.

She had studied four years in England, where she had picked up a devotion to the latest thing—whatever it might be. England, however, had given Sari no more than the longing for up-to-date-ness. America was her arbiter of fashion. She gleaned her slang from American phonograph records and styled her clothes according to American picture magazines.

In spite of her efforts to lacquer herself with a Western veneer, Sari looked to me like one of those houris pictured in seventeenth-century Persian miniatures. Her face was a perfect oval dominated by her enormous, sleepy eyes—their lids slightly tilted at the outer corners. Her nose was

long, narrow, and delicately pointed, while her short upper lip gave her face an expression of doll-like wonderment, a quality emphasized by the fashions she followed. She outlined her eyes with black grease pencil and carmined her lips with an opalescent paste. The harsh paint against her petal-like skin created an illusion of innocence and guile, of purity mated with artificiality.

Though she was twenty and a beauty, Sari had never been to a dance or even to the movies with a young man. She had never been kissed, had never received flowers or love letters, had never worn an evening dress. She hadn't even danced with anyone who wasn't a relative, and in a relative's home.

This was nobody's fault. It was just that teenage girls had not been provided for in Persia's breathless changeover from a feudal to a nuclear-age society. Until a generation ago, a girl's marriage was arranged by her parents when she was still playing with dolls. (Sari herself had been affianced to a cousin when she was nine years old, but he went abroad to study and perfidiously married a foreigner before Sari grew up.) At fourteen or fifteen a girl was given in marriage to a previously hand-picked man. It was a contract for life, and that was the end of it.

But until the day of her marriage a Persian girl was treated as a child at home. She stood up when her elders entered a room, she never

spoke unless spoken to; she was not invited to partake of the adult problems of the family. When she was not sitting in obedient attendance on her elders, she was expected to romp with the younger children. She had, in reality, no adolescence. That treacherous period was simply bypassed. From dolls and giggles she went directly to motherhood and responsibility.

Today Persian girls of the educated classes do not marry any younger than Western girls do. And though parental pressure is subtle and strong, the girl is allowed a certain say—a veto, if nothing else—in the choice of a husband. But it is an illusory privilege, for she has few means of meeting eligible young men. In all of Teheran there is no teen-age club where well-bred girls can meet other youngsters of their own age, nor do the schools provide such outlets. There are no hangouts where girls can meet boys, no soft-drink dancing halls, no milk bars, no drugstores.

As a kind of universal substitute, the girls have taken over Teheran's beauty parlors. But it is a poor and harem-like substitute. All girls who can afford it go twice or three times a week to meet their friends and exchange gossip while getting their hair and nails done. The problem of mass attendance at beauty shops has become so acute that recently the city government of Teheran passed a law that no beauty shop would be licensed unless it was at least three hundred yards from any other beauty shop.

Sari was a faithful acolyte at Shemshad's Beauty Emporium. At least twice a week, she was chauffeured there. The car waited outside until, two hours later, Sari emerged, smelling of lilac and banana oil, her nails enameled with silver, her hair piled high. She always wore her best clothes to Shemshad's, and when she came home, eyes bright and newly mascaraed, hair shining, dress immaculate, she looked as if she were on the brink of adventure. Then she would wander around the house, fretful and aimless.

"You look fit for a king's ball," I would say. "Why don't you go somewhere?"

"Where?" she would ask eagerly.

"Well, I don't know. But, surely, you can visit someone. It's a shame to waste your pretty getup on me."

"Oh," and she would shrug. Soon she would settle in a chair, pretending to read last month's movie magazine.

It used to hurt me to watch Sari's enthusiasm dim and wane as each day wore on. Yet there was nothing for her to do—not even a task around the house. Servants attended to everything with jealous pride. Sari did not know how to cook an egg and had no way of learning. For her cook would have quit in a huff had Sari invaded his kitchen.

My arrival at Mitrah's was a godsend to Sari, for I was a breath of newness in the old routine. One day, when the others of the family had dispersed after breakfast to go visiting, Sari and I lingered at the table.

"There's going to be a wedding," she said. "Maybe you'd like to go."

"I'd like it very much. When is it?"

"Tonight. Here, at our house. Our chauffeur is marrying our cook's daughter and Mother is giving them a wedding." Sari paused and looked down her nose. "It's the girl who helps Tai Aga with the laundry, you've seen her."

"Anyway, it will be nice."

"Yes, quite. But . . ." and she looked rather affronted at my interest. "You know, she's terribly old-fashioned, like all servants. She didn't even choose her husband. In fact, her father sold her to the chauffeur."

"Oh, nonsense, I know all about that custom. It's not 'selling' her. The money is a kind of dowry for her—and the bridegroom's family has to pay it."

Sari looked downright offended. "I wouldn't care to be married off like that. I'm going to fall in love."

I remained silent.

As if she were angry, Sari burst out: "How do people expect our country to get modern if all this old-fashioned business is still carried on? The wedding will be a terrible bore. The girl is really homely anyway."

"Why, Sari," I said. "You're jealous."

The chauffeur's name was Later-On. It was a name that teased my fancy and made me smile every time I heard it, though it didn't suit him at all, for he was a prompt and reliable fellow. Persia abounded in wonderful last names. There were Mr. Give-Me-Water, Mr. Snowy, Mr. Good-Handwriting. This surprising variety began forty years ago when the government decreed that everyone must have a name. Identity cards were to be issued and everyone, it was felt, should possess not only the name he was always called,

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but a last name as well. Before that, most people had lived and died with only a first name.

The pleasant thing about the name-giving decree was that each man was allowed to choose whatever name he fancied. As a result, there are quite a number of Mr. Kings and Mr. Emperors and Mr. Bigs. I ran into one Mr. King-and-Emperor. Those without imagination called themselves after the town in which they were born.

Guests for the wedding began to arrive about five-thirty. They were, for the most part, members of our family who had come to honor Later-On. The bridegroom himself was at the door to nod his greetings—a handsome, lean boy of twenty, with dark, snapping eyes, looking excessively uncomfortable in his new brown suit and pointed polished shoes.

There were many faces I did not recognize, for the crowd soon grew very large. Both Mitrah's living rooms were thrown open, as well as the entrance hall, where her servants sat on a bench, ogling the perfumed and bejeweled crowd. Children of all ages ran about the rooms, snatching sweets from the overloaded tables.

Little by little I was able to place most of the guests—except for two women. They were the liveliest people at the party. One wore a pale green dress of tulle, very short and flouncy, and her neck and shoulders were bare. The other looked like a gypsy; she was looped with bangles that tinkled when she moved, and her hair fell in damp curls over her bony shoulders. These two women were attended by a fat man in a baggy suit and plaid bedroom slippers. All three seemed very much at home. They buzzed about everywhere.

Stimulated by the three gypsylike guests, and fortified by nips from the Arak bottles lavishly placed about the rooms, the crowd of some hundred persons soon grew flushed and noisy. A kind of wayward and earthy gaiety took over. Then the three odd guests produced a stringed musical instrument that resembled a long-necked ukulele, and began to dance and sing.

They were hired entertainers, the wedding musicians. The rest of us fell back into a circle and the performance was on.

The woman in green tulle did a belly dance, singing as she twisted her body and winking broadly at several graybeards in the audience. Then she circled among the guests and tried to entice some of the men to dance with her. When they refused she asked for money, wiggling and shaking her body in front of her victim, until he was forced out of sheer embarrassment to hand

her a bill, which she popped down the front of her dress. Meanwhile, the fat man in the baggy suit was singing—his jokes were about weddings and brides and were not very proper. The audience whooped with laughter; the entertainers roared out their bawdy songs.

As suddenly as the entertainers began, they stopped. A hush fell over the room. The bride was coming, led in by her father, a little wrinkled man. She was veiled from head to foot in white netting, through which her sweet face could be seen as if swimming in a mist. Her dark hair was fastened with a circlet of jasmine blossoms.

A sheet was then spread in the center of the floor and the bride knelt upon it. The crowd, now silent, watched the girl curiously. The white sheet seemed so large, and she—so trembling and so alone in its center. With head bowed, she knelt motionless, her hands clasped together in her lap. She appeared as fragile as a China figurine. The crowd, as if reprimanded for their feverish and unchaste gaiety, spoke now in whispers. The entertainers drifted out of the room, like minions of evil routed by the purity of the little maiden.

In the hall a bustle announced the arrival of the *mollah*, or priest, a great hearty man in brown homespun cassock with a towering beehive of a turban on his head. He was given tea and cookies, of which he took a token sip and bite. Then he sat on a couch in front of the girl. A little table was placed before him on which he opened a great ledgerlike book. All the time the girl did not look up. Now a mirror was placed in front of her, a copy of the Koran beside her, and beside it a large cone of the rock sugar that I recognized as "sweetening life."

The *mollah* asked her three questions, to which she murmured assent. Then she looked into the mirror as Later-On stepped up behind her, so that she could see his reflection in the glass. That was all. The ceremony was over. Later-On led his bride to the side of the room and everyone lined up, to congratulate them and toast them.

After the entertainers had begun their performance, I had lost sight of Sari in the crowd. Now I noticed her standing with her friends, Shayla and Layla, in a corner. The three girls, dressed in the latest Paris fashion—one of them in black velvet tights and chain-gold high-heeled boots—were watching the bride intently and sadly. Upon each of the three faces was written a passionate envy of the old, old ways which they had chosen to deny and deride and which could, now, never be theirs.

Next morning Sari asked me how I had met my husband.

"A friend gave me Mohamed's address when he heard I was going to New York, and when I got there I called Mohamed up. I liked him and he liked me, and after a while we decided to get married."

"How do you mean? Didn't he ask you?"

"Well, no. He didn't believe in marriage. So I asked him."

Sari clapped her hands. "You asked him! That's the way I want to get married. I shall never marry a Persian. I'm going to fall in love with a foreigner and I'm going to tell him so and ask him to marry me. And I'm not going to tell my mother or my father or anyone."

On other mornings we talked of polygamy—in Iran, an accepted state of affairs. Sari, like all women of her class, was against polygamy as far as *she* was concerned. These women have outlawed the practice in Iran simply by boycotting it, by refusing to marry anyone who already has a wife. But they cannot prevent their husbands from marrying some lower-class woman as a second wife after they have grown gray, and they have no recourse, for divorce is forbidden to women except in very rare cases.

Strangely enough, Sari upheld the custom in theory and pointed out its advantages. "What about that student who came back from Switzerland with a Swiss wife after his family had already arranged a marriage contract for him with a girl from Yazd? If it hadn't been for polygamy, he wouldn't have been able to marry the Yazd girl too and thus save the family's face."

"I thought you told me that modern Persian girls wouldn't marry a man who already had a wife."

"Oh," said Sari brightly, "foreign women don't count." I lifted my eyebrows. "Besides," she said, "it's unfair for foreign girls to marry Persian boys."

"Oh?"

"What are we Persian girls supposed to do? All the best boys go abroad to study and we have to sit here, waiting like ninnies. Then they come back with an American or English wife and we are supposed to shout 'hooray' and be glad to be old maids."

Didn't you notice?" Sari said to me a few mornings later. "Mother and I aren't speaking."

I had noticed, but had decided not to venture any comment. "Not speaking" was a favorite method of reprimand in Iran. My husband and I were the indirect cause of Sari's fall from favor.

A few days before, I had persuaded Mohamed to escort Sari, Shayla, Layla, and me to a charity ball and raffle given by the American Women's Club of Teheran. I had proposed the evening, secretly hoping Sari and her friends might meet and dance with a few eligible young men.

The evening had been a *travesty*. Some of the girls won a door prize, though Sari had been convinced she would win the trip to Beirut. When she found she fell into a pout. The place was crowded and unbearably hot, and the worst of it was that no young men asked my three charges to dance, except the boys they already knew—cousins and friends of the family.

We went home early and in profound silence.

Two days afterwards there was a mysterious phone call to the house. Golam Ali, a servant, answered and announced that an Aga wished to speak to Sari's father. When he went to the telephone, we all listened unashamedly. Sari's father said, "Yes," in a vague and guarded voice. Then, rather unwillingly: "If it is your pleasure." And, then, after a longer pause: "Very well, Thursday at five o'clock, if it pleases you." He hung up, explained nothing, and went off to his office.

This phone call was followed by two more that same afternoon. Sari's mother, Mitrah, took the calls. Afterwards she left the house, dressed in her best. Something was stirring. The whole household sensed it, and the servants smiled to themselves.

They knew about it before Sari was told, for Golam Ali had informed himself about the mysterious phone calls by means of his own. An unknown couple, Aga and Khanoum Jambani, had asked for a meeting with Sari's parents. Their son had seen Sari at the American Women's Club Ball and the parents were proposing marriage.

Late that evening, when the rest of the family had left Sari and me at home, Sari began to coax Golam Ali for information.

"The father is desperate, out of his senses," he said as Sari translated for me. "His son refuses to eat, can't sleep nights. He is reading poetry all day and says he can't live another hour. His parents are angry. They had a girl picked out for him, but he says he will kill himself. . ."

Sari's eyes popped open. "How?" she wanted to know.

"Opium. He says he will eat opium. He must have Sari Khanoum or he will die of grief!" Pleased with himself, Golam Ali smiled a little and left the room.

Sari leaned back in her chair, looking thoughtful.

ror of conflicting emotions—surprise, delight, hesitation. At last her features settled into a pout. "Imagine!" she burst out. "It's just like tribal days. Sending his parents to my parents! Well, I told my mother long ago that such proposals are out of the question. I'm not a piece of goods to be negotiated about." She tossed her head and lighted a cigarette.

"Which young man was he?" I asked, trying to recall faces from the evening of the dance.

"But that's it!" she exploded. "I haven't the faintest idea. I didn't dance with anyone I didn't know—only with my wretched cousins that I always have to dance with. This boy must be a sop, not even having the courage to ask me to dance—or at least to flirt a little. He's probably some middle-aged guy with a paunch."

"But Sari," I said, "I think it's exciting."

Her eyes opened wide. "You do? But I thought you were up-to-date."

"Well," I said, "if someone had seen me at a dance only for a moment and had been so affected that he was ready to propose marriage the next day, I would certainly have a look at him. Love at first sight isn't old-fashioned."

"You would see him?"

"Yes. Maybe he's handsome and rich. Maybe he's wonderful."

She looked thoughtful. "That's what Mother will want me to do, no doubt. Just meet him. His parents want to bring him over on Thursday at five o'clock, Golam Ali said. Then after we two get a look at each other close-up, and if I agree and if my parents like his looks and his character, then they'll enter into the serious negotiations—they're always financial, you know, never anything about love."

"I would be dying of curiosity to meet him," I said.

"Well, I won't. That's final." And she must have repeated this to her mother, for that was the morning they weren't speaking.

Two days later Sari was in the garden when the daily newsboy, after delivering the papers at the front door, ran over to her, threw a note at her feet, and hurried away. The note was unsigned and contained a single poem; rendered into English, it went something like this:

The night wind kissed the scented curl
On the white brow
Of a capricious girl;
And, in passing,
Gave me half the stolen kiss.

Oh, that my heart would bleed and break
For such a little thing as this.

On the third morning after the first mysterious phone call, Sari's mother was speaking to her again at breakfast, and with a smiling face. As Mitrah rose to go, she said to Sari, "At five o'clock, then." It was Thursday.

Sari looked at me sheepishly when we were alone. She shrugged. "You think I'm weak-minded."

"Not at all."

"It's really for Mother's sake. She's miserable when we're not speaking, so we had to start speaking again—that's the only reason I agreed."

"Of course. When will you meet him—this afternoon?"

"Yes. At five. He and his parents are coming."

Sari passed the day digging through her closets. She was not a tidy girl, and to her horror, everything she possessed seemed unsuitable. There was a spot on one dress; she had grown too plump for another; a button was off a third, and it needed to be washed, anyway. Around four o'clock she had a fit of tears.

She began to make up her face at four-thirty. I watched with fascination as she proceeded with great deliberation to obliterate the peach-like flush from her cheeks with a heavy theatrical paste. She piled her hair high and stuck bunches of false hair into it until her head was the size of a melon. She donned a black velvet blouse and tight gold-threaded trousers and gold slippers.

Every once in a while she would make a comment. "He's a graduate of some American university. That's a good sign." Or, "What if his parents don't like me?" Then she would bite her lip. "I should care," she would say loudly. "I don't care a bit. It's all so horribly old-fashioned."

We were still upstairs when we heard a car drive up and stop in front of the garden gate. We heard the car door snap open and then click shut.

Sari jumped up and wrung her hands. "What shall I do?" she cried. "What if he doesn't like me now that he sees me close?"

She grasped my hands in hers. "Please hide at the top of the stairs. Please do. You can crouch at the landing and no one will see you. Take a look at him. Oh, I can't bear it."

While Sari paced in her room, I went to the top of the stairs and looked below. The doorbell rang and Golam Ali opened the door. A heavy-set man with a double-breasted overcoat and a homburg hat walked in with slow dignity. Behind him came the mother, a rotund little woman in a very short, tight black dress and a fur stole. She was flashing with jewels and her fat little legs teetered uncertainly on high heels. The

mother's face was grim and forbidding. I wondered how she would take to Sari's golden tights. Not very favorably, I decided.

Behind them came Sari's suitor, also in an overcoat and homburg. "Oh, he's short!" I said to myself automatically. He was, indeed, but his face looked gentle and his eyes were soft. He was twisting his gloves in his hand and his forehead was slick with sweat. "He doesn't like this, either," I thought, and I liked him for that.

The three visitors passed majestically through the hall and disappeared within the larger and more ornate salon, while Golam Ali went to call Sari's parents from the left wing of the house.

"Psst," I heard behind me. There was Sari on the landing, furiously puffing a cigarette. "I've decided to smoke as I go down to meet them," she announced. "Really, they might as well know what I'm like from the beginning."

She waited for my comment, standing with her gold-clad legs apart, hands on her hips. "Well?"

"You can't judge a man by his appearance," I said hesitantly.

"Oh!" she cried. "Then he's ugly, ugly as sin."

"No, he's not. It's just that he's not strikingly handsome," I said. "But don't forget, he's as nervous as you are. That makes a man look his worst."

"Oh," she said again, stamping out her cigarette on the tiles. "I won't go down. I absolutely refuse." She spun on her heel and ran to her room, where she threw herself on the bed.

When Golam Ali came to call her, after half an hour, she refused to go downstairs. But when her mother came up ten minutes later, she followed with a stony, set face. I watched her with mixed feelings as she trudged reluctantly down the stairs and through the entrance corridor—her melon head held high upon her fragile neck, her absurd costume twinkling in the afternoon light.

I waited upstairs, apprehensive and doubtful, expecting Sari to come scrambling back, bathed in tears. When she didn't after an hour, I tiptoed onto the landing and leaned over the balustrade. I heard sounds of laughter from the living room. I recognized Sari's melodious voice and pert answers, and went back to my room.

I didn't see Sari again until late the next afternoon. She seemed silent and pensive. "Did you like him?" I asked.

She shrugged. "He's short and chubby."

"What did your parents think of him?"

"Oh, they say it's up to me. Mother wants me to get married. I'm already twenty. She had two children by the time she was twenty. His family is quite rich, though not politically important..."

She glanced up at me obliquely. "That poem of his was nice, wasn't it?"

There was a pause. Then Sari brightened. "I'm getting a car, a white two-seater."

"Oh?"

"It's kind of an engagement present—that is, if I get engaged. I suspect it's a bribe. You know, once a boy and girl are engaged, they can go out together—as long as a third person is along. I'll take Layla, because it will make her jealous. We could go out together in the car—that is, if I accept him."

I smiled. "Well. Are you or aren't you going to get engaged?"

She made a bored face. "Maybe. I haven't decided. I wish he weren't so short. And he can't dance."

There was another pause.

Then: "Of course, I'm short too, so his shortness shouldn't matter too much."

I still said nothing.

She chuckled proudly. "His parents are going to pay one hundred thousand for me. That's a lot of money."

Sari *did* get engaged. I could no longer follow the mercurial course of the courtship, for my husband and I moved to our villa shortly after the suitor's first call. But Sari lived next door. I often saw her of a morning, heading off to Teheran in her white sports roadster with Layla or Shayla beside her, their scarves flying, their eyes laughing.

One day Sari and I met on the sidewalk. She was loaded with packages, her face incandescent; she hustled about her car, locking the doors and checking that the ignition was off.

"Hello, Sari," I said.

There was a slight formality in her greeting. She was a woman of some importance now, and perhaps regretted the confidences of earlier weeks. She asked: "How is your new house, I hope you are contented with it?"

I smiled and mumbled an agreeable response.

"Are you now engaged?" I asked, though I was being a hypocrite, for the family grapevine had informed me long ago.

"Yes." She hesitated. She looked to see if anyone was watching. All at once she threw her packages helter-skelter on the ground. "Oh, you'll never guess," she burst out, hugging me. "He can play the guitar—like poetry. And he's so fond of me. And I'm teaching him to dance."

She stood back, slightly embarrassed at her show of emotion. "And, oh, my dear aunt," she added in a whisper, "I've been kissed at last."

Miami Notebook: Cassius Clay and Malcolm X

by George Plimpton

"These are the things you are teaching Cassius?" Plimpton asked. "He will make up his own mind," said the true revolutionary.

1.

The press was incensed at Cassius Clay's behavior before the Liston fight. You could feel it. They wanted straight answers, and they weren't getting them. Usually, particularly with fighters, the direct question of extreme simplicity—which is of great moment to the sportswriters—will get a reply in kind. "Champ," asks the sportswriter, "how did you sleep last night and what did you have for breakfast?" When the champ considers the matter and says he slept real fine and had six eggs and four glasses of milk, the sportswriter puts down, "*gd sleep 6 eggs 4 gl milk*," on his pad, and a little while later the statistic goes out over Western Union.

But with Clay, such a question simply served to unleash an act, an entertainment which included poetry, the brandishing of arms and canes, a chorus thrown in—not a dull show by any standard, even if you've seen it a few times before. The press felt that the act—it was constantly referred to as an "act"—was born of terror or lunacy. What *should* have appealed, Cassius surely being the most colorful, if bizarre, heavyweight since, well, John L. Sullivan or Jack Johnson, none of this seemed to work at all. The press's attitude was largely that of the lip-curling disdain the

Cambridge police have toward the antics of students heeling for the *Harvard Lampoon*.

One of the troubles, I think—it occurred to me as I watched Clay at his last press conference on February 24 before the fight—is that his appearance does not suit his manner. His great good looks are wrong for the excessive things he shouts. Archie Moore used the same sort of routine as Clay to get himself a shot at both the light-heavyweight and heavyweight championships—self-promotion, gags, bizarre suits, a penchant for public speaking—but his character was suited to it, his face with a touch of slyness in it, and always humor. So the press was always very much in his support, and they had much to do with Moore's climb from obscurity. At his training camp outside San Diego—the Salt Mines it is called, where Cassius himself did a tour at the start of his career—Moore has built a staircase in the rocks, sixty or seventy steps, each with a reporter's name painted in red to symbolize the assistance the press gave him. Clay's face, on the other hand, does not show humor. He has a fine grin, but his features are curiously deadpan when the self-esteem begins, which, of course, desperately needs humor as a softening effect. Clay himself bridled at the resentment he caused. It must have puzzled him to be cast as the villain in a fight with Liston, who, on the surface at least, had absolutely no flair or panache except as a symbol of destructiveness.

Clay made a short, final address to the newspapermen. "This is your last chance," he said.



"It's your last chance to get on the bandwagon. I'm keeping a list of all you people. After the fight is done, we're going to have a roll call up there in the ring. And when I see so-and-so said this fight was a mismatch, why I'm going to have a little ceremony and some *eating* is going on—eating of words." His manner was that of the admonishing schoolteacher. The press sat in their rows at the Miami Auditorium staring balefully at him. It seemed incredible that a smile or two wouldn't show up on a writer's face. It was so wonderfully preposterous. But I didn't see any.

2.

In the corridors around the press headquarters in the Miami Auditorium, one was almost sure to run into King Levinsky, a second-rate heavy-weight in his prime (he was one of Joe Louis' bums of the month) who fought too long, so that it had affected him, and he is now an ambulatory tie-salesman. He would appear carrying his ties, which are labeled with a pair of boxing gloves and his name, in a cardboard box, and he'd get rid of them in jig time. His sales technique was formidable: he would single out a prospect, move down the corridor for him fast, and sweeping an arm around the fellow's neck pull him in close . . . to within range of a hoarse and somewhat wetly delivered whisper to the ear: "From the

King? You buy a tie from the King?" The victim, his head in the crook of the fighter's massive arm, would mumble and nod weakly, and fish for his bankroll. Almost everyone had a Levinsky tie, though you didn't see too many people wearing them. When the King appeared around a corner, the press would scatter, some into a row of phone booths set along the corridor. "Levinsky!" they'd say and move off quickly and officiously. Levinsky would peer around and often he'd pick someone in a phone booth, set his cardboard box down, and shake the booth gently. You'd see him watching the fellow inside, and then the door would open and the fellow would come out and buy his tie. They only cost a dollar.

Sometimes Levinsky, if he knew he'd already sold you a couple of ties, would get you in the crook of his arm and he'd recount things he thought you ought to know about his career. "Joe Louis finished me," he'd say. "In one round that man turned me from a fighter to a guy selling ties." He said this without rancor, as if Louis had introduced him to a chosen calling. "I got rapport now," he'd say—this odd phrase—then he'd let you go. Clay came down the corridor after the weigh-in and Levinsky bounded up to him. "He's gonna take you, kid," he'd say. "Liston's gonna take you, make you a partner. Ties . . . partners with me, kid, you kin be partners

with me." Clay and his entourage were moving at a lively clip, canes on high, shouting that they were ready to "rumble," and it was doubtful the chilling offer got through.

At the late afternoon press parties in the bar of the Roney Plaza, the promoters had another fighter at hand—the antithesis of Levinsky—a personable Negro heavyweight, Marty Marshall, the only man to beat Liston. The promoters brought him down from Detroit, his hometown, to impress the writers that Liston wasn't invincible, hoping that this notion would appear in their columns and help promote a gate lagging badly since the fight was universally considered a mismatch. Marshall met Liston three times, winning the first, then losing twice, though decking Liston in the second, always baffling him with an unpredictable attack. Liston blamed his one loss on making the mistake of dropping his jaw to laugh at Marshall's maneuvers, and *bam*, getting it broken with a sudden punch.

Marshall didn't strike one as a comic figure. He is a tall, graceful man, conservatively dressed, a pleasant face with small, round, delicate ears, and a quick smile. Greeting him was a complex matter, because he was attended for a while by someone who introduced him by saying, "Shake the hand that broke Sonny Liston's jaw!" Since Marshall is an honest man and it was a left hook that did the business, his *left* would come out, and one had to consider whether to take it with one's own left or with the right, before getting down to the questions. There was almost always a circle around him in the bar. The press couldn't get enough of what it was to be in the ring with Liston. Marshall didn't belittle the experience (after all, he'd been beaten twice), and indeed some of the things he said made one come away with even more respect for the champion.

"When I knocked him down with that hook in the second fight, he got up angry," said Marshall. "He hit me three shots you shouldn't've thrown at a bull. The first didn't knock me down, but it hurt so much I went down anyway."

"Geezus," said one of the reporters.

"Does he say anything—I mean when he's angry—can you see it?"

"No," said Marshall. "He's silent. He just comes for you."

"Geezus," said the reporter again.

We all stood around, looking admiringly at Marshall, jiggling the ice in our glasses.

One of the writers cleared his throat. "I heard a story about the champion this morning," he said. "He does his roadwork, you know, out at the Normandy Golf Course, and there was this greenskeeper working out there, very early, pruning the grass at the edge of a water hazard, the mist coming off the grass, very quiet, spooky, you know, and he hears this noise behind him and there's Liston there, about ten feet away, looking out of his hood at him, and this guy gives a big scream and pitches forward into the water."

"Yeah," said Marshall. He was smiling. "I can see that."

3.

Each fighter had his spiritual adviser, his *guru* at hand. In Liston's camp was Father Murphy, less a religious adviser than a confidant and friend of the champion. In Clay's camp was Malcolm X, who was then one of the high officials of the Black Muslim sect, indeed its most prominent spokesman, though he has since defected to form his own black nationalist political movement. For months he had been silent. Elijah Muhammad, the supreme leader, the Messenger of Allah, had muzzled him since November for making intemperate remarks after the assassination of President Kennedy. But he had been rumored to be in Miami, and speculation was strong that he was there to bring Cassius Clay into the Muslim fold.

I was riding in a car just after the weigh-in with Archie Robinson, who is Clay's business manager and closest friend—a slightly built young man, not much older than Clay, one would guess, very polite and soft-spoken—and he asked me if I'd like to meet Malcolm X. I said yes, and we drove across Biscayne Bay to the Negro-clientele Hampton House Motel in Miami proper—a small-town hotel compared to the Babylon towers across the Bay, with a small swimming pool, a luncheonette, a pitch-dark bar where you had to grope to find a chair, with a dance floor and a band which came on later, and most of the rooms in balconied barracks-like structures out back. It was crowded and very lively with people in town not only for the fight but also for an invitation golf tournament.

I waited at a side table in the luncheonette. Malcolm X came in after a while, moving by the tables very slowly. Elijah Muhammad's ministers

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—Malcolm X was one of them—are said to emulate him even to the speed of his walk, which is considerable. But the luncheonette was not set up for a swift entrance. The tables were close together, and Malcolm X came by them carefully—a tall, erect man in his thirties, a lean, intelligent face with a long pronounced jaw, a wide mouth set in it which seems caught in a perpetual smile. He was carrying one of the Cassius Clay camp's souvenir canes, and with his horn-rimmed glasses, his slow stately walk, and with Robinson half a step behind him, guiding him, I thought for a second that he'd gone blind. He sat down, unwrapped a package of white peppermints which he picked at steadily, and began talking. Robinson sat with us for a while, but he had things to attend to.

I took notes from time to time, scratching them down on the paper tablecloth, then in a notebook. Malcolm X did not seem to mind. He said he was going to be unmuzzled in March, which was only five days away. He himself wrote on the tablecloth once in a while—putting down a word he wanted to emphasize. He had an automatic pen-and-pencil set in his shirt pocket—the clasps initialed FOI on one (Fruit of Islam, which is the military organization within the Muslim temple) and ISLAM on the other. He wore a red ring with a small crescent.

Malcolm X's voice is gentle, and he often smiles broadly, but not with humor, so that the caustic nature of what he is saying is not belied. His manner is distant and grave, and he asks, mocking slightly, "Sir?" when a question is not heard or understood, leaning forward and cocking his head. His answers are always skilled, with a lively and effective use of image, and yet as the phrases came I kept thinking of Cassius Clay and *his* litany—the fighter's is more limited, and a different sort of thing, but neither of them ever *stumbles* over words, or ideas, or appears balked by a question, so that one rarely has the sense of the brain actually working but rather that it is engaged in rote, simply a recording apparatus playing back to an impulse. Thus he is truly intractable—Malcolm X—absolutely dedicated, self-assured, self-principled, with that great energy . . . the true revolutionary. He does not doubt.

When give-and-take of argument is possible, when what Malcolm X says can be doubted, his assurance and position as an extremist give him an advantage in debate. He appreciates that this is so, and it amuses him. "The extremist," he said, "will always ruin the liberals in debate—because the liberals have something too nebulous

to sell, or too impossible to sell—like the Brooklyn Bridge. That's why a white segregationist—what's his name, Kilpatrick—will destroy Farmer, and why William Buckley makes a fool of Norman Mailer, and why Martin Luther King would lose a debate with me. Why King? Because integration is ridiculous, a dream. I am not interested in dreams, but in the nightmare. Martin Luther King, the rest of them, they are thinking about dreams. But then really King and I have nothing to debate about. We are both indicting. I would say to him: 'You indict and give them hope. I'll indict and give them no hope.'"

I asked him about the remarks that had caused him his muzzling by Elijah Muhammad. His remarks about the assassination had been taken out of context, he said, though it would be the sheerest hypocrisy to suggest that Kennedy was a friend to the Negro. Kennedy was a politician (he wrote down the word on the paper tablecloth with his FOI pencil and circled it)—a "cold-blooded politician" who transformed last year's civil-rights march on Washington into a "crawl" by endorsing the march, joining it, though it was supposed to be a protest against the country's leaders . . . a politician's trick which tamped out the fuse though the powder keg was there. Friend of the Negro? There never had been a politician who was the Negro's friend. Power corrupts. Lincoln? A crooked, deceitful hypocrite, claiming championship to the cause of the Negro who, one hundred years later, finds himself singing "We Shall Overcome." The Supreme Court? Its decision is nothing but an act of hypocrisy . . . nine Supreme Court justices expert in legal phraseology tangling the words of their decision in such a way that lawyers can dilly-dally over it for years—which of course they will continue to do . . .

I scribbled these phrases, and others, on the paper tablecloth, mildly surprised to see the Muslim maxims in my own handwriting. We talked about practicality, which is the weakest area of the Muslim plans, granted the fires of resentment are justifiably banked. Malcolm X was not particularly concerned. What may be illogical or impractical in the long run is dismissed as not being pertinent to the *moment*—which is what the Negro must concern himself with. He could sense my frustration at this. It is not easy to dismiss what is practical. He had a peppermint and smiled.

I changed the subject and asked him what he did for exercise.

"I take walks," he said. "I believe in exercise, physical fit-

commercial sport, that's a racket. Commercial sport is the pleasure of the idle rich. The vice of gambling stems from it." He wrote down the word "Promoter" on the tablecloth with his FOI pencil and circled it. "The Negro never comes out ahead—never *one* in the history of sport."

"Clay perhaps."

"Perhaps." He liked talking about Clay. "I'm interested in him as a human being," he said. He tapped his head. "Not many people know the quality of the mind he's got in there. He fools them. One forgets that though a clown never imitates a wise man, the wise man can imitate the clown. He is sensitive, very humble, yet shrewd—with as much untapped mental energy as he has physical power. He should be a diplomat. He has that instinct of seeing a tricky situation shaping up—my own presence in Miami, for example—and resolving how to sidestep it. He knows how to handle people, to get them functioning. He gains strength from being around people. He can't stand being alone. The more people around, the better—just as it takes water to prime a country well. If the crowds are big in there tonight in the Miami Auditorium, he's likely to beat Liston. But they won't be. The Jews have heard he's a Muslim and they won't show up."

"Perhaps they'll show up to see him taken," I said.

"Sir?" he said, with that slight cock of the head.

"Perhaps . . ."

"When Cassius said, 'I am a man of race,'" Malcolm X went on, "it pleased the Negroes. He couldn't eliminate the color factor. But the press and the white people saw it another way. They saw him, suddenly, as a threat. Which is why he has become the villain—why he is booed, the outcast." He seemed pleased with this.

Wasn't it possible, I asked, that the braggart, the loudmouth was being booed, not necessarily the Black Muslim? After all, Clay had been heartily booed during the Doug Jones fight in Madison Square Garden, and that was before his affiliation with the Muslims was known.

"You, *you* can't tell," replied Malcolm X. "But a Negro can feel things in sounds. The booing at the Doug Jones fight was good-natured—I was there—but the booing is now different . . . defiant . . . inflamed by the columnists, all of them, critical of Cassius for being a Muslim."

"And as a fighter?"

"He has tremendous self-confidence," said Malcolm X. "I've never heard him mention fear. Anything you're afraid of can whip you. Fear magnifies what you're afraid of. One thing about our religion is that it removes fear. Christianity is based on fear."



I remarked that the Muslim religion, since it has its taboos and promises and threats, is also based on fear—one remembers that British soldiers extracted secrets from terrified Muslim captives by threatening to sew them up for a while in a pig's skin.

Malcolm X acknowledged that the Muslims had to adapt Islam to their purposes. "We are in a cage," he said. "What must be taught to the lion in a cage is quite different from what one teaches the lion in the jungle. The Mohammedan abroad believes in a heaven and a hell, a hereafter. Here we believe that heaven and hell are on this earth, and that we are in the hell and must strive to escape it. If we can adapt Islam to this purpose, we should. For people fighting for their freedom there is no such thing as a bad device."

He snorted about peaceful methods. "The methods of Gandhi?" Another snort. "The Indians are hypocrites. Look at Goa. Besides, they are the most helpless people on earth. They succeeded in removing the British only because they outnumbered them, outweighed them—a big dark elephant sitting on a white elephant. In this country the situation is different. The white elephant is huge. But we will catch him. We will catch him when he is asleep. The mice will run up his trunk when he is asleep."

"Where? They will come out of the alley. The revolution always comes from the alley—from the man with nothing to lose. Never the bourgeois. The poor Negro bourgeois, with his golf clubs, his golfing hat"—he waved at the people in the lunchroom—"he's so much more frustrated than the Negro in the alley; he gets the doors slapped shut in his face every day. But the explosion won't come from him. Not from the pickets either, or the nonviolent groups—these masochists . . . they want to be beaten—but it will come from the people watching—spectators for the moment. They're different. You don't know. It is dangerous to suggest that the Negro is non-violent."

"There must be retribution. It is proclaimed. If retribution came to the Pharaoh for his enslavement of six hundred thousand, it will come to the white American who enslaved twenty million and robbed their minds."

"And retribution, that is in the Koran?"

"Sir?"

"The Koran . . . ?"

He said, "Chapter 22, verse 102."

I put the numbers down, thinking to catch him out; I looked later. The verse reads: "*The day when the trumpet is blown. On that day we assemble the guilty white-eyed (with terror).*"

"These are the things you are teaching Cassius?"

"He will make up his own mind."

He popped a peppermint in his mouth. We talked a little longer, somewhat aimlessly. He had an appointment with someone, he finally said, and he stood up. The noise of conversation dropped noticeably in the luncheonette as he stood up and walked out, erect and moving slowly, holding his gaudy souvenir cane out in front of him as he threaded his way between the tables; the people in the golfing hats watched him go.

4.

I went out into the lobby of the hotel, just standing around there feeling low. A phrase from Kafka, or rather the *idea* of some phrases from *The Trial* came to me. I looked them up the other day: "But I'm not guilty, said K. It's a mistake. Besides, how can a man be guilty? We're all men. True, said the priest: but that's how the guilty talk."

The lobby was crowded. I didn't feel comfortable. I went out to the street and stood there, watching the traffic. The cars came by going at sixty, none of them taxis. I went back to the lobby. The armchairs, not more than four or five, were occupied. I wouldn't have sat down anyway.

Then a fine thing happened. I was talking into the desk telephone, trying to find Archie Robinson, and a Negro, a big fellow, came up and said softly, "Hello, man, how's it?"—smiling somewhat tentatively, as if he wasn't quite sure of himself. I thought he was talking to someone else, but when I glanced up again, his eyes were still fixed on me. "We looked for you in New York when we came through," he said.

I recognized him, the great defensive back on the Detroit Lions, Night Train Lane, a good friend. "Train!" I shouted. I could sense people turn. It crossed my mind that Malcolm X might be one of them. "Hey!" I said. "*Hey!*" Lane looked a little startled. He hadn't remembered me as someone who indulged in such effusive greetings. But he asked me to come back to his room where he had friends, most of them from the golf tournament, dropping in for drinks and beans. I said that would be fine.

We went on back. Everyone we passed seemed to know him. "Hey man," they'd call, and he'd grin at them—a strong presence, an uncomplicated confidence, absolutely trusting himself. I had the room next to mine at the Detroit training camp (I was out there, an amateur among the pros, trying to play quarterback book about it) and it was always

mates, laughing and carrying on. A record player, set on the floor, was always going in his room—Dinah Washington records. He had married her earlier in the year, her ninth or tenth husband, I think. The volume was always up, and if you came up from the practice field late, her voice would come at you across the school grounds. She had died later that year.

His room was small and full of people. I sat quietly. Train offered me some beans, but I wasn't hungry. He said, "What's wrong with you, man?"

"I'm fine," I said.

"Hey!" someone called across the room. "Was that you in the lunchroom? What you doin' talking to that guy X?"

"Well, I was listening to him," I said.

"They were telling around," this man said, "that X had a vision—he seen Cassius win in a vision."

Someone else said that in a fight they'd rather be supported by a Liston left jab than a Malcolm X vision. A big fine hoot of laughter went up, and Night Train said it was the damndest co-incidence but a *horse* named Cassius had won one of the early races at Hialeah that afternoon—perhaps that was Malcolm X's vision.

They talked about him this way, easily, matter-of-factly. They could take him or leave him, which for a while I'd forgotten. Malcolm X had said about them: "They all know I'm here in the motel. They come and look at me through the door to see if I got horns . . . and you can see them turning things over in their minds."

5.

The day after he beat Liston, Cassius turned up at a news conference at the Miami Beach Auditorium. The rumor was that he had gone to Chicago for the Muslim celebrations there, and the press was surprised when he appeared—and even more so at his behavior, which was subdued. Since a microphone system had gone out, his voice was almost inaudible. Cries went up which one never expected to hear in Clay's presence: "What's that, Clay? Speak up, Cassius!"

Archie Robinson took me aside and told me that he and Clay had dropped in on the celebrations at the Hampton House Motel after the fight, but it had been too noisy, so they'd gone home. It was quieter there, and they had been up until 4:00 A.M. discussing Cassius' "new image."

I remarked that this was a rare kind of evening to spend after winning the heavyweight championship. I'd met a young singer named Dee Something-or-other who had been waiting for Clay outside his dressing room after the fight.

She had some idea she was going to help Cassius celebrate. She was very pretty. She had a singing engagement at a nightclub called the Sir John. Her mother was with her. She was very anxious, and once in a while when someone would squeeze in or out of the dressing room she'd call out: "Tell Cassius that Dee . . ." The girl was calm. "I call him Marcellus," she said. "A beautiful name. I can say it over and over."

The newspapermen waiting to get into the dressing room looked admiringly at her. "Clay's little fox," they called her, using Clay's generic name for girls—"foxes"—which is half affectionate and half suspicious; he feels that girls can be "sly" and "sneaky" and are to be watched warily. When the new champion finally emerged from his dressing room in a heavy press of entourage, photographers, and newspapermen, he seemed subdued and preoccupied. He didn't glance at Dee, who was on her toes, waving shyly in his direction. "Marcellus," she called. The crowd, packed in tight around him, moved down the corridor, the photobulbs flashing. The mother looked quite put out.

6.

The living accommodations for Liston and Clay were as different as their fighting styles. Liston had a big place on the beach, a sixteen-room house next to the Yankees' owner, Dan Topping, reportedly very plush, wall-to-wall carpeting, and each room set up like a golf-club lounge—a television set going interminably, perhaps someone in front of it, perhaps not, and then invariably a card game.

Clay's place was on the mainland, in North Miami, in a low-rent district—a small plain tater-white house with louvered windows, a front door with steps leading up to a little porch with room for one chair, a front yard with more chairs set around and shaded by a big ficus tree with leaves dusty from the traffic on Fifth Street. His entire entourage stayed there, living dormitory-style, two or three to a room. Outside the yard was almost worn bare. There wasn't a neighborhood child on his way home from school who didn't pass by to see if anything was up. Films were shown there in the evening, outside, the children sitting quietly until the film started. Then the questions and the exclamations would come, Clay explaining things, and you could hardly hear the soundtrack. Only one film kept them quiet. That was the favorite film shown two or three times, *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers* . . . watched wide-eyed in the comforting sounds of the projector and the traffic going by occasionally on

Fifth Street. When the big moths would show up in the light beam, almost as big as white towels they seemed, a yelp or two would go up, particularly if a body was being snatched at the time, and the children would sway for one another.

The children were waiting for Clay when he drove up from his press conference the day after the fight. So was Malcolm X, a camera slung from his neck; his souvenir cane was propped against the ficus tree. The children came for the car, shouting, and packing in around so that the doors had to be opened gingerly. Clay got out, towering above them as he walked slowly for a chair in the front yard. The litany started almost as soon as he sat down, the children around him twelve deep, Malcolm X at the periphery, grinning as he snapped pictures.

"Who's the king of kings?"

"Cassius Clay!"

"Who shook up the world?"

"Cassius Clay!"

"Who's the ugly bear?"

"Sonny Liston!"

"Who's the prettiest?"

"Cassius Clay!"

Sometimes a girl, a bright girl, just for a change would reply "*me*," pointing a finger at herself when everyone else was shouting "*Cassius Clay*," or she might shout "*Ray Charles*," and the giggling would start around her, and others would join in until Clay, with a big grin, would have to hold up a hand to reorganize the claque and get things straightened out. Neither he nor the children tired of the litany. They kept at it for an hour at a time. Malcolm X left after awhile. There were variations, but it was essentially the same, and it never seemed to lack for enthusiasm. The noise carried for blocks.

We went inside while this was going on. The main room, with an alcove for cooking, had sofas along the wall. The artifacts of the psychological campaign against Liston were set around—signs which read "settin' traps for the Big Bear," which had been brandished outside his training headquarters, and a valentine, as tall as a man, complete with cherubs, which had been offered Liston and which he had refused. It stood in a corner, next to an easel. Newspapers were flung around—there had been some celebrating the night before—and someone's shoes were in the middle of the room. Souvenir canes were propped up by the side of the stove in the cooking alcove. It was fraternity-house clutter.

I was standing next to Howard Bingham, Clay's "official" photographer. "It was fun, wasn't it?" I asked.

"Oh my," he said. "We have the *best* time here."

He had joined up with Clay after the George Logan fight in California, about Clay's age, younger perhaps, and shy. He stutters a bit, and he told me that he didn't take their kidding lying down. He said: "I walk around the house and se . . . se . . . scare people, jump out at them. Or they d . . . doze off on the c . . . couch, and I sneak around and tickle them on the nose, y'know, with a piece of string. Why I was agitating C . . . C . . . Cassius for half an hour once when he was dozing off. And I give the hot f . . . f . . . feet around here, a lot of that. We had a high time."

I asked what Cassius' winning the championship meant for him.

"Well, of course, that must make me the greatest ph . . . ph . . . photographer in the world." He couldn't keep a straight face. "Oh please," he said. His shoulders shook. "Well, I'll tell you. I'm going to get me a mo . . . mo . . . mohair wardrobe, that's one thing."

At the kitchen table Archie Robinson was sorting telegrams, stacked up in the hundreds. He showed me some of them—as impersonal as an injunction, from the long sycophantic messages from people they had to scratch around to remember, to the tart challenges from fighters looking to take Clay's title away from him. Clay wasn't bothering with them. He was going strong outside—his voice rising above the babble of children's voices: "Who shook up the world?"

"Cassius Clay!"

I wandered back to his room. It was just large enough for a bed, the mattress bare when I looked there, an armchair, with clothes including his Bear Huntin' jacket thrown across it, and a plain teak-colored bureau which had a large-size bottle of Dickinson's witch hazel standing on it. A tiny oil painting of a New England harbor scene was on one wall, with a few newspaper articles taped next to it, illustrated, describing Clay at his most flamboyant. A training schedule was taped to the mirror over the bureau. It called for "all" to rise at 5:00 A.M. The bedclothes were in a corner. One corner of the mattress was covered with Cassius Clay's signature in a light-blue ink, flowery with the Cs tall and graceful, along with such graffiti as: "Cassius Clay Is Next Champ"; "Champion of the World"; "Liston Is Finished"; "The Next Champ: Cassius Clay" . . .

Outside, it had all come true. His *you* the answers were unceasing. "You," he was saying to the children, "you all are looking . . . the . . . champion . . . of the . . . wide . . . world."

The Psychiatrist in the Looking Glass

by Carl Binger, M.D.

With informality and candor an eminent psychiatrist discusses some commonly held misconceptions about his profession.

Psychoanalysts are supposed to know all about themselves. This is the first fiction that I wish to deal with—the notion that they have a God-given power to look at themselves objectively. The very term is a contradiction. We can look at ourselves *subjectively* only. This is true of our view of others, as well. Of course, we can look at their skulls or skins or hearts or lungs *objectively*, but not at a whole person. To see another human being with any understanding involves a relationship, and into this relationship our feelings will inevitably enter. The important thing is for us to try to become aware of our feelings, and when they are so intense that they cloud or distort our judgment or lead us into blunders, we must try to face ourselves squarely and look for the troubled spots there.

This a psychiatrist must learn to do. But we cannot rid ourselves of feelings—nor should we try to. Psychoanalysis is not a dry-cleaning process. We should not expect to or want to come out of it spotless. And if we do emerge less tense, nervous, irritable, pig-headed, and vain, there will always be flaws in us. So we should modestly wear a label on our lapels stating that the man-

agement regrets that it was unable to remove this spot. Of course, we can gain some insight into ourselves by being analyzed, but insight, unfortunately, does not always lead to change. The power to see ourselves as others see us depends on our capacity for candor and honesty, for humility; and, above all, on a sense of humor. These are great and God-given gifts of inestimable value to a psychiatrist. It is hard to teach them, but I believe that they can be brought out, if latently present, by removing some of the protective layers that surround our egos—as we do when we peel an onion. As with the onion, we must expect to shed a few tears in the process.

Many young analysts among the group of residents with whom I come in contact seem to me to be suffering from what my friend Professor Rumke of Utrecht calls postanalytic Parkinsonism—a sort of stiffening of the personality. They move guardedly within the rules set by theory, and one can almost feel the cogwheel nature of their thinking. Fortunately, this is usually a self-limited disease. In time, if they have it in them, they become more flexible and are able to expand again and even to laugh at themselves. They sometimes are even able to venture a few pertinent questions, as, for example, to ask a patient how old he is and where he comes from and what he does for a living, instead of sitting like wooden Indians and waiting for the facts to spill out. And in time they may

realize that formulating the dynamics of the patient's personality is in itself no substitute for making careful and fresh observations.

Just as the notion that psychiatrists are especially gifted with the power of self-knowledge is an exaggerated one, so also is the belief that they are endowed with some occult talent which enables them to see right through you. How often, in one form or another, do we hear this. It is certainly one of the most popular myths about us and one which we should try to disclaim. The fact is that we can seldom see more in a person than he is willing or able to let us see. And what we do see is the result of careful observation, of thought, of experience and intuition, all supported by theoretical constructs which serve both as magnifying glasses and also, alas, as blinders. It is, on the whole, polite not to carry one's profession into the parlor or to the dinner table. For a time this was a popular form of entertainment, but it is now passé. A psychiatrist should not parade his professional skills socially any more than a surgeon should whip out his scalpel and snake off the casual wart or mole on his neighbor's cheek. Such behavior leads to many misconceptions about us.

As it is, there are enough without our help. We are alternately praised and blamed, extolled and condemned. We are pushed into roles that don't suit us—roles formerly filled by the family doctor or the minister, and in other cultures by the shaman, the exorcist, and the sin-eater. We are expected to be wise men and miracle workers and at the same time we are accused of being unscientific and grossly ignorant. If we show any striking eccentricity, we are pointed to as an example of how crazy psychiatrists are; and if one of our children is less than perfect, the routine is to say that psychiatrists' children are all spoiled. In many of these accusations there is certainly a grain of truth. It is the part of wisdom not to argue about them, but to admit to most of them. That not only takes the wind out of our adversary's sails but also, and most important, lets him speak his mind. Much of the criticism is, however, grossly unjust and this is particularly irksome to younger psychiatrists who don't enjoy being made the scapegoat of other people's discontent.

An examination of some of the current jokes about psychiatrists brings several important aspects of popular feeling to light. Many of them are by now hoary chestnuts, but there is a new crop in almost every issue of *The New Yorker*. The couch is, of course, a favorite subject for

raillery—what goes on, or it, behind it, and even under it. The common burden of many psychiatric jokes is that the doctor is just as crazy as his patient, that he, too, is delusional if not actively hallucinating, or that he is a captive who has to listen to endless drivel, or that he is rather a base creature with an egregious interest in money and in sex.

When I was younger, I used to collect psychiatric jokes and, indeed, had some lantern slides made of them. One of my favorites was a picture of a bored and unhappy looking member of our profession who said to his patient: "Of course, I could cure you of your depression if everything didn't seem so damned futile to me." Not long ago I saw a play called *Seidman and Son*, an amusing Jewish drama of the garment industry in Manhattan. The union shop delegate—a coarse, fat, and insensitive gent—is telling Mr. Seidman that he is back in analysis just for a "booster shot." To which Mr. Seidman says: "So why are you on the couch again?" and the delegate answers: "We don't know yet. That's just what my analyst and I are trying to find out."

It is strange how long the stereotype of the bearded psychiatrist with the Viennese accent has survived. But isn't that true of all stereotypes? It has taken a long time for the Irish hod carrier with his clay pipe or the bemonocled upper-class Englishman, devoid of humor, to vanish. I can at the moment think of no American psychiatrist or psychoanalyst who wears a beard and not too many among them who speak with a Germanic accent. This reminds me of an occasion when I was asked to discuss a paper at the Vienna Psychiatric Society in New York. When I stepped down from the rostrum, having spoken in my plain American dialect, I sat in the front row next to Dr. Federn—that Old Testament prophet of psychoanalysis. He whispered in my ear: "Dr. Binger, you are de only vun whose English I could not understand."

I have always felt that jokes about psychiatry and psychiatrists are a healthy sign. They give evidence of interest and understanding, and they are far better than two other attitudes so frequently encountered, especially in our medical and surgical colleagues—one being a total unaware-

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ness of our existence or of any feeling that we could be of the slightest help; and the other a conviction that it is downright improper to suggest to a patient that he see a psychiatrist, because he will only be further confused by our so-called "probing" methods.

I should like to examine these two attitudes and consider what we can do about them. But before I go into this let me state that my concern with what others think of us is not wholly based on vanity, pride, self-love, or what we would call narcissism. It is, of course, nice to be liked and to be thought well of. We don't demand that, however, but rather, some understanding of the immensity of our problems and the efforts we are making to deal with them, which are essential if our work is to prosper. Fortunately, the public attitude is far more comprehending than it was a decade ago. Whether one appreciates the so-called mass media of communication or not, there can be little doubt that they have contributed significantly to this enlightenment. It is my impression that at least in sophisticated communities the layman is often better informed in psychiatric matters, and also more accessible to information, than are many of our professional colleagues. This has its reasons and it is important for us to try to understand these reasons and to deal with them if we can. I think it fair to say that although the attitudes of many medical men toward psychiatry and psychiatrists can be described as sensible, rational, considered, based on facts, they are also often biased, prejudiced, and tintured with not a little animosity. The dividing line between these attitudes is not a sharp one. It is quite possible to entertain the most reasonable objections to an institution and yet have them bolstered and reinforced by quite irrational, primitive elements in our thinking. I shall therefore try to separate out the reasonable from the unreasonable elements in these judgments of us or, at least, try to give them their proper weight.

The first attitude I shall call a rivalrous, competitive one: "Anything you can do, I can do better." So says the practicing physician, or sometimes the professor of medicine, to the psychiatrist who has encroached on his field—who thinks he has something to contribute to the care of such common disturbances as fatigue, exhaustion, headache, dizziness, palpitations, sleeplessness, constipation, diarrhea, impotence, dysmenorrhea, and the other variegated symptoms which are so often the physiological expression of anxiety and depression or the smoke screen behind which

they hide. The fact is that psychiatrists have preempted as their special province the whole field of the neuroses, and, since these also constitute the bulk of all medical practice, it is not surprising that there should be some friction here and that the nonpsychiatric doctors should be critical of our methods and often disappointed with them because they are so costly in both time and money and are by no means always effective.

Our answer to this criticism is that we are at least proceeding rationally and are not depending on empirical and often worthless maneuvers. Not only that, but even such well-defined and respectable clinical entities as arterial hypertension, peptic ulcer, rheumatoid arthritis, eczema, asthma, and ulcerative colitis—to mention but a few of them—have now been called "psychosomatic" diseases, and so they have gradually moved over into the psychiatrist's bailiwick. This is, of course, due to a great misunderstanding. These diseases should not represent a contentious zone between our respective interests and specialties. If the notion of multiple etiology were really allowed to take root in our minds, this battle over the bodies and souls of our patients would soon reach an armistice and we would combine our efforts more readily to work together for their good. There are, however, as yet very few hospitals where a smoothly functioning, well-integrated service between medicine, neurology, and psychiatry exists.

All human life expresses itself through the mind and through the body. From birth to death the events of living involve mental as well as physical processes. Our adaptation to our environment and our survival depend upon the proper functioning not only of the autonomic nervous system but also of the central nervous system from brain stem to cortex. Each one of us in medicine chooses that segment of the whole to work with, in which he feels most at home. The psychiatrist has chosen thought and feeling and behavior and how these affect bodily functions and social relationships. He deals with their verbal or other symbolic expression, and he has come to realize that in his attempts at adaptation man reacts not only to his outer environment but also, perhaps even more importantly, to threats and to symbols of danger, particularly as they involve his relations to other people.

But to return to the bill of complaints and to other objections to us. When our colleagues in the hospital call us in consultation to a ward and need to know urgently what to do about a patient who is distressed, frightened, tearful, hopeless, per-

haps suicidal, what do we do? I regret to say that, much too often, we write a note—usually a long note beginning with a description of the patient's childhood, how his mother had no milk, how he wet the bed and bit his nails and hated his sister, and we end by calling him names. The patient is a mixed psychoneurotic with narcissistic tendencies and a strong sado-masochistic overlay or underlay or whatever other barbarous cliché we prefer. We don't tell our colleague what to do with him in simple, straightforward language, or, if we do, we may recommend an analysis which we dress up prettily to meet the doctor's probable objections by calling it "intensive psychoanalytically oriented psychotherapy." The fact that the patient is a pieceworker in a dress shop and supports an aging mother on \$2,500 a year does not enter into our calculations, or that there is no such psychotherapist in her hometown or near it. They ask us for bread and we hand them a hard, cold stone. In this we are often at fault.

The medical doctors don't like the language we use. They will have no truck with the three Fates—I don't mean Clotho, Atropos, and Lachesis, but Superego, Ego, and Id. Whatever cathexis means, they won't have it. They don't know the difference between suppression and repression, between displacement and projection, and they couldn't care less. But they expect us to know all about transaminase, the Krebs cycle, and the coding process of RNA from DNA. That is science. What we deal with is animistic necromancy. Of course, I have exaggerated all of this, but I think there is a grain of truth in it, nevertheless.

They do not like our professional manners. In our private practice we don't write them long letters describing in detail the results of our first interview with the patient whom they were kind enough to refer to us; nor do we send them periodic follow-up notes. This is particularly irksome when the patient's family—who has taken the doctor's word for the fact that we are sound, well-trained, and, on the whole, ethical—is also being kept completely in the dark. How come? Here ten months have gone by and Peter or Susan is just as lazy, sloppy, inconsiderate, ornery, selfish, and generally impossible as he or she was, and all for the tune of about \$4,000 already. It is very difficult both for the doctor and for the patient's relatives to understand the extremely confidential and privileged nature of the communications we receive, and also to realize that we must never appear to be in cahoots with the very persons with whom our patient is having difficulties. But we could afford to be less rigid

and formalistic about this and make much of it clear at the start of treatment.

Related to this conspiracy of silence is the fact that many of us appear to be incommunicado. We can't be reached on the telephone—or, if so, only five minutes before the hour. This is certainly maddening to worried relatives and to other doctors. We should instead set aside a certain time every day to receive incoming calls and we should always allow ourselves to be interrupted in an emergency. To add insult to injury, we are usually too busy to accept new patients and some of us, unfortunately, act as though the very suggestion were an offense. It is an important part of our job to help other doctors place their patients in good hands and to provide them with a list of names of other psychiatrists, first making sure that these psychiatrists have available time and, also, that they are suited to the particular patient. This will all take a good deal of time. It is, however, among our many fringe responsibilities.

We are accused of being too much interested in making money and of charging too high fees. Actually we don't make as much as many successful surgeons, and we work just as hard and assume as great a burden of responsibility. Since psychotherapy is often a long and slow process, the number of patients we can see in a day is strictly limited, especially if we have teaching or clinic obligations to meet as well; therefore, we must charge more per visit than the internist, for example. I have known only two rich psychiatrists, but they probably would have made a killing on Wall Street or from betting on the ponies. It is true that the vast majority of people cannot afford to pay for any prolonged psychotherapy and certainly not for an analysis at going rates. The possibility of extending insurance coverage here has not been sufficiently explored. The present arrangement at Harvard University is such that any student, employee, or member of the faculty who is eligible for prepaid medical care can count on very generous assistance during a mental illness. They are also entitled to psychotherapy by one of the psychiatrists at the University Health Services. Such plans are still rather rare for the general public. Much experimentation will be necessary before a suitable program can be adopted.

Clinic care in most hospitals has not been, on the whole, too efficient or felicitous in these illnesses. The demand for appointments usually far exceeds the professional time available; there is a long waiting list; the psychiatrists are often

young and inexperienced, and they frequently have to quit to go to another service in the midst of treatment. We could do much better with all of this—even if we turned for funds to the U.S. government.

But this is not all, and what is coming next is perhaps the nub of the whole business and underlies many of the objections to us. We are perhaps not immoral, but we are looked upon as unmoral. We are not against sin—indeed, we often appear to be for it. We don't seem to care whether our patients stay married or get divorced. If an extremely depressed and suicidal woman finds herself pregnant—perhaps illegitimately so—we are ready to write a letter to a gynecologist recommending a therapeutic abortion, even if we are not sure that her life is at stake. If our adolescents do a certain amount of sexual experimenting, we do not raise our eyebrows in shocked horror. It is our job to try to understand their behavior and to see it in the context of their culture and mores. If a patient is a practicing homosexual who has struggled valiantly but in vain against his own nature and we have helped him accept this unhappy condition and enabled him to live with it with some meaning and dignity, we are accused of aiding and abetting the very devil himself, whereas actually we may have rescued the patient from the dark and shameful purlieus of promiscuity. There is no area in which we are more readily misunderstood and more cavalierly condemned. If we defend a criminal who is quite able to distinguish between right and wrong, on the grounds that he is the victim of an irresistible impulse, we are again thought to be in league with all the dark, disruptive forces that threaten law and order.

We are accused of being materialists and mechanists who believe in determinism and who have robbed man of his free will—that last vestige of man's humanity since Darwin took away his pride of ancestry. To none of these accusations do I admit. We are not unmoral. Our attitude must be nonjudgmental if we are to discover the salient facts about any life. We can have all the moral principles of Queen Victoria herself in our private lives, but we must help our patients to an increased self-awareness so that they can make decisions and choices compatible with their natures. We must try to free their imaginations and allow their burgeoning creativeness to push its way through many layers of stereotyped conventionality. As for determinism and free will, I can do no better than quote from my colleague, Dr. Robert Knight. He said:

"The opposite of determinism is not free will at all but indeterminism of pure chance, accident, unpredictability—in short, chaos. Free will refers to a subjective psychological experience and to compare it to determinism is like comparing the enjoyment of flying to the law of gravity." Psychiatry, it seems to me, does not rob man of this healthful and precious subjective experience.

So now I have held the mirror up to us—the mirror of public and professional opinion. If we look like the distorted images in the convex and concave reflecting surfaces seen at Coney Island, we are still, I fear, recognizable, even though we do not look very pretty.

Let me now hold up a mirror with a plane surface to see what image we psychiatrists have of ourselves. The first thing we see is a certain earnestness and dedication to getting on with a difficult job. We see a deep humility in the face of the vast and varied ignorance that confronts us, but we have arrived at a point where, as Santayana used to put it, we can begin to define the limits of our ignorance.

If we seem to be divided into cliques or schools with differing theories, I believe that the more enlightened among us are willing to admit other points of view and have no quarrel with those whose interest and emphasis is "organic" or chemical, provided they do not claim to have all the answers. These differences have been a ripe source of misunderstanding. We see the need for us on all sides and yet we recognize the fact that the more of us there are, the more cases we have to deal with. This is not only a result of the growth of populations but also stems from the fact that much common deviant behavior, once thought of as being bad, is now recognized as evidence of psychiatric illness. From the point of view of society, this in itself makes such behavior no less bad, but it suggests that there may be other ways than punitive ones for dealing with it. Psychiatry has extended itself into other fields: into medicine and the medical specialties, into law and penology, the ministry, education, and now city planning and urban renewal, not to mention aviation, space exploration, and international relations. Our workaday companions are anthropologists, biologists, chemists, psychologists, and sociologists, and even an occasional politician. We are now entering the complicated fields of linguistics and semantics, and before long we will be on cozy terms with economists and historians.

We emerged from parochialism after the second world war when psychiatry became for a short while, as was said then, no longer the Cinderella

of medicine but its pin-up girl. When the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry was founded in the late 'forties, many of us thought that our day had come. There was an excitement, a camaraderie, and an almost messianic dedication to the cause of saving the world that carried us over many obstacles. But psychiatry alone cannot save the world, even though from our point of view so many of its most dreadful problems seem to be the result of man's unreason and of man's greed.

To apply the knowledge we have gained from individuals to masses and to nations, tempting as it is, is often unwise. We are unhappily confronted with the fact that this knowledge frequently does not seem to apply or that, if it does, most politicians and statesmen turn a skeptical if not a deaf ear. We must continue to cultivate our own gardens and to recognize that our value in public affairs lies largely in our individual character and intelligence, to which our professional training can perhaps add a little informed judgment and common sense.

No one need apologize for working with individuals only, rather than attempting to cure the ills of society. If to rescue one single person from the throes of anxiety and depression seems but a drop in the bucket, we must remember what a drop does to the surface of water, how it propagates ever-widening circles. This holds both for sickness and for health. We need new methods in psychiatry and we need to subject our hypotheses

to the annealing flame of proof. The invention of new methods is the special province of young men and women who will preside over the "tooling up" period.

We must not be in too much of a hurry to make an exact science of psychiatry, and we should certainly not discount its achievements or generalizations just because they may have been arrived at by methods neither statistical nor experimental. This, to be sure, should be our aim, but the day of a scientific "breakthrough" has hardly arrived. Neither the structure of the protein molecule nor the legerdemain of a modern computer can yet explain the vagaries and vicissitudes of a human being in his struggle with destiny. We must still trudge along the well-trodden path of careful observation prompted by curiosity. No government grant will ever serve as the dynamic equivalent of an inquisitive and original mind. There is no royal road to success in science. We should recall Alice who took a bite of the cake which bore the legend "Eat Me" and then grew so tall that she couldn't get through the door leading to the beautiful garden.

Perhaps I might close this article with the picture of a good psychiatrist who should be no narrow specialist nor axe grinder of whatever cant, but rather one blessed with those qualities attributed to Sir Thomas More, "a man of an angel's wit and singular learning; a man of marvelous mirth and pastimes and sometimes of as sad a gravity."

A Father Drowning

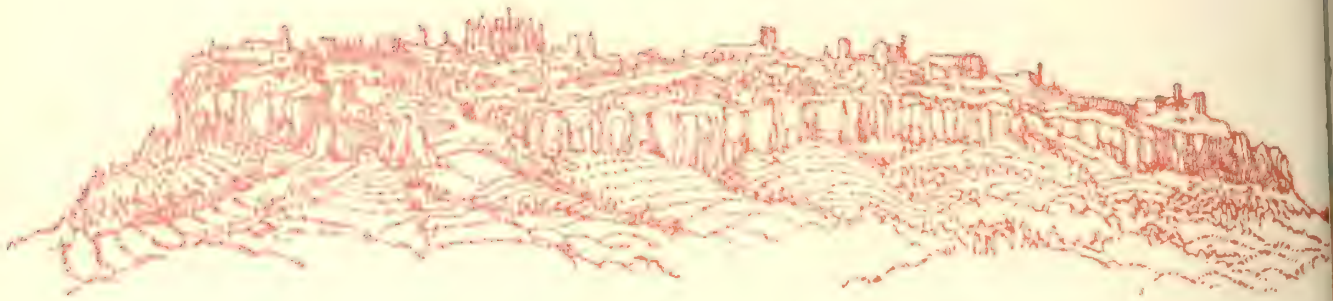
by Hilary Corke

Strike for the land, strike for the land, this hand
I thrust in the green cloggage for your breast,
My shore-wife with the coal-fires in your eyes;
And now this hand for her,
The darling tyrant of the nursery stair
With short fat arms that reach at me like flowers.

I did not know, before I was drowning.
I thought, My life, my life I carry in hand
And must not spill it; and it was not mine,
But others' futures and your stricken eyes,
My child grown crooked up without my wall.
If I go under, being weak,
I leave such imperfections. Therefore strike;
Such seas will drown the caller and his call.

And all the wrongs I have done you, which a word
Would settle, word now water and unheard. . . .

Orvieto Dominos, Bolsena Eels . . .



A story by Richard G. Stern

The wind in Edward's lungs, stored up so long, now had American sails to fill. The white Fiat beetle was rattled as much by this release from his Italian captivity as from the ninety kilometers of the Via Cassia it consumed every hour.

Vicky, however, was not much of a sail. Most of her morning's strength had gone into evading The Group. Once they were off in the blue bus, she felt like taking to her bed. After all, they'd had lots of warnings about being picked up, and though Eddy was an American, he *was* twenty-five, a man of the world, and clearly capable of international designs.

But wasn't this secondary? After all, she'd come to Italy to see and learn, and Eddy both knew things and talked wonderfully about them. It was he who'd shown her that the Moses statue in San Pietro in Vincoli was not "the sign-bole of hanker," as The Guide put it, but something more complex, witness the hands, not "clenchèd in

hanker" but only stroking the beard reflectively. Though Eddy admitted at dinner that it was Freud who'd first pointed this out, he had, after all, read Freud, whereas The Guide had probably never heard of him, unless a plaque on one of the tours indicated that Freud had gone to the johnny somewhere in Nineteen Ought Two. Anyway, if you started to ask The Guide a question in the middle of his lecture, he'd wave you away, afraid he might pick up in the wrong sentence, and leave The Group without the hot news that the Sistine's *Giudizio Universale* was painted thirty years after the ceiling.

And then, it was so much nicer having your own car. Eddy hired the Fiat Six Hundred right after she'd agreed to come with him. He did things right. Though she could just see her father, laid up in bed after a fall from Sugar Belle—and thus with lots of time to stew—getting the news from The Group that Victoria

had gone off to Orvieto for a night of God-knows-what with a strange man. Not that there was going to be any funny stuff. A little woo-pitching, fine, but, though she knew she must be passionate from the way she'd felt hundreds of woo-pitching times, Vicky knew also it was wiser to save *that* for when you had nothing else in life but diapers. In the Flower Market, just across the street from Portinari Drive-Yourself, Eddy had picked up a still-creamy lily from one of the unsold hundreds thrown there by the vendors, and she had its curling flake in her wallet as a good-luck charm against the possible evils of the expedition. It was going to go all right.

"I'm sorry, I didn't get it, Eddy. I was thinking about the darn Group. Will they be surprised! They were going to Orvieto Thursday, though they never make up their stupid minds till it's too late to plan right. Last Wednesday, we were all set for Naples, bathing suits, towels, everything, and where did we end up but in Cerveteri and Tarquinia looking at Etruscan tombs! Not that they weren't great but we didn't use our suits till Saturday. At Ladispoli. The sand was as black as your hair. Which is great for hair, but creepy to walk on. You had the feeling every dirty foot since the Etruscans had dragged itself on the beach."

"It's probably just the composition of the rock. Even the Tyrrhenian's forceful enough to launder a beach."

They'd planned to eat lunch in Viterbo, but Edward was so hungry that they turned off the Via Cassia at a place called Caprarola to find food. He pulled out the Baedeker and, to his amazed delight, saw that the little goat town was the site of "one of the most magnificent châteaux of the Renaissance built by Vignola in 1547-59 for Cardinal Alexander Farnese." He read this to Vicky as if talking about an ancestor, so happy was he to have stumbled upon what few tourists would see, his Baedeker being sixty years old and this road fit for little more than goats and Fiat beetles. Theirs crawled down the hill in second, and, sure enough, high on the town like a beautiful forehead, was a gray palace.

"Let's eat first," said Edward, "though I'll bet there isn't even a *trattoria* in this metropolis."

Which seemed to be correct, though down at the bottom of the hill there was a café. They bought four gorgeous chocolate cakes shaped like the funny Etruscan tumuli at Cerveteri. Edward ate three of them.

Then they drove up to the palace courtyard,

where, to their surprise, five large cars were parked. "Maybe the Farnese still live here," said Edward. He got out and ran around to open her door, getting what he wanted—a good view of her legs which he had so happily stroked the night before and with which he planned to be in more intimate contact tonight in Orvieto.

The cars were not the property of the Farnese, but of an outfit called Royal Films which was right-then-and-there making a film about Napoleon's sister, Pauline. In fact, said the lady custodian, La Lollobrigida was in the garden at this very moment, with about a hundred other people, the implication being that they were trampling the lawns entrusted to her care by Rome. Edward's disappointment at this invasion of his discovery was mollified; he bought the tickets of admission ravenous for a view of The Lollobrigida.

For an hour, then, he and Vicky leaned against a wall while prop men arranged shrubs as a background for the cameras which finally ground away at a woman in green velvet and gold plumes cavorting on a tranquilized stallion over the undefended lawns. Edward's eyes strained with avidity, until a Napoleonic extra said the cavorter was only The Lollobrigida's *contrafigura*; The Lollobrigida herself was off in a corner, where, indeed, Edward and Vicky saw her in a duplicate of the gold plumes, probably pining for nice company. But it was lunchtime, too late to satisfy her. Not until they were back on the Via Cassia, Edward's stomach thunderous with hunger, did they realize that they hadn't gone inside the château.

In Viterbo, they ate in a vaulted *trattoria* called Spacca. "It means 'split,' I think," he said. "I'm ready to," and staggered out under the weight of *lasagne al forno, vitello arrosto, piselli, patate, formaggio, and frutto*.

"How is it you're not fat?" asked Vicky, a little aghast at his large body heaving for breath under the black sport shirt, his head sweating more from the working interior than from the roaring, stupefying one o'clock sun.

"Nature. I don't help it. It's great camouflage for gluttons. I'm really pretty hard," and he suppressed the afterword, "You'll soon see."

He asked directions for the Duomo, and they

"Teeth, Dying, and Other Matters" is the title of Richard G. Stern's next volume (of stories, articles, and a play) which will be published in the fall. Mr. Stern is associate professor of English at the University of Chicago and the author of "Golk" and other novels.

drove the closed-in, cobbled streets of the medieval quarter until they saw it in a fine little piazza, flanked by a *palazzo* with a Gothic loggia and a half-zebra-striped campanile to the left. They parked in front of the *palazzo*, which, said Edward, was where the people of Viterbo locked up the cardinals in 1270 to see if hunger would force them to end two years of indecision and choose a Pope.

"Did it work out?"

"Gregory the Tenth. Hunger's a great persuader," and he helped her out, filling up again on her legs. "We're parked right where Hadrian the Fourth, the only English Pope, Nicholas Breakspear . . ."

"It rhymes," said Vicky.

". . . made the Emperor Frederick the First hold his stirrup."

In the *trattoria*, Edward had reread Baedeker in the toilet and was more primed than usual. Though for sight-seeing he was always primed. It was serious work if you did it right. The night before, he'd looked up the appropriate quotations in Dante and written them into the end pages of the Baedeker, starring them to correspond with the text. This was, in a sense, payment for Vicky's companionship, the entrance fee to what he would later guide her to, the self-discovery of lovemaking.

An old lady sitting on a chair outside the Duomo drew a six-inch key from her dress, opened the door, and led them inside. It was the first Gothic church Vicky had seen in Italy, and after three weeks of baroque Roman churches, where every chapel, every inch seemed to be straining for independent beauty, the stripped-down masterfulness of the high, proud nave made her feel high and proud herself. Edward too was hushed, and forgot about Guy de Montfort stabbing Richard of Cornwall's son as the consecrated bread was being elevated at the altar. He followed the old woman, listening to her devoted, unmechanical talk about the dates of the church, the Mantegna, and the frescoes uncovered by the bombing in '44, which looked like broken bodies issuing from graves for the Last Judgment. A believer in nothing, Edward was still a lover of churches—like the Romans who, the man at Portinari Drive-Yourself had told him, "manufacture the faith which is believed elsewhere."

On the way out of Viterbo they stopped fifteen minutes at the Museo and looked at the Etruscan sarcophagi and pottery. "They're so calm about death," said Vicky. "Maybe that's what they lived for, to teach other people how to die."

Edward, a little annoyed at the rhetoric, said there were too many signs of the good life found in their tombs, and pointed to what she had missed, a couple playing with each other's nakedness, etched finely on the black back of a vanished mirror. "It's when you live to the full that you can die well," he said, preparing her for the evening with this rhetorical turn of his own.

Which she suspected, but the way things were, seeing so much commemorated life, she could take in stride what was to come. She would be calm and intelligent, equipped, like an Etruscan, with her curled-up lily corresponding to the little plate they carried in their stone hands on which there was a piece of stone fruit for the death god.

They'd planned to swim in Lake Bolsena, partly because of something in Dante, but Edward had missed the turnoff because he'd followed a sign to Montefiascone, and they'd gone up for a bottle of what Baedeker called "the best muscatel in Italy." The bottle had the "Est, Est, Est" motto on it, said Edward, because of a valet who'd been sent ahead by his master to test the best wines and mark "Est" on the inn doors where they were served. At Montefiascone, he'd written it three times, and his master stayed and died there.

It was a happy indirection; the main road to Orvieto could not have been more beautiful. They were haying in the fields, and oxen drew wagons full of the golden stuff along the road. Now and then, they passed country versions of the papal loggia where people talked and drank among white hens out of the sun. Vicky felt queerly ashamed to be so free, so easily motorized, with no mission but sight-seeing and the diffused expectation of love.

Edward, too, was half enchanted by the heat, the wine, the sense of this blonde girl feeling it with him, driving easily through the flaming, delicate hills cultivated to the last inch by a people articulate not in the mouth, but in gesture and posture. Half an hour from Montefiascone, the Fiat crawled through the medieval, the Roman, the Etruscan walls into the skinny, cobbled ways of Orvieto, going in second, dodging men, women, children, past little open stores, into and out of little piazzas, by chocolate and gray *palazzi*, and then, following the arrows, arriving at the Duomo in front of the astonishing façade, gold, blue, rose, all the colors of the road and fields, sculpted, assembled, "the most beautiful polychromatic monument in the world," said Baedeker, a gorgeous face for the tremen-



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dous black-and-white-striped body roaring back of it.

"My God," said Vicky.

Among the other tourists and cars and buses and the postcard shops, and the soldiers and the Orvietians, they stared at the dazzling front. Edward read out the description in Baedeker, the commissioning of the church by Urban the Fourth after the "miracle of Bolsena," the appearance of drops of blood on the bread consecrated by a doubting Bohemian priest. "1263. The Feast of Corpus Domini." A great bell sounded in the square, five thirty. On a tower, a bronze man struck a bell with a bronze hammer.

"But how darling," said Vicky softly.

"What, dear?" asked Edward, touched.

She pointed to the bronze man. "Isn't this the nicest place you've ever seen, Eddy? I think I could live here forever."

"It is especially nice," said Edward. "Let's go see the Signorellis while it's still light," and he took her bare arm against his own half-bare one, and walked up the steps, and through the central portal.

"I thought it would be bigger," Edward had a book of the Signorellis back home in New York. He sat back under the portrait of Dante, his head against the signature "Mario e Domenicho '48," took out his black-and-silver opera glasses, and studied one section of the great frescoes at a time, smiling when he saw familiar figures, the young man with arms on hips, the prostitute with hand out for money, the woman riding the devil's back toward the pileup of the damned. Edward's favorite sections were those filled with the colors of life, the prostitute's blue shawl, the blue-and-yellow-striped pants of the young man, the plumed hats, the bulging brown money sacks. Edward's book was only black-and-white. It was the surprise of Signorelli's colors that thrilled him most, and the color was strongest in the narratives of life. On the side of the left wall was Signorelli himself, standing in black with the church's treasurer, thoughtful and a little surprised at what he'd created. Never in his life had Edward been so absorbed by painting. He even forgot about Vicky, who, though very happy in the lovely chapel, and particularly taken with the sweet, strong blues in Fra Angelico's sections, was getting neck-weary.

"I think the light will be better in the morning," she said.

"Ten minutes more," said Edward. "Why don't you see what's in the other chapel? And tell me, so I don't have to see it." And his eyes were back in the opera glasses.

As it turned out, Edward did not see what was in the other chapel, and did not see Vicky again either, except for the thirty seconds when she ran in, breathless and wild, to whisper, shatteringly, "It's The Group. The Group! I had to tell them I came on my own, and I've got to go back with them. Now." And then, as his insides broke up, she blew him a kiss, and he watched through the opera glasses as his lovely blonde girl joined the bunch of weary sheep following a dark, gabbing female up the great nave and out the central portal of the cathedral.

Head in his hands, Edward shook it back and forth until he realized that he was becoming an object of touristic concern. He clicked shut the glasses and headed out after The Group.

Maybe she'd get away from them. But where would they meet? The car? Or in the Signorelli chapel? She'd said the morning light would be better. But the night? The night. He ran into the piazza in time to see the fat, idiotic backside of the blue bus waddling off down the street. "Holy God," said Edward. "They're probably off for Siena." He touched some holy water to his perspiring head. "No. Not that. They're off to a hotel, and she'll be back. Yes."

With this, Edward felt a little better. Also hungry, nervously hungry. He asked one of the piazza-loungers if there were a decent hotel nearby, and got directed to a small *albergo*. His room on the top floor looked out on the upper left transept of the Duomo, topped by a small bell, and peppered with five small gargoyles; beyond, in haze, were the violet hills of Umbria. It was the nicest hotel room he'd ever stayed in; eighteen hundred lire, three dollars' worth of irreplaceable niceness. Edward lay back on the beautiful double bed, the *matrimoniale* which would have been his night's paradise. Maybe he could make it for a night without Vicky. After all, he'd lasted twenty-five years without her. Considering that seven weeks ago he'd been at a desk thirty-five floors up in the thunder of New York, his head screaming with burdens, he was pretty lucky, with or without her. He dressed and went out to find a restaurant. People were going home along the mocha streets, and Edward walked among them, taking the wall against the cars, bikes, and Vespas which snaked in and out of the road. Dusk came in like a man happy to be home from work, and lights flicked on in houses.

Orvieto. It had been a great city, can League, Volsinii. Now it had

lace, wine, postcards, and fifteen thousand people walking the chocolate corridors, smiling. Mostly smiling. The people at the *albergo*, the *padrona*, the waiter, the maid, all smiled with especial sweetness. Did the town make for sweetness? He was back at the Duomo, beautiful in an evening gown of spotlight. Its steps were crowded with soldiers—it must be a base—mothers and children, young men. Edward went across to a restaurant terrace in the piazza, faced the façade, and ordered a mezzo-litro of Orvieto, pasta, eggplant Parmigiano, and roast beef Bolognese. At the other occupied table, three soldiers gorged while he waited tensely for his own parade of marvels, which, when they came, he consumed in a frenzy of bliss under the rouged holy beauty and the crescent moon. The cost was two-and-a-half dollars: maybe one could spend a life in Orvieto. Did the Duomo need an up-and-coming, an up-and-been PR man?

A group of soldiers came along, singing, saying something or other about *ragazze*. Edward heaved himself down the piazza, through the cobbled streets of the town. In a large square faced by two *palazzi*, he heard some loud talk, turned and saw a huge spool of film feeding a movie projector. He understood only isolated words, "*strano*," "*amore*," "*mangiare*," "*dispiace*." A white cat walked by, striped by the bars of the staircase. Edward walked out of the square, down two still streets, then, in a third, saw fifteen faces, mostly elderly people, craned toward a boxed light in a corner of a bar: Edward recognized the mock-heroic tune which introduced *Carosello*, Channel One's evening collection

of commercials. Further up, four soldiers, and two girls giggling at them. More streets, the same streets, and, now and then, the voices of *Carosello* crashing out of a window.

Back at the Duomo Edward saw about ten young men, four of whom were sitting on the black and white steps playing an accordion, a guitar, a cow bell, and a rattle. The song was called "Domino, Domino," and Edward thought the words were something like "Domino, Domino, you're the one thing I have in the world, dear. Domino, Domino, there is nothing but you in the world, dear." In the middle of the song, the ten-thirty bells from the bronze man's hammer sounded, filling out a guitar chord. The six men around the musicians were motionless with attention, fixed as those figures in the frescoes fifty yards away from them. Edward went to the staircase that led from the piazza toward his *albergo* and sat in the shadow, listening to the songs, the only noise in the square: "Jealousy," "Volare," "Begin the Beguine," "*Il pleut dans mon coeur*." Two of the young men broke the circle with "*Ciao*." Then two others. "Don't leave, boys," hoped Edward.

What else was there? Walled up in the little town, the three movies seen, tired of *Carosello*, without girls. Not unlike New York, really, except that there the noise disguised the situation. It was clearer in Orvieto, pathetically clearer. That was the difference. With another: in New York there was no Duomo, and no Signor-elli chapel saying, "It's been done, boys. We've reached it. Peddle your postcards, and go on home." The town had stopped around "the great-



est polychromatic monument in the world" and the "great milestone in the history of painting in Italy."

And what did Signorelli's frescoes have to tell the boys? That they would be judged, here and now, before and later, playing "Domino, Domino," peddling postcards, driving Fiats, judged with everyone else according to the absolute, black-and-white standards of the *Giudizio Universale*. Bell, accordion, rattle, guitar, the notes, watered down and moved single-file, like the cranes in Dante flying toward the Nile. The musicians, the soldiers, Edward, needed Vicks, love, opportunity, cars, chances to get out of the walled-in city. Unless they were the one-in-ten million already wise, ready to be judged on the selling of postcards. Signorelli painted himself in a black cloak, and showed his white hair streaming out of a soft black cap. The rest of his picture was finely colored, hotly for life, mutely for afterlife, but all colored. Signorelli worked in this little hill town, on his back, straining his neck like the wall-curved figures of his frescoes, three, four, five years, needing nothing else after his days but bed, a bottle of the local wine, maybe now and then a girl. One in ten million.

When the guitarist got up, so did Edward. He went to his room, washed, and got into the *matrimoniale* as the great bell sounded midnight, followed by two dings of the cathedral bell, unsynchronized with it. "Vicky," said Edward. His body felt hollower than any bell. And hers? Was it waiting in some Sienese *albergo* for his body clapper to sound it?

A bad night. The watchtower clock, the bronze bells, and his need, unslakable by pillow. He didn't sleep till two-thirty, and then woke at six to the sound of a man delivering bread on a Vespa.

At seven he went over to the Duomo to see if Vicky was in the chapel. It was closed, and Edward refused the porter's offer to unlock it. He went down the street to a bar for an *espresso* and pastry, then drove off, his insides thunderous for food, and stopped at the first *trattoria* on the road where he ate six rolls, with butter and jam, and drank two cups of *caffelatte*. Replete, he was back in the white beetle and heading up the dazzling road toward the Lago del Bolsena where he'd take a swim before going on to Rome. Two nights ago, for Vicky, he'd written down the quotation from *Purgatory*, XXIV, about Pope Martin the Fourth, whose face was more

transformed by diet than any other of the Canto's gluttons:

*His face was so transformed by diet
That I could not recognize him
When I saw him in the world of the living.*

Martin of Tours, who had the Holy Church in his arms, and now, in Purgatory, did without his beloved Bolsena eels cooked in white wine.

He took his Hawaiian trunk from the glove slot, got a cabin for fifty lire, hung his shirt, slacks, and underdrawers over a sign about swimming three hours "dopo pranzo," put on his suit, which his sister said made him look like a pineapple, and walked into the marshy, leguminous lake. Off to the right was the island where Baedeker reported,

Amalsuntha, Queen of the Goths, the only daughter of Theodoric the Great, was imprisoned in 534 and afterwards strangled whilst bathing by order of her cousin Theodatus, whom she had elevated to the rank of co-regent.

Edward went in the water, finely cool, and swam his perfect, boy's-camp crawl, fifty feet out, or forty beyond the furthest Italian swimmer. To his left was the other island, where Baedeker placed King Donough O'Brien's surrender to the Pope in 1064. "That's not for me," said Edward. He headed for Amalsuntha's prison. Not more than four strokes further, he felt a fire shoot through his stomach. He grunted with pain, clutched his stomach, and doubled over. Cramps. Sweat poured off his head. He stopped moving, sank, moved a foot and an arm, tried to turn over on his back and failed, sweat pouring into the lake water, his head ripping. He let himself go all the way down, knees to his chest, was cooled by the water, reached the buzzing bottom, stood on one leg, then hopped a step toward shore, doubled up again, sank, touched bottom, hopped again, sank once more, aching, straightened, and hopped once more, nausea rising in his stomach and throat, irresistible. He turned his face from shore, toward King Donough O'Brien's island, and vomited into the lake. His throat loosened, soured. He sank in the water, the pain lessening. He kicked, slowly and easily, his insides rained, writhing, legging, swimming, his body emptied of pastry, rolls, the soiled gluttony of the days, he made toward the little beach. After his hour's rest, he took off his trunk and removed the spare shirt and slacks from the sign about "not swimming" all those hours after eating.

"Signs," he grunted. "I ought to pay attention to these damn signs."

Senator Eugene McCarthy

How to succeed by ignoring your well-wishers

by Marshall Smelser

A Minnesota friend who never doubted the Senator's prowess as a scholar, farmer, and first baseman . . . can't quite get used to his unnerving habit of winning elections.

The name of Senator Eugene J. McCarthy of Minnesota keeps cropping up as a possible Democratic candidate for Vice President. Though he is said to be a long shot, it just might happen. So I feel this is the moment to get my particular I-knew-him-when story on record. Since I am a historian by trade I have a special duty in the matter; for in his case I have been privileged not merely to observe but to make history. The Senator, I may say, has arrived at his present eminence only because he willfully flouted my advice about two crucial decisions. This, I think, establishes me as what may be called a key figure in his career.

I first met Gene when we were both on the faculty of the College of St. Thomas in St. Paul and, by the luck of the draw, shared an office. He had become a college teacher more or less inadvertently.

After World War II, the McCarthys had bought a farm near Watkins, Minnesota, where his family has lived for almost a century. After they renovated the house, the children down the road said, "It isn't a real farm, they got a *bathroom*."

Gene hoped to start a private high school nearby. However, his chief concern was for the problems of the small farmers in the surrounding country. He had done graduate work in economics at the University of Minnesota and had great faith in the consumer-cooperative movement as a cure for endemic poverty. So he spent

a good deal of his time talking to the needier farmers about co-ops.

Then a floodtide of returning veterans began to swamp the colleges. The president of the College of St. Thomas persuaded Gene to leave the farm to teach economics, while his wife Abigail taught English at the nearby College of St. Catherine. The McCarthys lived in a converted basement until the college acquired some government-surplus barracks for temporary faculty housing on the campus. Gene is skilled in all the domestic crafts except plumbing, for which the rural Minnesota of his youth made no demand. One of his colleagues once remarked, "I hate that man. My wife keeps saying, 'If you had a modicum of mechanical ability you could make our place as comfortable as Gene makes theirs.'"

In the fall of 1946, Gene and Abigail drove my family up to their Watkins farm for a weekend. As we rode, Gene appraised the value of the farms and the caliber of the owners by his own yardsticks—the number and quality of animals fed and the sizes of the October woodpiles. And he enthralled our daughter with stories about his wife's grandmother, who appeased hostile, hungry Indians with gifts of homemade bread.

As an economics professor McCarthy was concerned more with the distribution of wealth than with its production or consumption. The effect on his students was mixed. After a semester of exposure to McCarthy's ideas of social justice, one young conservative protested, "Professor, you're softening us up so we won't be able to go out of here and *compete*!"

Gene and I both hankered after active involvement in local politics—the result perhaps of the frustrating wartime years we had both spent in voteless Washington. We sought the advice of a state legislator Gene knew. "Go over to Min-

neapolis and get in on Hubert Humphrey's action," he said.

The magical Humphrey—then Mayor of Minneapolis—and his talented circle of University of Minnesota political scientists had recently united the Democratic and Farmer-Labor parties. But its cohesion was now threatened by a factional struggle between a "left wing" of Marxist radical persuasion and liberals like ourselves whose roots were in the New Deal and the Midwestern progressive movement of the elder La Follette. Ours was the "right-wing" point of view by DFL standards. Humphrey urged us to move into the party in Ramsey County (St. Paul) with as many like-minded friends as we could muster. They proved to be scarce in 1947.

I recall one early morning caucus when Gene and Abigail failed to appear, leaving my wife and me alone. "Maybe the McCarthys aren't with it," I said and reflected bleakly on the mercurial nature of most eager volunteer politicians. As it turned out, Abigail was suffering the first morning-sickness of a pregnancy, and Gene had stayed home to see her through it.

In our preliminary rites before the county convention, I nominated Gene McCarthy for the first time in his career for a political task. Gene and I were the caucus of the "right wing" and we had to choose a leader. After we ticked off a list of all the elected delegates who might be suitable, I said, "I guess you're all that's left." But I faced this dismaying shortage of talent with bravado. In my spirited nominating speech I hit the Irish Catholic Democrats with McCarthy's still hush-hush career in Army Signals (Patriotism), and harvested the flinty-eyed Farmer-Labor types by offering them "a plain dirt farmer from Watkins, the only candidate who owns a walking plow" (Populism). We had only one opponent, and a lady nominated him with the peroration, "I haven't got anything against professors, but I think we ought to have a man who works for a living." We drones won handily, and the "right wing" (mostly AFL leaders, professors, and soreheads) were elated. A few days later the "left wing" massacred us on the convention floor.

Since the convention proper had no nominees

to select, its chief business was to choose party officers. The "right wing" got none. The convention also adopted a platform. In the style then prevalent in left-wing circles, its planks ranged from world problems to St. Paul streetcar fares. After I was booed for defending the Truman Doctrine, Gene suggested that I might do better to propose an amendment to the popular Carfare Plank, calling on Archbishop Murray to cut the pew rents in St. Paul's Cathedral. We went home defeated. But Gene McCarthy had emerged our leader against all who booed the Truman Doctrine and attacked Humphrey as a reactionary lackey of the interests.

No Onion Grower

Some anomaly in the bony structure of one foot had made Gene unacceptable to the armed forces. But it did not prevent him from doing a secret civilian job in Pentagon communications. He had also had a notable career as a first baseman and relief pitcher in the Soo Valley League, where he learned to take the inevitable ball-park catcalls. Gene adapted the technique of bench jockeying to convention heckling. When the "left wing" became too odious, we put our heads between our knees and let fly loud political epithets. Neither the chairman nor speaker could locate the source.

Within a year Gene became Ramsey County Chairman of the DFL, a job which seemed to me an excellent vehicle for his limited talents and experience. But in 1948 when he said he might run for Congress I knew he was rushing things. After all, he had only been in politics twenty months. I told him he should take a Ph.D. at Notre Dame's Medieval Institute because a good medievalist could always get a job. Perhaps he might even be asked to join the Notre Dame faculty. I was about to move to Indiana myself and I praised the muck lands of the Kankakee valley (not mentioning the vast amounts of nitrates they devour, nor their unhappy tendency to blow away or to catch fire in dry summers). I painted a rosy picture of the McCarthys happily presiding over the annual Muck Crops Festival while Gene grew onions and practiced Latin paleography with equal felicity.

But Gene persisted in his headstrong ways. He filed for the Congressional nomination in August. That was the year Dewey ran against Truman, and I predicted that the President would have to be chosen by the House of Representatives because Strom Thurmond's Dixiecrats and Henry Wallace's Progressives would hopelessly split the

Marshall Smelser has held many minor Democratic party offices—from precinct committeeman to tally clerk of a national convention. He is professor of history in the University of Notre Dame, the author of several books, and this year he holds a Guggenheim Fellowship while writing a history of the United States during the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison.

Democratic vote. When I told my mother-in-law that the gentleman who had driven her to church the preceding Christmas was running for Congress, she was appalled. "They seemed such nice quiet people," she said.

Gene squeaked through the primary election by 380 votes. I warned him that the Republican incumbent was invincible because incumbent. Gene said the Republicans only carried St. Paul when the Democrats and the Farmer-Laborites fell out. He thought an urbanized Irish Catholic farm boy could unite them. Despite my pessimism, he won hands down. I suppose I should have known. After all, he was the only candidate who owned a walking plow while living in a metropolitan area of a million and a half.

A few years later Gene began to speculate about running for the Senate. Hoping to put an end to *that* foolishness, I joined with other prudent friends who pointed out the folly of discarding a safe seat in the House in a hopeless quest for the Senate. After all, no Catholic could carry the whole state of Minnesota. But he was reckless and pigheaded as usual. He ran in 1958. The result:

McCarthy (Catholic) 52.3 per cent, Thye (Protestant incumbent) 47.7 per cent. Two years later, the returns in Minnesota were: Kennedy (Catholic) 50.7 per cent, Nixon (Protestant) 49.3 per cent. Minnesota, I guess, is a very peculiar state. Or perhaps there is something peculiar about the bonds Gene McCarthy cemented within the DFL party.

Ramsey County's Loss

In fact, you can't always be sure what Gene is up to, for he is given to long, reflective, fruitful silences. At a flocking of politicians he moves slowly from person to person with a friendly hand for each, an inclination of the head, and uninterrupted listening. His approach to life, like Adlai Stevenson's, is broody, but he is more certain of his answers. Though he lacks, perhaps, the dash and glitter of President Kennedy, he has the same respect for solid learning and for the arts. He also has a similar wryness of wit, which we stereotype as Irish, unless it is used by George Burns or Dick Gregory. In looks, he rather resembles the movie star, Ray Milland.



The rhetoric of his office newsletter hints at a multiplicity of authors and little Senatorial blue-penciling. But his own stuff is first-rate when he is moved, as in his speech nominating Stevenson in 1960, or his extempore TV remarks during President Kennedy's funeral, or the elegy when he drew from Scripture his analogy of the white horse of glory and the pale horse of death. He might seem more narrowly educated than President Kennedy, but his drill-cores are drawn from deep strata. Like President Johnson, he can talk fluently about Black Angus cattle

or Poland China hogs, but he has also been shaped by an industrialized constituency. Those now close to him say he has a strong personal affection for President Johnson.

To judge by his voting record his economic philosophy has not changed over the years and accurately reflects the views of the liberal urban constituency he represented for ten of his fifteen years in Congress. He has after all won six federal elections in a two-party state, and he has lost none.

To the question, Where does he stand? it might be said that he is equidistant from his admired friend, President Johnson; from his *beau idéal*, Adlai Stevenson; and from his respected colleague and chief, President Kennedy. He differs from each, but has traits in common, and is their peer. His qualities complement but do not duplicate President Johnson's. If necessary he could occupy the White House with grace, intelligence, and wisdom.

He hasn't asked me yet whether he should run for Vice President, and I suppose the only man whose vote will count hasn't asked *him*, or anybody else. But if Gene is the one tapped, he will be a sure bet if he simply continues ignoring my advice as he has done at every fork in the road of his public career.

If he had only followed *my* counsel he might have been chairman of the Ramsey County DFL for another twenty years or so. Or he might be slapping mosquitoes in the Kankakee bottoms, while producing onions and purified textual editions of medieval mystics. And, if he wanted to keep his hand in at politics he could fight doggedly every two years to be elected a Democratic Precinct Committeeman. Who knows, our county committee might even be asking him to help pick township candidates in rural elections.

Why Labor Lost the Intellectuals

by Herbert Harris

Union leaders blame automation, government inaction, and hard-hearted management for their dwindling strength. But their real problem is a shortage of ideas.

The American labor movement is sleepwalking along the corridors of history. At every step it is failing to adapt effectively to the innovations which science and technology daily impose upon our ways of work. Lacking boldness in social invention, it clings on the whole to precepts which run the gamut from static to archaic.

Typical are its responses to automation. Labor spokesmen keep pressing for the shorter work week. But this dubious palliative tends to raise labor costs and thus makes the new robotism more attractive than ever to management. Then to console the displaced worker who can rarely find anything else to do, union negotiators concentrate on larger lump sums in severance pay. This emphasis, in effect, turns the labor movement into a mortician preoccupied with arrangements for his own funeral.

In no small degree this state of affairs derives from the fact that the labor movement has been losing its minds. Ever since World War II, it has been estranging the people who produce, distribute, and conspicuously consume ideas. Intellectuals have been increasingly disengaged as labor activists and disenchanted as sympathizers.

Many of them no longer regard the labor movement as protector of the underdog, pioneer of social advance, keeper of the egalitarian conscience. Merely to ask whether the labor movement has "failed" the intellectuals, or the other way round, is to start a donnybrook at any national union headquarters or university conference on industrial relations. The point may be moot and is still obscured by feelings of mutual guilt.

But there is no doubt that the cleavage between labor and the intellectuals accounts, more than anything else, for the present crisis in the labor movement, the erosion of its vitality and its membership rolls, and its prickly defensiveness toward even the friendliest critics.

The roster of intellectuals who have lately left labor payrolls for posts in government, academia, and elsewhere is formidable. To name only a few: The former AFL-CIO director of research, Stanley Ruttenberg, is now special assistant to Secretary of Labor Wirtz. And Mr. Ruttenberg's erstwhile assistant in the AFL-CIO, Peter Henle, has joined the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Jack Barbash, noted labor analyst who was director of research in the AFL-CIO Industrial Union Department (IUD), has become a professor at Wisconsin. His successor at the IUD, Everett W. Kasselov, an authority on white-collar unionism, has moved to the U. S. Department of Labor. And the list keeps growing. It includes Jules Pagano, previously head of education for the Communications Workers, who is now with the

Peace Corps; George W. Brooks, who shifted from directing research for the Pulp Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers to teaching at the Cornell School of Industrial and Labor Relations; Mitchell Sviridoff, former president of the Connecticut State Labor Council and now director of Community Progress, Inc., a joint Ford Foundation and federal-government project for developing human resources; James Brindle, former social security specialist for the United Automobile Workers and now president of the Health Insurance Plan.

In the main these and other highly qualified people are leaving the labor movement in search of more challenge and scope for their talents. Some of them need more money (union staff people are usually underpaid); others are tired of being treated like second-class citizens. The sense of disillusionment which pervades this exodus was summed up by one of this group. "When it's implied," he said, "that it's the facts that have erred, not the figures, but the social and economic facts, and that the old ways are as good today as they ever were, when nobody is listening, what can you do but bow out?"

Similarly, intellectuals who do not depend on the labor movement for income have been transferring their attention to the arts, civil rights, foreign policy, especially disarmament and arms control. Some have ruefully concluded that they were deceiving themselves when they used to think that "labor" was the hope of mankind. "The intellectual," says one such political scientist, "can identify only with certain humanist values, or with the plight of the underprivileged. But the labor movement as just another special-interest group offers nothing on either score."

Last summer when the AFL-CIO Executive Council refused to endorse the "Jobs and Freedom" March on Washington, many intellectuals were further convinced that the labor movement has become too parochial and blimpish to command their loyalty.

If the breach is not soon mended, the prospects are that, twenty years hence, the labor movement will no longer exert enough economic leverage and political influence to be a decisive force in our society. To be sure, trade unions may still be around. But unless the AFL-CIO and the rest of

the labor movement can come up with new theory and tactics suited to the times, whatever unions remain will be only vendors of labor skill and energy.

"More and More and More Now"

Conservative intellectuals, of course, have always been hostile toward the labor movement. During the entire nineteenth century they scolded it for getting born and trying to stay alive. And they have since kept whacking it for its refusal to comply with their misinterpretations of Adam Smith. But their animosity has been less important than the aid and amity of liberal and/or radical intellectuals. They have traditionally helped the labor movement to define and articulate its aspirations. They have also—at various times—explained, needled, split, glorified, and white-washed it. Their number has included middle-class and patrician reformers as well as self-taught workingmen.

One such, for example, was the learned blacksmith Elihu Burritt, who had mastered all Europe's languages and enraptured nineteenth-century audiences with lectures on the noble need for education. After the Civil War, a former theological student and teacher turned tailor, Uriah S. Stephens, founded the Knights of Labor, which was to serve as sounding board for advocates of an industrial brotherhood that would, in effect, make every man his own employer. The Knights established some two hundred producer-consumer cooperatives in shoes, cooperage, and mining. All of them succumbed to lack of horse sense or the ungentle competition of Robber Baron capitalism. The Knights also espoused such political shortcuts to salvation as the single tax and the nationalizing of public utilities. But when the American Federation of Labor was formed in 1886 it soon discarded all such utopianism. It plumped instead for a bread-and-butter unionism, with a minimal involvement in politics and government. Determined to depend for its gains upon its own economic strength of strike and boycott, the AFL had no ultimate aims. It embraced the existing order, striving only to obtain from it "more and more and more now" in income and respectability.

The AFL majority therefore resisted far-reaching plans of political action and the formation of a labor party—proposals regularly put forward by such insider Socialists as Max Hayes of the Typographers and John Fitzpatrick of the building trades and by such outsider Socialists

Herbert Harris has written three books on labor and is working on another, on the future of the labor movement. As a journalist and editor, he has contributed to "Fortune," "The Reporter," and other magazines; and in government, he has served on various boards and commissions dealing with labor, production, and public opinion.



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as authors Upton Sinclair and William English Walling. Equating socialism with intellectualism and both with "governmentalism," the AFL exco-riated all three as subversive. As late as 1930, the AFL was so fearful of becoming a "ward of the state" that it opposed unemployment insurance.

From four million in 1920, AFL membership tumbled to two million in the early 'thirties. Then the AFL finally began to welcome massive federal help. It even turned cordial toward such vanguard thinkers as the young lawyer-economist Leon H. Keyserling, who drafted major provisions of Labor's Magna Carta, the Wagner Act. It was passed in 1935. In the same year a dissident faction, the Committee (later Congress) of Industrial Organizations (CIO) broke away from the AFL. The split centered ostensibly around the issue of industrial (plant-wide and vertical) *vs.* craft (skill-narrow and horizontal) union structure. But the cleavage also reflected profound differences as to labor's role in politics and government's role in labor affairs. Determined to go beyond AFL business unionism, the CIO was eager to extend the social and economic reforms of President Roosevelt's first term. With this agenda it became home and hunting ground for left-of-center intellectuals. (Some of their enthusiasm spilled over to the AFL in its subsequent rivalry with the CIO.)

The CIO had need for intellectuals to write, speak, proselytize, plead in the courts, organize, and administer as it sought to channel into orderly unionism hundreds of thousands of rebellious workers in automobiles, steel, meat-packing, and other mass-production industries. The intellectuals responded with religious intensity.

Many were Marxists of varying hues. There were some Stalinists among these, carefully instructed to infiltrate the burgeoning CIO. Often they fought valiantly. But they remained the agents of a foreign power. And when union interests collided with Party-line vagaries, the union always lost out. Many more were Socialists (more accurately, Social Democrats) and non-Marxist liberals in the Populist tradition. Whether on the CIO staff, or as volunteers, they prepared the pamphlets, composed the songs, collected funds, and ran the mimeograph machines turning out the endless bulletins, instructions, notices. On picket lines, they braved the cops, sheriffs, private police, the mobsters hired by employers to smash strikes, and they were rewarded with broken heads, jaws, and arms. And everywhere they talked—at faculty teas and radio forums, at dinner parties and from loading platforms. Some served as

brain-trusters for young leaders coming up from the shop and ~~colored into union officials themselves~~

During the 1920s the Communists had originated a new cult, the Adoration of the Worker. The stereotype mesmerized many intellectuals. It was visually based on drawings in the *New Masses*, which showed a larger-than-life-size wage earner, his eyes fixed on the far ~~horizon~~. His martial jaw proclaimed a proletarian toughness armoring a heart that bled for all humanity. His muscular neck and bulging biceps suggested a spectacular virility. He was portrayed in effect as a combination of St. Augustine, Paul Bunyan, and a stud bull.

Abrasive "Insiders"

It was not until the 1940s that the mystique of the worker began to evaporate. The intellectuals discovered by means of personal contact that he was pretty much like everybody else; that, indeed, the son of toil they had romanticized at a distance could be anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic, a white supremacist, a rancorous xenophobe; that his favorite reading was the sports page, comic books, and detective magazines, and that this diet did not endow him with a profound grasp of national and international issues.

They discovered also that the CIO and AFL (they did not merge until 1955) were concentrating on business or market unionism, intent on taking care of their own, and downgrading social or national-interest unionism.

Critical reports and articles began to appear as labor's intellectual friends found, for example, that union "democracy" was not always of the New England town-meeting variety and that the corruptions of commercialism were infecting unions. Perhaps they were naïve. But above all, these intellectuals did not want the labor movement to become merely the mirror of a society in which everybody sells out to everybody else. Workers, they believed, should use some of their new ease and leisure to pursue things of the mind and spirit.

Within the labor movement the new critic ~~was~~ was more sophisticated. It was spearheaded by two of the foremost union-made intellectuals of the century. The first was J. B. S. Hardman, a former editor of *The Advance*, official organ of the clothing workers, and a man whose incorrigible optimism ~~was~~ mordant wit. Under CIO auspices he established in 1946 a "Union Institute for Labor and Democ-

racy." His right hand in this venture was Solomon Barkin, then research director of the Textile Workers (CIO) and perhaps the most incisive and even abrasive "insider" analyst of the modern labor scene. The Institute and its publication, the bimonthly *Labor and Nation*, were created to foster candid and independent examination of the labor movement and its missions.

But after six years this enterprise foundered for lack of support. Mr. Hardman observed that the place of the intellectual in the labor movement was to make a philosophy of no philosophy and went on to coedit with Professor Maurice Neufield of Cornell the symposium *The House of Labor*. Mr. Barkin kept warning the labor movement that it faced stagnation unless it became the champion not just of its own adherents but of slum dwellers, migrant workers, and other Americans in the lower depths. Mr. Barkin left the Textile Workers last year to join the Office of Economic Cooperation and Development.

His counsels have been largely ignored. Indeed, the labor movement stopped listening to such apostasy in the first few years after World War II when it was riding high and enjoying unprecedented growth. During the 1935-45 decade alone, union membership rose from a scant four million to a staggering 14.3 million. For this achievement union chieftains quite humanly credited their own perspicacity and sweat.

They conveniently forgot how much the unions owed to the intellectuals in general and in particular to the great wartime innovators in management-labor affairs. Among them were the lawyer J. Warren Madden, chairman of the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) and its chief economist David J. Saposs; patent-attorney William H. Davis, chairman of the War Labor Board (WLB) and his colleague Senator Wayne Morse, then dean of the Law School at the University of Oregon; Professor George W. Taylor, the Edison of modern collective bargaining, who is now chairman of the Department of Industry at the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania; and Clark Kerr, WLB West Coast director and now president of the University of California.

Nor did the union chieftains recognize that special circumstances of depression and war had enabled them to fashion a new design for union living out of the economic autarchy of Samuel Gompers and the political favoritism of Franklin D. Roosevelt. They had forgotten, too, that the labor movement, in bringing to millions of workers a new sense of economic self-determination and psychological self-respect, had performed as a vehicle of social reconstruction; that it was to this

image of its function that it owed public acceptance and support, without which it would lose its thrust. But the intellectuals who said this were arguing against success, with its heady aroma. And since there are limits even to their masochism, they began, one after the other, to give up and slip away. As early as 1948 the union protagonist and Columbia sociologist, the late C. Wright Mills, pointed out that union leaders as "new men of power" were proving to be either unwilling or unable to cooperate with the "men of intellect" on any viable basis

"Out in Left Field"

Why has the latter-day labor movement been largely impervious to the critiques and recommendations of intellectuals? The answer lies in the character of the typical labor leader, his background, his style, the way he sees his job. He is a blend of political boss, evangelist, military chieftain, and salesman. Above all, he is a self-made man. He is the Siamese twin of the versatile entrepreneur who has built the business from scratch, is reluctant to delegate authority, and yearns for the old days when he could call everybody in the shop by his first name. Moreover, the labor leader has had to claw his way up in a bruising competition that makes even the high-tension cabals of the executive suite seem genteel. He is manipulative and practical in all his dealings and it is in accord with these criteria that he measures the extent to which the intellectuals are useful to him.

Among the latter are the staff economist who prepares a presentation to justify a wage increase; the lawyer who argues the union case before labor-relations boards and commissions, and in the courts; the industrial engineer who figures out how the union can benefit from a new time study for production norms; the publicist who puts together a speech or Congressional testimony; the actuary familiar with the intricacies of pension funds.

All these assist the labor leader to crystallize, express, dress up what he wants to do. (The Michigan professor, Harold L. Wilenski, who a decade ago conducted the only full-scale sociological survey of union intellectuals, thinks that their overriding function is that of "verbalizers.") The labor leader thinks it is up to him to create and coordinate policy while the experts implement it, rather than do much to formulate it. He regards such aides as his men just as he regards the union as an extension of his psyche. Even

though he may respect the abilities and attainments of intellectuals, his attitude remains ambivalent, especially toward the university scholar, the foundation researcher, the writer turned social critic who concerns himself with union affairs. Labor leaders usually refer to the member of this genus as "pedantic," "an ivory tower guy," or as "out in left field, hell, further, out in space," or as a "pipe-smoking long-hair" (labor leaders cherish their cigars only more than their barbers).

Labor leaders are not impressed by the intellectual's inclination toward objective inquiry; they have felt too long beleaguered for that. They are even less impressed by his individualistic propensity to dissent from the prevailing values and mores of "the system." For the labor leader is gregarious, one of the boys, regards himself as chief of a tribe for whom he gets what he can out of the system which he accepts more than it accepts him.

Threatened by Brainpower

Within the labor movement there is still a tiny handful of intellectuals who play a key role in formulating and initiating union policy. One of this small, select category is Gus Tyler, assistant president of the ILGWU and an author and editor who directs the staff-training, educational, and political departments of the union and collaborates in high-level strategy with its president, David Dubinsky. At AFL-CIO headquarters, Lane Kirkland exerts a similar influence as special assistant to President George Meany. So, too, does Jack Conway, the cerebral administrator for Walter Reuther, president of the AFL-CIO Industrial Union Department and of the United Auto Workers. Equally effective in the Teamsters until recently was the impressively informed Harold Gibbons, who broke with James Riddle Hoffa when the latter refused to send a message of condolence to the family of the late President Kennedy.

In recent years, two other intellectuals have become union presidents—Ralph Helstein, a lawyer who now heads the Packinghouse Workers, and David Livingston, president of District 65 of the Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Union.

But this dwindling remnant can scarcely begin to meet the labor movement's need for brainpower at a time when leadership in our society is being everywhere transferred to people with intellectual training and capability. The labor leader who in most cases has only a high-school

education is not unaware that the intellectual may one day threaten his own ascendancy. This fear explains his insistence that intellectuals be kept in their place and his lack of pronounced grief when they depart. He can then more comfortably rely on the old concepts and techniques of which he is master and which hasten labor's decline.

Today trade unions have not only stopped growing; as a percentage of the total labor force they are not even holding their own. Between 1960 and 1962, they lost nearly half a million members, and the rate is accelerating. Only a few years ago, one out of four persons who had a job or was looking for employment belonged to a union; now the ratio is edging toward one out of five and all indications are pointing downward.

Some apologists absolve the labor movement from responsibility for this predicament. They blame, among other factors, technological change; the guile of employers who forestall union organization by pretending to offer union-won benefits "for free"; the restrictions imposed by Taft-Hartley, Landrum-Griffin, and the state right-to-work laws; the unfriendliness of the press, radio, TV; the extent to which the McClellan disclosures on labor racketeering and corruption have been falsified into national folklore; the lavish anti-union propaganda and lobbying of the National Association of Manufacturers and the John Birch Society.

Yet it seems almost comic to ascribe all of labor's troubles to external conditions. After all, union members with their families still comprise nearly a fifth of the entire population of the United States, hardly a fragile potentiality in terms of economic and political strength.

The labor movement in fact is in a bad way chiefly because the bulk of intellectuals are not affirmatively on its side, and because it is no longer making use of that theoretical-pragmatic "mix" demanded by the ecology of the space age.

The discourse between analyst and administrator produced during the past generation our finest achievement in domestic policy, the Tennessee Valley Authority, and perhaps our finest achievement in foreign policy, the Marshall Plan.

Similarly, the State Department can hardly begin to function until its policy-planning staff has sifted the reports, the insights, the proposals of both the "pros" and the "professors" in international relations. The Pentagon's adroit use of its "military intellectuals" explains, in a small degree, the readiness of our defense posture.

Industry, likewise, regularly has its judgments checked by management consultants, the intelligence of the business community.

And within many companies the intellectual who was formerly regarded only as specialist is being brought closer to the policy center. The word has gone out to business recruiters on campus to search for fewer conformist organization men and more independent eggheads.

But the labor movement has little truck with such newfangled notions. The AFL-CIO headquarters has no policy-planning staff. It has no clearinghouse for the regular exchange of views between intellectuals and labor leaders. It has no equivalent, in terms of its own requirements, of alternative position papers, gaming theory, operations or market research and analysis. Among its affiliated unions, only a handful have management training and development programs. There are, of course, research, legislative, legal, editorial, and public-relations people. All are overworked. All are immersed in immediacies, and play little part in basic decision making.

Yet the practical men who, by and large, are leaders of labor cannot by themselves reverse the movement's downward slide. It is not a question of intelligence. In native sagacity, or at least shrewdness, they are the equal of any comparable group in industry, government, the professions. But today's issues transcend their lore of collective bargaining, of building and running a union, of grasping intimately the problems of a particular company or industry. The dominant issues are now matters of national policy. To blame automation as they do for causing unemployment, for example, is like blaming armaments for causing war. The answer to automation will be found in a national policy which can modify the socioeconomic framework to enable the computer to create more jobs than it destroys. And similar considerations of national policy on prices, wages, taxes, investment, manpower retraining, foreign trade are intertwined with any attempts to organize the unorganized, blue-collar or white-collar; to educate the unionized; to improve channels of communication between leaders and rank and file; to determine whether the labor movement should be politically something more than the tail of the Democratic party kite; whether the very structural forms of unionism should be revised.

In all these areas the labor movement has no logical choice but to draw, more positively and consistently than ever before, upon the talents and disciplines of intellectuals. In no other way can Big Labor test prevailing assumptions, explore new directions, and adjust to pivotal developments in Big Business and Big Government.

At the AFL-CIO convention last November, Walter Reuther argued cogently for the establish-

ment of a National Planning Agency to coordinate by democratic means our human and material resources to achieve full employment and full production. He pointed out that, over the next decade, we must come up with some forty-one million new jobs if we are merely going to maintain an unemployment rate of around 5.5 per cent; that only an "economic moron" believes that we can any longer rely exclusively upon the "blind forces of the marketplace" to provide the opportunity to earn a living for everybody who needs to do it.

On past occasions Mr. Reuther's disquisitions in like vein have been perfunctorily received. Delegates would rush to the nearest bar to recover from so much cerebration. This time he was warmly applauded.

Planning Without a Plan

The AFL-CIO majority, however, is unlikely to take the initiative in advocating national economic planning unless the present sub-crisis of unemployment shows signs of erupting into fourteen to sixteen million jobless. Some forecasters say this may happen within the next three to four years. Meanwhile, Mr. Reuther and his supporters are determined "to get across the idea that public planning for people is compatible with private planning for profits."

But they can hardly advocate planning without a plan. While it need not be a detailed blueprint, final and frozen, it must be something more than a pencil rough. Yet to put any such document on paper exceeds the intellectual resources currently on tap not only for the UAW and the Industrial Union Department but the entire AFL-CIO. Such an undertaking would entail the counsel and direct participation of additional economists—political, mathematical, or merely sensible—along with philosophic and practical thinkers in other fields.

Trade unions and corporations, as systems for the accumulation of power, are not only economic organizations. They are also private governments. Their relations with each other and with the public government, under national economic planning, must be seriously pondered and spelled out. This is no pastime for some rainy Sunday afternoon, as Mr. Reuther is the first to perceive. And this is only one among many reasons impelling him to establish a "new working alliance" between intellectuals and labor leaders. If he and others of like mind cannot get this kind of cooperation started soon within the higher reaches of the labor movement, the 1960s may prove to be the Gettysburg of its Confederacy.

Limits of American Power

The Lesson of the Dominican Republic

by Abraham F. Lowenthal

Neither communist subversion nor ugly Americans can be blamed for a far-from-inglorious failure which proved, among other things, that there is no quick cure for the aftermath of brutal dictatorship.

The Dominican Republic is not an exciting vacation spot. There is little to do or see, and not much to buy; even the choice of postcards is meager. Although the surrounding Caribbean waters are beautiful, hotels are mostly deserted, restaurants below par, and the museum is an imposing, empty façade. This oppressively humid island does, however, present sobering evidence of the difficulties confronting United States foreign policy. Here is disheartening proof that even the most adroit and strenuous American efforts cannot produce quick and dramatic results in the face of the frustratingly complex problems common to most of the "underdeveloped" world.

Our program in the Dominican Republic was ably conceived and vigorously executed. Moreover, conditions there seemed highly favorable to the exercise of American influence. This was indeed why the Kennedy Administration decided to construct a working model of a democratically oriented country, a showplace for the Alliance for Progress within hailing distance of Cuba. Among the built-in advantages was the fact that the United States has long had a predominant interest in the Dominican Republic while other foreign influences have been negligible. The island

is near the United States, economically dependent on American trade; its roads and communications systems are relatively good; its people speak one language and are ethnically homogeneous.

Encouraged by these assets, the United States became deeply, and constructively, involved in Dominican affairs immediately after the fall of the Trujillo regime in 1961. The scope and intensity of American efforts were immediately evident when I arrived there with my wife last August. As we landed, planes were bringing tons of polio vaccine to stem an incipient epidemic. Lumbering along the roads were American construction trucks, tractors, and half-tracks bearing the hand-clasped emblem of AID (the Agency for International Development). The capital streets were full of white-helmeted riot-control police, trained by Los Angeles public-safety officers. Peace Corps volunteers in town for the weekend excitedly told us of their exploits and troubles. The Dominican Republic was one of the Corps' high-priority countries—140 members were assigned there (and fifty or so more were expected soon), working in well construction, poultry and livestock husbandry, fishing, nursing, and community development.

In all other respects too, U. S. assistance was unstinting. In 1962, for example, aid funds amounted to over \$22 for each Dominican—more than three times the average per capita amount for the rest of Latin America taken as a whole. American officials kept a close watch to make sure that our money would be used on programs with high political impact: health, education, housing, agricultural c

construction, and agrarian reform. To this end, highly qualified American economists and technicians worked closely with the government of President Juan Bosch.

Other experts helped indirectly through a unique kind of "kitchen cabinet" known as CIDES (Centro Interamericano de Estudios Economicos y Sociales). This semi-public agency was organized by Sacha Volman—a Romanian-born U. S. citizen and close confidant of President Bosch—and received financial support from several American foundations. CIDES carried on a variety of government functions on an informal basis. A number of Americans served in its planning section which, among other things, compiled the government's budget, developed its agrarian reform program, and prepared population and manpower-need studies.

Coordinating the American effort was an exceptionally able Embassy staff headed by Ambassador John Bartlow Martin, who speaks Spanish and is well-versed in Dominican affairs. A distinguished journalist and the author of several important books on public affairs and social problems, he served on John F. Kennedy's speech-writing team during the 1960 campaign. Afterward, he made a survey trip to the island for the President-elect. His illuminating report prompted Kennedy to offer him the diplomatic assignment. It seemed a happy choice. President Bosch, a man of literary tastes, was intrigued by the notion that—as Martin put it—both of them were learning the ropes together in new roles.

From all accounts, Martin learned quickly. With the aid of an experienced staff, he was unusually vigilant in protecting the considerable United States financial and political commitment in the Dominican Republic. I even heard plausible speculation that the Embassy participated heavily in local politics.

Yet the whole arsenal of U. S. diplomacy—including massive aid, sugar-quota purchases, and the power of the American Navy—could not prevent the overthrow of the Bosch administration on September 25, 1963, nor effect a speedy return to constitutional government afterward.

Although the influence of Castro's Cuba cannot be wholly discounted, so far as I can determine neither communist subversion nor foreign inter-

ference can be blamed primarily for thwarting American aims. From the outset we were confronted with political, social, and economic realities for which there is no instant cure. Too much had to be done too quickly.

Trujillo's Wasteland

The modern superhighway from the airport to Santo Domingo is cut through a fertile valley. But we were assailed by the dismaying contrast between freakish signs of progress and pervasive backwardness, between lush natural wealth and abysmal poverty. At the roadside are primitive, straw-roofed huts; naked children with swollen bellies play in the dust, and ragged, barefoot crones trudge along carrying cans of water on their heads. Inside the capital, thousands of wretched, unemployed migrants wander through the streets by day; at night they retreat to sprawling shantytowns not far from several luxury hotels. These Dominicans have no work at all nor any prospect of it. Thousands more are underemployed—baggage hustlers, taxi drivers, hotel and restaurant employees who press their services on American tourists.

The depressing paradox of stifling poverty amidst abundant resources is the tragic heritage of five centuries scarred by violence, exploitation, and misrule. Advertised as "the land Columbus loved best," the Dominican Republic seems to have received little affection since. The very first party of Spanish colonists was apparently annihilated by Indians before Columbus could return to the island; later, Columbus himself suffered ignominious imprisonment by a rebellious faction of Santo Domingo's settlers. Then followed years of trade rivalry between Spain and France, military occupation by Negro invaders from Haiti, unsuccessful attempts at annexation to the United States, American financial exploitation, and political turbulence. Within seventy years—from 1846 to 1916—the country suffered under forty-three presidents and fifty-six revolutions. The situation did not improve in 1916 when President Wilson sent the Marines to occupy the island.

The end of American rule in 1924 made matters even worse. Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, an ambitious military officer, came to prominence during the years of American control. In 1930 he seized power, and made himself President.

Trujillo's brutal reign, ended by his assassination on May 30, 1961, still casts its morbid shadow over the land. Hundreds of decapitated statues of the dictator attest to the Dominican

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people's effort to cast off what Ambassador Martin has called "a legacy of monuments and tombstones." Trujillo combined the classic elements of Latin-American *caudillo* rule with modern totalitarian techniques, balancing repression with concessions, brutality with adroit suggestion. Murders and kidnappings, informers and secret police, identity cards and highway checkpoints were his tools. He constantly rotated officials—to prevent any potential opponent from developing independent sources of power—and banned all autonomous organizations.

Under Trujillo's personal control, squads of armed traffic policemen made Ciudad Trujillo a litter-free capital which its "Benefactor" could exhibit with pride. Authoritatively "anonymous" letters to the editors of the Trujillo-owned press kept anxious subordinates fully informed of the dictator's latest desires. Wall-plaques, manufactured by Trujillo's hardware factory and sold on a compulsory basis, reminded every homeowner of the President's virtues.

Unlike some totalitarian dictators, Trujillo sought primarily to accumulate personal power and wealth. At his San Cristóbal villa, I saw scores of the elaborately brocaded and bemedaled uniforms, which delighted his boundless vanity. Blatant memorials of Trujillo's greed still confound the tourist—among them an artificial ice-hockey rink, several exquisite swimming pools, and a mammoth luxury yacht. Trujillo managed the economy as his personal *hacienda*. He owned much of the country's land, and his other interests—ranging from air-conditioning to vice—encompassed almost every enterprise in the land. And he relentlessly manipulated his governmental power to increase his private income.

Trujillo left the country with a legacy of purposeless roads and empty canals, bloated fortunes and pilfered funds. Seeking short-term private profits rather than long-term national growth he overproduced sugar and neglected most other agricultural possibilities. Despite the fact that thousands of Dominicans were always unemployed, he developed no native industries, and took for himself a sizable cut on all imports. As a result, Dominicans have had to sacrifice precious foreign exchange to import jams, jellies, tomato paste, and canned food, even though the ingredients are grown locally. Because he did not maintain adequate roads and electric power, prospects for industrial expansion are gravely hindered. Even the facts needed for sound planning are lacking; national statistics were regularly rigged to suit his purposes. Thus when American experts tried to prepare economic pro-

jections, they found no counterforce due to population or manpower needs.

Trujillo had banned all political organizations but his own and had strenuously repressed even potential opposition. His death left a political vacuum.

Prospects Were Good

The assassination unleashed the tensions of a generation. Dominicans burned forests and cane-fields, slaughtered Trujillo's herds, wrecked many of his mansions, and littered the once-clean streets. A long period of rioting, violence, and chaos seemed inevitable. However, after the initial outburst, a quite rapid and relatively peaceful transition to democracy followed. This was largely due to American diplomacy. First, we intervened to prevent members of Trujillo's family from continuing the dictatorship. Then, at one moment of political crisis, a sizable fleet of U. S. warships sailed into sight of the Dominican coast, lending impressive weight to the American intention not to tolerate renewed tyranny. In the next phase, our negotiators—through the resumption of diplomatic relations, sugar purchases, and offers of U. S. economic assistance—skillfully helped put together a viable interim regime, pledged to hold free elections within a year. The U. S. then went on to help prepare the Dominican Republic for elections, and supported substantial efforts by the Organization of American States toward the same end. Air-dropped USIS pamphlets taught Dominicans the technique of democratic voting, and U. S. experts trained units of the Dominican police in new methods of riot control, to prevent threatened disturbances by extremist agitators.

Remarkably fair elections—held in December 1962—resulted in an overwhelming victory for Juan Bosch, a distinguished novelist and a prominent member of the group of Latin-American liberals now favored by U. S. policy makers. The unmarred conduct of the elections, as well as the result, pleased both U. S. officials and Latin-American. Social Democrats joined to attend President Bosch's inauguration in January 1963—Joaquín Balaguer, Rafael Ángel Rodríguez, and Luis Muñoz Marín. President Lyndon Johnson and Under Secretary of State Edwin Martin who were also present—all took an optimistic view of the future.

The establishment of a constitutional democracy in the Dominican Republic was, indeed, a major accomplishment. And as a presidential candidate,

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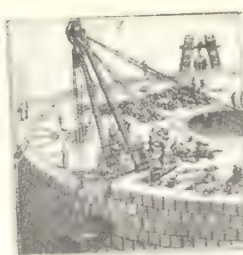
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Juan Bosch set forth lofty goals which the United States could eagerly support: agrarian reform, expanded education, full employment, economic development, and political democracy. To help Bosch implement his program the U. S. supplied money and personnel, offered advice, and exerted pressure. Yet the Dominican experiment was languishing even before last September's coup.

Agrarian reform programs, for example, got off to a fast start under the interim Council of State. But they were soon mired in a complex of political and technical difficulties. In the crucial field of education, a number of new elementary schools were built and expenditures on education were tripled. But their impact could scarcely be felt in seven months—four out of five Dominican students continued to leave school before the end of the fourth grade.

On the economic front, the program limped. Unemployment remained disturbingly high, thinly disguised by large-scale government hiring which heightened political tension. Long lines of job seekers waited impatiently for work outside the presidential palace. But Bosch could not satisfy their demands because the Dominican economy was stagnant. Per capita income actually declined, as the population grew faster than the national product. Capital investment remained disappointingly small; Dominican businessmen displayed little confidence in their country's prospects—like most rich Latin Americans they were accustomed to investing abroad. Perhaps most painful for Bosch himself was the failure of political democracy. The elected regime lasted only a precarious seven months.

Why the Promises Failed

There was, of course, bound to be a gap between Bosch's grandiose election promises and his performance. Admittedly, his talents were more hortatory than executive; he had been away from his country for twenty-five years and lacked political acumen, especially in his dealings with the business community. For example, he assiduously cultivated leading Dominican investors at a series of breakfast meetings and cocktail parties. But while he was seeking business support, Bosch was undermining his own efforts by espousing loosely drafted expropriation laws and by delivering impromptu blasts at businessmen on television. To compound his troubles Bosch insisted on handling personally even such minor administrative details as petty office expenses. These personal quirks, combined with the dearth

of qualified bureaucrats, produced an appalling over-centralized government.

But neither Bosch's administrative inefficiency and political incompetence nor even the disastrous legacy of Trujillo was the sole obstacle to progress. Deeper, more intractable difficulties were responsible. Long years of neglect and misrule had left in their wake problems common to most underdeveloped countries. Chief among these are inadequate human resources, inept managerial personnel, insufficient capital, and a lack of political consensus, institutional continuity, and civic cooperation.

Statistics in the Dominican Republic are notably unreliable. However, according to cautious estimates, much more than half of the Dominican population is illiterate, a fact which constantly hampered efforts to introduce new techniques in agriculture and industry. Plans to use the Dominican armed forces for civic-action projects, for instance, had to be severely curtailed, for lack of enough literate officers to administer the proposed program.

Increased education can promote mass literacy over the years. But a more stubborn bottleneck is the scarcity of trained professional and technical personnel. It takes teachers to expand education, agricultural specialists to increase farm production, managers to run industries, and bureaucrats to improve public administration: the Dominican Republic has almost none of these. Officials of the Bosch administration and their American collaborators were confronted at every turn by this painful fact: The Dominican Republic would not achieve significant change until a new generation had been trained to perform the tasks of development, even if unlimited capital were available. Such capital resources were, however, not at hand. On the contrary, the government was unable to finance some of its key projects. Agrarian-reform programs were slowed by the high cost of resettlement, and Dominican industries suffered from underinvestment in capital equipment. Revenues of the old Trujillo non-sugar enterprises dwindled under the Bosch administration—chiefly because of more generous wage and employment policies—and the need for domestic and foreign investment increased.

As in all poor countries, taxes were needed to finance necessary government projects. But to attract industrial investment, taxes must be kept low. Facing this impossible dilemma, Dominican government officials could not agree among themselves on the desired future of the economy and the role of the state. Within Fomento, the State Development Corporation which manages the

merous ex-Trujillo enterprises, for example, I find two officials, their offices on the very same corridor, holding completely antithetical views on the subject. One, a bright and forceful young administrator educated in several European universities, told me he favored private capitalism only as a transitional stage before state socialism. The other, equally articulate, urged that the government should divest itself as quickly as practicable of its various enterprises. Clearly such ambivalence does not attract private investment, particularly to a country with unstable economic and political institutions.

Labor unions proliferated wildly after Trujillo's death. A strike settlement at La Romana—the country's largest sugar producer—was delayed primarily because agreement could not be reached among the fifteen different unions involved. On the political front, some twenty-six different parties developed in 1962, with little agreement on anything. Even the apparently communist parties were bitterly divided among pro-Soviet, pro-Chinese, Trotskyist, and Castroist groups. The increasing strength of the Castro supporters in the "14 of June" party (named for an abortive Castro-inspired invasion in 1959) frightened the moderate business groups in Santo Domingo, and helped trigger the coup.

Least tangible but perhaps the most basic problem of the Bosch administration was the lack among the Dominicans of a sense of civic responsibility. Their undisciplined reaction to the end of Trujillo's tyranny was no more than a symptom of a deep-rooted ill. Long after that understandable binge, no segment of the community seemed willing to subordinate its claims to the demands of a national emergency. Parochial and private school officials for example were reluctant to furnish information on curriculums, enrollment, and costs to the public authorities who were attempting to improve rural education. Immoderate union demands pushed the country into an inflationary spiral. At the same time inadequate investment by the business community kept the economy stagnant. The Bosch administration came under constant pressure from these equally vociferous groups—each of which accused Bosch of favoring the other. In the end the Dominican government was caught in a paralyzing crossfire. Programs were stymied, progress was stalled, until eventually the Bosch administration fell.

Compared to Bosch's exuberant promises and Washington's ambitious plans, little seems to have been accomplished in the Dominican Republic. But judged in the context of previous Domini-

can conditions—of tyranny, poverty, and exploitation—the attempt was by no means a total loss. Enough was accomplished to kindle the hope that democracy and growth may one day be achieved there, and to lay the foundation for future development.

A Cautionary Tale

For these positive, if scanty, gains American policy may take much of the credit. U. S. power and guidance prevented a return to tyranny and forestalled anarchy after Trujillo's death. Together with the Organization of American States, our officials enabled the interim government to conduct prompt and decent elections. American experts helped the Bosch administration to formulate plans, draft laws, and get programs started. And their efforts did produce some tangible results. Vocational schools for agricultural education were established. Some new housing was completed by private builders. Savings-and-loan institutions were created to provide new sources of capital. A poultry industry was established and livestock-raising methods were improved. Such successes, however limited, provide evidence that the Dominican Republic is not a "burnt-out" society incapable of change.

United States officials should not overlook these encouraging signs of progress. Nor should they allow these advances to halt, merely because of pique at the elements that overthrew Bosch. The realities of Latin-American politics are too uncertain to allow abstract constitutional tests to dictate American policy. If the civilian triumvirate now in power undertakes the tasks of development, and preserves standards of civic decency, the U. S. should renew its aid.

But even if and when full U. S. aid is resumed, development will not be rapid. Fundamental improvements in education and public health, the training of professional personnel, and the establishment of prosperous native industries—all will take years to accomplish. No leader, however able, and no foreign government, however powerful, can quickly create the necessary attitudes and institutions.

Our experience in the Dominican Republic should be seen as a cautionary tale, dramatizing the severe limitations on American power in the underdeveloped world. From the lesson of the Dominican Republic, and from similar experiences around the world, we will learn to temper both our expectations and our impatience.

The Secret of Stonehenge

by Gerald S. Hawkins

A lone astronomer and a computer team are decoding the mystery—and the wisdom—behind Britain's most famous ancient monument.

A few months ago the book of Stonehenge seemed closed. It was thought that little more could ever be learned about the mysterious stone structure on England's Salisbury Plain. The fraternity of diggers—archaeologists and other students of the past—had fixed the dates of construction, from 2000 to 1500 B.C., and the probable methods. Shaping the great stones could have been done by fire, water, and much pounding. Sturdy English schoolboys proved by toil and sweat that cement blocks as big as Stonehenge stones could be floated by raft and rolled overland from quarries as far away as Wales. (Legend said the slabs were brought from Africa

to Ireland by giants, and whisked over to England by Merlin's "word of power.") The fifty-ton uprights of the trilithons (three-stone archways) could have been tilted into retaining holes. Finally, the six-ton crosspieces could have been levered up on timber towers.

But *why* was Stonehenge built?

Buried bones indicated that it had been a mortuary, also a crematorium, and it almost certainly was a temple, though not necessarily Druid. But was it more? The unique monument, which Henry James said "stands as lonely in history as it does on the great plain," guarded its secrets well. . . .

I first became interested in Stonehenge in 1954, when I went to the Larkhill missile-testing base nearby. (Of course, we took pains to aim our missiles away from Stonehenge—we were horrified to hear that during World War I an airstrip commander, and a British one at that, had requested that for his planes' convenience the Stonehenge megaliths be flattened. Request denied.) I used to visit that gaunt ruin whenever I could. Even when it was alive and loud with tourists it seemed remote, timeless, brooding. I poked around, marveled, and read everything I could find about it.

The word that originally struck me in the literature was "coincidence." The one thing that all laymen know about Stonehenge—that if you stand in the center on a clear Midsummer morning (around the summer solstice, June 22) and look down "the avenue" you will see the sun rise almost exactly over the distant "heelstone"—was called a coincidence by most archaeologists. Beware, it leads to "fruitless conjecture," warned one authority. As an astronomer, I could not help feeling that such an alignment of the most important direction of the structure with the point of sunrise of the longest day of the year might well have been deliberate. I wondered.

Then, early in 1961, I had occasion to mention Stonehenge in my book *Splendor in the Sky*:

. . . If the axis of the temple had been chosen at random the probability of selecting this point by accident would be less than one in five hundred. Now if the builders of Stonehenge had wished simply to mark the sunrise they needed no more than two stones. Yet hundreds of tons of volcanic rock were carved and placed in position. . . . It must have been the focal point for ancient Britons. . . . The stone blocks are mute, but perhaps some day, by a chance discovery, we will learn their secrets.

As I wrote those words, the thought that had been nebulous in my head for some seven years suddenly crystallized: something should be done.

So that summer I went there again, and my wife and I stalked the Stonehenge sunrise. We made base camp in an Amesbury hotel close by, and a few days before Midsummer (alas, we couldn't be there on The Day itself), we went over. Not without overtones of light comedy: sunrise was due about 4:30 (daylight time); we had neglected to tell the hotel we would be going out so early, and we hadn't paid our bill; so with exceeding furtiveness we tiptoed down the long dark hall, past the loudly ticking grandfather clock, and we started our car quietly.

Stonehenge stood black against the lightening sky. I climbed the barbed wire fence (which defeated my wife), placed myself at the center of the circles,* and made ready my eight-millimeter telephoto movie camera. And suddenly, there it was—the first red flash of the sun, rising just one-half a diameter to the right of the heelstone. For a moment I was lost in time, bemused, trying to go back 3,500 years to those other sunrises, similarly witnessed by what other people, for what other purpose? But quickly I returned to the twentieth century, because I felt surrounded by questions calling out for answer: Why is the heelstone ever so slightly out of line, so that to see it through the trilithon arch you must stand six inches to the left of the center of the circles? Why are those trilithon arches so narrow? The huge uprights stand twenty feet high, but the space between is less than a foot. Why do these spaces line up? What do those alignments point to?

As an astronomer, I thought, "Aha! A transit instrument. These arches were used to point to stars or planets or different things in the sky."

And as I pondered, the sun kept rising. And it was rising almost horizontally, so that it had traveled fully two degrees before the disc stood clear of the horizon. That meant that it would be—would have been—extremely difficult to estimate the exact spot at which it lifted clear of the horizon. Clouds, of course, are common in England, and the Stonehenge people were probably no more fortunate than the modern Briton. Nowadays I think only one in five Midsummer sunrises at Stonehenge is clear. All of these things would make the setting of the stones difficult. Critical conditions, devices capable of pre-

*The inner circle consists of five trilithons set in a horseshoe pattern; the next, traditionally called the Sarsen (Saracen?) circle, is a ring of upright boulders, some with lintels on the top; the outer or Aubrey circle (named for the seventeenth-century investigator, John Aubrey) is marked by fifty-six equally spaced holes and mounds.

cise measurement, evidence of knowledge, skill, purpose—all for what?

I thought of that kindly ghost. Was Stonehenge an observator?

There seemed to be significance in those delicate alignments, and it would most logically be astronomical significance. What would you line sighting-stones on? Surely on the heavenly bodies—the gods of prehistory and so-called barbarism. The center-heelstone certainly pointed to Midsummer sunrise; could there have been other such alignments, such as a center-heelstone one pointing to Midwinter sunset? I read at Stonehenge that the noted British archaeologist, R. S. Newall, had suggested that possibility, but there had been no verification. What *did* those alignments point to?

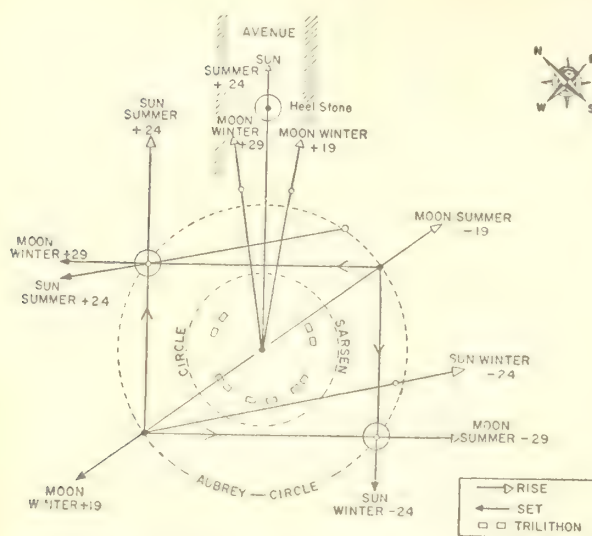
I said to myself, "It's no good just talking. The problem is too complicated. We need precise measurement, more elaborate calculation than I am prepared to do. We need the machine." But at that moment, I had more mundane problems to face—the barbed wire fence, the hotel bill, and an English summer squall that was dashing cold rain across the plain.

What the Computer Said

Before I left England I got plans and charts of the site. Back in Cambridge, Massachusetts, I armed myself with all the pertinent material in Harvard's Widener Library. I defined the problem: *What, if any, correlation is there between Stonehenge alignments and the rise or set points of any heavenly bodies, as of the period 2000–1500 B.C.?* Then with the help of Shoshana Rosenthal and Judy Copeland at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, I went to the machines.

First we put charts of Stonehenge into "Oscar," a plotting machine that transforms positions into X, Y coordinates on punched cards. Then we fed those coordinates into the Harvard-Smithsonian IBM 7090 computer and asked it to calculate azimuths, or compass directions, determined by some 170 pairs of positions, a position being a stone, stone hole, mound, archway, or the

Gerald S. Hawkins, who has a Ph.D. in physics and has been in the U.S. since 1954 and is associate professor of astronomy and director of the Boston University Observatory. He is also a research associate of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory and Harvard College Observatory, in radar-radio-meteor work. His book, "Splendor in the Skies," came out in 1961.



Schematic plan of Stonehenge. (Summer moonset is not marked.)

center. Next we asked the machine to translate those azimuths into declinations, that is, to determine the "latitudes" of the celestial sphere they intersected.

Then we examined those declinations, the horizon spots to which the Stonehenge pairs pointed. Was there any pattern to them? Did the pairs point to significant rise or set positions of celestial bodies? A quick check showed no significant matching with planets or with the bigger stars, Sirius, Canopus, Arcturus, Betelgeuse, Spica, Vega. . .

But the most cursory naked-eye glance at those declinations told us of probable sun correlation. The figures +24 and -24 were frequent—and those figures are the declination of the sun at Midsummer and Midwinter, its farthest north and south.

I was somewhat prepared for such solar correlation. Indeed, I had suspected it. But what we next discovered took us by surprise: even more frequently than the ± 24 of the sun, the ± 29 and ± 19 of the moon appeared. The moon has a more complicated relative motion than the sun. During a nine-year cycle its maximum north and south declination moves from 19 to 29 degrees. The machine's finding seemed to show that not only was Stonehenge aligned to the sun—it was also oriented to the moon.

I must admit that it was with some unscientific emotion that we programmed the machine to take the sun and moon back to 1500 B.C., to get an accurate check of those azimuth alignments. What we found was beyond expectation. To a mean accuracy of one degree there were ten

sun correlations. To a mean accuracy of 1.5 degrees, there were fourteen moon correlations.

We did the work in spare moments over the course of a year. About ten hours were spent measuring the charts, about twenty hours were spent preparing the machine program, and the final run on the Harvard-Smithsonian IBM 7090 computing machine took about one minute.

It is important to note that *all* of the twenty-four alignments are between key positions—the center of the structure, the "avenue" or most important axis, the great trilithon arches, the rectangle of "stations," the uniquely-placed stones near the entrance. Every one of these key positions paired with others to point to a sun or moon rise or set. That solidly establishes the fact that those alignments were significant, deliberate, basic in the construction. Stonehenge lived by the sun and moon. Could it possibly have been coincidence? Bernoulli's theorem of probability indicates that there is less than one chance in a hundred million that this could happen without a prearranged design.

And what does it mean? It means that Stonehenge was an astronomical observatory. And a good one, too. It could have formed a reliable calendar to predict change of seasons. It could also have signaled danger periods for eclipses of the sun or moon. It could have formed a dramatic setting for observation of the interchange between the sun—dominator of summer—and the moon—ruler of the winter. How it actually *was* used we may never know. All that we can now state with certainty is that it was designed, with astonishing skill, as an observatory, and that it could have been used for many astronomic purposes.

It is now the responsibility of archaeology to digest this new information and from it draw new historic conclusions.

What the Archaeologist Said

I first published an account of my discovery in the British magazine *Nature*, last October. There has been a surprising amount of response. Newspapers and other magazines from many countries have commented, from England and Canada to Spain and South Africa. Among the letters I have received from archaeologists was one, particularly engaging, from Mr. R. S. Newall in England:

It is always difficult, I suppose, when two different sciences meet (if archaeology can be called a science), to come to agreement. Astronomers have their eyes in the sky; archaeol-



Midsummer sunrise at Stonehenge. (Photograph published by courtesy of the British Ministry of Public Building and Works.)

ogists in the earth. . . . However, I agree that Stonehenge is oriented to the winter solstice setting sun in the great central trilithon as seen from the center or anywhere else on the axis, and since the plan of Stonehenge is sepulchral, it is in some way the mortuary temple to the sun in his old age when he goes down to the lower world at the end of the year or life. . . .

Mr. Newall also wondered if Stonehenge could align to an astronomic point, the point of sunrise at equinox. He was right, two of the main stone-holes do this to within one-tenth of a degree. The alignment was overlooked by me, I regret to say, and the machine is blameless. Finally he quoted the first-century B.C. writer Diodorus, who said that in the mysterious northern island of "Hyperborea" there was a "spherical temple" to Apollo, and "the god visits the island every nineteen years, the period in which the return of the stars to the same place in heaven is accomplished. . . ."

The archaeologist concluded: "Now I do *not* say that that refers to Stonehenge, but could it . . . ? Could the full moon do something spectacular once every nineteen years at Stonehenge?"

It is a fact that some Jewish and Chinese calendars used a nineteen-year cycle, and that the

Greek Meton knew that the full moon occurs exactly on the same calendar date after a lapse of nineteen years. But I was struck by Newall's wonderment about the moon at Stonehenge. I thought, "What about eclipses, at the most spectacular place—over the heelstone?" So I looked up eclipse records for some 150 years. Moon eclipses in December-January, the approximate time when the eclipsed moon would rise over the heelstone, occurred mostly at intervals of nineteen years, with sometimes an interval of eighteen or eight. Interesting?

A similar condition occurs at Midsummer, and this phase of the Stonehenge cycle is going to happen in 1964, this very month! The full moon is eclipsed at 2:00 A.M. on June 25, and then sets in the great trilithon as seen from the center of Stonehenge. The monument will be closed to visitors at that time, unfortunately.

In the course of this investigation, I have found out many other arresting things, indicating avenues for further exploration. The machine, quick, dispassionate, tireless, is possibly much more thorough analyzer of cosmic elaborate problem than human attempt. A new chapter in the history of Stonehenge now lies open.

Twenty Bookes, Clad in Blak or Reed

by Judson Jerome

This peripatetic professor—and poet—is now chairman of the humanities division of the College of the Virgin Islands. He went there on a two-year leave from Ohio's Antioch College, where he was chairman of the Department of Literature.

Having just carried in, with a train of children bearing toppling pile after toppling pile, the several hundred books I carry around with me as absolutely essential, some of which I have read, most of which I dread, having stowed these in bookcases reaching to the high ceiling of this great, airy, concrete-and-steel house on a hill in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, and now, in 85 degrees of heat this January day, decks cleared for action, the children at the beach, the ashtray emptied, I find myself blocked on the short story I meant to write. Marty's question is still bothering me. There she sat, wifely, in purple muu-muu in the middle of the tile floor, surrounded by stacks of repetitive textbooks, anthologies, paperback standard works of standard authors, and asked why we—meaning why I—felt it necessary to bring all these down here.

Well, I said I like to have things handy.

As we packed up our house in Ohio last spring, selecting what was absolutely essential, which was practically everything we owned, for a two-year stint on this West Indies island, I pared my library down to about a fourth of its size. Nonetheless, dozens of cartons we

shipped down, most were of books. The next-largest quantity of belongings was toys, which may be some sort of comment. We don't go in much for clothes.

I brought perhaps a dozen copies of *Hamlet*, looking forward to that tropical night in which a group of students might want to sit around by the seashore reading aloud in the moonlight. I brought about fifty freshman composition texts and anthologies, examination copies sent me by publishers, few of which I had more than glanced into, none of which I could bear to use in teaching, for all those eager students who would want to pursue the study of English on their own. I brought quantities of tiresome books of literary history and criticism, which I knew would not be in the library of the newly forming college. One never knows, I reasoned, what eager freshman, struggling through the haze of his island English into a discovery of the magic of poetry, might be frustrated not to have available the books I used for my doctoral prelims, such as Bredvold's *Intellectual Milieu of John Dryden*. I brought a hundred Spanish books in case the Spanish professor didn't have any.

My library graphically reflects my strengths and weaknesses, and without a key you could not tell which was which. Four solid shelves of poetry (strength) include dozens of anthologies and introductory texts, most of which contain exactly the same poems. A shelf of review volumes of new work is tight as a

closed accordion. Better get to them one day.

General literature is arranged roughly chronologically. The first shelf goes from the *Bible* and *Bhagavad-Gita* up through Dante. I feel insecure in regard to ancient and medieval literature and so carry a great deal of it around. For example, there are six collections of Greek drama which, some sun-beat afternoon, perhaps rocking on a sailboat or with a frosty rum under the palms, I really ought to peruse, having ridden *Oedipus Rex*, *Lysistrata*, *Medea*, and *Antigone* about as far as they will go as symbols of Greek civilization.

As we come on down the centuries I notice that Ben Jonson is represented by several editions and volumes of commentary; I am scared to death of Ben Jonson. Surprisingly, there is no volume of Spenser; but, then, I am so terrified of Spenser that I hardly acknowledge his existence. Milton, of whom I am little less afraid, is represented by four volumes. Dryden is a strength, and in case I want to reread *All For Love* I may choose from any of eight copies in various collections.

Like graduate school, I grow dim as I approach modern times. The eighteenth century occupies ten volumes and the nineteenth only nine. In the chaos of our own century, I have given up representativeness and surrendered to pleasure: here I have a half-dozen books to read while feeding the baby.



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outside of literature proper, on last bank of shelves, are literary ics and oddments of history, losophy, science, biography, and ys. For example, I have always weak in English history and so p three volumes of Trevelyan at id. I am never separated from the homore classics—such things as *man Nature and Conduct*, *Pat-ns of Culture*, and *Religion and Rise of Capitalism*. Years ago, as book-club bonus, I acquired four umes of *The World's Great inkers* and have felt it wise to ry them around. There is also a r book of the Virgin Islands and e *Junior Girl Scout Handbook*, with advice on camping and first aid. Meanwhile, scattered in bathroom d bedroom, beside chairs on the rch, under the coffee table, are e books we actually read—such as bee and Baldwin, *The Edge of the a*, *Household Encyclopedia*, and r. Spock.

Books mean a great deal to me, and I have always intended to read em. From an unshelved pile I cked up a borrowed copy of Peter brahams' *Tell Freedom* and read f the days when, in the black slums f Johannesburg, his two most rized possessions were his two ooks, Lamb's *Tales From Shake-*

spare and the poetry of Keats— which two books made him literate. I thought of Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford, who would rather

... have at his beddes heed
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay
sautrie.

Any single one of the volumes stacked around me, if not only read but loved, would be sufficient to liberate a mind. But, of course, you fall in love with one book at a time, and almost never with an anthology. To fall in love with my books now would be like falling in love with the Rockettes. And yet there was a time when I was given to love affairs with individual books. That love lingers on in the form of sentiment and fear, which are the real reasons I burden myself now with all these volumes.

When I think of true reading, exciting, loving reading, a clear image of myself comes to mind. It was my twelfth or thirteenth summer, 1939 or '40; I was lying on my mother's bed (she was at work) in my underpants, the Houston afternoon hot and heavy outside. I was eating fat purple grapes and reading about people eating fat purple grapes in *Ben*

Hur. The biblical world was alive in that shaded room, and the story— exciting that I literally couldn't continue reading it; I had to jump up, run around the block, dash myself with the hand under the pine; but on the lawn, then come back, stealthfully as a lover, into the cool bedroom, where the plump book (with too possibly small print) lay open beside the bowl of grapes, and I let myself sink into it again as into the arms of a mistress.

Same bed. Same summer, or perhaps a year later (this would have to be 1940), same costume. I was reading *A Tale of Two Cities*, just starting it, for the mothers were dipping their scarves into the spilled wine as it ran in the gutters and squeezing the drops into the mouths of their starving babies, when the lady next door screamed. She had just picked up the *Houston Press* from her sidewalk and now ran over to the window to show me a four-inch headline: ITALY GOES IN. I made some polite exclamation, waited until she finished commenting, and, as though I had shooed away a gnat, turned back to Dickens.

The next and last time I tried to read Dickens my innocent love of books had been quite destroyed. It was 1949. *Dombey and Son* was on the reading list for my M.A. exam at the University of Chicago. I made it about three-quarters of the way through, and Marty finished it for me to tell me how it came out. Don't ask me now.

I did most of my reading, as do most people, in college, largely as a way of putting off doing assignments. What relish a book can have at three in the morning when a paper on another subject is due at nine! But even assigned reading in college could be delicious. I remember being thrilled at seventeen by Corneille and Racine (in translation), by Faulkner, James, even by Spenser, none of which would I be likely to read for pleasure now ~~because of difficulty in finding them~~ again each time I assign them to a ~~student~~ being darkly the pleasure that is there for others).

By the time I began graduate study, however, I had already begun to assume responsibility for literature, a condition which follows

Analysis

by Thomas Whitbread

If the only way of giving up the past
Requires dexterity, I cannot do it.
I have lost too many fingers. At this last
I am not shoe enough. I do not rue it.

I know the amputating manners fail
To give affection, let alone full life,
To those who cut themselves that way from stale
Delights, with a not quite fully severing knife.

That is out of my questioning. I know the only
Way I can deal with my past is not to sever
The arteries that feed me, but, quite lonely,
To swallow the dead blood of dead endeavor.

I can and must make sure this dark ingestment
Clothes me and spangles me with bright investment.

reading as marriage follows courtship. Marriages can, of course, be happy, and I feel my own with literature has been exceptionally agreeable. I do not hate books nearly so much as those of my colleagues who, exploiting them for advancement in a publish-or-perish world, tyrannize and analyze the poor creatures more inhumanely than scientists do guinea pigs. If you allow books, like wives, a certain amount of independence, remember to be affectionate and accept their mysterious unreason, they can prove sturdy workers, will keep your children quiet, will bring you warmth and joy in bed. But marriage is not likely to involve the gasps and tortures, sighs and insecurities, the merry misery that characterize courtship.

The M.A. and Ph.D. have clear and separate functions. Working for his Master's, one is made to see the endlessness of literature and the impossibility of reading it. Then, in a doctoral program, he learns how to deal with it *without* reading it. It was still possible for me to fall in love with a book when I was working for my Master's (and, doctorate well behind me, it is now possible again: second childhood). I remember particularly an obsessive liaison of several weeks with *Moby Dick*, which kept me mumbling at the table and thrashing in my dreams, to the point that Marty would head for the couch when she saw me reading that book at bedtime. Such an affair involves very little pleasure in the usual sense. It is more like wrestling with an angel, a wild, dreamy tangle with air, in which every idea, every attitude, every emotion is dislodged and twisted till you wince.

But in his first meeting with his adviser in the doctoral program, the candidate is cured of such reading habits. He is examined, as by a dentist, for gaps. I was so full of gaps it was hard for either my adviser or me to believe that I had any sound calcium anywhere in my head. Now, as it is patently impossible to fill all these gaps, one must be fitted, as it were, with false teeth. I began acquiring the elaborate bridgework which would enable me, three years later, to frighten any freshman with my gleaming incisors.

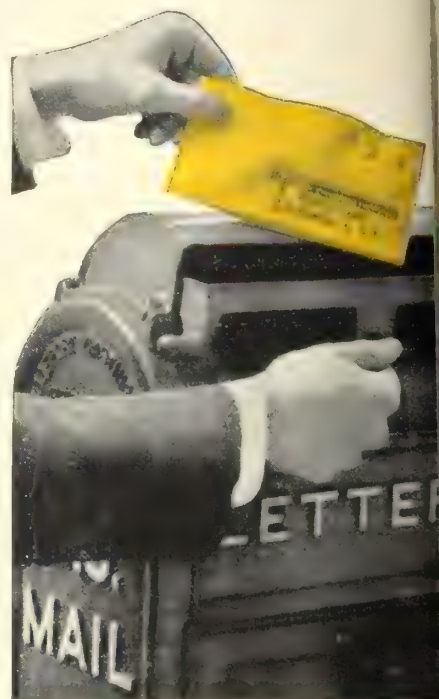
In such a program one stops reading altogether. Oh, your eyes are

continually going over print, but this print never demands, as any true experience of reading demands, that you imaginatively create for yourself vivid experience. For example, the class is assigned to read Pope's *Moral Essays* and to write a paper on one of the Epistles. An afternoon in the library enables me to scan every relevant article in the journals. I become aware of each commentator's approach. I trace the history of the poem's various editions, follow down the biographies of every person Pope may have been alluding to, master the kinds of architecture, conventions of taking snuff, views of the vapors and conduct of clouded canes. Now I am prepared for any questions which may come up in class. The paper itself requires me to know how to weigh evidence and, above all, imitate the arch tone of mannerly mutual mutilation which characterizes what is termed "publishable" writing, publishable, that is, in the scholarly journals. I actually wrote such a paper and was praised for it, though I never got around to Pope's poem. I have it on the shelf behind me and seriously intend to read it one of these days.

One reads—or "covers" is a better term—the same things over and over, having time for nothing else. I remember particularly Arthur O. Lovejoy's *The Great Chain of Being*, a forbidding book bound like a sturdy ledger. Just as a child keeps starting the Bible over and over at *Genesis*, I read the first twenty pages of that book in connection with nearly every graduate course I took, though I never finished it (or the Bible). Meanwhile, of course, I had never read (and still haven't) Homer, Virgil, Dante, Goethe, Tolstoi.

This last summer, idle because of a broken leg, I read a borrowed copy of *Wuthering Heights*—and was so thrilled and tormented by it I thought I had regained my youth. Having no adequate library at hand, I haven't the least idea what I am supposed to think about it. (Do others, as Miss Brontë and I do, consider Ellen Dean the real villainess?) If Heathcliff is modeled upon some parish priest of West Riding, I am happily unaware of the fact. I am

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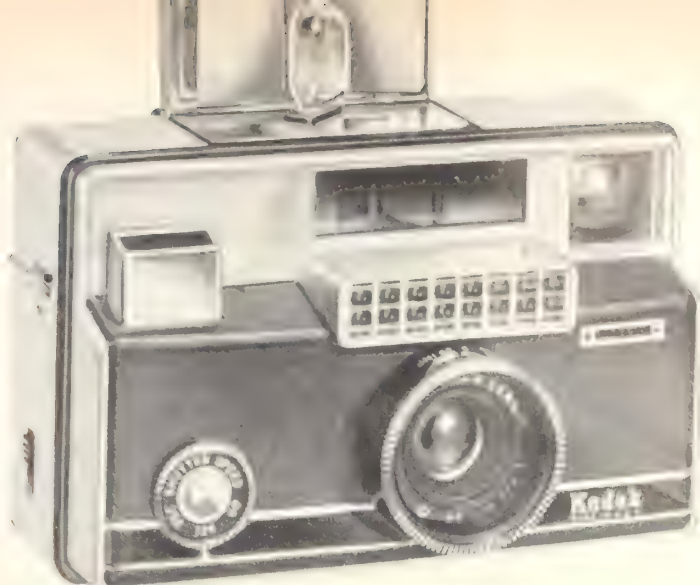
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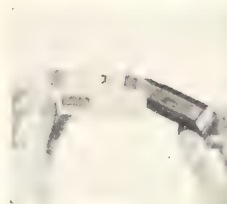


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not even sure, without looking, which sister wrote the book. My nine-year-old daughter, those same tropical days, was curled across the room in her chair reading *Huckleberry Finn*, and I felt how childish, how delightful it was to be reading this book all ignorantly and innocently, more or less the way the author intended it to be read.

As a graduate student I began acquiring my library, roaming for hours the dusty dark passageways of secondhand bookshops. My motive was coverage, not pleasure or interest. With fellow graduate students I would go for hours tracing my finger down the shelves as a kind of exercise in bibliography. I wanted my library, compounded of yellowing nineteenth-century editions in unreadable type, to be balanced, representative, an imitation in little of the university library, rather than a reflection of the byways into which reading and thought had led me.

Also, of course, it was important not to have any of the *wrong* things, and to know infallibly which these were. Marty, as her dowry, brought into our marriage a copy of Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*, which I hope to read some day. We kept it secretly. Had a fellow student seen it (and, naturally, upon entering another's dwelling one always went sniffing along his bookshelves first off, like a dog getting acquainted), he would have pulled it out with vicious glee and I would explain it was a gift from Mother. "Well," he would acknowledge, "it's the only good book Maugham ever wrote." I would understand, of course, that this did not mean he had read it or anything else by Maugham. He was not expressing an opinion but giving me a footnote assuring me he had checked the standard authorities.

The inhumane atmosphere surrounding the study of humane letters in graduate school shows itself in these monstrous libraries that begin extending themselves on bricks and boards all along the hallways and around the living rooms where graduate students dwell. This library, transported from one seedy apartment to another, and then in lieu of furniture or other pos-ns, along to the faculty

house provided when the damp-eared Ph.D. goes to his first instructorship; growing now as the free examination copies of texts begin accumulating (the teacher, these days, making fewer and fewer trips to secondhand bookstores, which, anyway, are disappearing); his shelves bristling now with shiny quality paperbacks, as every book he studied for his prelims is published in enormous editions and packaged for sale in drugstores; the lower shelves burgeoning with children's books, cheesy, thin, colorful, cluttering; and the whole monumental library capped, finally, on the evening of his first real literary cocktail party when he comes home flushed and exuberant and puts on the shelf (properly categorized) two or three copies of his own first book (a slim volume of poetry, or his dissertation reworked and published on Ford money by a university press); this library, fattening like a beast, is his diploma. We no longer put our sheepskins on the wall; we no longer use the Doctor with which we are entitled to grace our names. Instead, we have this thousand-pound symbol, like a totem, covering the wall of the living room, hanging portentously over the heads of students invited in for an evening seminar, or over unlettered guests who come for an evening of poker, or over the bluejeaned gal from next door who, bending over her mid-morning coffee, may look past the professor's wife and think: *you married this!*

Graduate school can pursue one now to the most out-of-the-way college hamlet or Virgin Isle. There are three bookstores on St. Thomas, and one may pick up Johan Huizinga's *The Waning of the Middle Ages* or the latest translation of St. John of the Cross in paperback. Staring crisply, self-righteously, at me from the shelves are all those books I have fled these thirteen years, books which I fluently recommend to undergraduates, books such as those by Maud Bodkin and Erich Auerbach, books I would rather eat, shredded, for breakfast, than read. As I sit down in the evening with a novel by Muriel Spark (borrowed), my own shelves, now aching with books which were never available in the old days, glare down at me as might a committee of examiners.

There stands Marty now, an akimbo, looking at those majestic ranks of the literature of the world. She is not well-acquainted with the classification system, I condescendingly realize, so I ask what she is looking for. A neighbor is sick and wonders whether we have anything to read. She looks a few minutes at the shelves and shrugs. No, we have nothing to read.

And the horror of it is, I know exactly what she means. If I want to read something, I go pick it up at the bookstore, sidling guiltily past the slippery faces of Reich and Jellison and Hayek and Carnap; those twirling stands where readable junk is kept. Or I borrow the book from my neighbor, whose library was built more in whimsy, interest, and love. When I finish I'll return the borrowed book or throw the purchased one away, for it really has no place on the shelves beside Kafka and Caroline Spurgeon.

Lest I sound anti-intellectual, I assure you that under the right circumstances I find I still *can* read, even my own books. A couple of months ago I had a bout with *The Brothers Karamazov* (which I never got around to reading while I was being educated). It set me to writhing at night just as *Moby Dick* once did. It was a naked encounter, wild, relentless, intoxicating, crushing, and I emerged a wiser man. I don't even mind books about books, really. Not long ago I read Bradley on *Shakespearean Tragedy* for the first time, having been superciliously dismissing it for years and warning students against Bradleyism. I was gripped—and astonished to find a literary critic (of a bygone era, to be sure) who seemed actually to care about *people*, who, like Dickens, loved their bumps and wrinkles, the mystery of personality. . . .

But there I go again. Someone taught me to comment that way about Dickens instead of really reading him. Come to think of it, if he is as good as Bradley, maybe I'll read, say, *David Copperfield* or *Bleak House* (which I always have recommended). I will, if I can find a copy. I wonder if Dickens is out in paperback. I wonder if my neighbor has any in the attic. I wonder if I could check out some Dickens from the public library, without being seen.



WASHINGTON INSIGHT

by Joseph Kraft

The National Committees: Time to Modernize?

Who really runs the major political parties and who does the work . . . What they do about money and how they face the coming convention battles.

Dennis Brogan once observed that on the national scale American politics were characterized by "an aura of the temporary, if not quite the amateurish." Nothing proves the point better than those chief repositories of continuity and professionalism in national politics—the Republican and Democratic National Committees. For even now, as they enter their moment of convention glory, it is plain that the status of the Committees is low to the point of being negligible.

Formally, to be sure, they have serious responsibilities. They set up the conventions for nomination of the Presidential candidates. They provide the basic organizational nucleus

for the Presidential campaigns. They are a focal point for the various state leaders who, as national committeemen and committeewomen, comprise the membership of the Committees. In season and out, moreover, before the captains and the kings foregather in convention, and after they retire on election day, the National Committees work to fill the party coffers and to make bright the party image. They are a principal element of stability in American politics—the thread that maintains party life between conventions.

Even so, nobody takes them very seriously. Kennedy and Nixon in 1960 both worked outside the National Committees through personal campaign managers. At present, both National Chairmen are unpaid officials with heavy outside commitments. While such outfits as the Junior League and the Jewish War Veterans maintain homes of their

own in Washington, the National Committees are housed (check by check with accountants and manufacturers' representatives in office buildings distinguished only for being undistinguished).

Federal patronage, which used to be meat and drink to the Committees, is down from 150,000 jobs available when James Farley served Roosevelt as National Chairman, to less than three thousand. By corporate standards—or even by union, academic, or foundation standards—the Committee budgets are measly: about a million dollars annually. So are the personnel rolls: less than a hundred regular full-time employees for each Committee. When the Democratic National Committee, not long ago, asked the hundred state committeemen and women to supply personal biographies, only half bothered to reply. A veteran politician formerly in the White House says flatly of the Committees, "They ought to be abolished." And Meade Alcorn, Republican National Committee Chairman in the Eisenhower regime, once described the job as "the least appreciated, most abused, and most harassed . . . in the country."

The reason for the abuse, harassment, and lack of appreciation is not exactly mysterious. The National Committees are in the worst of all institutional circumstances: they have responsibility, but no power. They are functions of other, and more commanding, presences. To be specific, when the party is out of the White House, the National Committee tends to be the plaything of the Congress. When the party is on top, the National Committee tends to be the plaything of the White House. And rarely has that general pattern been more fully expressed than at present.

Where Miller Stands

The Republican National Chairman, William E. Miller, is actually a Congressman from western New York State. Before going to the Committee, he was chairman of the Republican Congressional campaign committee which is concerned chiefly with the election and reelection of U.S. members of the House. When he moved to the National Committee, Miller brought with him an executive director, his 61-year-old son from the Con-

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gressional committee, William Warner. Miller freely acknowledges that the National Committee, in the words of a recent official pamphlet, takes "its policy cues from party leaders on Capitol Hill." As chairman of the Platform Committee for the San Francisco convention next month, he has designated another Congressman, Mel Laird of Wisconsin. It is a special joy to Miller that he continues to cooperate with the current chairmen of the Congressional and Senatorial campaign committees. "That's one troika," he says, "that works well."

Theoretically, the National Committee is supposed to be neutral among candidates for the Presidential nomination. Chairman Miller has certainly not shown flagrant bias; he has made available at the Committee headquarters liaison facilities for all candidates, and it is at least thinkable that he could become manager for whatever Republican wins in San Francisco. But there is an unmistakable direction to the Committee's recent activity. As a principal effort, it has stressed Operation Dixie, designed to build up the Republican party organization in the eleven states of the South. It has also pushed a big-city program, designed to cut down Democratic majorities in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, and Newark, New Jersey. That happens to be the exact victory formula for the one man from Capitol Hill prominent among Republican aspirants for the nomination—Senator Barry Goldwater. Moreover, the emphasis on the South is of particular interest to Congressional Republicans as a means of reinforcing their troops. In the 1962 elections, the GOP added five Southern Congressional seats to the six held in the past. In the South this year, Miller sees "no reason why we should not pick up at least an additional ten to fifteen new members in the House and also at least two United States Senators."

The grip of the Congress is equally apparent in the literature put out by the Republican National Committee, notably in *Battle Line*, the party's bimonthly publication. In the August 15, 1963, issue, five of the first six items involved Congressional doings. Stylistically, *Battle Line* goes in, not for the broad statements on

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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

basic issues that are appropriate Presidential politics, but for kind of Dow-Jones English (snap one-liners without definite article) that marks the Congressional approach.

An issue of *Battle Line* last September, for example, had this analysis of the trade negotiations between the United States and the Common Market: "American producers insist that had Administration used brinkmanship instead of chickenmanship, the poultry crisis with Common Market would not have ensued." And he is a not atypical rebuke to the President from a recent number: "Presidential conveyances include: 10 helicopters, 3 extra jet-liners, one 4-engine DC 6 B, a 21-foot Lincoln Continental and 3 extra family cars, 3 yachts and a racing yawl, plus a private railroad car (ask not what your country can do for you)."

White House Domination

On the Democratic side, the influence of the Presidency is, if anything, even more pronounced. Except for the publicity director, Sam Brigham, every major officer at the National Committee was put in place by President Kennedy or President Johnson.

Chairman John Bailey is a particularly good example of White House domination. An old political pro from Connecticut, with a thriving insurance business, Bailey served before the 1960 convention as an ambassador from the young men around Kennedy to the older men in the big-city organizations. As Chairman, he allowed the chief political business to flow along the same lines—that is, around him, from the Kennedy young men to the big-city organizations. Insofar as the Kennedy men have been replaced or downgraded, more business seems to be handled by the National Committee—but chiefly by Cliff Carter, an old Texas hand who has been placed at Bailey's side by Johnson.

The two principal pieces of business emphasized by the Committee both bear the stamp of Presidential initiative. One is a registration drive designed to get out the vote in heavily Democratic districts in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and California. Though only feebly endorsed by the regular or-



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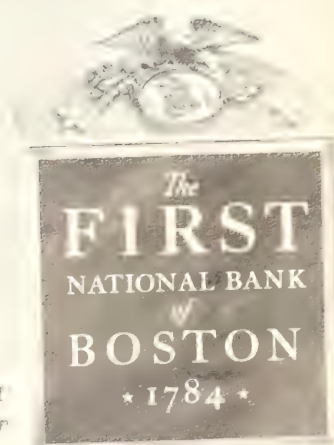


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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

ganizations, which always fear that a broadening of the electorate may upset their control, it was undertaken at the express direction of President Kennedy and placed in charge of one of the chief Kennedy lieutenants in the successful 1960 fight in West Virginia, Matt Reese. To appeal to the same big-city clientele, President Kennedy also initiated a vigorous drive to find government jobs for Negroes. As director of the Minorities Division, Louis Martin, former publisher of the *Chicago Defender*, has pursued the Kennedy mandate with a vengeance. Thanks in large measure to his insistence, Negroes have for the first time found posts in the higher reaches of the federal judiciary, in the sub-Cabinet, and as United States Attorneys. "Hell," Martin says, "I even had a candidate for Secretary of State."

The Committee's publicity work, of course, has been entirely harnessed to the Presidential interest. Gone is the snappy little tabloid monthly, *The Democratic Digest*, that had so much fun spoofing the Eisenhower regime. Its replacement is a bimonthly four-page newspaper, *The Democrat*, which features longish programmatic articles, centering on the doings of the President, and as light in tone as the business section of the *New York Times*. A fair idea of the emphasis is expressed in these headlines culled from *The Democrat* over the last few months:

LBJ ASKS HEALTH ACTION
LBJ AFFIRMS CONSUMER RIGHTS
LBJ GOAL: BETTER DEAL
3200 HERALD LBJ IN MIAMI
LBJ: "WAR ON POVERTY"

To cite the record of what the National Committees do, is only to make glaringly apparent what they don't do. The Democratic National Committee has not only made no contribution toward harmonizing the view of its Southern and Northern wings, it has also sat by helplessly while tensions developed between the big-city organizations and their normal allies in labor, liberal, and minority groups in even such small and unimportant states as New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and California.

For its part, the Republican National Committee has done almost

nothing to evolve a comprehensive program on national and international issues which can appeal to independent voters in cities and suburbs where GOP Congressmen do not necessarily run well.

The failure of the Committees to tackle these problems has been a source of pain to at least some political scientists in the country. The academics lay at the door of the Committees part of the blame for the muddying of party lines in the country, and for the parties' consequent inability to establish discipline, notably in the Congress. They claim that the time is ripe for the development of clean lines, distinguishing the parties on a national basis. They point out first that American society is gradually being homogenized, and that accordingly appeals on national issues are becoming decisive even in state and city elections. They argue further that professional techniques are making it possible to organize much of the administrative work of politics on a professional basis, susceptible of direction from party headquarters.

Mark Hanna Is Gone

The point has undoubted merit and there are evident some signs of movement by both National Committees toward assuming professional responsibilities on a national scale. The myriad problems of national conventions—tickets, badges, housing, transportation—have been almost completely rationalized: the Republican convention in San Francisco will be managed by Mrs. Josephine Good, a veteran of a dozen years in convention arrangement; for the Democrats the job has been entrusted to Leonard Reinsch, who first began organizing conventions back in 1944.

Party financing has advanced light-years from the days when Mark Hanna, for the Republicans, and John J. Raskob, for the Democrats, raised money from friends on the basis of a purely personal appeal. The chief fund-raising device at present is the highly organized dinner or gala. The take from these affairs can amount to several hundred thousand dollars a night. The Democrats, in 1961 and 1962, centralized these ceremonies to the point of abandoning such dinners for Senatorial and

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

gressional campaigns, with the National Committee doling out monies to the candidates from the receipts of the gala. The Republican National Committee has launched a sustain-member program, based on individual contributions of \$10 a head. It netted more than a million dollars last year.

There has even been some progress toward a role for the National Committees in blocking out positions on major issues. Under National Chairman Paul Butler, in the late 1950s, the Democratic Advisory Council, including such non-Congressional luminaries as Adlai Stevenson, Dean Acheson, and Averell Harriman, regularly issued full-blown position papers on the principal public questions. A Republican group, the Critical Issues Council under Milton Eisenhower, began last month to undertake the same job for the GOP.

Mere Conveniences?

Still, these are only faint beginnings, and they have met resistance at every turn. The Democratic Advisory Council was scrapped when the Kennedy Administration came to power. As a gauge of good relations with the Hill, Lyndon Johnson allowed the Congressional and Senatorial campaign dinner to go on last March. Chairman Miller and most of his staff have been anything but enthusiastic over the work of the Critical Issues Council. For the fact of the matter is that both parties are hidebound and old-fashioned. They have not really adjusted to the possibilities of making issues more national and techniques more professional.

It may be expected that, for years to come, the National Committees will remain mere conveniences. And if the spectacle they present is unenlightening, if it means confusion and waste, and no clean articulation of party principles, there is an offsetting gain. For the very weakness of the central party structures is a near-guarantee that new blood will continue to enter the system. Both parties hold out standing invitations to conquest by the newcomers and outsiders who from Lincoln through Wilson and the two Roosevelts to Kennedy have been the true glory of American political life.



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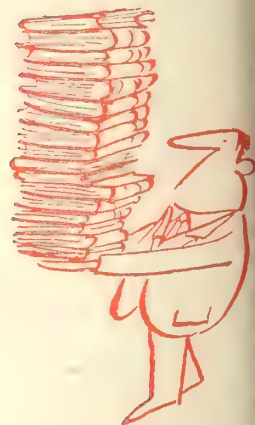
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The Need for Watering Places

by Benjamin DeMott

Everything in its place, was the 'twenties' motto: Larks in Life, Agony in Art. And, judging from the record, many writers took the motto perfectly straight. Happy or otherwise on the beaches, slopes, and courts, novelists specialized at their desks in breakdowns and defeats of ambition. Critics harped on pain and "imagination of disaster." And the master-poem of the age shuddered at the sight of a crocus and worried itself sick about Drought. Long before the real droughts and disasters began occurring, in sum, it was clear that people bent on litry eminence were obliged to teach their talents (not their bodies) to shun fun.

That the author of *A Moveable Feast* (Scribner, \$4.95, photographs), a memoir of Paris pleasures, made light of this obligation can't, in candor, be argued. Hemingway's novels abound in agony—mean minds, wounds, and worse; and students long ago learned how to read a death wish in practically every good story he told. Still, it is undeniable that Eden does have a place in his work. Time and again, Hemingway set heroes and heroines down in a holiday world of pure simplicity and innocence, and more than once they could be seen actually enjoying themselves. Robert Jordan's "rabbit" creeping in bliss in her wedding shirt into the warm Spanish cave; Nick Adams on the quiet banks of Big Two-Hearted River; Jake and Bill knocking back chilled wine by the Rio de la Fabrica; Frederic and Catherine laughing in the Swiss "inn in the trees" at Bains

de l'Alliaz above Montreux—these people, whatever their futures, are at the moments named having a time.

Nor are their satisfactions "merely" physical. Released into utopia, they manage to form communities out of waiters and passing strangers—assemblages which, though tiny and short-lived, are sweetly harmonious and wildly profligate with merriment. ("I say. You don't know what it meant to me to have you chaps up here," says the nice Englishman to Jake and Bill at Burguete in *The Sun Also Rises*—and a dozen sideliners in Hemingway's books echo the speech.) The point at stake, which is that few twentieth-century novelists are richer than this one in evocations of states of happiness, can't be zipped neatly into critic-ese about Hemingway and doom and death, or Hemingway and *anomie* and *Angst*. But it has substance nevertheless. There is just a chance, indeed, that when the sinking time arrives for "Papa's" reputation, it will be his wealth in the courage of pleasure that finally keeps him afloat.

Readers with a feeling for Hemingway as a master of revels will find little to surprise them in the work at hand. The book's period is 1921 to 1926, and, for reasons that are convincing even when abstractly stated, its quality is that of an idyl. Young Ernest from Illinois is hopeful, energetic, independent. He is impecunious—but in a good cause, that of Literature. His Muse is consistently generous. And, additional advantages, he has commerce both with traditions of his art and with

worthy living practitioners, enjoys a attractive and manageable domestic life, and possesses, besides friend and recreations, an enviable clarity about his own needs and ambitions.

But this is an abstract rehearsal of blessings; *A Moveable Feast* demands a different sort of account. For the book is a bill of particulars first of all; the writer is laying down The Facts. He lays down facts about his dwelling place: 74 rue Cardinal Le-moine on the Montagne Ste. Geneviève, six flights up, two rooms, heated by fireplace, no hot water or inside toilet, furnished with mattress and springs, table and chairs, cheerful pictures, wife, infant son, and cat. He lays down facts about food and drink: "little radishes and good *foie du veau* with mashed potatoes and an endive salad," apple tarts, *goujon* (fish pulled from the Seine, "plump and sweet-fleshed with a finer flavor than fresh sardines . . . not at all oily"), oysters, *crabe mexicaine*, roasted chestnuts, *mandarines*, "fresh peaches and wild strawberries in a tall glass pitcher with ice," light beer, dark beer, Beaune, Muscadet, Sancerre, kirsch, liqueurs "made from purple plums, yellow plums, or wild raspberries." There are names of approved restaurants, cafés, and authors (Lawrence, Dostoevski, Tolstoi, Chekhov, Stendhal, and Turgenev among the latter). There are specifications concerning a dozen kinds of local recreation—races at Auteuil, pictures at the Musée du Luxembourg (Cézannes, Monets, Manets), books at Sylvia Beach's

A brilliant beacon light in the dim gray landscape of the historical novel."

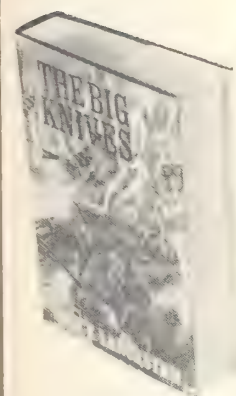
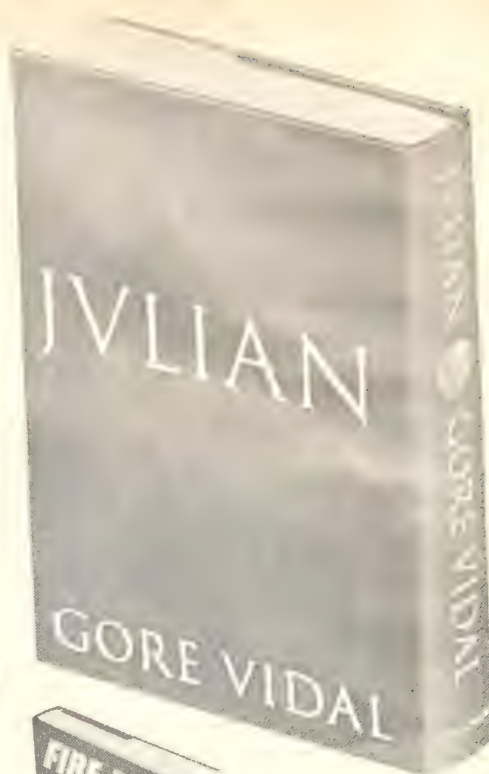
—LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

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The novel sweeps across Europe from Rome to Constantinople when the Empire was at the apogee of its glory, with all its pomp, intrigue, cruelty, decadence and ferment. In this enthralling panorama the reader follows Julian from his youth, living under the threat of the Emperor who murdered his father and his brother, to his own triumph as general and as Emperor in Constantinople. There, Julian, long a pagan in secret, confronts the heads of the Christian Church with the challenge of paganism—an Empire-shaking duel which the Emperor himself describes with wit and fire.

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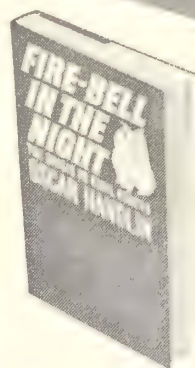
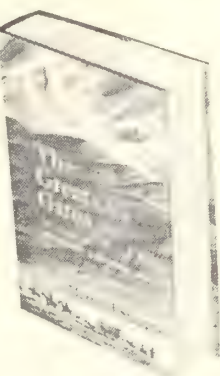


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Shakespeare and Company shop. (Out-of-town pleasures are also mentioned: hiking in Italy, skiing in Austria.)

And then beyond all this there are glimmerings of human qualities—the stuff that binds such objects and tastes and activities into something approximating coherence. One quality is confidence or will. (Resolved to win at the track, young Ernest wins. Resolved to persuade his wife into a change of domicile, he has only to name the place—"I think it would be wonderful," says the lady. "When should we leave?") Another quality, awkward yet impressive in this rendering, is responsiveness to others. Young Ernest accepts domestic responsibilities—makes the formula on occasion, gives a morning bottle to the baby; he also undertakes to serve friends. ("I campaigned energetically" to raise funds to support T. S. Eliot as a poet. "... My happiest dreams in those days were of seeing

[him] stride out of the bank as a free man.") And the most visible quality, predictably, is the capacity for perky, unprotected affection:

"We'll come home and eat here and we'll have a lovely meal and drink Beaune. . . . And afterwards we'll read and then go to bed and make love."

"And we'll never love anyone else but each other."

"No. Never."

"My," she said. "We're lucky."...

"We're always lucky," I said....

Sadly, luck held no better on Ste. Geneviève than in the first Eden. Spitefulness appeared in the persons of Gertrude Stein and Wyndham Lewis. Fatuity appeared in the person of Ford Madox Ford. Stupidity and appalling sexual anxiety appeared in the person of Scott Fitzgerald. (The rise of the latter's stock during the 'fifties seems to have shaken Hemingway; his version of Fitzgerald breathes not condescen-

sion but hatred.) And at length young Ernest himself fell from the firmament. "The rich," squatting at ear like Satan at Eve's, teased out of virtue into infidelity ("things truly wicked start from innocence"). An "unmarried young woman" moved into his house; "it [was] stimulating and it [was] on that way for a while," but in the end—alas and wellaway....

As is evident, *A Moveable Feast* is a sentimental book. The voice that speaks in it, moreover, is the sloppy avuncular voice which, as early as *Farewell to Arms*, lent an air of self-parody to Hemingway's work. ("Paris was never to be the same again, although it was always Paris and yet changed as it changed" etc.) And the view of experience is practically weightless. (Original sin turns out to be a rich man's disease. Evil is what other people do. And belief in twentieth-century industrial metropolises as a great happy valley for all is a sign not of nasty obliviousness but of lovable innocence.) Here, as often elsewhere in his writing, the Nobel prize-winner retreats to a time made simple by the loss of details, steps "back out of all this too much for us," and trusts a fantasy to make him whole beyond confusion. And here as elsewhere, the evidence indicates that such retreats are at once less instructive and interesting when puffed out with cotton-candy nostalgia and tears than when trimmed in decent irony, after the manner of Robert Frost.

But if the meal in *A Moveable Feast* isn't transportable—is, in truth, rather sticky and stale, an affair of flyblown frosting and melting molded minarets—it is, nevertheless, a monument of a kind: a memorial to Appetite. And such memorials have their uses. They preserve the ideas of simplicity and freshness as well. No doubt the "proper" way to like Hemingway is in a carefully restrained vein, as Henry James liked Matthew Arnold—"with an affection that is proof against anything [the man] may say or do, and proof also against taking him too seriously." But the Eden for which the author of *The Sun Also Rises* boyishly, likably yearned had, in his best glimpses of it, a luring power—the power to coax people out of habitual states of complex non-feeling into the embarrassing sim-

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Every business or profession has its cherished traditions, plus some that aren't so cherished. The book world is no exception, and one of our most tenacious conventions is now upon us: Summer Reading.

It's one of those imprecise terms that lasts, I suspect, simply because no one can pin it down. Summer Reading seems usually to include books—mostly novels—that don't ask you to go right out and change the world in an afternoon. Beyond that, it's every reader for himself.

My own definition, while vague, is at least useful: if I can point to a book and say, "I want to read it this summer," then it's Summer Reading. The book I'm pointing to right now is a new novel by Desmond Bagley called "The Golden Keel."

It's a suspense novel in the best Alistair MacLean-Hammond Innes vein, but Mr. Bagley, an Englishman transplanted to South Africa, is a distinctly individual talent. His story concerns a lost treasure—Mussolini's private cache, vanished at the end of World War II—and the three men who set out to track it down.

"The Golden Keel" has derring-do, high (and low) adventure, a beautiful girl, the afore-mentioned treasure, and a smashing, garrison finish on the high seas—involving one of the suavest villains ever to disgrace a quarterdeck.

I really don't know what is especially summery about "The Golden Keel," but if a number of cold chills are what you need, then Mr. Bagley's tale should do the trick magnificently.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Golden Keel (\$4.95) by Desmond Bagley is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 14 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 10005.

THE NEW BOOKS

plicity of desire. To forget it altogether would be too much like forgetting youth itself.

Outdoor Parties

The grownups least likely to forget are those famously perfervid partisans of simplicity and innocence, namely the outdoor men. And this tribe currently has other items to offer besides Hemingway's notes on his youth—witness George Millar's *Oyster River* (Knopf, \$5.95) and Vilhjalmur Stefansson's *Discovery* (McGraw-Hill, \$6.50). The latter work is the posthumously published autobiography of the Arctic explorer and anthropologist; it celebrates the thesis that to know another culture you must approach it from within, and it mocks the narrow ungenerous spirit which turns truth seekers into prestige-maddened titans of Research. A gifted scientist-adventurer, Stefansson was never without clear correlatives for his inward feeling for primitive purity—supper in an Eskimo hut, say, during which steaming blood soup is drunk from bone cups in a ceremony of fraternal acceptance. But experience of the latter kind figures less in this work than do tales of run-ins with expeditionary and federal bureaucracies, and too often the edge of immediacy is blunted by garrulous blandness. For a living likeness of a scientist in process of freshening his soul by contact with elemental reality, *My Life with the Eskimo* remains the best book of Stefansson's to read.

Oyster River, a spiky but entertaining production, is the log of a cruising summer (the boat is a fifty-foot yawl) spent on the river Auray and the Gulf of Morbihan, an inland sea that forms a hundred miles of the coast of Brittany. The book celebrates good peasants, good food, and good teak and gear. And it mocks boats that aspire to the condition of Pontiacs, sailors whose seamanship is pure gas, and style-less Algerian rebels (a pair of these, coveting Millar's boat, made nuisances of themselves on the water for the whole of a sailing season).

Millar, no scientist but a clever observer of foreign oddities, has a lovely broad range of doings behind him. Before setting up as yachtsman-author, he was an archi-

tect, reporter, deckhand, prisoner, war, parachutist, saboteur, and horse trainer. And although this experience has made him arrogant, it has also sharpened his Scottish clarity (Like Stefansson's, his concept of purity and simplicity is a matter of sensations: purity is what is heard on a yawl at the moment the auxiliary is shut off.) If your acquaintance includes a reading salt—more than a few salts are readers—the price of *Oyster River* might be counted on to buy you deck space for several day-sailing weekends and no yard bill to worry about in October.

Third Field

Bills are the items that come to mind when the search for elemental reality and the roots of uncalculated joy are brought up. Full pension for three, with a maid for the baby, on the Hemingways' Austrian skiing idyl ran as high as two dollars a day, and the first Arctic expeditions were comparably cheap. But time, as the phrase is, effects changes, and at the moment the approach to purity is among the more expensive toll roads of the world. (Millar's elemental little craft cost sixty grand.)

And then there is a further complication or paradox: some men who can afford high tolls toward simplicity find that the very act of paying them only adds to the wretched clutter of their lives.

The hero of Stephen Becker's *Marshall Field III* (Simon and Schuster, \$7.50) was such a man. The first reasonably long-lived inheritor of the great Chicago merchandising estate, Field proved himself an excellent steward; the estate expanded as a consequence of his labors as an investment banker and publisher. But the stewardship wasn't the instrument by which this Croesus, escaping the prison of abstraction, put himself in touch with realities of his own and other men's being. In his young manhood Field played at the pursuits favored by Spontaneity-worshippers who happen to be well-fixed. He raised horses, Labradors, Guernseys; he read Surtees; he went game-hunting in Kenya; he created a pastoral kingdom on a thousand or so acres of Lloyds Neck.

But in the mid-1930s these games

THE NEW BOOKS

er given over. Field embarked on a career in philanthropy—child welfare, race relations were the specialties—and public-service publishing. *Field and the Chicago South*; its primary aim was to recover for the philanthropist both a discipline and a cash of life. The story of the recovery, as told here, is a remarkable tale of deliberated self-purification. Field acted on the unsentimental assumption that by regarding his riches as a social instrument whose management demanded moral as well as intellectual muscle, he not only could establish himself as "worthy of three square meals a day" but could achieve a fresher sense of personal being than any dog-breeding poloist attains. And the sequel proved him right. The present biographer likes his man and clues him sensibly; he also respects the scope of the larger subject in his hands (the complex fate of being a rich American), and writes a pleasantly brisk, clear-brained English.

Rat-racers, Bird-watchers

As Marshall Field III Everyman? In the general human struggle for innocence of heart and assurance of fundamental order, it is hard to see aim as such. Rich men can beguile themselves, in office or factory, with thoughts of altering the scene as well as themselves. But, as the studies of daily labor assembled in Peter L. Berger's *The Human Shape of Work* (Macmillan, \$5.95) suggest, few men of ordinary means see possibilities for pliancy in their working lives, and none dream of recovering innocence on the job.

The studies in question focus on the "work situations" of corporation managers, janitors, engineering technicians, assembly-line workers, and others. Their obviously striking feature is the frequency with which workers at every level, menial or managerial, define themselves as victims. The book's prime claim to notice, though, is a superbly intelligent report on admen by a writer named Ian Lewis. Taking as his theme the forms of "virtuosity in fraud" taught and learned in agencies, this observer speaks with easy, unhectored moral authority; some of his paragraphs have an eighteenth-century precision and wit. The inclusion of this essay lends distinction

of style as well as thought to an odd interesting book.

Supersubtle, manipulative rationalization is, according to Mr. Lewis, the chief agent in the corrosion of simplicity and innocence among the standard "account" groups of the day. And the past and future of exactly this mode of thought is the key subject of Erich Kahler's new book, *The Meaning of History* (Bradley, \$5). A work that asks and repays meditation, Kahler's treatise is speculative, not descriptive—an argument in the history of ideas, a defense of old-style moral reflection or "reason" as opposed to new-style "functional rationality." Its chief targets aren't admen but logical positivists, existentialists, and other thinkers impressed with the theory that "history has no meaning." In course of chiding these thinkers, however, the author offers much shrewd analysis of moral burdens borne by men left out of Parisian feasts. Everyone who thinks, he claims—not just professionals in a particular craft—suffers nowadays under an enormous weight of partial understandings, unfinished self-justifications, and millionfold bits and snippets of fact—a pressure that wears away the capacity to comprehend wholes. And he warns that when this capacity gives out, "doctrinal or emotional shortcuts" to satisfaction, or retreats into "parochial privacy," are inevitable.

Julian Huxley, whose recent papers are brought together in *Essays of a Humanist* (Harper & Row, \$1.95), is a more ebullient man, and a clearer writer than Erich Kahler. An "evolutionary humanist," he continually reminds his reader that "man is not merely the latest dominant type produced by evolution, but its sole active agent on earth. His duty is to be responsible for the whole future of the evolutionary process on this planet." He speaks with optimism about the chances for a "better understanding and fuller realization of human possibilities." Yet this contentious, sometimes brilliant, sometimes beamish collection is, like Kahler's book, a powerful commentary both on the necessity for, and the danger of, dreams of innocent felicity atop Saint Genevieve's hill.

Huxley often pauses in mid-argument to frown at losses of innocence

PAGE

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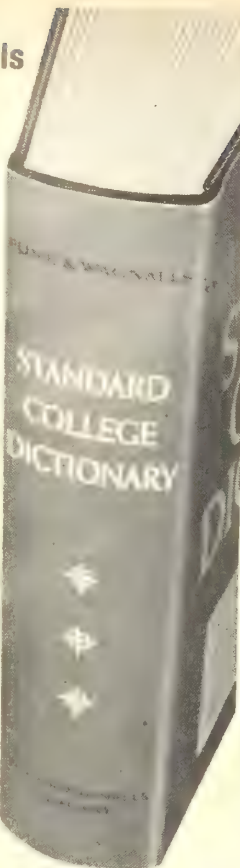
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MORROW

THE NEW BOOKS

traceable to the crowding of nature by mind. A winning piece about professional naturalists at their work in a great nature reserve in southern Spain plays gentle irony over scientific sternness, and ends with a troubled recollection: "When I was a boy, bird-watching was a pleasant pastime. . . ." And throughout the exposition of his beliefs, he returns repeatedly to the human need for watering places of the spirit, root pleasures, and "upward escapes" into a new world "where we make contact with something . . . higher than is to be found in the world of material needs and everyday routine."

New Worlds?

For Huxley the most reliable levitating force on earth is that of art. But fictional art at the moment doesn't greatly strengthen his case. Elizabeth Janeway's *Accident* (Harper & Row, \$5.95), a story of crisis and self-confrontation in a middle-class family, is notable for its taste, narrative ingenuity, and caniness about con-

flicts of generations. But the book props—rebellious Princeton bo philandering Dads, wheeler-dea businessmen—are all too overfamiliar. Jack Gelber's *On Ice* (Macmillan, \$4.95), a Greenwich Village picturesque by the author of *The Connection*, has a few moments of pathos and one or two good jokes. But the employment life of its hero (this is the book's center) is too drab to suggest new worlds. And Alfred Chester's collection of stories, *Behold Goliath* (Random House, \$4.95), though clearly the work of a fictionist whose imagination could turn up real new if allowed, collapses into derangement, homosexual ecstasy, and other matter which "young writers" long ago transformed into routine.

Is depression, therefore, in order? Not really. As the author of *A Moveable Feast* kept insisting, there are other ways out, other "upward escapes," beside those promised by books. And, when June is the name on the calendar, the latter can be lovingly dwelt on with hardly a hint of guilt.

Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Keepers of the House, by Shirley Ann Grau.

In a fictitious Southern state somewhere in the Gulf Coast territory near Louisiana, Miss Grau sets her story of several generations of Howlands. The first one, a Tennessee straggler from Andrew Jackson's army, settled there near the "Providence" River in violent times. (He was killed by Indians; his friends avenged his death to the hilt.) He was the first William Howland. There were three others in direct and indirect descent before the Will Howland who becomes the central male character of this novel. The chief female character, through whose eyes most of the story is told, is his grand-

daughter, Abigail. Will Howland, though a wealthy landowner, lives simply after the death of his young wife, running his mill, farming his acres. Some years later, after the marriage of his daughter, he brings home a young Negro girl who becomes his housekeeper and eventually bears him three children. The story of this relationship and the granddaughter's life at the farm with their children (all of whom, in time, pass for white) is calm and idyllic, moving slowly as a dream, yet approaching, one feels, an inevitable climax.

When Abigail marries a politically ambitious young lawyer (the time is now very much the present) the family story is revealed, and violence of a particularly vengeful kind reappears. It is impossible to describe

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ss Grau's genius for developing relationships, the story growing from m, and their ability to change the e of her narrative. It starts very wly so that one reads as if on the et edges of a whirlpool into whose illess center she finally sweeps e with relentless speed. A fine per- rformance.

Knopf, \$1.95

The Blind Heart, by Storm Jameson. In a small Mediterranean town in e south of France, the Greek Aris- le Michal, once poor, now as he nears sty is master chef of a good hotel. e has lived there for years with a oman whom he has loved but never arried and a boy whom he picked up e the side of the road after the war d calls his son. As the story opens is life is reaching a climax, though e doesn't know it. He has a chance o buy the hotel and draws out his ivings. In the midst of the transac- on he goes to Germany to help a oung French widow, who spent the ar in a concentration camp, in the ecovery of her twelve-year-old son ho was taken from her at birth by German couple. She wins her case ut the boy hates her and can't bear o leave his foster-parents whom he onsiders his own. Aristide brings ome the unhappy mother and son, eveling guiltily in the thought of his own contentment with his family- hat-is-not-a-family. He gets home to ind a cataclysmic situation which tests to its very limit his philosophy of live and let live.

The story of the transplanted Ger- man child, utterly isolated at first in the French town, and of his gradual, grudging assimilation plays a sort of counterpoint to the story of Aristide and his "son," while three or four other local characters press home other peripheral points of view in the basic human argument: How much responsibility does one take for an- other's life; how does one go on if trust is betrayed? But it is first of all a good story, set in a place that comes to be as real as one's own hometown. It leaves one deeply satisfied with the behavior of a man who believes both in the goodness of his senses and in the theory that in using them well and not expecting too much of his fellowmen a certain goodness comes, no matter how often life must start again. A book to read more than once

and find new enrichment each time. Book of the Month for May with Giovanni Guareschi's *Comrade Ivan Camillo*.

Harper & Row, \$3.95

The Night in Lisbon, by Erich Maria Remarque.

Mr. Remarque is the spellbinding minstrel of the displaced persons of two world wars. From the loneliness and despair of hounded people with- out permits to stay or passports to leave he distills the passion that clings to the moment, searching out the meaning of life itself when every- thing else has been taken away. His titles bear this out: *Flotsam*, *Spark of Life*, *A Time to Live and a Time to Die*. This time he tells a story within a story. In the beginning it seems to be about the plight of an anti-Nazi German refugee and his wife who have made their way by the "Via Dolorosa" that reached from Bel- gium to the Pyrenees, from the Pyrenees to Lisbon. Lisbon, that ha- ven where—if the infinite papers were in order and you had the money—it was possible to flee Hitler's Europe (this in 1942 during the Ger- man occupation of France) and take ship for America. The narrator, who has money but no papers even if there were places, stands at night looking out at the ship that is sched- uled to sail next day. As he starts to walk hopelessly away to go back to his wife waiting for news, another refugee comes out of the darkness and gives him tickets and passports, with a condition. It is that he will listen all night while the second man tells his story of flight, imprisonment, torture, but primarily of the strange- ness of love. It is his weird story that takes over. The primary nar- rator becomes unimportant, which is a weakness in the novel but necessary to the author's point. By telling his epic to a stranger, by giving it shape, the night's narrator hopes to give permanence to experiences, moments, faces that already in his own mind, through too much emotion, are be- coming blurred and unreal. Mr. Re- marque, in telling it to us, once more gives permanence and dignity to the refugees' dreadful world-in-flux.

It is in a way familiar, as such exiles' stories are. It is sometimes melodramatic. It is sometimes funny. Beyond the notion that one can pre-



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Harcourt, Brace, \$4.95

Second Skin, by John Hawkes.

This is a novel that is more "interesting," in quotes (odd, unusual, curious), than interesting (absorbing as narrative). Indeed the narrative goes back and forth, forward and back till sometimes the present is hard to find. Yet it has a furious intensity. Scenes of passion, horror, violence usually happen against backgrounds so minutely observed that the inner eye is enlarged almost beyond endurance by the tension between the action and the details around it. It is sensuous and sensual to a degree. And one feels that there are meanings within meanings within meanings to be peeled away.

This is the story of a man called Skipper—or sometimes "Papa Cue Ball"—an American naval officer mutinied against on a ship in the Pacific in World War II. Most of the saga, as it unrolls, takes place during the war, though it flashes back to his childhood and forward to where we leave him—living with a beautiful black girl on a tropic island. Let me give enough of the curious and odd to make my point without spoiling the story. The book is, as I have said, the diary of Skipper, son of an undertaker ("seed of death"). His father, wife, and daughter have all committed suicide. Though present, he seems unable in any crucial situation to make the necessary saving gesture. He seems to walk away from life. Yet he survives a tumultuous, frustrating, and violent past and, as we leave him, seems destined to live happily ever after with a primitive woman whom he shares with his black Army aide and best friend, Sonny, on a primitive island, making his living as an artificial inseminator of cows. Symbols? I should think so.

There are scenes here that are unforgettable: a high-school dance on a winter night in a decadent New England village; a tattooer's shop; a death scene in a brothel; a honeymoon

in a deserted mining town in California; a pregnant black girl lying motionless—and smiling—in the sand, her legs in the scum of a tropical swamp, an iguana's claws clamped in her back. All these moments are "highlights of helplessness" in Skipper's life. The writing weaves its own hypnotic spell:

So the three of us and the baby sat at the foot of the old dazzling grave and Catalina Kate tore into the bread and cut the blood sausage into edible lengths while I broke open the French wine. Thick bread. Black blood sausage. White wine. And propped myself up on Kate's smooth dark rouge-colored young knee and ate, drank, felt the light of the candles on our cheeks.

By the author of *The Goose on the Grave* & *The Owl* and *The Lime Twig*

New Directions, \$4
Paperback, \$1.60

Passion Flowers in Italy, by Rosalind Erskine.

The sexual excitements and near-misadventures of a group of teen-age nymphets (English, American, Italian) in—and out of—a school in Italy. The tone suggests that it's all supposed to be a riot of fun (by the author of *The Passion Flower Hotel*) and some of it is indeed amusing but a little of it goes a long way. The nubile adventuresses always start out breathless and sexually daring, and end up scared or bored. This reader ended up bored.

Simon and Schuster, \$3.95

Non-fiction

Stepchild in the Family: A View of Children in Remarriage, by Anne W. Simon.

This examination of the problems of children in remarriage is written by a woman who is herself a step-grandchild, a stepchild, and a step-mother. Obviously she knows whereof she speaks; obviously believes in the possibility of successful divorce and remarriage; and feels that society's censorious stand on the question (see the chapter on the soft-pedaled, unfestive attitude of the second wedding) is much to blame. But her searching book, well-documented with case histories, shows up human need and weakness wherever it appears in such marriages—in

BOOKS IN BRIEF

others, fathers, stepmothers, and stepfathers—and the children who are so often tyrants and devils as well as victims as they fight for recognition and affection.

There are seven million stepchildren in the U. S.—a fact which in itself makes this a valuable social document. But one chapter in particular is worth reading also in a literary and historical as well as a sociological context—the story of the Cinderella legend which exists in at least five hundred versions and most of the world's languages. (In the Danish version it's galoshes, not a glass slipper, that she leaves behind.) Apparently whatever the props, Cinderella's original creator was dealing with Mrs. Simon, with universal motions.

Odyssey, \$5

Wednesday's Children: A Study of Child Neglect and Abuse, by Leone Young.

"The report of the American Medical Association, July, 1962, stated of child deaths from parental beatings. 'It is likely that it will be found to be a more frequent cause of death than such well recognized and thoroughly studied diseases as leukemia, cystic fibrosis, and muscular dystrophy, and it may well rank with automobile accidents.'"

That is only one of the frightening statements in this quietly frightening book. It is a careful study of a large number of specially chosen case histories of the maltreatment of children by their parents—urban and rural, on all social and economic levels—in an attempt to find in the diverse examples any constants in environment, patterns of background of parents, of behavior of "un-natural" parents toward each other, etc. The author divides the cases into children of neglect and children of abuse and clearly defines what she means. Her examples curdle the blood—from simple starvation (not through poverty) to the most sadistic tortures. Patterns do evolve.

Since these families are almost by definition alienated from the society around them (and almost never approach welfare agencies on their own initiative) this is a plea for greater public understanding and greater professional "accountability" to that understanding if we are to apply pre-

vention as well as help, so often pitifully too little and too late. Dr. Young is Professor of Casework in the School of Social Administration at Ohio State College. Her book in itself is a notable contribution to public understanding through professional accountability.

McGraw-Hill, \$5.95

Peacock Manure and Marigolds: A "No Poison" Guide to a Beautiful Garden, by Janet Gillespie.

Here is one more on nature's side to help the amateur gardener in heeding the late Rachel Carson's warning about poisons in garden dusts and sprays. In the April issue we mentioned Beatrice Trum Hunter's *Gardening Without Poisons*. Now Janet Gillespie not only gives the countdown on good insects *vs.* bad; but from her own experience in a New Hampshire garden and memories of her grandmother's, gives lore about plants that help each other (companionate plantings), management of the soil, pruning, and a hundred other ways to keep the garden healthy without poisons. And she's funny about it too.

Viking, \$3.95

Introduced in Harper's

Selections or adaptations of the following spring books appeared in the magazine before publication.

All in Favor Say No, by Robin White. "Gunfight at the Sure Enough" in our May 1963 issue sets the stage and tone of this novel by the author of *House of Many Rooms* and *Elephant Hill*.

Farrar, Straus, \$4.50

Delights and Prejudices, by James Beard.

Mr. Beard gives us a foretaste of this mouth-watering gastronomical autobiography in "Life at Its Best: Summer Eating on the Oregon Coast" in November 1962.

Algonquin, \$6.95

Pedro Martínez: A Mexican Peasant and His Family, by Oscar Lewis.

Harper's readers first met the protagonist of this anthropological study in "The Familiar Yucatan of Pedro Martínez" in our February 1964 issue. By the author of *The Children of Sánchez*.

Random House, \$8.75

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A canter through the recorded pleasures of a new "Falstaff" and "The Bartered Bride" . . .

When the Metropolitan Opera brought Verdi's *Falstaff* back, in the closing weeks of last season, everybody turned handsprings. The opera was rediscovered (not that it had to be discovered to the connoisseurs), and there was great talk about the all-time trinity of comic operas—*Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Die Meistersinger*, and *Falstaff*. Perhaps this may be the trinity, though it would be a sadder world if Rossini's *Barber of Seville* and Mozart's *Così fan tutte* were lost to us, and a good case could be made for putting Smetana's *Bartered Bride* on the list.

Anyway, two of those six have recently been recorded. Just about the time the Metropolitan was restaging *Falstaff* (not heard there for about fifteen years), Victor came out with a rather impressive recording of the great opera. In the cast were Geraint Evans, the Welsh baritone who was one of the Metropolitan *Falstaffs*, Giulietta Simionetta as Quickly, Ilva Ligabue as Alice, Robert Merrill as Ford, Mirella Freni as Nannetta, and Alfredo Kraus as Fenton. Georg Solti conducted the RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus (Victor LM 6163, mono; LSC 6163, stereo; both 3 discs). Smetana's *Bartered Bride* came out the same month, sung in German by Marcel Cordes as Kruschina, Pilar Lorengar as Marie, Ivan Sardi as Micha, Sieglinde Wagner as Agnes, Karl-Ernst Mercker as Wenzel, Fritz Wunderlich as Hans, and Gottlob Frick as Kezal; and with the RIAS Chamber Chorus

and Bamberg Symphony conducted by Rudolf Kempe (Angel 3642, mono S 3642, stereo; both 3 discs).

One wonders if *Falstaff* will survive last season's hysteria surrounding the Zeffirelli production and the Bernstein musical direction at the Metropolitan Opera. For while *Falstaff* conceivably could be the greatest of all comic operas, it never has been especially popular with audiences, and has been out of the American repertoire much more often than it has been in. Its past history is against its success. Of course, as has been pointed out, the time is ripe for a reassessment of the score, for Verdi has bounced back during the last decade and is being taken more seriously than ever before.

In many respects, *Falstaff* is amazingly modern, and that too may help its cause. If ever an opera was *durchkomponiert*, this is the one—far more than anything outside of Wagner, and infinitely more compressed. Words and music are in perfect equilibrium; and if it can be said that nothing disturbs the flow of the words and the action, it can also be said that the words and the action never disturb the flow of the music.

And what music! Witty, fluent, intensely melodic, yet anti-aria and anti-all of the pre-*Falstaff* trappings. The melodic content may be subtle but it is no less ravishing for that. Anybody who says that *Falstaff* has no melodies is simply not familiar with the score. The orchestration in *Falstaff* is something to be heard and studied with great care. As in so many modern operas, it is the orchestra that comments on the action, that describes the moods. Sometimes the description is of a Mickey Mouse variety, as when the orchestra tinkles

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

ay when Ford shakes his money g. Sometimes it is epochally funny. in the famous sequence when Falstaff trips downstairs, all dolled up and ready for his seduction of Alice Ford. The music goes into an elegant sort of gavotte. Sometimes it is cosmic, as in the yawps and howls ending the first scene of the second act.

No, *Falstaff* cannot be overpraised. It receives a fine performance in the new album. This opera has been fortunate in its interpreters. Toscanini recorded it in toto (RCA LM611). An old Cetra recording led by Mario Cossoli, with Giuseppe Taddei in the title role, had much to offer. More recently there was Herbert von Karajan (Angel 3552), with Tito Gobbi as Falstaff. Gobbi is the greatest living exponent of the role. And now Solti, with Evans.

Not Only a Buffo

The old Toscanini is, of course, irreplaceable. It is the greatest of all performances. But those who want a more modern version, with stereo considerations in mind, will gravitate between von Karajan and Solti. Musically there is much to be said for the former, which has such singers as Gobbi, Schwarzkopf, Alva, Barbieri, and Maffei. The newest version, though, thanks to recent advances in technology, is by far the most realistic in sound. It has unusual depth and presence, and one clearly hears in it details that are never captured in live, over-the-footlights performances. The singing is fine. Evans provides an authoritative Falstaff, one with a good deal of intelligence and even aristocracy. This is welcome. Falstaff is not entirely a buffo role. Merrill makes magnificent sounds as Ford, and the women are fine. The only complaint one might register is that Solti goes about his work with too much tension. The voltage is entirely too high, and seldom—even in the delicious Nannetta-Fenton duet—is there a feeling of relaxation. Otherwise this is a most brilliant album, and also a humdinger example of modern high fidelity.

After listening to *Falstaff*, one finds the Smetana opera a romp in country fields under blue skies. It has not been heard around New York in recent years, though the New

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Poser

Seven minutes is the time allotted for solution of the following problem. In case of need, you will find the answer on page 126).

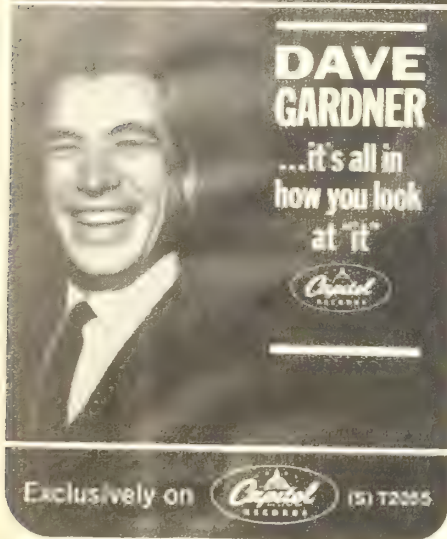
In response to a question about a portrait which hangs on the wall of a room, the following conversation took place: "The father of the person in the portrait is my father's son, and I have no brothers or sisters."

If the responder had given a direct answer, what would it have been?

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Answer to Poser on Page 125

He would have said, "It's a portrait of my daughter."

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

York City Opera used to have it in its repertoire, and smaller groups in the metropolitan area have been staging it. Naturally it has to be done in translation. In its original Czech it is called *Prodana Nevesta*. Germans know it as *Die verkaufte Braut*. To us, of course, it is *The Bartered Bride*.

Smetana composed it in 1863 and it had its premiere three years later. Rapidly it became virtually the Czech national opera and then part of the international repertoire. It is an unflawed masterpiece. Of course it echoes the folk music of Smetana's Bohemia, and thus has an exotic quality. But there is more to it than nationalism. Its libretto is peopled with attractive characters, its workmanship is impeccable, it has color and charm, it never goes in for a cheap effect, and its melodic content is distinguished. What good, clean fun *The Bartered Bride* is! Even the half-wit character of Wenzel is treated by Smetana with a good deal of sympathy and compassion.

Czech vs. German

The Angel recording brings us to the matter of translation. *The Bartered Bride* is almost always sung in the language of the country giving the opera, for Czech is outside the province of most singers, and one is not likely to find a Czech cast. But on records one can hear it in the original, and the listener can make up his own mind. Any composer setting words to music has certain vowel sounds in mind, and those sounds are necessarily wrenched in translation. It so happens that several years ago a recording by the Slovenian National Opera was released (Epic SC 6020), conducted by Dimitri Gebré. (The Schwann catalogue also lists a recording in Czech on the Artia label, which I have not heard and which may be difficult to locate.) Playing the Epic against the new Angel, it is immediately apparent that the original has it all over the translation. There is a smoothness, a fluency, besides which the German sounds thick. But, unfortunately, the Epic album has been discontinued. An enterprising dealer can probably locate it. Failing that, the well-sung and spirited version of Kempe and his German forces will be, *faute de mieux*, the current standard.

JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

Big T

The trombone is not ideally suited to convey tenderness, but the late Weldon John Teagarden of Vernon, Texas, always played it as though it were. Strong and tender was the note he struck, as if a brass horn could logically sound like a caress.

It never seemed irrelevant that he came from Texas. This was the white boy at home in the Negro's music, not palming it off as his own—like Elvis Presley and others too depressing to mention—but responding naturally to his environment, of the South but not in it, as Texas uniquely is. Jazz, for a gifted few among Southern whites, is an avenue of escape from the South's viciousness without loss of its special gifts for compassion; it is the road Teagarden took, and never left.

The Epic album especially commemorates him as a vocalist (there is not as much trombone in it as one might wish) and it is the sound of his singing that most will remember more than what he did for the horn. He found the "tailgate" trombone blaring and too often belchy; he left it muscular and eloquent. As a singer he was partly an extension of himself as an instrumentalist, much as Louis is, but there was an indefinable extra in the timbre of his voice, a high husky rasp like humming on a comb wrapped with sandpaper.

The conventions of the time required him to do a certain amount of clowning, and he adapted himself to what can only be called Uncle-Tomming in whiteface with an indifference which will be the despair of future listeners. This was the way they thought you did it, in those days, and now and then—well, his version of "Rockin' Chair" with Armstrong (on Camden CAL-383) may not be the highest art but it is unforgettable, and somewhere they must hand out prizes for something so perfect of its kind.

Tribute to Teagarden. Capitol T 2076. **Jazz Ultimate** (with Bobby Hackett). Capitol T 933. **King of the Blues Trombone.** Epic (3 LP) SN 6044. **Great Jazz Brass.** Camden CAL-383 (first and last tracks).

